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NEW YORK
APRIL, 1921

The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL. 1901-1920

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With the Editor

Birthday Greetings

With the April issue THE CALEDONIAN begins its 21st year and the second year of its present editorship. We take this opportunity to thank our friends for their many kind wishes and for their wholesouled interest in the welfare of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN, as the only magazine appealing directly to Scots and the descendants of Scots in the United States and Canada, holds an important place in American life, with its opportunities for usefulness increasing every year. We solicit your continued loyal support, and will always gladly welcome any suggestion for the improvement of the magazine.

An Interesting Chapter of American History

It is pleasant sometimes, amid the flood of modern popular literature, to pick up an old book—pleasant from the standpoint of a refreshed outlook upon life, and pleasant also for the probability that we will turn up some choice bit lost or likely to be forgotten.

Lately, I have reread "Astoria," Washington Irving's thrilling account of the first John Jacob Astor's founding of the American Fur Company. Aside from its stirring pictures of the great West at the beginning of the last century, almost untrod by the feet of the white man, of breathless adventures with the Indians and the elements in the unbroken fastnesses of the Rocky Mountain wilderness, this book holds a peculiar interest to Scots. From the author's name on the title page through the whole story, if a directory were compiled, almost every name mentioned with the exception of a few Canadian *voyageurs* is that of a man of Scottish blood.

The author, Washington Irving, was the son of a Scot. His father, William Irving, a native of the Orkneys, took to the sea, married an Englishwoman, and finally settled in New York, where the gifted son was born. Mr. Astor's partners in the Astoria venture were chosen largely among experienced clerks of the older fur companies, the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Company, and these in turn were for the most part sons of good families from the Highlands of Scotland, who had come out to the Canadian wilderness seeking adventure and profit in the lucrative fur-trade.

Alexander MacKay, who lost his life in the disaster to the *Tonquin;* Duncan MacDougall, first and only director of the new post at the mouth of the Columbia River; David Stuart and his nephew, Robert Stuart, were all Scottish born, as were Donald MacKenzie and the indomitable Ramsay Crooks, who accompanied William Price Hunt on the overland trip, the second party of white men to cross the American continent in the latitude of the United States. Robert M'Lellan, the Kentucky hunters, John Day, Edward Robinson, and John Hoback, the trapper, Carson, and the clerks, Ross, M'Lennan, M'Gillie, etc., were all Scots or of Scottish descent, and among themselves usually spoke Gaelic.

Crooks was a remarkable character. He was born in Greenock, Scotland, January 28, 1786, and came in early life to what is now Wisconsin. Previous to joining interests with Mr. Astor, he and M'Lellan had journeyed far toward the headwaters of the Missouri. At Mackinac Island and on his adventurous trips he was a great friend and confidant of the Indians. Black Hawk said he was "the best pale-face friend the red men ever had." Crooks not only made the 3,500-mile trip out to Astoria, but was lost from the main party and spent the entire winter among the hostile Indians in the Rocky Mountains. On reaching Astoria, he was the first to volunteer to accompany young Robert Stuart on the memorable return journey to St. Louis. In 1834, he settled in New York city and prospered in business, dying there June 6, 1859.

Robert Stuart, born in Callender, Scotland, February 19, 1785—died in Chicago, Ill., October 28, 1848, was a grandson of that Alexander Stuart who appears as the successful opponent of Rob Roy in the accounts of that famous chieftain. After Stuart's return from Astoria he removed to Mackinac and for seventeen years directed the affairs of the American Fur Company. President Harrison appointed him Commissioner for all the Indian tribes of the Northwest. In 1834, he removed to Detroit, became State Treasurer of Michigan and held other offices of public trust. He was known as "the friend of the Indians," while his energetic, lofty and austere character made him equally respected among the whites.

THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

After Salmon in Early Spring

BY F. E. CLIFTON

'Send your road is clear before you
When the old spring fret comes o'er you
And the red gods call for you.
—*Rudyard Kipling.*
(*"The Feet of the Young Men"*).

When the red gods' summons to enter upon another season of outdoor sport rings over the world, the salmon angler is among the first of men to answer it. With the weather still dividing its mind between the drab ways of winter and the green paths of spring, perhaps even with the retreating forces of winter yet fighting a rearguard action, anglers, young and not so young, buckle on the old equipment and trek expectantly to the salmon river of their choice.

A continued spell of prematurely cold weather for some time previous to the opening of the angling season, has been melting the snows on the mountains from whence the river flows. As a result, the experienced angler knows, and the reports of keen-eyed river watchers at stations even far up the river, confirm his knowledge, that salmon have been running

freely and should be plentiful in the various pools of the beat.

In the delicate sunshine of the yet young year the angler pulls on his waders, and rod in hand steps quietly into the water. Speedily he realizes, even through his protective dress, the chill of this mountain-born river. If that troubles him at all, however, it will be in the form of doubt as to whether the water is not too cold for fish to be moving very much.

The angler starts his day at the Manse Pool, which takes its name from the parson's dwelling on the high bank opposite him across the river. This pool has always been a fruitful one in early spring, and the angler, eager to "come to grips" with his quarry as soon as possible, commences his day hopefully. Above him is rough, tumbling, broken water, but, where he is casting, the current is steadily tailing off. Below, the river becomes gradually quieter and deeper, until it breaks out in fresh turbulence at the Island Pot, the next pool downstream beside the old, red-tiled fishing hut.

Promise of sport is not long withheld from the angler. He has waded only a few yards, carefully searching the water before him when he gets in touch with a fish, and strikes. For a period of time that is scarcely appreciable there is a pause. Then the startled salmon is off, taking out line rapidly. That initial rush ends, but the rod-point held well up maintains pressure, and the fish tries new tactics. Tug! tug! tug! And then the angler feels a motion communicated along the line and rod to him as if the salmon were rolling over and over on the bed of the river in an endeavor to free himself from the entanglement. The motion stops abruptly and is almost immediately followed by the fish making a further short charge.

Busy as the angler's hands are, his thoughts are busier still. He does not quite like the behaviour of this fish in its fighting tactics and is troubled by the notion that he may have "got into a kelt"—that nuisance of the early days of the salmon angler's season. For this angler is in no doubt as to the proper treatment for captured kelts. He is not one of that school of anglers who argue that the removal of kelts from a river is beneficial rather than baneful to the best interests of salmon life. He smiles slightly at the swift recollection of a salmon angler he once saw land an undoubted kelt, and, scarcely stopping to kill it, snatch it up and flee from the river, over fields and by devious sidepaths as if all the river watchers in the world were after him.

Meanwhile the fight, curiously sluggish, and tentative on the part of the fish, is nearing its end. The line is now considerably shortened, the butt of the rod is steadily advanced, and the angler's attendant is waiting his opportunity to secure the salmon. At this critical moment the fish suddenly gives a queer, lurching roll and lies still for a second or two in the quiet water at the side of the pool. The line falls slackly towards the angler. The fish is free! The gaffsman wades gently towards the resting fish, which is clearly visible to him. Suddenly he stops and stands upright. And as the angler receives his attendant's assurance that the salmon, now swimming laboriously outstream again, is certainly a kelt, disappointment at the fish's escape is relieved by the knowledge that it would have had to be returned to the water in any case.

Having adjusted his tackle slightly, the angler wades in once more in hopes of better fortune. Slowly he covers the water in careful, skilful fashion. But the river seems curiously lifeless and the salmon unresponsive to the angler's wiles. An hour passes thus. Then the angler wades to the bank once more and makes a change in his lure. Perhaps, in his reflection as he wades in again, this new attraction will be more interesting to the fish—if there are any fish in this river!—than the last.

Salmon flies are weird creations of the sons of men! There are fishermen who scoff at the salmon's power to appreciate the myriad colors of these wonderful fabrications, and there is another sect of anglers who swear by color as a deciding factor in the capture of salmon.

The angler has scarcely had time to make one good cast with his new fly before it is seized, held for a brief, puzzled moment, and then it is speeding at a furious rate across stream, securely lodged in a salmon's mouth, while the protesting reel pays out line rapidly. The wild opening charge of this encounter

between the angler and his quarry ends in an equally wild and sudden leap by the fish. From that glimpse of him while out of the water, he seems a good fish.

The rod-point dips as the salmon springs from the river, but, when he falls back into the water, he finds the same irritating, insistent restraint waiting for him, as the angler has smartly raised the rod-point again to a controlling angle. The fish sulks for a little, swims short distances to and fro, tugs fiercely, and at times seems to be boring head down into the river, possibly in an attempt to rub the detaining hook out of his jaw. The angler seizes on this period of comparative quiescence to back out of the river and try to recover some line.

The fish, as it senses the new danger, seems to become infuriated. Down stream he bolts, ploughs through the quiet water of the Manse Pool, leaps twice and then renews his furious course. Making every effort to keep parallel with the salmon, the angler follows the fish closely. It is useless in the present temper of the fish trying to settle the fight at the Manse Pool, and the salmon charges into the rough water of the next pool—the Island Pot. Here amongst boulders and broken water, the fish tries new tricks. Sometimes he attempts to rest, but the current is against him in his condition of increasing exhaustion; now he has wild spasms of leaping and short, dangerous rushes. Each move of the fish is being quickly countered by the angler, who is, ever and anon, reducing the line between the salmon and himself. Gradually the fish, exhausted by his own fury, and spent in contending with the rough currents of the Island Pot, is worked to the quieter water at the side of the pool.

Then the climax comes rapidly. A few more short, ineffecttive struggles on the part of the fish, an increasingly dominant attitude on the part of the angler, and the watchful gaffsman gets his chance. A swift, clean, lunging movement of the flashing gaff, and, presently, on the stony, fir-topped bank of the Island Pot, the angler has the satisfaction of seeing lie a shapely silver-mailed salmon.—*The Scottish Field.*

To My Mither's Rose Tree

BY GILBERT RAE

In mony a weary dooncast 'oor,
When cares bedraigled a' my sky,
I've felt yer sweetness an' yer po'er,
An' blessed ye in the passin' by.

Oh, let me trevel lang syne ways,
An' synd my soul in that lown sea;
For thochts are fu' o' callant days,
Ay! mony a bud I've pu'ed frae thee.

The tender hairt that set ye here,
The dear, dear love that log'd us twae;
She mithered us for mony a year,
But noo she gairdens far away.

Oh, rosebuds in her gairden set!
Sae fu' o' heaven an' a' that's fair;
Oh, never let my hairt forget
The love that left ye bloomin' there.

A sprig frae thee transported lies
Abune her briest in yon kirkyaird;
An', 'neath the suns o' simmer skies,
Its bendin' blossoms kiss the swaird.

For peace some coort the gowden god,
Some grup the wabbly stey o' fame;
Gie me, for peace, the auld dear road,
The roses, an' the things o' hame.

There's Nae Folk Like Oor Folk

BY JOHN IMRIE

There's nae folk like oor folk,
Gae travel whaur ye will,
There's guid stuff in oor stock,
Frae ilka glen or hill;
Scotland is a sma' place,
But a' the warld ower,
Ye'll aye see a Scotch face,
O' men they are the flower!

There's nae folk like oor folk,
Their hearts are kind and true;
There's aye meal in oor pock
For a' oorsels an you!
Ye'll ne'er want a true frien'
When worth the giftie earns,
Kindly words are aye gie'n
Amang John Tamson's bairns!

There's nae folk like oor folk,
When frien's are ill or dee,
The feelin' word is aye spoke,
When sorrow dims the e'e;
I'll dee at peace abroad,
Wi' Scotchmen by my side—
We're a' the bairns o' God,
Tho' scatter'd far an' wide.

Loch Awe and Inveraray

Amid the numerous peaceful bypaths of the haunts of literature in Scotland, there are few more enchanting, and altogether beautiful, than those in the heart of Lorne. Pathways of fairy lore and old romance, they stretch before you full of sweet recollections and wealth of wildness. From some knoll of vantage—and there are many—the eye sweeps over one of the loveliest scenes in Scottish landscape. Loch-Awe, calm and still, lies below, reflecting in its mirrored waters its wooded isles and crumbling castles. Around, you look out on hill and dale, tinged with the purple of the heather, and beyond all a veritable wilderness of mountain peaks, with Ben-Cruachan towering high above them. Truly a scene for poet's song and painter's eye. Turn where you may, you get luminous vistas of the silentest beauty, rich with the sentiments of the long ago. They take possession of you, these restful and appealing influences, weaving into your stray fancies and wandering thoughts that touch of gentle melancholy so redolent of the spirit of Celticism.

The Poetry of the Gael

Here, if anywhere, one can brood on the poetry of the Gael, and sit with Ossian, wrapt in the sweet, sad music of his mournful wail. Through the breathless stillness of the summer's day you catch a faint whisper of the voice of Cona. Its eerie cry rings through the solitude, and you interpret its wistful melody in the tenderness of its call. "Oh, bard! I hear thy voice; it is pleasant as the gale of the spring that sighs on the hunter's ear when he wakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill." Listening to its haunting murmur, the lightning glance of memory pierces through the mists of centuries. Dark, shadowy shapes—spectre apparitions of the distant years—flit across the mental view, vivified, as of old, at the harp of the the ancient minstrel. Seen in the "fresh dew of summer dreams," a golden halo envelops their movements. Not a breeze that rustles through the leaves of the trees, not a cloud that throws its chequered pattern on the sward around you, but brings back some resounding echo of these famous ghosts of yore. Thus, you mechanically look about you for the flash of Fingal's sword or the gleam of Oscar's eye; or the scene changes, and you gaze upon upon the beautiful Darthula, whose touching farewell to Glenorchy lilts in harmony with the tranquil brooding of the neighborhood. But the great Ossianic sigh that thrilled the world has its real sounding place further afield. Celtic muse there is, however. The whole atmosphere is charged with a poignant heart music; and if you are fortunate enough, as we were, to get into conversation with the old Highland boatman, he will tell you in his own quaint language as he rows you across the wide expanse of water, the enchanting legend of Fraoch Eilan, and of how the fair Mego died of unutterable grief when Fraoch, her lover, fell dead in his fight with the dragon.

A Literary Dean

As you glide along, weaving soft, waning reveries to the rhythmic beat of the oars, this sweet olden legend takes possession of you. You become a dreamer under the spell of the old man's tale, enfolded in the dreams of fascinating fable. The air sleeps in the glens, not a sound breaks the silence. In the quietude the poetry of the years comes back. The acts of the old drama roll before you. You see the dangling apples in the enchanted garden. You hear the voice of the fair Mego pleading to her lover to gratify her wish. You see the golden dragon and the terrible struggle by the water's edge that ended in tragedy. Such is the way of fancy in this legend-haunted valley. Down the long passage of the years you will look in vain for the name of its sweet singer. Like that of many another early Scottish bard, it has been lost in the haze of far antiquity, and only the charm of the poem remains to keep the memory of the minstrel green. But you cannot think of Fraoch Eilan without another tender

thought awakening in the springs of reminiscence. It is kept in the recollection of James Macgregor, Dean of Lismore. His footprints lie through Glenlyon and Glenorchy, and one can picture him in the secluded environment of Oscar's Bay, deep in meditation on the traditions of the great Ossianic heroes; or perched on the ridge immediately above, rapturously overlooking the scene that met the eyes of peace. In the quiet bends of the road that runs along the water's side, you are alone with the pages of reminiscence. You stand on a heathery knowe, and as the landscape unrolls in the sunshine, look down upon a silent gallery of notable travelers whose songs still echo through the silences. How fairy-like is the vista! Kilchurn's hoary ruin brings back the Wordsworths and "The Solitary Reaper."

the Fingalian ladies as they stood to view the chase. How he mused on the poetry and lore of this efforescent vale! One has not forgotten "the remains," as Skene calls them, "of an otherwise lost literature," which have come down the pathway of time, due to the touch of his helping hand. His life was full of an endeavor to keep alive the long-faded spirit scenes of yore. He loved to tread the old ways, keeping the poetry of far-off forgotten things ever before him, that others might read. So he preserved for us the story of Fraoch Eilean, the ancient prowess of the Macdougalls, and the pride of race of the Macgregors. How his blood must have stirred as he labored over those fascinating tales, which somehow seem the dearer to us now for the memory of the gentle soul they bring to mind.

Wordsworth and Others

You love the landscape hereabouts for the sweetness of its literary fragrance. The memory of one gentle soul but reminds you of another, for the charm of associations is all about this haunt of ancient Crooning to herself in the shadows of the sickles, you can hear the Highland girl's plaintive melody, as "alone she cuts and binds the grain." And lingering here, it is pleasant to muse on the poet's tender lay, which the storied vale has enfolded in its keeping. Just as pleasant as it is to look out on Innistrynich, and think of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, whose *Isles of Loch-Awe* is not so well known as it deserves to be, or to follow in distinguished footsteps with the shades of John Leyden and Robert Buchanan. Buchanan knew well and loved the restful beauties of Loch-Awe, and one likes to picture him lying quiescent in the shelter of a tree, or drifting in a boat on the placid water, dreaming on its legends of the long ago. Does not the monument in the little village of Dalmally, too, remind you of another sweet singer, one who wandered through his native country like a veritable bard of old? You can visualize him passing along, a quaint figure, with his kilt, his badger's skin fastened by a belt, a hanger by his side, a soldier's wallet strapped to his shoulders,

and a large checked bonnet, over which hangs a large bushy tail of a wild animal. But if you would know and understand him you must travel far and wide. All Glenorchy was his musing ground. In the hamlet of Druimliaghart, where he was born, in the lonely glen near the Mondh Dhu, where his happy childhood kept dreams, by the river's side, and the bases of mighty mountains, you get the haunts of

Inveraray Cross and Castle

Duncan Ban Macintyre. There repose his choicest recollections. How he roamed with gentle pride through these wedges of wild nature and old romance! With the touch of the artist, he has sketched their sweetnesses for all time. And looking out on the neighborhood he has made his own, his name comes to you like "music to the soul."

Christopher North

Such thoughts come delicately to you in this alluring vale. Down the lengthening vista you listen to their tender appeal, their peans of gentle remembrance, so full of the meanders of enchantment. Their fascination draws you thither, for this land of pilgrim's ways is enshrined in the heart of the literary wanderer. But you cannot dream in this fairest of countrysides without its shady depths giving you back the familiar voice of the sweetest personality of all among Loch-Awe's legion of distinguished visitors. If you know the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," you will recall the old world clachan of Cladich with its picturesque old inn, and how the genial and courtly Christopher North was wont to linger in its solitudes or go a-fishing on the loch.

> sinken aye furder and furder down, first to the waistband o' his breeks, then up to the middle button o' his waistcoat, then to the verra breast, then to the oxters, then to the neck, and then to the verra chin o' him, sae that you wunnered how how he could fling the flee, till last o' a' he would plump richt out o' sight, till the Highlander on Ben-Cruachan thocht him drooned.

Within the cosy precincts of the old tavern you may still forgather, if you be of an imaginative turn of mind, with the shade of this "old man eloquent," or wander with him down the charming pages of Mrs. Gordon's biography, sit wih him on that occasion when "the mid-day sun glittered over every island and promontory, streaking the green fields with lines of gold, and he spoke a few words, saying—'Long, long ago, I saw such a sight of beauty here that if I were to tell it, no one would believe it; indeed, I am not sure whether I can

describe what I saw; it was truly divine'." It was a "Highland Fairy's Funeral," and as he lay brooding on the fantasy, there came stealing to his ear the melody of

> small pipes playing as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds, and more piteous than aught that thrills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge. It seemed to float over the stream, every foam bell emitting a plaintiff note, till the fairy anthem came floating over our couch! a cloud passed over the moon; and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. At the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, we awoke.

INVERARAY

From Loch-Awe, with its legends and literary lore, it is a long, winding tramp by the leafy highway to the neat little township of Inveraray. But it is a road with pleasant memories. Along here passed Boswell and Dr. Johnson "in a storm of wind and rain" on their memorable visit to the capital of Argyll, and they make pleasant company for the wayfarer. Dearer to the eye, however, is the quaint old inn which the doctor found "not only commodious but magnificent," and in which he called for a gill of whiskey with the remark, "Come, let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy," whose hospitable interior Pennant knew and enjoyed; and where Robert Burns, in the indignation at the incivility of the landlord, wrote upon one of the windows:

> Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
> I pity much his case,
> Unless he's come to wait upon
> The Lord their God his grace.
> There's naething here but Highland pride,
> And Highland cauld and hunger.
> If Providence has sent me here,
> 'Twas surely in His anger.

Scott is another who has touched Inveraray with the magic of his pen, and looking at it from the bosom of Loch-Fyne, with its soft and gentle slopes, its noble old Gothic castle, its dark woods which stretch as far as the eye can see, and its two lonely mountain streams rippling into the blue waters of the loch, you cannot choose but soliloquise with the mellow thoughts he has woven through the romantic pages of the "Legend of Montrose."—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

Scotland's Influence Upon American Life

BY E. T. WELFORD

The influence of Scotland upon American life is both dynamic and romantic. We are all more or less familiar with the great outstanding characters whose deeds have been woven into the weft and woof of our present civilization. Let us turn for a season from men to measures and consider some of those basic principles, less frequently recalled, but none the less momentous.

Every true Scot is a loyal churchman. The glory of Caledonia has been her testimony. The influence of Scottish people upon America and the world is inseparably connected with her religious devotion. Hero worship is very natural for a student of the Reformation. Scotland's celebrities are to be found amongst what is commonly known as the second generation of the Reformers. The Culdees and the Waldensians, John Huss and Jerome of Prague had not witnessed to the faith in vain. Luther and Melanchthon. Zwingle and Calvin had stirred the known world from center to circumference before John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots appeared prominently upon the stage.

The 15th Century had been most remarkable. Printing was invented. The Turkish Empire had become established in Constantinople sowing the seed of the Renaissance, the fore-runner of the Reformation. The Bible appeared in print. Castile and Aragon were united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella. Martin Luther was born. America was discovered. The Cape of Good Hope was doubled. God's hand was in secular no less than sacred affairs. His Providence was preparing the world for the Reformation.

With the opening of the 16th Century we find the *dramatis personae* who are to enact the great reform coming to the front. Henry VIII was nine or ten, Cranmer eleven, and Cardinal Wolsey twenty-seven. That remorseless persecutor of the saints, Francis I, was eight, Charles V of Germany a lad of five, Martin Luther was seventeen, Philip Malancthon was but three, Ulrich Zwingle six-

teen, the great scholar Erasmus thirty-three, John Calvin nor John Knox were yet born, Leo X was twenty-four.

The first generation of the Reformers had re-discovered the truth; through the "killing times" the second generation of Reformers were re-establishing it. Not until then had Almighty God lifted the veil, revealing to a storm tossed world new empires for settlement and conquest beyond the great sea. The acceptance of Christ meant the abandonment of Scotland. Ireland's barren shore offered but a temporary asylum. God presented to his persecuted saints America, and our theme is to discover what the Scotchman did with it.

He was not the first to land upon these favored shores. His enemy had preceded him. In 1512, Ponce de Leon had taken possession of Florida. By 1521, Cortez had overrun Mexico. In 1534, Jacques Cartier entered the St. Lawrence and Canada had become a part of France. In 1541 De Soto marched through the present Gulf States from Florida to the Mississippi, and the great West belonged to Spain. In 1562, a little band of Huguenots had established themselves at St. Augustine, in Florida. In three years they were massacred. The relentless persecutors of the old world transferred their field of executions to the new. Don Pedro Morquez, the Governor of Florida, had sailed along the coast and entered in latitude 37½ degrees the bay of Santa Maria. This is the great water that bathes the shores of the Virginia Peninsula, opening into the magnificent harbor of Hampton Roads. The Roman Catholic was in America and Virginia before the first permanent English settlement was made at Jamestown.

On the 19th of December, 1606, there sailed down the Thames the *Discoverer*, the *Goodspeed*, and the *Susan Constance*. One of these ships was of twenty, another of forty, and the third of one hundred tons burden. They were under the command of Captain Christopher Newport and bore a charter of organization in which King James himself had taken active part. There were the London and Plymouth companies. The former, the southern colony, was to be located anywhere between the present limits of South Carolina and the mouth of the Hudson River. It was to extend fifty miles north and fifty miles south of the spot selected, one hundred miles into the interior, and to embrace any islands within a similar distance from the coast. Three years afterwards this southern colony was enlarged. It was to embrace the territory two hundred miles north and two hundred miles south of where Newport News is now located, and under this original charter Virginia entered into the Federal Constitution in 1788. Captain Newport was bound for the tragic Roanoke Island, but was driven by storm into the bay of Santa Maria. He found his first anchorage on the broad waters of the River Powhatan, under the kindly shelter of a projecting bit of sand to which he gave the name of Point Comfort. Sailing into a promising inlet hard by, he encountered the village and Indians of Kecoughtan, where the town of Hampton is now located, and sailing on upon the broad waters whose name he changed from the Powhatan to the James, anchored and made the first permanent English settlement at the site of Jamestown Island. We cannot linger among the personnel of this interesting company, but for our purpose the Rev. Robert Hunt is the most important character.

The charter of the London Company had naturally made Episcopacy the legal form of religion, but non-conformists hushed their convictions in the hope of finding a happier atmosphere for the development of their faith in the new world. The Rev. Robert Hunt, as also his successor Mr. Grover, were both Cambridge graduates. Dr. William Whitaker was the professor of Divinity at Cambridge and a leading Puritan. His son, the Rev. Alexander Whitaker, came to Jamestown under Sir Thomas Dale in 1611. He is the well-known self-denying apostle of Virginia. He describes the work in 1614, in the following language—"Every Sabbath Day we preach in the forenoon and catechise in the afternoon. Every Saturday at night I exercise in Sir Thomas Dale's house. Our church affairs be consulted on by the minister and four of the most religious men."

Under date of August 9, 1611, Alexander Whitaker writes: "If there be any young godly and learned ministers whom the Church of England hath not, or refuseth to sett at worke, send them hither. Our harvest is froward and great for want of such. Young men are fittest for this country and we have noe need of ceremonies or bad livers. Discretion and learning, zeal with knowledge, would doe much good."

In 1616, Whitaker was drowned, but succeeded by George Keith, a Scotch non-conformist who came from Bermuda, he had been associated there with Lewis Hughes, who thus describes their form of government: "Ceremonies are in no request, nor the book of Common Prayer; I use it not at all. I have, by the help of God, begun a Church government by ministers and elders. I have made bold to choose four elders publickly by the lifting up of hands and calling upon God."

Such facts as these clearly reveal to all acquainted with that peculiar form of government perfected in the Scotch kirk that the influence of Caledonia was paramount even in the first settlement made at Jamestown in 1607. Time would fail us to tell the Scottish influence in fostering, financing, and ultimately establishing the success of the American Revolution. The great part played by Princeton College and Dr. Witherspoon, that "medium, square-built Scotchman," a lineal descendent of John Knox, for twenty-four years a minister in his native land and the warm personal friend of Morris, Hamilton, Madison and Washington, speaks volumes in itself. Patriots and Church statesmen alike had come to realize that the orig-

(*Continued on page 48*)

Scotland's Part

BY THOMAS DICKSON

(For The Caledonian)

They scoff at little Scotland,
Discounting laurels won
In the planting of Britain's three-cross flag
In the everlasting sun;
But, do they know the history
Of the three flags in one?

No blood was spilt in anger,
No midnight beacons shone,
No clans in haste were rallied,
Of passion there was none
When James of the Northern Kingdom
Took over the dual throne.

In sage, united council
The union scroll was read,
By vote and signature and seal
The North and South were wed
And out of that alliance
Was Greater Britain bred.

The centuries of contention
Were banished from the mind,
And Celt and Anglo-Saxon
In friendship now combined,
The charter of their empire
In unison designed.

In glorious combination
Three sister flags in one
Above a thousand battlements
Is streaming in the sun;
'Tis the emblem of the Union
In sixteen-three begun.

Then wherefore call it England's,
And Erin and Scotland slight?
They talk of "*English* statesmanship."
And "*England's* armed might";
The nation's name is *Britain*,
And nothing else is right.

Were all the pioneers English
Who bore the flag afar,
Beyond the blazing Southern Cross,
Beyond the Polar Star,
Across the barricades of ice
With the elements to war?

The winds that roam the Arctic night
From the pole to Labrador,
Mackenzie and the Rosses knew,
MacClintock and MacClure,
Fraser, and many more besides
All Scottish to the core.

Who blazed the trail through Africa
Where Sol his fiercest shone?
Did sand and jungle lower their bars
To Englishmen alone?
Then tell me, who were Mungo Park,
Moffat and Livingstone?

Were all the warriors English bred
Who glorified their names
Confronting mighty Bonaparte,
Who set the world in flames?

"The Highland Brigade won Waterloo,"
Victor Hugo claims.

And was not Colin Campbell
Registered "Clyde built"?
Storming the heights of Alma
He glorified the kilt,
And through the horde at Lucknow
Drove the bayonet to the hilt.

Who led Britainnia's millions
When, spurning proffered truce,
A crowned and crippled super-fiend
Turned Prussia's legions loose?
'Twas Scotland's premier soldier, Haig,
The incarnated Bruce.

The wild waves tell the story
Of Neptune's favorite son,—
The monarch of the great North Sea,
The horror of the Hun,
The ocean lion Beatty,
A Scot surpassed by none.

In lofty office, who were they
Who held in leash the guns
While reason strove to vanquish hate?
Were they St. George's sons?
Or were there Scottish diplomats
As well as English ones?

We find the answer bold and clear
As history's page we scan,
In the names of those in council wise
And wise to act and plan,
Exalted names like Rosebery,
Balfour and Bannerman.

For Britain's weal and glory
Themselves they nobly spent;
Nor, brighter planet ever blazed
In its native firmament
Than Gladstone,—born in Liverpool,
But Scottish cent per cent.

In literature and kindred arts
Have Scotsmen made their mark,
The great Carlyle, companionless,
A beacon in the dark;
The mighty minstrel Walter Scott
And Burns the morning lark.

These names at random choosen,
Exalted as they are,
Do not complete the story
Of who and what we are,
Of how we toiled for Britain,
And how we fought in war.

We have no quarrel with England,
Our interests are the same,
But England is not Britain,
Nor her's alone the fame
Of the flag, three-crossed, three-colored,
The flag we jointly claim.

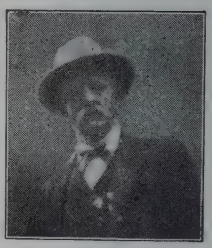
Washington, D. C.

In the Tombs

BY JAMES KENNEDY

(For The Caledonian)

In this article, Mr. Kennedy continues his delightful reminiscences of his adventures in the field of metropolitan politics. The first edition of Mr. Kennedy's *Complete Scottish and American Poems* was almost completely sold out before publication. A second edition is now ready, and will be eagerly welcomed by the author's many friends and admirers in America and Britain.



There are two methods of getting into the Tombs Prison in New York City; one is by being charged with some serious offence against the laws of the State, the other is by having the acquaintance of the Commissioner of Correction. Not being anxious enough, the first method did not appeal to us, and the second seemed beyond us, but all things come to them that wait. An uncommonly dull man, who acted as if he would never get anywhere in particular, at last got to gathering manure from stables in the vicinity of Fifth avenue, and was permitted to use a portion of an unoccupied dock on the East River, and had grown fat by reason of the fact that he was paid for taking away the manure, and then after some elementary manipulation, sold it at a good price as fertilizer. So he made money coming and going, and was not as dull as we thought he was. In due time he had a house of his own, and he kept it open on holidays, and the bright lights of the district flocked in. Some of the social wags made little speeches over his social board telling him how wise he was, and he began to believe it. When the Reform wave struck the city, they named an association after him, and two young lawyers got up a petition recommending him for Dock Commissioner. We were amazed at the audacity of the idea, but they got signatures on a roll as big as a grindstone.

When the Reform Mayor appointed a new Dock Commissioner, it was not the dealer in fertilizers. The lawyers were not disturbed; they had the resiliency of India-rubber balls. They tore off the first sheet of the roll, and changed the petition to that the Correction Department, keeping the signatures intact. The fertilizer man was appointed, and with a high hat and a long tailed coat he sat down in the soft chair in the Tombs, to the tune of seven or eight thousand dollars a year. Then the prison doors were opened to us; not only so, but we had the appointment of several prison-keepers. Among the loafers who haunted the headquarters of the district, there were plenty to choose from, and among others we picked out one, not because he was particularly trustworthy, but because he had a patient, long-suffering shadow of a wife and several half-starved children. If the Mayor could appoint Tom White Commissioner, there could be no great harm in appointing Larry Torrie as prison-keeper. It is so easy to follow a bad example.

Larry had charge of what was known as the "louse house," a begrimed, quadrangular, barn-like structure, securely grated and barred, in which prisoners of the male genus were promiscuously and temporarily incarcerated, waiting for further orders; some to cells, some to the prison on the Island, and some to penal servitude. They had the ear-marks of criminals, and yet there was a gleam of gratitude in their subdued faces as one stopped and was possessed of the common courtesy to look at them and speak a kind word to them. Larry advised me not to go among them, but I insisted, and being admitted, immediately became the centre of an eager-eyed and inquisitive mob.

Taking a box of candies out of my pocket, I instantly became the unwilling rotating center of a circumfluent vortex.

Being a Scot, it did not occur to me to let the box go. Like Falstaff, I would "do nothing under compulsion." The vortex grew in intensity, and in addition to being whirled around, I was also driven from place to place like a whirlwind. One strong villain caught me by the wrist, but another accomplished rogue gave him the "Carlow Tip" with a degree of neatness and efficacy that laid him suddenly on his back. The mob had no pity for the under dog, but literally danced upon him. Larry called aloud, but his voice was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

There was a little stairway running up to some mysterious door, and managing to get on the steps, the Napoleonic idea of creating a diversion suggested throwing the boxes of mixed candies to the remotest corners of the enclosure. In an instant I was alone.

"See the jackass you are—what did I tell you? Wonder you wasn't killed—you ought to know better than to mix up with them birds; know better next time; seen enough, eh?" said Larry. "No—well, take a walk through the gallery."

There were long corridors with row upon row of small cells. The doors had little square openings at the bottom, cross-grated, with here and there a wan face peering out like a hunted animal, some reading papers by such dim light as penetrated the gloomy labyrinth. There was one face of such sweet sadness I could not pass it by. He was little more than a boy, with a countenance almost feminine in its sweet beauty. Fur-like whiskers budded around his marble cheeks. He looked to me like Nathaneal, the Israelite, in whom was no guile. Dropping to my knees, —"what was he in for, what had he done?" He had the soft speech of a Polack Jew. He had a little paper store, was married and had two children. The police wanted money—he had nothing to spare—he played cards at night with his brother-in-law and their two wives—and—were they gambling?—No, they had no money to gamble with. The tears ran down his cheeks, not drop by drop, but in a slow, unending current. The card-playing was to him a surcease from petty drudgery of selling papers and pins and pennyworths of candy, and one night the detectives broke in and took him. The detectives had not been doing much and he was "it."

Marvelling if this was really true, he broke in again about his children, and turned his face away from the little wicket as if ashamed of the overflowing floodgates of his overmastering grief. I had seen some talented Shakespearian interpreters shedding tears in a paroxysm of dramatic ecstacy, but surely this was beyond artifice.

But Larry was after us. "Cut this out —this pigeon got you going, too? He's the champion tear-dropper—ought to be on the stage—he's a loo-loo, he's a daisy —he can shake off the dewdrops like a gooseberry bush in the old country, when the east wind hits it. Nobody believes a word he says. Lie?—say he can lie like a book—them Polack Jews!—some take the cake—he takes the whole bakery."

There was a brief inscription on each door. I copied this and called on the Commissioner. An electric bell was touched and a book was opened, a black book. "Gambler, remanded for trial, Court of Sessions." "How long would he have to wait?" "Ask something easier," said the Commissioner. "Was a man kept like that when waiting for trial?" "Yes, when there was no other place to put him. An appropriation was expected soon, and then they would have a few more acres roofed in." They had about thirteen hundred now and more than that going around loose, and if the Commissioner had his way they would be at work. "At what?" "Spreading fertilizer on the over-worked, run-down farms around New York," said the Commissioner. The manure gatherer had become a statesman.

Epictetus tells a story of his master, Epaphroditus, who had among other slaves a shoemaker whom he sold because he was good for nothing. This fellow was bought by good luck by one of Caesar's men, and became Caesar's shoemaker. You should have seen what respect Epaphroditus paid to him. "How does the good Felicion to-day, I pray." Then if any of us asked "What is master Epaphroditus doing?" the answer was—"He is consulting about something with Felicion." Had he not sold him as good for nothing? Who made him wise all at once? This is an instance of valuing something else than the things which depend on the will.

The poor Polack was released on bail, and the lawyers who secured the appointment of the Commissioner cleared the guileless Israelite at little cost. He studied to be an interpreter and prays for me in five languages. It should be a comfort in dark hours to know that I am quintuply not past praying for.

This was not my only visit to the Tombs. Two building trade officials were entrusted with transferring the funds of their lodge from one bank to another—some five or six thousand dollars. This was too much; they went on a "tear," what ever that is, and took Larry with them. After two days, they tore themselves away to parts unknown and took the funds with them. The detectives took Larry, and he became a "pigeon" himself; the prison-keeper was being kept. He, too, became a champion tear-dropper, and a reform messenger handed me a blurred, tear-marked missive, that, with some corrections in spelling ran nearly as follows: "Eddy Pelky will tell you that I am in the coop through no fault of mine. I had a few drinks with the two men, but know nothing about them running away with money. The detectives could not find them, so they took me. See the Judge and the Commissioner, and see my wife and children, that they have something to eat and some coals, and I will do as much for you some day."

With this rocky assurance of aid in the dark hour of adversity, I managed to get Larry out, and like many reformers, he turned over a new leaf by leaving the Reform party, if a segregation of chronic office-seekers might be called a party, and joined the older established party that seemed most likely to come in favor with the next inevitable change in the ever-fluctuating tide that ebbs and flows in the muddled maelstrom of the political caldrons that boil and bubble on the Island of Manhattan. and vicinity.

The First "Pilgrim"

"I have always been a good deal of an antiquarian and love to dig into the past for hidden treasures," said Hon. Chauncey M. Depew at the recent annual luncheon of the Pilgrims of the United States. "In doing so recently, I made a discovery of the first importance. The Pilgrim Society on the other side is nineteen years old and ours is eighteen, but in these researches I have found the first pilgrim. He was a man of distinction 145 years ago. He was elected to the House of Commons several years before we broke away from Great Britain and began the Revolutionary War. He remained in Parliament for half a century. He was a successful English farmer and a sturdy liberal in his principles. The Crown tried to win him by repeated offers of a peerage, but he preferred to remain a commoner. He was known all his life as Coke of Norfolk. He was the main supporter of that brilliant statesman, Charles James Fox.

"When the troubles with the American colonies began by George III. and his Prime Minister, Lord North, attempting to tax the colonies, Coke of Norfolk supported the American patriots in their claim that there cannot be among Englishmen taxation without representation. He was our friend during the whole of the Revolution, as were Fox, Burke and Chatham.

"When the war was over and peace declared, George III refused to acknowledge American independence, and his obstinacy was one of the causes of power being taken from the throne and transferred to Parliament.

"It was a matter of vital importance to our Republic at that early period of our new Government that Great Britain should acknowledge our independence, because then all the other nations would follow. Coke of Norfolk offered a resolution demanding of the King the recognition of American independence. He carried it through the Commons after an all night's fight, and then was designated as a representative of the Commons to carry their mandate to the King. Instead of going in court dress, he shocked and outraged the courtiers by appearing in his ordinary dress as a Norfolk farmer. When he presented the order of the House of Commons to his Majesty, he saw standing beside the throne Benedict Arnold. The King did not dare to risk a revolution by defying the Commons and so at once recognized the independence of the United States. It was to Benedict Arnold, standing beside the throne, a decree of perpetual banishment from the country he had betrayed.

"Many years afterward, a grateful American went down to Norfolk to visit Coke at his home. Coke said to him, 'I supported you because you were right. During the whole of the war, I drank every night a toast to General Washington as the greatest man in the world.' In those heroic days such a tribute was possible to a hero and a patriot."

The Story of the Gold Fever in the Golden State

PART I

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

(For The Caledonian)

Mr. Pettigrew, who is an old friend of CALEDONIAN readers, always has an interesting story to tell; and we consider this review of the romantic "Days of '49" one of the best he ever has sent us.

In the year 1839, while California was still a part of the Mexican Republican, there appeared before the Governor at Monterey, a man named Johann August Sutter, asking for a grant of land on which he proposed to found a colony Though born in Baden, Germany, his pa ents were Swiss, and when a young man he served as captain in the Swiss army, and later was in business, but failed. He then came to America, and crossing to the Pacific Coast on the Oregon trail, he rambled about the Northwest, went to Honolulu, and finally landed at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), going from there to Monterey. Governor Alvarado, in answer to his request for a grant of land, told him that he must first become a citizen of Mexico, then select the land for which he wished a grant, and come back to him in a year, when perhaps his naturalization papers would be issued, and a grant of the land given him.

Sutter acted as directed, and was not only made a Mexican citizen and given a grant of the land he had selected, but was also made an official of the government, an alcalde (mayor with judicial powers), with jurisdiction over a territory running eighty-five miles northward along the Sacramento river from near the place where the American river joins it, and eastward from the Sacramento a distance varying from ten to twelve miles, Sutter's grant being eleven square leagues (48,000 acres) within that territory. Having previously selected his location, he at once began to build a fort with adobe brick (bricks of sun dried clay), with walls three feet thick and eighteen feet high, enclosing a space five hundred feet long, by a hundred feet wide. The walls were pierced at suitable places with loopholes for muskets, and at the southeast and northwest corners of the enclosure were towers or bastions in which small cannon were mounted, so that they commanded the four sides of the enclosure. In this fort Sutter's house, together with quarters for his people, and all necessary storehouses and workshops were located. The fort stood on high ground, on the south bank of the American river, about a quarter of a mile from the water's edge, and about a mile from the Sacramento river. His original company of colonists consisted of five white men, ten Indians, two of whom were squaws, and a large bulldog. That Captain Sutter chose his location wisely was strongly confirmed in 1854, when the site of his fort was chosen as the capital of the newly organized State of California; and now the great city of Sacramento, with its population of 75,000, has risen on the place of his selection. He named the place New Helvetta, to remind him of his native Switzerland; but somehow that name did not stick, and it was popularly known as Sutter's Fort, the site of which has long since been absorbed by the great city. But the grateful citizens of Sacramento have preserved and restored the ruins of the old fort in one of their parks, so that its memory may be forever preserved.

During the five years that intervened between the time he became a citizen of the Mexican Republic and the ceding of the whole territory of Alta California by Mexico to the United States, Sutter was lord of all he surveyed. He had studied Dr. McLaughtlin's (the agent of the Hudson Bay Company) method of handling the Indians, and he followed it strictly. He treated them kindly, without fear, paying them exactly as agreed for their services, and punishing them when they stole or disturbed the peace and order of the camp; and if they showed any disposition to act against him in force, he easily frightened them by the use of his three cannon, which always terrified them.

Sutter's Fort soon became the rendezvous for all the trappers, hunters and wandering people of all sorts in the surround-

ing territory, besides the emigrants that all the time came from the East over the Oregon trail, the fort being its terminal.

When the territory came under the Stars and Stripes, Sutter swore allegiance to the flag and anglicized his name, becoming John Augustus Sutter. By 1847 his colony had developed wonderfully. He had a thousand acres of land growing wheat; he owned 8,000 head of cattle, 2,000 horses and mules, 2,000 sheep and 1,000 hogs.

Commodore Stockton had confirmed him as alcalde, or justice of the peace, and General Kearny later made him Indian Agent. He had now come to the point where it became necessary to have a flour mill for the colony, and that a flour mill might be built, a saw-mill was necessary, to prepare timbers, planks and boards. The machinery for these mills had been recently brought to the fort in 1844 by the ship *Lexington.*

Among the immigrants that came to the fort in 1844 was a man from New Jersey named James Wilson Marshall, a millwright by trade. He worked for Sutter for a time, but being taken with an attack of land-hunger, he undertook to work land of his own. Tiring of that, he came back to Sutter in 1847, when the necessity for the mills became so urgent. They formed a partnership in the saw-mill, and Marshall, with two white men and an Indian guide, left the fort on May 16, 1847, to search for a site and build the saw-mill. He found a place on the south fork of the American river, about forty-five miles from the fort, adjacent to timber, that he thought suitable. This place now bears the name of Coloma. Work on the mill and dam was at once begun, and in January of the following year the mill and dam had been constructed, and they were at work on the tail-race that was to lead the water, after it had done its work on the wheel, back to the river.

Marshall found conditions such that considerable time and labor could be saved by simply loosening up the earth with a pick and by turning on the water washing it out into the river.

On the afternoon of January 24, while directing this operation and walking along on the bank of the tail-race, his eye was attracted by some yellow specks that glittered in the sunlight. At first he took little notice of them, till seeing still more of them, the thought flashed through his mind —"Can these be gold?" He picked up a piece larger than the rest and examined it. He had never seen gold in its native state, but understood in a general way that it was heavier than lead and that it was a soft, not a brittle metal. He weighed it in his hands, bit it with his teeth, then laid it on a rock and pounded it with a smaller stone, and found that he could mash it a little. Being of a morose disposition, he became very thoughtful, and as he sat at supper with his mates he scarcely spoke a word; but at last he quietly remarked: "Boys, I think I have found a gold mine." One of the men spoke up and said, "I reckon not—no such luck for us."

He could not dismiss it from his mind, and was up betimes in the morning, again looking over the tail-race, and found more of the yellow particles. The thought that it might be gold thrilled him. He and his men picked up about four ounces of the yellow stuff, and Mrs. Wimmer, the camp cook, boiled them, which only made them brighter. This more and more convinced Marshall that they were gold. He begged his men to go on with the work and say nothing about it. On the morning of January 28 he mounted his horse and started for the fort, where he arrived early in the afternoon. He was covered with mud, for he had ridden hard, and it was raining so that he was wet to the skin, and he was very much excited. Walking into Sutter's office, he at once asked for a private interview. Whispering that the doors must be locked, this rather alarmed Sutton. Marshall then announced that he was sure he had found gold, and taking a little bag from his pocket he dumped this few ounces of nuggets on the table. Incredulous at first, Sutter soon became convinced that this was gold, especially after he had tested them with acid, and bringing from his drug store a small pair of scales, he put some silver coins in one of the saucers, and balancing them with gold in the other, he lowered them into a basin of water. When the yellow metal dropped lower than the silver coins, he knew for sure that they were gold.

So excited was Marshall that though

Sutter urged him to stay at the fort till the next morning, cold and wet as he was, he returned to the mill the same night, hardly taking time to eat a bit of supper. The next morning he was back on the road to meet Sutter, who had agreed to come then. They spent two days together looking the ground over and trying to decide what was the best thing to do.

Gold they found everywhere they looked for it, along the river. Marshall's chief anxiety was to secure for themselves all the rights to the gold in the ground to which they might be entitled. Sutter's viewpoint was somewhat different. He had developed a very valuable agricultural property, and at this time owned 12,000 head of cattle, 2,000 horses and mules, 10,000 to 15,000 sheep, and 1,000 hogs; he had grown during the past year 20,000 bushels of wheat, and had several thousand hides in process of tanning or waiting to be tanned. Then there were the two unfinished mills. He at once saw that if his men once broke away from him and went after the gold his mills would never be finished, and they were now more than ever absolutely necessary. So he decided to try to keep the whole matter secret, at least until the mills were finished, and he pledged his men to stay on the job and say nothing about the gold for the next six weeks. He thought that he could easily keep them isolated for that time. He also took the precaution of obtaining from the Indians living in the district the exclusive use of their lands for all or any purpose, for himself and Marshall, for the next three years, the tract consisting of twelve miles square.

The excitement within the camp increased daily. One of the men, Bilger by name, had been assigned the duty of occasionally going along the river and its tributaries, to shoot deer and ducks, to give variety to the bill of fare. He always brought back with him specimens of gold that he easily found wherever he searched for it in the streams. Sutter himself became more and more uneasy as the weeks passed. His title to the land grant given him by the Mexican Government had not been confirmed by the United States authorities, that had so recently come into control of the new territory. There had not been time for such detail. At last he decided to send one of his trusted assistants, one Charles Bennett, to Monterey, to see the Acting Governor, Mason, and ask him to make a special grant, or at least give him and his partner exclusive milling and mining rights and privileges on the land they were developing. Mason had no power or authority to make such a grant. Bennett, though strictly enjoined to say nothing about the gold find, let the secret slip.

About the same time, supplies were needed at the saw-mill, and a teamster whom Sutter thought he could trust was sent with them. He, of course, heard from the workmen at the mill about the finding of gold, and being very incredulous, was given a few small nuggets to convince him. Returning to the fort, and still doubtful of the value of the yellow stuff he had gotten from the men at the saw-mill, the idea occurred to him that a good way to test the matter was to try to trade it for whiskey, so he offered his few pieces of yellow metal at the store that had been recently opened at New Helvetta by Smith & Brannan. Smith, to whom he offered the gold, though distrustful of its being gold, made the trade. The whiskey loosened the teamster's tongue, and the secret was out. This was about a week before the six weeks of agreed secrecy had expired.

Some 370 years ago, when the Spaniards first discovered and penetrated South America, they found in the palaces and temples of the Incas untold quantities of gold, but not in its native state or in the form of coin. Though the lode-star they ever followed, that led them on to deeds of daring and suffering such as history seldom records, were the precious metals, especially gold, they never themselves handled the pick and shovel to find it in the secret places where Nature had hidden it. They preferred rather to tear it from the walls of the royal palaces and temples where the Mexicans and Peruvians had so freely used it for decorative purposes.

Prescott, in his *Conquest of Peru,* thus describes gold as the Spaniards found it: "But whatever want of elegance there may have been in the exterior of the imperial dwellings, it was amply compensated by the interior, in which all the opulence of the Peruvian princes was ostentatiously displayed. The sides of the apartments

were thickly studded with gold and silver ornaments. Niches, prepared in the walls, were filled with images of animals and plants, curiously wrought, of the most costly materials, and even much of the domestic furniture, including the utensils devoted to the most ordinary menial services, displayed the like wanton magnificence. . . . . .

"Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of crystal water, which were conducted through subterraneous silver channels into basins of gold. The spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers that grew without effort in this temperate region of the tropics, while parterres of a more extraordinary kind were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable life, skilfully imitated in gold and silver! Among them the Indian corn, this most beautiful of American grains, is particularly commemorated, and the curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that floated gracefully from its top."

So much for the palaces; the temples were equally gorgeous, and are thus described by Prescott: "Paut, the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of 'Coricancha,' or The Place of Gold. . . . The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance, looking forth from innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the gold ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere encrusted. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was 'the tears wept by the sun,' and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material, and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice. . . . . .

"Adjoining the principal structures were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the moon, the deity held next in reverence as the Mother of the Incas. Her effigy was delineated in the same manner as that of the sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate as well as the decorations of the building were of silver, as suited the pale, silvery light of the beautiful planet.

"All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the use of religion were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple were all of the same rich materials.

The gardens, like those described, belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals also were to be found there, among which the llama, with its golden fleece, was the most conspicuous—executed in the same able style and with a degree of skill which in this instance probably did not surpass the excellence of the material."

I have made these extracts from Prescott's history at such length to show the difference in the method by which the Spanish military explorers and adventurers found their gold and those that confronted our humble agricultural pioneers. The Spaniard wrested his gold through blood and murder, from the palaces and temples of those primitive people; our pioneers wrested it from Nature through toil and labor of the hardest kind.

(To be continued)

In the War of the Revolution

BY REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE W. BAIRD, U. S. N.

The Hon. Albert Johnson, Member of Congress from the State of Washington, gave an interesting lecture to the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, in Washington City, in January, 1921, which contained some very interesting statistics.

Mr. Johnson is chairman of the Committee on Emigration in the House of Representatives and has given much study to the subject, and is, himself a member of the S. A. R.

From the first census, in the year 1790, Mr. Johnson found that the total free, white, population was reported to be 3,250,000. Those of English origin numbered 2,345,844; of Scotch origin, 188,589; of Irish origin, 44,273; of Dutch origin, 58,635; of German origin, 156,457; of French origin, 13,384; of Hebrew origin, 1,243; of all others, 38,350. Claims have been made by several nationalities, for credit of furnishing the greater number of men for Washington's army, but as there were more than three times as many men afloat as were in Washington's army such claims must be difficult of proof when the whole defensive force is considered.

Supposing that each nationality supplied an equal percentum of men to the army and navy of the Colonists, we would have the division as follows: English, 72%; Scotch, 5.8%; Irish, 1.35%; Dutch, 1.8%; German, 4.8%; French, 0.38%; Hebrew, 0.4%; All others, 11.7%. So it appears probable that there was an overwhelming number of men of English origin who fought for our independence, as well as British who fought against them. Looking farther into it, and remembering that George III was not English but German, and also that people in Great Britain were so much opposed to making war on the Colonists that George III was obliged to employ Hessians (Germans) to do the fighting, we cannot attach blame to the English people, *per se*.

It is certain that nearly all the Irish in the Revolutionary War were the Ulster Irish, called Scotch-Irish, and that the French were the Huguenot refugees. The records of descent, in the S. A. R. and other patriotic societies verify this.

The Dutch population was confined, almost exclusively to New York, and muster rolls indicate that their full quota was in the service, and, more than this, their names have come down to us full of honor. The Ulster-Irish called themselves Irish, and were nearly all Presbyterians, while the English factions were Episcopaleans, and, between them relations were much strained. Indeed there is nothing that so strains relations as a difference of belief. The landholders were mostly English, and though they were the richer they were by no means the more thrifty.

There were, in the early days of the States, two societies, both non-sectarian, and both organized to assist immigration of the Irish. They were the Hibernian Society and the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick. The former went out of existence many years ago, but the Friendly Sons still exists, and though its membership is now overwhelmly Roman Catholic, it still has a few Protestant members. The Hibernian Society was in no way connected with the Ancient Order of Hibernia, which is essentially Roman Catholic and is international.

The people to whom we are most indebted for our independence, may be enumerated according to the percentages given above. First the English, then the Scotch, the Germans, the Dutch, the French and the Hebrew.

Our ancestors, who seemed to have a keen sense of right and justice, would probably be shocked to-day if they could see how those inherent rights are being trampled on. The Constitution they prepared has illustrated those inherent rights beautifully and clearly. Their descendants, peace loving, law abiding people, implicity rely on the law makers for protection and justice, but that class is now in a minority, while the wily immigrant with his political methods seem to be in the saddle.

The suspension of the Habaes Corpus Act, in 1912, in West Virginia, during a coal strike was, we think, a violation of inherent right. The placing of a town in Washington State under Martial Law (before the days of prohibition) in order to enforce a liquor law was another case; the exercise of the Eugenic Law in at least three States is still another, but a still worse case is the decision of a high court, which authorizes the confiscation of a motor car if one of its occupants is in possession of liquor, even though he may be a passenger and not the owner, and the owner of the car in ignorance of the presence of the liquor. It affords precedent for the confiscation of a Pullman car should a passenger be discovered with liquor in his possession.

Agriculture is the greatest among arts, for it is first in supplying our necessities, it is the mother and nurse of all other arts; it favors and strengthens population, it creates and maintains manufactures; gives employment to navigation and materials to commerce; it animates every species of industry, and opens to nations the surest channels of opulence.—*MacNeven.*

Clan Urquhart and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Wallflower *(Lus-leth-an-t-samhraidh)*.

The Arms of the Clan is: Gold, three red boars' heads erased, tusked and tongued blue.

Crest: A black demi otter crowned with a gold antique crown.

Motto: Above the shield, *Per mare per terras*; below the shield, *Mean, speak and do well.*

The name Urquhart, which is still widespread in the counties of Ross and Cromarty, has been the subject of much curious speculation. The family genealogist, Sir Thomas Urquhart, Knight of Cromartie, of the days of Charles I and Charles II, declares it variously to be derived from *Ourchartos*, "fortunate and well-beloved," and to have the same meaning as Adam, namely "red earth." He backs up the latter speculation with a pedigree which traces the descent of the clan from the first parents of mankind, and makes Ourohartos to have been the familiar name of Esormon, of whom he himself was the 128th descendant. While the worthy if eccentric chief of the seventeenth century was no doubt as amply justified as other people in claiming descent from "the grand old gardener and his wife," it may be feared that absolute reliance is not to be placed upon the authenticity of all the links in his long connecting chain.

More authentic, probably, is the origin of the clan and name given by Nisbet in his *Heraldry*. "A brother," he says, "of Ochonchar, who slew the bear, and was predecessor of the Lords Forbes, having in keeping the castle of Urquhart, took his surname from the place." Urquhart, or Urchard, is the name of a district in Inverness-shire, and the ruin of Urquhart Castle, which was a royal stronghold in early times, still stands at the foot of Glenmoriston, on the western side of Loch Ness, and was the scene of a famous siege by the army of Edward I of England, during which the wife of the governor, about to become a mother, escaped in the guise of a beggar driven forth from the gate.

It should here be noted, however, that in the old county of Cromarty itself, in the Black Isle, lies a district known as the White Bog, or Glen Urquhart, and it seems possible that this was the original seat of the Urquhart family, and the property from which that family took its name. There are also parishes of Urquhart in Ross and Moray shires.

At the time of the siege of Urquhart Castle, the ancestor of the Urquhart Chiefs was Sheriff of Cromarty. Lord Hailes in his *Annals*, describes how, during the competition for the Scottish Crown at the end of the thirteenth century, Edward I ordered a list of the Sheriffs of Scotland to be made out. In that list appears the name of William Urquhart, of Cromarty, Heritable Sheriff of the county. Evidently, therefore, even at that early date, the family was already of considerable importance in Cromarty and the north.

The Heritable Sheriff of the days of Edward I, and King Robert the Bruce married a daughter of Hugh, Earl of Ross, and his son Adam obtained charters of various lands. In the years that followed the family estates were greatly enlarged by marriages with heiresses of the neighboring Mackenzies and others.

Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, chief of the name in the first half of the sixteenth century, had a family of no fewer than eleven daughters and twenty-five sons. Of these sons, seven fell at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and from another descended the Urquharts of Newhall, Monteagle, Kinbeachie and Brae-Langwell. The eldest of the family, Alexander Urquhart of Cromarty, in 1532, under a charter of James V, acquired the lands of Inch Rory and others, in the shires of Ross and Inverness. He had two sons, the younger of whom, John Urquhart of Craigfintry, born in the year of the disastrous battle above mentioned, was afterwards known as the Tutor of Cromarty, to be referred to presently.

The elder son's grandson, who succeeded to the chiefship was Sir Thomas Urquhart, the family genealogist of the days of Charles I, already mentioned. During his minority the estates prospered under the management of his grand-uncle,

the Tutor, who died only in 1631, at the age of eighty-four. Born in 1611, Sir Thomas was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and traveled in France, Spain and Italy. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he took the side of Charles I and fought against the Covenanters at Turriff, in 1639. Two years later he was knighted by the king and began a notable literary career by the publication of his *Epigrams*. After returning from London to Scotland to arrange his affairs in 1642, he again went abroad, and remained there until 1645. On his return he published *Trissotetras*, a work on trigonometry, and for five years resided in Cromarty Tower, on his ancestral estate. Then the news reached him of the execution of Charles I, and he forthwith took part, along with the Mackenzies, Monroes and other clans, in the Inverness rising of 1649, which proclaimed that monarch's elder son as Charles II. After the young king's landing in the north of Scotland in the following year, Sir Thomas again took arms, and as an officer in the royal army followed Charles into England. At the battle of Worcester, he was made prisoner, and had many of his manuscripts destroyed. During his captivity in the Tower of London and at Windsor, he published his *True Pedigree and Lineal Descent of the Most Ancient and Honorable Family of Urquhart, Since the Creation of the World*, as well as an invective against the Scottish Presbyterians. In 1652 he returned to Scotland on parole, to find that his affairs had gone to ruin in his absence. The trustees to whom he had entrusted the care of his estates had pillaged his lands and appropriated the rents. Believing him to be dead, they had even abstracted his title-deeds and other documents, and one of them, Leslie of Findrassie, had gone so far as to make a predatory raid on one of his chief vassals. His clansmen would have avenged his wrongs by force even at that late day, but he would not hear of it, and in the end his property was sequestered, and to his great grief, a choice collection of books which he had formed was dispersed. In 1653 he published his scheme for a universal language, and also the first part of his most important work, a translation of Rabelais. These were only a moiety of the literary achievements he had planned. "Had I not," he says, "been pluck'd away by the importunity of my creditors, I would have emitted to public view above five hundred several treatises upon inventions never hitherto thought upon by any." He afterwards went abroad and his death place is unknown. Tradition says he expired of an inordinate fit of joyous laughter on hearing of the restoration of Charles II to the throne in 1660. A further part of his Rabelais was published in 1693, and his miscellaneous works were published in 1774 and 1834.

The senior line of the Urquharts came to an end with the death of Colonel James Urquhart, an officer of much distinction, in 1741. The chiefship of the clan then devolved on a descendant of the Tutor. The latter's son had married, in 1636, Elizabeth, heiress of the ancient family of Seton, of Meldrum, in Aberdeenshire, and his descendants were known as the Urquharts of Meldrum. Still later, the representation devolved on the Urquharts of Brae-Langwell, descended from a brother of the Tutor, but Brae-Langwell was sold, excepting a small portion, which was strictly entailed, by Charles Gordon Urquhart, an officer in the Scots Greys.

Among notable bearers of the name of Urquhart, have been Thomas Urquhart, the famous violin maker of London, who flourished about 1650, and David Urquhart, the diplomatist and traveler, who, after serving in the Greek navy, and advocating Turkish autonomy, represented Stafford in Parliament from 1847 to 1852, and bitterly opposed Palmerston, dying finally at Naples in 1877.

Meanwhile, after the sequestration of Sir Thomas Urquhart, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the ancient possessions of the Urquhart chiefs passed into possession of Mackenzie of Tarbat, and Sir George, second baronet of Tarbat, the famous antiquary, Lord Justice General, and Secretary of State, who was made Earl of Cromarty by Queen Anne in 1703, had them included, along with his other landed possessions, in the widely scattered county of Cromarty, a territory fifteen times as great as that ruled by the Heritable Sheriff of the days of Edward I and Robert the Bruce.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

The Widow's Pilgrimage

She attracted me at once. Tall and slight, clad all in black, save for dainty touches of white at neck and wrists, her sweet, white face stood out in clear relief. Jet black hair and heavy, bushy eyebrows just thinking on grey. Such true brown eyes that one would not have guessed the tragic ending of her life dream, had it not been for the wistfulness about the sensitive mouth, which made one long to give her comfort.

How we fell into conversation, I cannot recall; but we had not been afloat three hours ere the kinship of Scottish blood had been discovered and rejoiced in.

She was going to Paisley to see her husband's father and mother and her old friends. I, American born, was going to England and Scotland to live again the thrills of the tales of my people, and to stand in the very place!

"Lassie," said she to me that evening just after we had come on deck from the supper table, "the purser was saying he would hae the passenger list ready for us the morn, and do ye ken there's a clergyman and his wife aboard?"

"Oh!" cried I, "I wonder who they are? Don't you hope they'll be nice?"

Next morning she appeared with two copies. "There are twa ministers' wives, for I've just met yen and she's by her lanesome. Let's see if we can make oot the ither." And she got out her glasses.

"Horrors! Two of them! I never can be good, so, dear Mrs. Richie, hide me under your cloak when they are around, won't you?"

She laughed so merrily I knew she had been a gleeful thing in her happier days.

"Dinna ye fear, I'll haud ye in hand." This with a loving pat. Oh, it was good to be mothered! Then we slowly conned the names until—"Why, it's yersel'," she exclaimed. "Ye witch! I'd never thought it! And your husband is the clergyman! Noo I think of it, he has a nice dignity, but"—and she was silent.

"Please," I pleaded, "we really aren't responsible. I loved him in spite of the fact that he was a minister, and even though he was a minister, he loved me. It just happened, you see!"

Her eyes twinkled. Then with another loving touch, "Ye are both unco nice. I could wish that ye were my clergyman and his wife!"

Was not that a nice forgiveness?

Once as I spoke of our hasty decision to break up the home not yet a year old and run off together, she said quickly: "Ye are wiser than ye ken. The days will come when ye canna gang togither." Then I knew she would tell me. She did two days later.

I saw the stalwart, loving Andy and the happy girl, Jean. I dreamed and planned the surprise for his folk when he should take her home as his bride. But his work could not be left so long just then, and they settled down to housekeeping.

Then came the bairnies to make the home real—Rob and Bess and a miniature Andy. Sickness, loss of work, the bairns' schooling, the care of her ailing mother—all followed in succession. But still Andy's dream was to take her home to his people.

Then Death called for Rob, and Bess, and at last wee Andy. Through tear-drenched eyes, the dream looked forth once more. Penny on penny, little by little, the sum was complete.

Yet Death came once again. "Ye wull go to Paisley, Jeanie, lass," falteringly spoke the voice of Andy." I had thocht to tak ye mysel, but noo I canna. Ye wull gang tae my feyther an' mither."

"Aye, Andy, that I will!" OAKDEN.

King George and Queen Mary visited the Palace Theatre in March, specially to witness the performance of Sir Harry Lauder. They often applauded the great comedian. An allusion by Sir Harry to the presence of the King caused the whole audience to jump to their feet and cheer repeatedly. "I want to thank you again and again for your wonderful spirit, we both enjoyed your entertainment thoroughly," said the King to Sir Harry at the close of the performance. Sir Harry's stay at the Palace, London, has been so successful that William Morris has prolonged the engagement indefinitely. Sir Harry will make his next American touring beginning in New York in October.

Our Glasgow Letter

It is with the deepest feelings of regret we have to record the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh. He died in London, from heart failure, at the ripe old age of 84, and was, without doubt, one of the greatest divines of his time. Starting life as a shoemaker, in his native town of Kirriemuir—the birthplace of more than one notable man—he studied while at his work, and through sheer strength of character rose to fame. In 1866 he was ordained as Colleague in Free St. John's Church, Glasgow, and in 1870 he became Minister of Free St. Georges, Edinburgh, where he ministered for 46 years, without any decrease of popularity. Dr. Kelman, speaking of the great divine, in Free St. George's pulpit, said "A voice went forth which literally moved the world." And Lord Rosebery said of him, five years ago, when he retired, that he was "a great light and glory of Edinburgh, and indeed of the Christian faith." In 1909 he was appointed principal of the New College, Edinburgh, and at the same time received the Freedom of Edinburgh. He is survived by three sons and three daughters, his fourth son having been killed during the war.

It looks as though—and we are pleased to notice it—some of our noted Glasgow composers were at last coming into their own in the way of recognition.

We may first mention Mr. Frederic Lamond, a Glasgow man, who now ranks as one of our greatest pianists. As an interpreter of Beethoven he is without an equal, and he is in every sense an artist. The Glasgow *Daily Record* is largely responsible for forcing the public to realize this man's genius—as a prophet is seldom appreciated in his own country—as, on December 28th, they gave a short leader on the subject in which they stated: "He is regarded everywhere as a supreme artist. Now, supreme artists are rare, a very few to any generation in any country: sometimes none at all. When they happen to be Scotsmen, the utmost tribute meted out to them is an occasional audience which claps its hands and enjoys itself for the nonce. Surely something more is wanted than that. Proper recognition of such a pianist as Mr. Lamond would really honor his birthplace even more than it would himself. It would show that Glasgow has some corporate cultural interest. Yet there has been no honorary degree proposed from Gilmorehill for Lamond; no mooting of a Freedom of the City from the Council Chambers. Why?"

It is interesting to note that since this leaderette appeared it has actually been proposed to confer on Mr. Lamond the Freedom of his native city, and we now await the final decision.

And while on the subject of Glasgow's musical aspirations we mention the publication, by Mr. Wilfred Senior, of a series of Scottish folk songs, and the publication of "Two Rural Sketches" for the piano, by Mr. Percy Gordon. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Senior—gifted musician and composer as he certainly is—has done justice to some of the familiar old Folk Songs, as something new is not necessarily an improvement on the old, and some of our Scottish melodies—peculiarly suited to the songs—would be very hard to beat. However, we wish all success to our patriotic musical friends, and feel sure that in their hands Scottish song will have a new lease of life.

Once again there has been some disagreeable haggling in connection with the Prince of Wales Fund. Owing to Glasgow's unemployment, and the financial difficulties to be faced in trying to relieve it, it was thought that as there was a balance of this fund, and it was learned that if Glasgow got her share —allocated in proportion to population— she would be entitled to about £100,000, they would apply to the Government for what they regarded as their share of the fund, for the purpose of relieving unemployment distress. However, the Government refused the request, and now the Unemployment Committee is trying to get the support of other committees and shout aloud their grievance. Dundee alone declares she contributed £70,000 to this fund and has only received £700. Well, serves her right, and the Glasgow people too, as Scotland is much too prone to support English charities—or charities with headquarters across the border—and when they get bitten they have only themselves to blame. Because the Prince of Wales allowed his name to head the fund, money poured into the coffers, and Scotland "toadied" like the rest. There were quite sufficient "funds" to be supported within our gates during the war, without crossing the border, and we have little sympathy with the whiners who want to "lock the stable when the steed is stolen." Let's hope this may be a lesson to some, and it is not the first.

We have to thank Mr. John Cameron Black, of the St. Andrew Society of Glasgow, for drawing attention to a legal matter of extreme importance to Scotland, which is best explained in a letter which Mr. Black sent to the *Daily Record*, in which he warns the people of Scotland—and particularly traders—of the possible effects of the edict, issued by the Supreme Court of Justice in England, with the object of making Scots personally subject to the jurisdiction of the

English Courts, which he characterizes as a violation of Scottish Rights under the Treaty of Union. He says that for centuries it has been an article for faith with English Officialdom to secure the overlordship of Scotland for their country, and to impose English laws and institutions upon the Northern Kingdom. This action he stigmatises as a breach of International law in direct defiance of the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England. That historic document sets forth distinctly and without any dubiety, the privileges, rights and jurisdiction of our Scots Law Courts as being equal to those enjoyed by all independent nations of the world. One of these rights is that only our Scots Courts shall have authority to deal with civil actions brought against Scots men and women in their native land, but the Supreme Court of Justice in England has had the unbridled arrogance to issue an edict, which seeks to make Scots, resident and domiciled in Scotland, subject to the jurisdiction of the English Courts by personal service of writs.

The latter has been gone about in the most stealthy and underhand manner possible, never a whisper of it having reached Scottish legal circles until the enactment had been promulgated and appeared in print.

"Leaving aside the Treaty of Union stipulations," says Mr. Black, "do our Scots traders realize what the innovation means, and are they prepared to resist it."

"The average Scot is not fond of figuring in a law suit, yet when he does, I should imagine he would prefer doing so in our Court of Session rather than in London. But under the new ruling which the English Supreme Court seeks to enforce, he will be compelled to answer in an English Court, thereby necessitating the employment of English lawyers, with a consequent acceleration of expenses.

"Briefly, an English plaintiff can, under it, have a writ served upon a Scotsman, resident in his native land, ordering him to defend an action before the English judge in England, instead of, as at present, having to take action through our Scottish Courts.

"De facto, the innovation puts us back again to a defence of those very principles for which Scots, over a period of more than four hundred years, fought and died—Scottish independence of English domination.

"It will be interesting to learn what our too servile Parliamentary representatives of Scots Constituencies have to say of this latest attempt at English suzerainty over our Scots Supreme Court."

We don't attempt to apologize for the length of this quotation, as it should be of such vital interest to all Scotsmen and women. We may add that the matter has been vigorously taken up in Scottish legal circles, and the Secretary for Scotland approached. In fact everything is being done to undo this gross infringement of our Scottish Rights, and we feel confident the Edict will have to be withdrawn.

It may be interesting to those who recollect our description of the wedding of Maclaine of Lochbuie, where theatrical display was the keynote of the performance, that a son has just been born of the union. Maclaine's efforts—on the stage and otherwise—to retrieve the family fortunes, aroused little sympathy and brought ridicule rather than honor to his name.

Sir John Cantlie, the famous London Harley street doctor, who is at present adding to his laurels by the inauguration of physical culture classes for business and professional men over fifty years of age, is a Benffshire man, and a graduate of Aberdeen University. He is really a specialist in Oriental diseases, which he studied first hand during a ten year's stay in Hong Kong, with Sir Patrick Manson, another famous Aberdonian. Dr. Cantlie is 70 years of age, laughs at old age, and calls it a "pose." Doubtless many will be willing to agree with him, but though the spirit is willing the flesh is weak! However, we await with keen interest the results of the classes for men over 50, and hope it won't be a case of "the survival of the fittest." But the patients, if we might call them so, are in good hands.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

President's Harding's Message

No better guide to Anglo-American relations could be asked, says *World's Work*, than the letter which Mr. Harding has recently addressed to Mr. John A. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Sulgrave Institute.

"DEAR MR. STEWART: The labor of uniting into still closer amity and understanding the English-speaking peoples of the world has a significance of good to all Americans and to all nations and races of the world.

"Destiny has made it a historical fact that the English-speaking peoples have been the instrument through which civilization has been flung to the far corners of the globe. I am impressed not so much by the glory that English-speaking peoples may take to themselves as by the profound duties that God has thrust upon them—duties of being restrained, tolerant, and just. These duties will find their greatest recognition in a united, unshakable friendship and understanding and oneness of purpose—not for the exclusion from brotherhood of others, but for a better brotherhood flowing toward others.

"I believe that when the wisdom of America is summoned to assist the world in building a workable, as distinguished from a bungling agreement or association for the prevention of war, unity of English-speaking peoples will play no small part, not to invade the rights or exclude the fellowship of other nations, but to protect and include them.

"Faithfully yours,

"WARREN G. HARDING.

Current Events

Domestic

The British Great War Veterans of America, Inc., Lieutenant Colonel Warren M. Sage, president, have leased the five-story American basement dwelling, at No. 125 East Thirty-eighth street, northwest corner of Lexington avenue, New York, to be used as a clubhouse. The Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, Sir Ashley Sparks, Kermit Roosevelt and other prominent persons are interested in the enterprise.

Shipments of merchandise from the United States to Alaska in 1920, were valued at $36,876,855; and shipments from Alaska to the United States at $60,939,061.

The great snow storm of February 20, cost the City of New York for removal $1,800,000. Hundreds of miles of streets were cleared within a few days and many novel methods of disposal were tried out. While the cost is large, the saving in delay to traffic and business generally makes up for it several times over.

It was in 1836 that John Greenlees, who came from Campbeltown, Argyllshire, settled in Illinois. Hearing of vast tracts of unsettled rich lands in the State, just below the Wisconsin line, he proceeded there and took a claim. The excellent prospects were reported to friends in the Kintyre Royal Burgh, from which in 1842 a specially chartered ship conveyed a party of prospectors, who founded a settlement and named it Argyle, Illinois. To-day the characteristics of the old homes are faithfully kept up, particularly in church matters, and it is claimed that Willow Creek, as their principal place of worship is named, is the largest rural Presbyterian congregation in the United States.

The old homestead of Clara Barton in North Oxford, Mass., was transferred March 14, to the Woman's National Missionary Society of the Universalist Church, which is to restore the place and make it a memorial home as a resort for visitors. All mementoes available connected with Miss Barton's Red Cross work are to be gathered from all parts of the world and made a part of the memorial.

The American Pacific fleet will cruise in Australian, New Zealand and South Sea Island waters in July, August and September. The squadron will comprise eight battleships, twenty destroyers and nine supply ships and tenders. Australian cities are already looking forward to the visit and say that the officers and men will receive even a more cordial welcome than that given the American fleet in 1908.

Rear Admiral James Johnson Kane, retired, one of the three chaplains in the United States Navy to attain that rank, died in the Naval Hospital, Philadelphia navy yard, March 10th. He was 84 years old. Admiral Kane was born in Ottawa, Canada, the son of a British naval officer. He entered the American navy in 1861 as a volunteer seaman. Soon he was appointed to command a gunboat carrying despatches to Admiral Farragut.

President Harding has been elected Honorary President of the Boy Scouts of America.

Captain John Lyon, of Nyack, N. Y., navigator of the ferryboat *Rockland*, who has been dubbed the "ancient mariner," began his seventieth year on the Hudson River on March 12. Captain Lyon is the oldest navigator, both in age and service, near New York. Captain Lyon was born in Scotland in 1834, and came to America when fifteen years old. Three years later he went to work on the Hudson River steamboat *Arrow*, plying between Haverstraw and New York. Later he ran the ferryboat *Bergen* at Nyack, and still later the *Tappan Zee*, which was burned in 1887. In 1888, the *Rockland* was built and the "ancient mariner" has been running it ever since.

Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, has presented to the Stevenson Society of America, Saranac Lake, N. Y., a framed photograph and order for money made by Robert Louis Stevenson. The Memorial Museum, in the cottage occupied by the gifted Scottish author, was made possible largely through the generosity of Mr. Scott and contains many treasured relics of Stevenson.

Loyal New York's answer to the disgraceful pro-Irish pro-German "Horrors of the Rhine" meeting recently perpetrated was a great and enthusiastic rally at Madison Square Garden, March 18, attended by 15,000 people, with as many more at overflow meetings outside. General Pershing, the principal speaker, received a tremendous ovation, and delivered a memorable address. Martin W. Littleton and Senator Frank Willis, of Ohio, were received with great shouts of enthusiasm when they rose to speak, and were frequently interrupted by applause. Other speakers were Hugh Frayne of the American Federation of Labor, Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Jr., National Commander of the American Legion, and Henry J. Ryan, of the American Legion.

The Allied Loyalty League of New York, tendered a farewell dinner to Sir Philip Gibbs, at the Hotel Biltmore, March 21, at which more than 1,000 were present. Sir

Philip in his speech gave a rapid fire series of virile impressions he has gleaned of the American people during his sojourn of a couple of months. Although he has been heckled and subjected to no little unpleasantness in his public appearances here by persons of Irish sympathies, he announced that he would tell the people of Great Britain that these things counted for nothing against the "great and generous friendship of America for Great Britain." Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former American Minister to Denmark, was to have presided, but was unable to be present and his place was taken by Herbert L. Satterlee. Others at the speakers' table were Gaston Liebert, French Consul-General; Pierre Mali, Belgian Consul-General; John Drew, Lindley M. Garrison, former Secretary of War; Richard M. Hurd, William M. Sullivan and Sir Harry Perry Robinson. Mrs. Edward McVickar was chairman of the dinner committee and was assisted by Mrs. Charles H. Ditson, Mrs. Joseph Hamblen Sears and Miss Margaret Lawson.

Canadian

Silver discoveries have recently been made in the Upper Stewart River country, about 150 miles west of Dawson City. The area is approximately 25 miles long and 10 miles wide, and is believed to contain silver lead deposits throughout its entire extent. Several assays from different points have netted well over $200 per ton, while some have reached $500 per ton.

Canada's much maligned tiny five cent piece—the smallest coin in the Dominion—will soon be replaced by a coin twice its size, corresponding to the American nickel.

The population of greater Winnipeg is 282,818, according to figures in the 1921 city directory, just issued. This is the greatest gain recorded since 1914, and a jump of 10,350 over the 1920 figures.

Rural credit loans in Manitoba during 1920, exceed $2,039,000, and of this amount $400,000 were loaned for the breaking of virgin soil. It is reported that the acreage brought under cultivation for farm loans in 1920 exceeds that in any previous year. More than 33,000 acres of unbroken prairie land were brought under cultivation.

Mrs. John W. McLean, one of the most widely known pioneer women of the Yukon, died in Dawson, March 9. Mrs. McLean walked across the Chilkoot trail from Dysa to the headwaters of the Yukon alone in the great rush in 1898, and descended the river to Dawson in a small boat. Mrs. McLean was a sister of the late Senator Hamilton, of Connecticut.

The output of coal on Vancouver Island last year was 1,801,721 tons, an increase of 102,383 tons over 1919.

Dr. Robert Campbell, eighty-five, one of the oldest Presbyterian Ministers in Canada, died in Montreal, March 13, of pneumonia, following injuries sustained by a fall from a trolley car. He retired from the ministry in 1909.

The total immigration into Canada from 64 different countries in 1920 was 147,502; 98,636 of these immigrants entering by way of the ocean ports and 48,866 by way of the United States. These figures are a decided increase over the 1919 total (117,565) and over the number (65,565) entering Canada by way of the ocean ports, but fall below the number of immigrants (52,000) entering by way of the United States. Immigrants from European countries in 1920 included 41,201 men, 38,424 women, and 9,011 children under 14 years of age; from the United States, 28,285 men, 11,352 women, and 9,229 children under 14 years of age. The majority of the immigrants who came to Canada in 1920 settled in Ontario; the figures indicate that Ontario's population was increased by 48,664 through European immigration and by 13,299 through immigration from United States last year. A total of 19,483 immigrants settled in Quebec, 13,013 in Manitoba, 13,643 in Saskatchewan, 18,484 in Alberta, and 14,136 in British Columbia. The States that contributed largely to the number coming to Canada were: Michigan, 7,583; Washington, 4,055; Minnesota, 3,092; Montana, 2,780; Massachusetts, 3,820; Dakotas, 3,390; Illinois, 2,208; Ohio, 1,229; Iowa, 1,189.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt on Sinn Fein

"Friends, it is unpatriotic and un-American to damage America because you love another country, but there is one thing worse, and that is to damage America because you hate another country. The Sinn Feiner who acts against America because he hates England is a worse creature than the member of the German-American Alliance who has acted against America because he loves Germany. I want to point out this bit of etomological information: Sinn Fein means 'Us, ourselves.' It means that those who adopt that name are fighting for themselves, for a certain division of people across the sea. What right have they to come to America? Their very name shows that they are not American; that they are anti-American; that they are for themselves against America."—From a speech of ex-President Roosevelt ,delivered at the Indiana University, June 12, 1918; quoted in *The Sentinel* (Toronto, Canada, October 2, 1919; page 3.)

In Mr. Roosevelt's last message to the American people he said: "There can be no divided allegiance here; any man who says he is an American, but something else also, is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, as we have room for but one loyalty, the loyalty to the American people."

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CALEDONIAN

British

Full honors of the Royal Scottish Academy have been awarded James Cadenhead, W. Y. Macgregor, and George Smith, painters, and Sir Robert Lorimer, architect.

Dr. James Ritchie, of Edinburgh University, has been awarded the silver medal of the Societe d' Acclimatation de France, in recognition of his work illustrating the influence of man upon animal life in Scotland, which he delineated in a recent volume. He is son of the late Rev. W. Ritchie Duns, and is Irvine Professor of Bacteriology.

For reasons of health Sir Henry Dalziel has resigned his seat as Member of Parliament for the Kirkcaldy Burghs, which he has represented since 1892. He is chairman and managing director of United Newspapers (Limited), which made the purchase recently of the Edinburgh *Evening News* for such a high sum. That syndicate are proprietors of *The Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's News*. Sir Henry is managing proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has amalgamated with the *Globe* newspaper, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, and the *Era*. He was educated at Borgue Academy, Galloway, and King's College, London.

The Duke of Atholl has succeeded the Duke of Buccleuch as President of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society which now has 1,683 members. Lord Novar was unanimously elected to the post of Honorary Secretary, a position he held before going out as Governor of Australia.

Sir Harry Lauder is having erected near the head of Loch Eck, close to his estate of Glenbranter, a memorial to his only son, Captain John C. Lauder, of the A.S.H., who was killed in action in 1916. The memorial will stand seventeen feet high, and will have a bronze tablet with a bust of deceased. Mr. S. T. Vallance, brother of Lady Lauder, has designed the memorial.

Summer time (daylight saving) in Great Britain, begins this year at midnight, Saturday, April 2, and ends at midnight, October 2.

Nine of fifteen persons alleged to be Sinn Feiners, one of them a woman, were found guilty of conspiracy against the Government in Edinburgh, March 19. A verdict of not proven was returned in the case of two of the prisoners and the four others were found not guilty. The nine were sentenced to from one to five years in prison and a fine of £500 was imposed.

Alexander Roche, the painter, died in Edinburgh, March 10. He was born in Glasgow in 1861.

Hon. Austen Chamberlain was unanimously elected Unionist leader of the House of Commons, March 21, to succeed Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, who resigned from the Cabinet and leadership of his party, March 19, on account of ill health.

Edinburgh University has issued an appeal for £500,000 to meet necessary costs for the improvement and expansion of the university.

The Secretary for Scotland has written to Lord Leverhulme accepting, on behalf of the Government, his Lordship's offer to give certain lands for new holdings in Lewis and to proceed with the development schemes, provided the Government do not adopt compulsory proceedings for land settlement on the island while the schemes go on.

Mr. John Macgregor, stationmaster, Aberfeldy, has completed fifty years' service with the Highland Railway Company. He is a native of the Black Isle, Ross-shire.

The first Congress of the Universities of the British Empire was held in London in 1912, when all, to the number of fifty-three, were represented. It was decided to hold the congresses every five years, but the war made it impossible to do so in 1917. The second congress will be held in the summer of this year. The number of British universities in the meantime has increased to fifty-eight. From July 5 to 8, the representatives will be entertained by Oxford University.

Not a single passenger or railway man was killed on the Caledonian Railway during the year 1920. This is believed to be unique in British railway travelling.

Fine, bright, and bracing weather is being experienced throughout the north, with frost at nights. Birds are singing, and many of the spring migrants are arriving. Seldom, during the past fifty years, has farm work been so far advanced. Flockmasters report their charges to be in fine condition, and a large crop of lambs is anticipated. There has been no hand-feeding during the winter. Bushes are beginning to bud, and snowdrops and crocuses are in bloom.

A fine wild cat, captured in Inverness-shire, has been placed in the Small Cats' House at the Zoological Gardens, London. Zoologists are now agreed that the true European wild cat, "Felis sylvestris," still survives in Inverness, Ross, and Argyll. Those occasionally shot or trapped in other parts of Great Britain are almost certainly domestic cats run wild, and there is no evidence that the true wild cat has ever reached Ireland. The wild cat is found only in remote forests, very far removed from human dwellings. It is almost entirely nocturnal in habit, and attains the size of two feet for the head and body, with a tail of from twelve to fourteen inches. The skull is broad and flat, the tail is thick and hardly tapering. The ground color is reddish grey, white on the upper parts. The feet are black, the tail is ringed with black, and the sides of the body are marked with vertical wavy stripes of black, sometimes broken up into spots. This is the pattern common to the wild cats of Europe.

The total number of vessels launched on the Clyde during the year 1920, is given as 330 vessels of 672,438 tons, or 25,481 tons in excess of that of the previous year. This record has been exceeded in only one year, that of 1913, when 370 vessels of 756,976 tons were launched. An effort was made to bring the tonnage as high as possible for the year, with the view of establishing a record, if possible, and all vessels which could be gotten ready were launched.

The Forestry Commission, established in November, 1919, for the development and conservation of the timber resources of the United Kingdom, is reported to have planted in the first year of its existence 1,500 acres of land and to have acquired 90,000 acres for development and reafforestation. The program covers in its entirety a period of at least ten years, and if the plans under consideration are carried out, a total area of 4,770,000 acres of forests will be provided in the United Kingdom. A very large proportion of the forestry development in the United Kingdom will take place in Scotland, where areas highly suitable for reafforestation can be acquired at very low prices. Similar tracts of land in the northwest part of England, embracing the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, are also being marked out for forestry developments.

Among recent deaths in Britain are February 5, Major John Cameron, of Lochaber, in his 84th year; Ewen Cattanach, a well known London Scot, February 20, in his 62nd year; Sir Algernon West, March 21, in his 90th year; and Florence L. Barclay, the novelist, March 10.

The Rev. Roderick Macleod, B.D., Knock, Lewis, who has been chosen as Moderator-elect of the Free Church General Assembly, was born in 1856, and is a native of Bernera, Harris. He graduated at Edinburgh University, and took his divinity course in Pinchill College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. About 1884, he was settled in the congregation of Strathlorn, Cape Breton, then removed to Dunvegan, Glengarry County, Ontario, and was later called to the congregation at Ripley, Ontario, where he ministered to a large congregation of Highlanders. He was one of the most popular Gaelic preachers in the Dominion. About twelve years ago he was called to the Free Church congregation at Greenock. After about two years' service there he accepted a call to his present charge, the congregation of Knock, which is easily the largest congregation in the Highlands of any denomination. In the island of Lewis and throughout the Western Isles, Mr. Macdonald has labored with unsparing zeal and great acceptance. He is a cultured man, and should make an excellent Moderator. Mrs. Macleod, his good lady, is the daughter of Professor Honeyman, of Halifax, and is well fitted for her duties in connection with Assembly hospitality.

Where Hope Is Ever Found

BY MALCOLM PARSONS

(For The Caledonian)

To-day we stand in the Valley of Desire, and gaze upon the Hill of Attainment,—the slopes of which are clothed with the Flowers of Possibility, that are now hidden from view, but with the rising of the New Year's Sun will be revealed in all their glory.

True; a year ago to-day found us standing there, filled with thoughts of the coming days and what would be accomplished in them, and perhaps the memory of some withered flowers may tend to dim the glory of the coming view,—but let us remember only those which retained upon their petals, the full bloom of possibilities achieved, and the fragrance of work well done, and if the mind does wander to the leaves of dead hopes, may it be only to make us stronger and more determined for the future.

Feet that before had stumbled from the path of Duty, and in seeking to regain it, became bruised and sore, will mount up with sure and steady tread,—Hands that were torn with the Thorns of Doubt and Fear, will pluck nothing but what will Strengthen and Sustain, and Eyes that were dim with an hopelessness,—born of dull despair,—with a hitherto unknown Gladness within their depths will glimpse the grandeur of the scene, then go onward and upward until they stand upon the highest peak, and looking down on others struggling in the valley below, extend the strong arm, and give a word of cheer to keep on striving to attain.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Rev. Dr. William T. Manning

Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of historic Trinity Church on lower Broadway at the head of Wall street, was elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, on January 26.

Dr. Manning was born in England in 1866. He came to this country when he was a boy and went with his family to Nebraska. From there he went to California. He took his first degree, that of bachelor of divinity, from the University of the South in 1893. He was made a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1889 and a priest in 1891. He married Miss Florence Van Antwerp in Cincinnati in 1895. They have two daughters.

During the war Dr. Manning was senior chaplain of the 302nd Engineer regiment of the Seventy-seventh Division at Camp Upton. He is the tenth Bishop of the New York diocese and the fourth rector of Trinity to hold that office.

Major Percy Simmons. noted as a municipal reformer, has been elected chairman of the London County Council. This is the first time a Jew has been elected to the office.

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine, THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Boston Letter

The Highland Dress Association of Massachusetts attended the reception given by Governor and Mrs. Cox at the State House, on February 22, Washington's Birthday. Headed by the Pipe and Drum Band under George B. Smith, Pipe Major, the kilted members accompanied by the men of Vimy Camp, Canadian Expeditionary Forces, marched to the State House on Beacon Hill. On their arrival the band played selections in the historic Hall of Flags, while the uniformed men passed in review of Governor Cox and his staff. Returning to headquarters in Boylston Place, the members with their guests enjoyed a bounteous luncheon served by the Ladies' Auxiliary. A joint meeting of the association and the Ladies' Auxiliary was afterwards called to order by the president, Thomas J. Merritt for the purpose of installing the officers-elect for the year. Thomas Hudson, past president and one of the oldest members of the association, was installing officer. He has acted in this capacity for quite a number of years. The officers installed were Thomas J. Merritt, president; James Brann, vice president; Charles D. Andrews, secretary, and W. Lawson Reid, treasurer. The officers of the Ladies' Auxiliary are Mrs. Tanish, president; Mrs. Alexander, vice president; Mrs. Murphy, secretary, and Miss Adelaide MacLean, treasurer. After the ceremony of installation, President Merritt gave a review of the work done during the past year which was most gratifying, both as to the financial condition of the association and the increased membership. It was his purpose, the president said, to pursue the same policy and he predicted that the coming year would show as good, if not better results, if he continued to receive the same loyal support and co-operation of the members. Treasurer Lawson Reid also addressed the meeting, endorsing the president's remarks, and urging the members to keep up the interest in the association which they had so splendidly displayed during the past year. Captain Smith of Vimy Camp, in addressing the meeting, stated that he would seize this opportunity when there were so many present to thank the Highland Dress Association and its Ladies' Auxiliary for the recognition they had given Vimy Camp at a time when it was so much needed, and for their kindness in presenting the camp with a stand of colors. The rest of the afternoon was given over to social enjoyment. In the evening the members and the guests of the association met in Parker Memorial Hall, where competitions in Highland dancing, piping, and snare drumming were held for valuable medals. The different events were keenly contested especially the dancing by juveniles, there being many contestants. The veteran pipers, Dan McQuarry and George Martin carried off the prizes in the piping competition. The first prize for the best appearing Highlander in the forenoon parade, was awarded to John Tupper, of Cambridge; James Montgomery carrying off the second prize. Dancing was afterwards indulged in to the music of Combie's Orchestra. Twelve o'clock found a tired, but happy crowd.

The regular monthly meeting of this energetic society held on Tuesday, February 8th, was one of much interest, and called out a large audience. The chief subject of interest was the celebration of Washington's Birthday. On this day the members of the association will march to the State House on Beacon Hill headed by its famous Pipe and Drum Band—Pipe Major George B. Smith, to attend the Governor's reception. A cordial invitation has been extended to Scottish societies to take part On returning to the hall, refreshments will be served by the Ladies' Auxiliary Thereafter there will be a public installation of the officers-elect for the ensuing year. In the evening a dance will be given in Parker Memorial Hall, at which prizes will be competed for in piping and dancing.

The association has had a most successful year, many new members having been admitted. The Pipe and Drum Band under Pipe Major George B. Smith is in splendid condition, and is in constant demand at Scottish and other functions. The association has in its president, Thomas J. Merritt, a most energetic and resourceful presiding officer, and under his management the coming year gives promise of still greater activities and achievements.

SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY

The annual meeting of this venerable society was held at Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple on January 27th. The reports of the officers were presented, printed copies of which had been mailed to the members. The reports reflected the activity and benevolence of the society for the year 1920. Sixty-two new members were received into the society during the year. The society lost through death seven of its members: Robert Sutherland, Adam Weir, Rev. D. MacDougall, Norman, Farquhar, John B. Balfour, David Smith and ex-President John McGaw.

Robert Earle May, chairman of the Nominating Committee presented the list of nominees recommended by the committee: President, Stewart W. Millar; vice-president, James Urquhart; secretary, William Dalglersh; assistant secretary, John L. Maver; treasurer, John N. Jordan; auditors, George Lyall, C. P. A., and Robert E. May; chaplain, Rev. John A. McClelland; physician, J. C. MacKillop, M. D.; trustee of cemetery lots, Thomas Westwood; chairman of Relief Board, Forbes L. MacKenzie; Relief Committee (3 years), William L. Gray, William M. Carlyle. The list as presented was accepted and the nominees elected. Twenty applicants were admitted to membership.

SCOTTISH NIGHT ICE CARNIVAL AT BOSTON ARENA

The Scottish night ice carnival held Monday evening, March 14th, in the Boston Arena, was under the auspices of the Highland Dress Association. The association's pipe and drum band accompanied by members in Highland costume and a detail from Vimy Camp, No. 1, paraded from Boylston Place to the Arena and attracted much attention along the route. The first part of the program, in charge of Thomas J. Merritt, president of the Highland Dress Association of Massachusetts, consisted of selections by the Highland Dress Pipe and Drum Band and the Walter Scott Pipe and Drum Band, an aggregation of youthful performers that received the plaudits of the audience for their meritorious performance; Scottish dances by the Irvine sisters' troupe and the dancing of "Columbia" and the "Sailor's Hornpipe," by the Irvine sisters. The outstanding feature of the entertainment however, was the presentation of a handsome banner to Vimy Camp, No. 1, Canadian Expeditionary Forces by the Highland Dress Association. The presentation was made by Colonel Percy A. Guthrie, of the MacLean Kilties, and was accepted by Commander Smith, of Vimy Camp. The second part of the program consisted of exhibition skating by a group of ladies and gentlemen, including Sherwin C. Badger, champion of America; Nathaniel W. Niles, and Mrs. Theresa Weld Blanchard; quarter, half and mile races and a relay race, were also run off.

THE HISLOP CONCERT

Joseph Hislop, Scottish tenor, appeared in concert at the Symphony Hall, on Friday evening, March 11, under the direction of William Morris. He was assisted by Oscar Nicastro, cellist, and Alberto Sciarette, accompanist. He was greeted by a very enthusiastic, although not so large an audience as might have been expected. Mr. Hislop, who hails from Edinburgh, possesses a voice of splendid quality, rich in volume and beautiful in tone. His breathing is perfect. He was, however, more impressive in his operatic selections, than in lyric songs. "Rudolph's Narative" (La Boheme), "Celeste Aida," aria from Aida, and "Lamento di Federica," aria from L'arlesiana, were beautifully rendered, and met with the approbation of the critics. Of his songs, perhaps the most enjoyed were: "The Island Herdmaid," and "Heart of Fire-Love," from the songs of the Hebrides. He was generous in his encores, and at the close of his program the audience refused to disperse until he responded with another song, which he graciously did by singing "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose." Mr. Oscar Nicastro, the cellist, was well received, and Mr. Alberto Sciaretti was a sympathetic accompanist.

W. Lawson Reid, M. A.

71 Simpson Avenue,
W. Somerville, Mass.

Harriman Burns Club

The Harriman Burns Club held their annual dinner and celebration in the school auditorium Harriman Pa., on Saturday evening, January 22, 1921. President Angus Cameron was chairman and toastmaster. The dinner from Scotch broth to coffee was cooked by the ladies of the Jean Armour Club, and served by seven stalwart members of the committee.

The address to the Haggis was ably delivered by Cronie William MacNee and a splendid program of speeches, songs, stories and pipe music followed the good things we had on the menu. The usual toasts follow: "President of the United States," responded to by Paul R. Boardman; "The Immortal Memory," W. T. Wilson, Works Manager; "The Land We Live In," Jules Magnette; "The Lassies," James Cooper.

An interesting feature of the evening was in the hands of Vice-President William Tait, who, in a racy and humorous speech, presented to President Angus Cameron, a smoking stand, and a cut glass salad bowl to his better-half on the occasion of the ninth anniversary of their marriage.

Dr. Eugene Swayne dropped in during the evening and gave a fine account of the drive going on for the hospital fund. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought our "Nicht with Burns" to a happy ending.

James Cooper.

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America's Making

There is being worked out in New York a project which will be of great general interest and of special and peculiar interest to American Scots. It is proposed to set forth by means of a festival and exhibit called "America's Making," the distinctive part which the different racial groups that have peopled America have had in the creation and development of the nation. The necessary organization has been formed, an overhead budget provided by donation and underwriting, and the 71st Regiment Armory at Park avenue and 34th street, has been engaged for a suitable period next autumn. The president of the organization is John H. Finley and William McAndrew is chairman of the Executive Committee. The movement is fittingly sponsored by the Board of Education and meetings are now being held almost nightly by some one of the many racial groups, which at once became interested.

The Scottish group is organized under the leadership of Mr. Henry Moir (secretary of St. Andrew's Society). There is a General Committee consisting of two representatives from each of the clans, clubs, societies, etc., in Greater New York and also a committee of five, the function of which is to go through and consider suggestions and ideas and to facilitate the work of the General Committee by offering recommendations. It is expected that Colonel Walter Scott will accept the chairmanship of the General Committee.

It is obvious that this presents a splendid opportunity for a worthy presentation of Scotland's contribution to the life of the republic. It is a rather surprising fact that the strenuous vocal work done in the recent past by certain elements in our population has had the effect of obscuring to a great degree the fact of Scottish achievement in America. What the sum of that achievement is comes not within the purpose and scope of this brief article, suffice it to say that men of Scottish birth and blood have exerted an influence in the upbuilding of America out of all proportion to their numbers.

In this great educational spectacle the American Scot will have his day and the main problem of all concerned at this time is how to make the most of it. There will be exhibits, tableaus and pageantry. Readers of THE CALEDONIAN are very cordially invited to contribute ideas and suggestions which may be addressed to the editor, who will vouch that they are given careful consideration by the committee.

Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn

That Washington and Lincoln are names sacred to the Scots of Brooklyn, was evidenced on Saturday night, February 19, when Hon. W. P. Hamilton, Jr., delivered his patriotic address in the moot room of Clan MacDonald, in the Masonic Temple.

Over five hundred members and their friends were present and though Scottish people are reputed to form a most critical audience they showed the utmost appreciation of their speaker. Mr. Hamilton has a most persuasive platform manner and his witty pointed stories won him volleys of hearty applause, even when they were directed at the dour and canny Scot himself.

First he took his hearers on a short trip through history, touching upon the great figures in the past of all countries and commenting shrewdly on their attributes and their contributions to the sum of human progress and enlightenment. This formed a back-ground of comparison for his sketch of the lives of the two great Americans.

Before and after the address the clan was entertained to Scottish and southern songs by Mrs. Silberg; organ solos by Mrs. Williamson, and conjuring tricks by Professor Smith, whose magic would have sent him to the stake in a less sophisticated age. Mr. Knox played a number of cornet solos, American and Scottish, and Miss Margaret Moncrieff presided at the piano.

Previous to the open meeting, Chief William Bone performed the initiation service and a number of applications for membership were filed. Later in the evening Mrs. James Pender and Mrs. James Lambert donated to the Clan's Convention Fund the prizes they had won for selling the largest number of tickets for a forthcoming entertainment.

Under Chief Bone's leadership, Clan MacDonald will entertain the Royal Clan Convention in Brooklyn next August. At that time representatives from the Order of Scottish Clans in all parts of United States and Canada will be present. The chief intends to make this the greatest "Gathering of the Clans" ever held on this side of the Atlantic. He is gathering together his "Hundred Pipers" and promises that Scottish Week will long be remembered in Brooklyn by its flashing tartans and skirling bag-pipes.

Clan MacDonald has been established in Brooklyn for thirty-three years, and now has a membership of over five hundred, composed of Scotsmen and their descendants to the third generation.

The chief is determined to add two hundred new members to the clan roll before 1921 has passed, and if Saturday's meeting is an indication of the enthusiasm of the present membership his expectations are entirely likely to be fulfilled.

The Walter Scott Juvenile Pipe Band

The first juvenile pipe band in the country has been formed in Boston.

The children are all under twelve years of age, and in addition to being good pipers, they are also splendid dancers.

They made their first appearance on Washington's Birthday, when they played for Governor Cox, of Massachusetts.

The band has decided to call themselves The Walter Scott Junior Pipe Band, in honor of Royal Tanist Walter Scott, of New York, who has always encouraged Highland dress, piping and dancing throughout the country.

Miss Constance Grant of Arbroath Scotland, becomes the Bride of John White Johnston of Rochester, N. Y.

WEDDING AT SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY ON FEBRUARY 14TH LAST, THE CULMINATION OF A PRETTY ROMANCE.

Dan Cupid was on board the steamship *Columbia*, which sailed from New York city, August 2 last, although he is not known to have been very active with his bow and arrow until August 5, when Mr. Johnston on glancing through the port hole window of his cabin, spied Miss Grant in a group of friends on the deck of the vessel. It was a case of love at first sight, which is conclusive proof that the aforesaid Daniel Cupid first directed his weapon at the Scot from Rochester, New York, who was journeying to his summer home at Stromness, Orkney Isles, Scotland.

Previous to an introduction, which was brought about through the kindness of Mr. Anderson, a mutual friend, Miss Grant, who has had a very exceptional musical education, heard violin music in the cabin of the *Columbia* on a Sunday afternoon. The music was being played by Mr. Johnston at the request of Captain Bone of the vessel, two skilled piano accompanists being at Mr. Johnston's disposal for such solos as he might consider appropriate for a beautiful Sunday afternoon in midsummer on the ocean.

Miss Constance Grant was born in Arbroath, Scotland, in '87. Mr. Johnston was born of Scottish parents from the Orkney Isles at Rochester New York in '79. In 1907, Miss Grant won a scholarship open to all musical students in Scotland for a year's instruction at the Athenaeum of Glasgow. Following a year's study at the Athenaeum, she went to Paris, and studied for two years under Jean De Reeszke, the famous Polish Grand Opera artist and singing master. She was a favorite pupil with the great De Reeszke, and was recommended by him to the musical authorities at Covent Garden, London, where she sang for two seasons in various operas. Following her Covent Garden experience, she came to the United States and has appeared as soloist at the Scottish Presbyterian Church in New York and at a St. Andrew's night entertainment at the Genesee Valley Club of Rochester, New York, for the Scottish societies.

Mr. Johnston is a graduate of Harvard College, 1905; and while at Harvard was elected director of the Pierian Sodality, which is the oldest existing organization in the United States, having been founded and continued each year since 1810. This is the highest orchestral honor at America's leading university. Following his election as director of the Pierian Sodality Orchestra, he organized and directed the first Harvard University Orchestra, as well as a very successful Harvard University Band, which accompanied Harvard athletic teams to New Haven in contests with Yale. While at Harvard, Mr. Johnston took an active part in under-graduate musical contests, and wrote songs, which were sung at the Yale-Harvard games by the Harvard hosts. Two of his songs, "Scotty," which was very popular at Harvard in 1904 and 1905, as well as the Harvard Alumni song, "The Harvard Yard," appear in the official *Songs of Harvard*. He subsequently wrote music, which was rendered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and by Sousa's Band. At the present time, he is an intimate friend and pupil in music composition of Percy Grainger, perhaps the most famous composer among British peoples, irrespective of citizenship. He is a member of the Scots Charitable Society of Boston, the New York Caledonian Club and a trustee of Clan MacNaughton, No. 230, O. S. C. He has a private Scottish Pipe Band of twenty musicians in Rochester.

After the *Columbia* landed in the British Isles last summer, Miss Grant and Mr. Johnston volunteered their services for concerts for the purpose of raising funds for the improvement and erection of huts for use by veterans of British armies in the Great War. It was repeatedly stated in Scotland last summer that Miss Grant's appearance and music on the concert platform was superior to that of Miss Jessie MacLachlan, who toured Scotland several times about a decade ago.

Miss Grant and Mr. Johnston were married by Robert Watson, pastor of the Second, or Scottish, Presbyterian Church of New York city on the evening of February 14th last. The Grant and the Johnston Tartans were tied together and bound with pink and white heather, the British Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were also displayed on the church altar about which were groups of palms and flowering plants ornamented by two crimson shaded parlor lamps under which red and white ribbons with red and golden harps were in evidence, as an indication of the ceremony being on St. Valentine's day. Needless to say, this date was chosen in recognition of services adroitly performed by the Expert Archer, previously mentioned.

After a wedding trip to the southland, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston returned to Rochester at the end of February and resided at the Seneca Hotel of that city, while they were "feathering their nest" at 8 Arnold Park, which promises to be the home of two Scottish people of United States citizenship, who will frequently journey to Scotland in future summer seasons, and let us hope smile pleasantly, while recalling their romance of the sea voyage in 1921.

Cameron Mackenzie magazine writer, son of Dr. James Cameron Mackenzie, founder of the Lawrenceville School and head of the Mackenzie School, Monroe, N. Y., died on board the *Aquitania*, March 17, in his 39th year. He had been correspondent of several newspapers during the war and his death followed a breakdown from over-work.

Doings of Detroit Scots

ST. ANDREW'S AND CLAN CAMPBELL

Detroit St. Andrew's Society and Clan Campbell celebrated the 162nd anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns in one grand concert and ball. They had been able to secure some of the very best Scottish talent in the West, and of course the West means Canada as well as the States.

Miss Mulholland, ever a favorite in Detroit, sang with rich contralto voice such songs as "Down the Burn Davie," "Mither Heart," and "Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," receiving hearty encores. Mme. Alice Godilot, soprano, also came in for hearty applause in her rendering of such songs, "Sweet Afton," "Robin Gray," etc.; while Mr. Leslie, Scottish baritone, stirred the hearts of the Scots with "Stirling Bridge," "Rolling Home," etc. The Scottish Choral Union, under the directorship of D. Cameron McLean, proved to be a great success. Their rendering of "Scots Wha' Hae," "My Heart is Sair For Somebody," and "There Was a Lad," certainly proved Mr. McLean's claim as a wonderful director, as well as one of the best Scottish singers in America or Canada.

Other pleasing features on the program were the Clan Cameron Pipe Band and the Caledonian Troupe of Highland Dancers. Mrs. Irene W. Stephenson was the pianist. The dance music that followed the concert was furnished by Duncan's Orchestra.

BURNS CLUB

The Burns Club held their Burns anniversary dinner in the Tuller Hotel, January 25th. The toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," was ably handled by Judge John H. Goff. Dr. J. B. Kennedy as toastmaster cannot be beat. Other speakers were Judge J. F. McKinley, our president for 1921. E. Goodwillie told of the statue's success; Dr. Jack gave a few witty remarks; and Mr. Thomas Comrie, Mrs. Charles Welker and Mr. C. D. Bennett sang Scottish songs, maistly o' Burns. The banquet was one of the best ever served in the Tuller Hotel, although there was neither a Haggis nor a wee drappie Scotch.

The contractor is now working on the pedestal for the Burns statue. The statue, in bronze, is being made in London, England, and is expected here by the end of April. Another month will pass ere we will be able to give a full account. The Burns Club is looking forward to having that most enthusiastic Scot of New York, Colonel Walter Scott, as one of the principal speakers at the unveiling ceremonies.

FIRE IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL

A wee bit fire scattered the guests in the St. Andrew's Hall, January 14, at the wedding of Aleck Watson, Jr., son of our sturdy Aberdonian, Alexander Watson, treasurer of St. Andrew's Society trustees. I say a wee bit fire, but some of the damage done can never be replaced. Some of the paintings of the late Robert Hopkins were destroyed; the stage in the Auditorium was a comp'ete wreck besides, and the skylights and ceilings destroyed. Most of the guests had their coats, hats and wraps burned, but nobody was hurt. A defective wire seemingly was the cause.

Friday evening, February 25th, had been looked forward to as the opening of St. Andrew's Society's Auditorium after the fire of the month before. Mr. John Cameron, a past president of St. Andrew's, and one of Detroit's ablest contractors, with a force of men put every energy forth in having the hall ready for the 25th for the Grand Scottish Concert and Ball given by the Combined Pipe Bands of Detroit and Windsor, Canada.

More than eight hundred happy Scots and freens gathered to listen to some of our best Scottish singers and enthusiastically cheer the many pipers and wonderful Highland dancers that took part, in the program. There were three Pipe Bands, the "Border Cities Band," "International of Detroit" and the "Ford of Highland Park." The background of the stage was hung with a curtain that represented a Scottish Loch with swelling hills of heather rising majestically from it. And no one ever saw a more beautiful picture when the three pipe bands stood in the foreground, their rich and varied tartans harmonizing so well with the Highland background of water, heath and summer skies—the work of a Detroit artist with the Celtic name of McNamara.

The Pipe Bands played such stirring airs as "Cock o' the North," "Campbells are Coming," "Miss Drummond o' Perth," and many others. The singers were Mrs. B. W. McKinney, soprano; Tom Cormie, baritone; George MacDonald, Comic. Highland dancers were: Bruce Cameron, Alexander Fraser, Fuchsia Harkness and Vera Smith; they danced the Reel o' Tulloch, Irish reel and jig, etc., while Copeland Troupe of Highland dancers, wee folk, gave many fine selections of the heel and toe.

One of the best numbers on the program was the very fine playing on the harp by Miss Ruth C. Buysee—such pieces as "Caller Herring" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," showed the young artiste to be one of unusual talent, who was much appreciated by the enthusiastic audience. Mrs. Irene Whittaker Stephenson, Detroit's own Scottish pianist, was the oft applauded accompanist.

The success of the program was due to the untiring efforts of such enthusiastic pipers as James M. Inverarity of Windsor; Bruce Cameron and Tom Hall, Alexander Fraser and others of Detroit. A dance followed, music being furnished by St. Andrew's Orchestra, Robert Gerrie, Jr., conductor.

J. Cameron McLean, Scottish baritone and leader of several musical organizations of Detroit, has been giving many excellent recitals in churches and to clubs during the winter months, for the help of benevolence. Mr. McLean is not only a very fine exponent of the songs of Auld Scotia, but he is equally at home with Irish and English, Welsh and American melodies. One of his best concerts

was at the Scovel Presbyterian Church, March 4th, his accompanist, Mrs. Maybol, being his equal in talent. Their selections were English, Irish, Scotch and American melodies, twenty-five in all, and memorized by both pianist and singer. Mr. McLean starts a tour of American and Canadian cities some time this year.

Mr. Edward Goodwillie who is president of the Burns Club and head chemist at the Solvay Process Company, is now on business for his company in New York and Syracuse. No doubt he is also booming Detroit Burns Club at nicht among some canny Eastern callants.

The outlook for business in Detroit is much brighter this month, March, than the previous three months. Factories are beginning to open up and building prospects are improving and employer and employee, barring strikes, are on the lookout for a prosperous year.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

6744 Vinewood Avenue.

Important Contribution to Scottish Collection of New York Public Library

Colonel Walter Scott, vice president of Butler Brothers, presented to the Scottish collection of the New York Public Library a complete file, fifty-four volumes of the weekly publication, *The Scottish American* from 1865 to 1916 inclusive.

Colonel Scott's letter of presentation to Dr. George F. Black is as follows:

"As per intimation to you some time ago I have much pleasure in presenting to the New York Public Library fifty-four (54) volumes of *The Scottish American*, dating from 1865 to 1916 inclusive.

"All these volumes are of a historic nature, and are of the greatest value to those born in the 'land of the heather,' or of Scottish descent.

"As each one of these papers contains news from various towns in Scotland, as well as the doings of the Scotch people in the United States and Canada, they are especially adapted for reference in the study of Scottish history, and inasmuch as the New York Public Library contains such a splendid collection of works relating to Scotland and its people, I feel that these volumes will prove an addition."

Mr. E. A. Anderson, director of the library accepted the gift in the following letter addressed to Colonel Scott:

"Mr. Black has shown me your letter of the 3rd inst., offering to present to the New York Public Library fifty-four volumes of *The Scottish American*, 1865-1916 inclusive. I take the first opportunity to assure you of our appreciation of your kindness, and to say that the library will welcome these volumes and give them the careful attention their importance justifies.

"You doubtless know from Dr. Black what our feeling is towards our Scottish collection, and how keenly anxious the library is to see that this collection grows in size and value commensurate with its importance. Help such as you are now offering us is a great encouragement."

In addition to the above official acknowledgement, Director Anderson writes Colonel Scott as follows:

"COLONEL WALTER SCOTT,
"495 Broadway, "New York City.
"My Dear Sir:

"To the enclosed formal acknowledgment I want to add an expression of my personal and official appreciation of your important gift. This long file of *The Scottish-American Journal* is very much needed here, and we are deeply grateful to you for presenting it to us. Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) E. H. ANDERSON,
"Director."

The Promotion of Thrift

Thrift was once regarded as one of the leading traits of the Scot. The world has rocked with laughter at his keenness to look at both sides of the bawbee. In many households throughout the land the breadwinner carefully husbanded his resources, and increased his capital by producing a family to add to the country's wealth and by setting something aside for the rainy day and the evening of life. Those who can still do so are comfortable and contented. But the high wages now given to youths and young people who have not been trained to the ways of thrift opens up a new situation. It is beyond question that the picture house and the sports ground are more alluring than the Savings Bank. Every night of the week queues line up for amusement, and the attitude towards money, of which this is an illustration, is full of misgiving. We do not suggest that there is not a time for amusement, but when it absorbs leisure to the displacement of self-culture the results are not satisfactory. The high wages to-day, notwithstanding all the chronic complaints about the high cost of living, are sufficient to permit saving. Investment in Government securities of various kinds do not represent the full amount which might be set aside. The annual report of the Glasgow Savings Bank shows that while deposits in the ordinary department last year reached £7,260,809, the withdrawals came to £7,572,750. While this does not affect the stability of the bank in the slightest degree it is symptomatic of the general desire to spend money. The savings are apparently temporary and not permanent. It is a good sign that over half a million separate deposits of sums not exceeding £1 each should be made, as it shows a general desire among wage-earners to save. But there remains an enormous number of people who have no accounts in our Savings Banks. These institutions might profitably encourage a campaign to bring the advantages of thrift before the people. Every substantial method of encouraging savings should be encouraged.—*The National Outlook*, Edinburgh.

Margaret Lyons Moodie

SCOTTISH SOPRANO

Recent Successes

We consider Margaret Lyons Moodie the "Prima Donna" Soprano and interpreter of Scottish Lyrics on the Concert stage to-day.

JOSEPH FERGUSON, 2nd Chieftain
Caledonian Club of Philadelphia.
February 27th, 1921.

Margaret Lyons Moodie's rendition of the songs of Auld Scotland were without a doubt the best ever heard here.

F. GRAINGER, Secretary
Scottish St. Andrew's Society,
Saginaw, Mich.
March 7th, 1921.

Her charm of manner and her interpretation of Scottish songs delighted everyone and won her many warm admirers.

JOHN SPIERS, Chief
Boston Caledonian Club.
Burns Concert, Boston, 1921.

A singer of charm and fine accomplishments that captured the audience and won a place in the hearts of the Scots of Cleveland.

JOHN J. MCEWEN, Chairman,
Clan Grant, No. 17, O. S. C.,
February 1st, 1921. Cleveland, Ohio.

NOW BOOKING SEASON 1921-1922

820 Lincoln Place Brooklyn, New York

New York Caledonian Club

CONCERT AND BALL

Never in the long history of this veteran organization has it proven its right to the lead in Scottish indoor gatherings more than at the Concert and Sixty-fourth Annual Ball in the grand ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel, Friday evening, March 11. Standing room only was to be had a few minutes after the doors were opened and for a while it was necessary to shut off the sale of tickets until it was certain that all who wanted to get in could be accommodated. The concert was a distinct success, every member being warmly applauded. Mr. Anderson Nicol's fine tenor voice was a treat indeed, in such songs as "O' a' the Airts," "Memories Dear," "The Lea Rig" and "The Laird o' Cockpen." The singing of Miss Margaret Lyons Moodie was but a repetition of the success she has scored at the many Scottish gatherings she appeared at this season. When it is told that Pipe Major Angus M. Fraser and the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band took part, everyone will understand that the national musical instrument of Scotland was in the hands of artists. The dancing of the Elder Troupe was a delight as always. An innovation—for the club—were two vaudeville acts. Heretofore the program has been purely Scottish, but it was quite evident from the hearty applause accorded the performers that the change was greatly enjoyed. "Auld Lang Syne," by the company brought the concert to a close.

After the hall was cleared, the Highland Guard, Capt. Wm. G. Reid in command and lead by the pipe band, marched on the floor and was reviewed by Chief Donaldson. The snappy response of the Guard to commands was favorably commented on. The marching alone of the Highlanders seemed to stir the enthusiasm of the onlookers to the highest pitch, for there was a great outburst of applause as soon as the head of the column appeared. The grand march was lead by Chief and Mrs. Donaldson, who were followed by Chieftains Marshall and Vance, Ex-Chiefs Foulis, Taylor, Gray, Caldwell and their ladies and a long line that included many of the best known members of the Scottish community. The number appearing in Highland costume was large and, as it always does, at a Caledonian gathering gave visitors a chance to understand what is a real Scottish full dress. Wherever a Caledonian Club is found breeks, etc., at a ball are frowned upon. The scribe was reliably informed that the ladies had never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion He would give much to be able to describe some of the beautiful creations worn, but it is beyond the power of his pen. During the progress of the march, Captain Reid presented Mrs. Donaldson with a handsome bouquet of roses. Dancing to the music of Forbes' Orchestra was kept up until two o'clock, Saturday morning, when "Auld Lang Syne"

by the band reminded the merry-makers that another New York Caledonian ball had passed into history and it was time to go home for a little rest before taking up another day's work. Clansman Allan S MacGregor as floor manager and an efficient floor committee kept the dancers busy. Ex-Chief John MacLean was chairman of the arrangement committee and Chieftain Marshall chairman of the reception committee. Large delegations were present from the Philadelphia, Newark, Paterson and Perth Amboy Caledonian Clubs. Among the box-holders were Colonel Walter Scott, Royal Tanist Duncan MacInness and Captain James W. Houghton.

A quarterly meeting of the club was held Tuesday evening, February 1st, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. James MacDonald, Angus MacDonald, James A. Currie, Andrew Campbell, James Kier Hardie and Thomas A. Bracken were elected members and five propositions were received. The final report of the games committee showed a profit of over one thousand dollars, on the Labor Day gathering. The feature of the evening was the initiation of Mr. Duncan MacInnes as an honorary member. The candidate was escorted in by ex-Chief MacLean and Honorary Clansman Walter Scott. The last named gentlemen introduced him to Chief Donaldson, he said, with pride having been associated with him for many years and feeling it a great honor to act as one of his supporters on such an occasion. Chief Donaldson welcomed the new honorary member in a few well chosen words and concluded by presenting him with a key for the clubhouse. In replying, Mr. MacInness made it quite clear to many of the old timers present that he needed very little instruction on the objects of the club or its history. At the close of his remarks many went forward to extend the right hand of Caledonian fellowship and express the hope that he would be with them often.

Chief Donaldson presided at the monthly meeting of the club, Tuesday evening, March 1st, and had the pleasure of extending the right hand of fellowship to six new members, Charles A. Thomson, John Conor, Edwin M. MacPherson, John Burdin and William Bryce. Seven propositions for membership were received. Ex-Chief John MacLean, chairman of the ball committee announced that everything was in readiness for the gathering at the Pennsylvania Hotel on the evening of March 11. The sociable committee reported that the Saturday evening socials continued to test the capacity of the hall. Announcement was made of the death of Clansman David B. Fleming, one of the club's half century members. Clansman Fleming was presented with his fifty year medal last November, and spent one of the happiest evenings of his life at the golden anniversary with some of his chums of the Sullivan street clubhouse. A page of the minute book was ordered devoted to his memory. Clansman John Greig who was received into membership by Chief Angus Cowan in March, 1891, was congratulated by Chief Donaldson and his brother members on attaining veteran rank.

PERSONAL

Ex-Chief Albert E. S. Montgomery, of the Scranton Caledonian Club, Mrs. Montgomery and their two daughters, spent Lincoln's Birthday sightseeing in New York. At night they paid a visit to the New York Caledonian Clubhouse where they were made at home by many friends. As the regular Saturday evening hop was on in the club hall, they were escorted there and their comfort looked after by Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Foulis and Mrs. Aitkens, of the ladies' society. Ex-Chief Montgomery's main pleasure at such a gathering consists principally of looking on, but Mrs. Montgomery equalled her New York friends in the number of heilant schottisches, Caledonians, two steps and fox trots that she was up in.

The club lost two members by death during January—Clansman Isaac M. Baird on the 8th, and Clansman John Taylor on the 31st. Clansman Baird had seen active service in the British army during the Great War and came through without a wound, only to be cut down by pneumonia in New York. He was a native of Cambuslang, Lanarkshire, aged thirty-one years. Coming to New York in the summer of 1920, he soon made an application for membership and was admitted at the September meeting. He is survived by his mother, now a resident of Uddingston, Lanarkshire. Clansman Taylor was born in Edinburgh about fifty-six years ago. He had been a resident of New York for a number of years, and a club member since March, 1915. He is survived by six daughters, all of whom are in either Scotland or England. Funeral services for both were held in Daniel MacLean's funeral parlors, the members attending in large numbers to pay the last honors to their deceased brother clansmen. Clansman Baird was interred in the club plot in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Maspeth, L. I., January 12th, and Clansman Taylor on February 3rd. On each occasion an escort from the club accompanied the remains to the cemetery.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The monthly meeting of the ladies was held in the club parlors Monday evening, March 14th, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell presiding. Quite some of the evening was taken up talking over events at the club ball the previous Friday evening, and how well each of them looked. Arrangements for the benefit concert and dance in the club hall on Friday evening, April 8th, were reported up to date. The monthly bowling contest brought out a new name at the top. Miss Sarah Ferguson, who has been pressing Mrs. Caldwell for the high score, landed in first place with Mrs. Caldwell second, and followed by Mrs. Charleson, Mrs. Duffield, Miss Lauder, Mrs. Low and Mrs. Inness. Miss

Low travelled forty miles after the meeting to her home in Peekskill, quite taken up with the booby prize, which she could show to the home folks and visitors from the adjacent county of Putnam.

When Mrs. Alexander Caldwell called the regular monthly meeting to order on Monday evening, February 14th, she found she had to preside over the largest attendance in months. A pleasant feature of the evening's gathering was the presentation to Mrs. Stark of a string of pearls from the ladies as a token of their appreciation of her work as president during 1919 and 1920. An ex-president's gold badge accompanied the pearls. Mrs. Caldwell made the presentation in a neat speech. Mrs. Stark's speech of acceptance clearly showed how deeply she felt the act of her associates in the society. Arranging for a concert and dance in the club hall, Friday evening, April 8th, took up most of the evening devoted to business. When the monthly game on the alleys was begun Mrs. Caldwell gave practical evidence that being promoted to a high place in no way affected her ability as a bowler, for she again nailed first prize with Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Durie, Mrs. Inness, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Lauder finishing as prize winners in the order named at the top. Somebody had to finish at the other end and as her sister-in-law, Mrs. Burns had obliged for the month of January, Mrs. Foulis captured the position for February and carried home the booby. PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Curling

The annual match, North vs. South of Scotland, under the auspices of the Grand National Curling Club of America for the Dalrymple medal, was held on the curlers' pond at Van Cortlandt, Saturday, January 29th, and resulted in a victory for the men from the North. The score:

Rink No. 1

North	South
Henry Archibald	James Francis
David Templeman	William Archibald
David Winton	Andrew Gillies
Thos. Archibald, Skip 13	Robert Lauder, Skip 18

Rink No. 2

North	South
Gordon Whyte	David Dyer
Gordon Fraser	John A. Rennie
Charles McKenzie	Malcolm McNeill
Thomas Watt, Skip 21	John Stirling, Skip 3

Rink No. 3

North	South
Hugh Westwood	John Riddell
James Birrell	George Cooper
Alex. Wilson	A. Roth
James Whyte, Skip 10	Wm. Cuthbertson, Skip 14
Total..... 44	Total..... 35

Majority for the North, 9 shots.

Two other Grand National matches played off was the Gordon medal at Schenectady, N. Y., February 7th, and won by the Thistle rink of New York, made up as follows: Francis Dykes, Charles McKenzie, Robert Lauder, Thomas Watt, skip, with a majority of three shots, and for the Mitchell medal at Utica, N. Y., won also by the Thistle rink with a majority of two shots. In this game, Thomas Watt played third, and Robert Lauder skipped, Messrs. Dykes and McKenzie playing lead and second respectively. As a natural outcome, Bob Lauder is one of the happiest members around the New York Caledonian Club and refuses to believe any better rink was ever made up.

A Precocious Performer

Little Alexandria Montgomery was the "hit" of America given part of last week and this at the New Academy. A tiny tot of three, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. S. Montgomery, of 231 South Webster avenue, she carried the house by storm whenever she apeared. It was her first public appearance, but she did not know what stage fright was, nor did she miss one of the eight performances which were given. She appeared with the gym kiddies and was so cunning and original that every audience laughed its appreciation of her antics.—*Scranton Times*, Friday, February 4, 1921.

This young artiste is the daughter of Ex-Chief Montgomery of the Scranton Caledonian Club. Ex-Chief and Mrs. Montgomery, who are active in Scranton's Scottish circles, have received many congratulations on the young lady's success.

Seattle, Washington

At the business meeting of the Caledonian and St. Andrew's Society of Seattle, March 15, with a representation of between 60 and 65 members present, the president, W. P. Cameron, and the officers initiated into the society eight new members as the first instalment of the competition between the two teams for new members, and no one knows how many more will be initiated before the drive finishes, April 19, next. The candidates were marched around the hall to a lively tune on the piano (the piper not being present). The president read the ritual and conferred the obligation on the new members, after which Mr. J. H. Nelson examined the candidates as to the pronunciation of certain Scotch words, and ascertained their qualification as to being able to tell a Scotch story, sing a verse of a Scotch song, recite a verse of a Scotch poem, play a tune on the bagpipes, or dance a step of the Highland

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fling. It was one of the most laughable and enjoyable initiations ever witnessed in any Scotch Society in the City of Seattle. Mr. J. H. Nelson proved himself to be a master of fun jollification and wit, as also did a number of the candidates, including Rev. Dr. John McLauchlan, who was just as full of fun, jollification, and wit as the witty examiner. It proved to be a splendid entertainment of its self and no one should miss it, as their will be larger classes of candidates initiated. Those initiated were Mr. McGregor, James Ross, Alexander Young, R. Fraser, Archie Patrie, John Watt, Charles Eagle.

Under the head of the good of the society, Mr. W. J. Macdonald gave a talk on my home town "Inverness," and songs were rendered by a male quartet, and Ben Waddell.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM.

Philadelphia Letter

It seems but yesterday when that energetic and helpful little band of ladies interested in furthering the projects of the Caledonian Club, met and organized themselves under the title of "Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club." They had no selfish ends in view, no benefits to expect, the absolute motive being to aid and uplift the club of which their husbands, brothers and sons were members. How well they have accomplished their object, is fully borne out by the progress and success attending all functions conducted by the club and their sister auxiliary during the last decade. On March 10, they celebrated their sixteenth anniversary at the "Light House." The newly installed president, Miss Annie Carmichael, presided and appropriately expressed her pleasure at seeing such a large gathering to aid in the enjoyments of the occasion, anl invited all to make merry, "mak thr'sels feel at hame," and don't spare the oysters, sandwiches, cakes and tea, which met ready response, and the good things enjoyed by one and all as was evident, from the good natured countenance and jollity of the gathering. The remainder of the evening was spent in singing and dancing. Past President, Mrs. Hugh Munro, was presented with an engraved thistle pin as a token of appreciation of her two years' service, also a large white birthday cake with sixteen red, white and blue candles. The President, Miss Carmichael, was also presented with a sixteen "candle power" cake. Miss Harvey and Mr. Fyfe were most enjoyable in their solos and duets, and Mr. MacFarlan favored with a couple of excellent solos on his violin. Of the guests present, we noted Chief Fisher, First Chieftain Norton, Ex-Chiefs Gunn, Graham and Tulloch, who each congratulated the Auxiliary on their sixteenth birthday anniversary, said all kinds of nice things of the great assistance they had been to the club. Ex-Chief Gunn, who has been a member of the club for over sixty years, expressed with great intensity of feeling, how much he had observed the great advance the club had made through the zealous aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary. It was one of the most enjoyable anniversaries held by the ladies and terminated with the singing of the Scottish Doxology "Auld Lang Syne."

On the following night, the 11th inst, the Past Chiefs and Past Chief Daughters of the Daughters of Scotia, O. S. C., held their anniversary concert and ball in Clayton's Academy. The attendance crowded the hall to overflowing. It is wonderful how well those Scottish entertainments are patronized. The Scot never seems to get too much of his native music, and his "pedals" always seem itching for the dance. The concert was most enjoyable. The best local talent providing a feast of charming Scottish Lyric gems. Mrs. Anderson Sweetly sang, "Flow Gently Sweet Afton"; Mr. John Kennedy, "MacGregor's Gathering"; Council Abe Cairns, "I'am Going to Mary Array"; Miss Kirn, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose"; and Mr. J. Richmond in Highland costume, delighted with "The Lass o' Ballochmile," and "The Lea Rig." The MacKinnon Troupe of dancers were attractive in their variety selections to the bagpipes of MacLennan and MacKenzie. The popular accompanist, Clarence de Rome, presided at the piano. Dancing followed and was kept up with spirit until the wee short 'oor, when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" suggested farewell tae dancing for ae nicht. MacFarlan's Orchestra provided the music.

A grand old man and attractive preacher was that good old Scot, the Rev. Dr. George Stanly Burnfield, for twenty-nine years minister of the North Presbyterian Church at Allegheny avenue, and Broad street. His congregation consisted mostly of Scottish and Scotch-Irish families. The worthy doctor was scholarly and "soun," a fine elocutionist, resonant and powerful in voice, most asiduous in his ministration and died a martyr to duty. He had been ailing for a couple of months; but feeling somewhat better beginning of March, he rashly ventured out on that wet stormy Sunday, conducted services morning and evening, returning home caught a relapse, and on the 14th departed this life. On the 17th, services were held in the church. A dozen ministers on the platform eulogized his worth, and the presence of so many families to which he had endeared himself, mingled their grief with the loved widow, who sat by the bier, and who the same evening accompanied the remains to Toronto, Canada, for interment. Coming to Canada from Perth, Scotland, with his parents at an early age, he was educated and ordained in the Dominion, and was said to be a fine Oriental linguist; had traveled extensively, and was very familiar with the Holy Land. At all times a Scot among Scots, he was an honorary member of Clan Gordon, No. 190, the members of which sent a beautiful floral wreath to the services.

Joseph Ferguson got the surprise of his life on the 20th ult., when about thirty mem-

bers of the Scots Thistle Society rolled in upon him like a tidal wave. There had been chiels amang us takin' note, and learning that Joe would be seventy-two years of age that day, and desiring to present some token of appreciation of his thirty years' faithful services as secretary, thought to kill twa birds wi' ae stane, and arranged the surprise party accordingly. Repairing to the spacious parlor, congratulations were exchanged and songs and recitations rendered, piano and mandolin providing fine accompaniment to the singing. A couple of hours flew by quicker than it seemed possible to the jolly and sociable gathering. Mrs. Ferguson and her three daughters speedily improvised a collation and set the table, only as a Scotch quartette o' lassies can dae, and inviting the attendance of all to the dining room, before taking chairs, toasted the good health and longevity of Joe. In addition, the president, Mr. MacVicar, as spokesman for the donors, presented their secretary with a handsome solid silver loving cup with appropriate and artistic inscription engraved thereon. It was on the threshold of Sunday morning when "Auld Lang Syne," sung only as sons o' the heather an' thistle can sing it, brought a whole souled joyous evening to a close, when each departed for his ain het an' fu hoose.

ST. MUNGO.

Dedicated to Colonel Walter Scott

Royal Tanist, Order of Scottish Clans

SWEET SUMMER TIME—FOR YOU AND ME

When the honey-bees are humming
And the summer days are coming:
When the laverock sings soaring to the sky,
When the speckled trout are swimming
And the swallows are all skimming—
O'er the sunny crystal stream that's whimpering bye.

In those summer days or gloaming
When Love's lovers are out roaming,
When Nature smiles resplendant from each tree:
With the modest linties singing,
The blue bells and daisies springing,—
Sweet summer time is here—for you and me.

The memory of those happy days—
Their sunshine, flowers and Nature's ways—
Shines in our hearts throughout each gliding year:
With Love's joys of earth and Heaven
And our sweetheart days still livin',
Or from life's hallowed shades—the loving tear.

Sweet memories of our friends—that's gone
And from those who—still journey on—
Comes back again to cheer me with their smile—
Or from scenes of saddened sorrow—
Our "True Friend" is proved each morrow,—
Are 'mongst God's blessings—with us all the while.

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Burns Memorial Association of Quincy, Mass.

A Burns Memorial Association has been in existence for many years, but only in recent years has it taken any active shape. Some years ago we were incorporated and have since held monthly meetings, and through the medium of concerts and a bazaar we have acquired quite a sum towards our monument fund.

On March 2nd, our annual general meeting was held in Clan MacGregor Hall, Quincy. The free use of the hall for our meetings is the clan's contribution to the association. Our election of officers for the ensuing year was held at this meeting, and we made quite an innovation by electing a lady as our president, thus promptly do we recognize woman's suffrage. The lady of our choice, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, has long been identified with, and been a hard worker on behalf of the association; has filled the vice-president's chair, and will have able assistance from the vice-president, Mr. Alexander Clark, P. C., who is a past president. Our other officers are: Treasurer, W. Soudan, P. C.; recording secretary, F. Morrison, P. C.; financial secretary, J. Reid, P. C. By the way, the suffix P. C. does not stand for police constable, but for past chief, and all of Clan MacGregor, No. 5, and each and everyone of them has smelt the heather on the native hills. With such an array of officers, coupled with her own personality, Mrs. Smith has little to fear for the success of her tenure of office.

On February 3rd, we held our Burns celebration in the Music Hall, Quincy. We had the Daniel's Company of Boston play "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which was a splendid success from a musical point of view, each artist vieing with another to do

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their very best; and they did. It was also a success financially, netting the association over $200. This may seem a small amount, but this is "a sma' toon," and although we are quite near to Boston, we are just big enough, and far enough away to have to stand on our own feet.

The speaker of the evening, Mr. Frank Abercrombie, chief of the Boston Caledonian Club, spoke much along the lines of the "Sinn Fein Circus" and "The Ancient Grudge." This will be sufficient to show how Frank's sympathies lie; and by the applause that followed his remarks—the hyphenates were not in evidence.

Although our membership is largely made up of loyal ladies and clansmen of Clan MacGregor, No. 5, yet recently quite a number of prominent citizens have joined us. Among our life members, we have Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes; so you see New York has not all the notables entirely to themselves.

CLAN MACGREGOR, NO. 5

It is our sad duty to announce to our brother clansmen the death of Past Chief Thomas Johnston, one of the prominent members of our beloved order. Born in Dalbeathe, Scotland, some fifty-seven years ago, he came to America at the age of eighteen and settled in Quincy, Mass. Soon after the organization of Clan MacGregor, No. 5, he became a member and took an active part in its affairs up to his last illness. Many of the older members of the order will know Brother Johnston as delegate to the Royal Conventions for he was known throughout the order.

All his spare time was devoted to the interests of Clan MacGregor; his special hobby was the finances, and it was largely his efforts that brought our reserve fund to the enviable sum we now possess. To be a thorough American Scotsman, with Brother Johnston you had to have the O. S. C. button. So devoted was he to the order that he never became affiliated with any other fraternal society.

Over two hundred clansmen turned out to the funeral on Sunday, March 13th, and marched to Mount Wallaston Cemetery, where Clan MacGregor, No. 5, has laid to rest her greatest clansman.

WILLIAM GRAY.

174 Center Street,
Quincy, Mass.

Love Is Eternal

BY A. R. GUNN

Dedicated to Walter Scott, of New York, after reading his dissertation on "Love."

Oh love is a principle, that never can die;
We lull it with laughter, or drug it in sorrow,
Yet the primeval sea nor the sun in the sky,
Neither planets in space are so sure of a morrow,
As the waters of ocean in vapors ascending,
Feeding rain-nourished streams through wide valleys blending,
Have ocean again for there ultimate winding,
So love through all changes moves without ending

It is Immortal's gift from heaven to earth;
Though misfortune retard it, friend, what does it matter?
Shall a harvest of roses be deemed without worth,
When the taint of each canker is purged in the attar?
True love moves the world to elevate our race;
Virtue of water is purest through heaven's refining;
So love changes vilest of foes to friendship and peace,
Hence time cannot change true love by fret or repining.

Our fancy's flight or joy sometimes unbounded,
May soon be turned to sorrow and weeping,
But a thrill of love bedews the soul when grounded
In affection that cherishes the germ in keeping;

So constant the stream of divine love blends life;
When hearts are composed, holy and endearing;
Sure to surmount in its path each storm and strife
The soul in possession has an anchor enduring.

Anxiety or dissappointment, yet the germ is abiding;
For it tends to the sick, the wounded, distressed;
As the fruit of true love is past all divining,
It culls to the poor afflicted and depressed,
Such blessings is ever bestowing in its path,
Hence it sows for the reaper with highest endeavor,
Such kindness inspiring and fearless of death;
Because it flows from the bosom of God forever.

Highland Guard

NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB

On invitation from Captain William G. Reid, the Guard assembled at the Restaurant Roma, Sixth avenue and 50th street, on Monday evening, February 21st, to dine and enjoy themselves, an excellent dinner was served, after which singing and short talks were in order, everyone was given a chance to make good as singer or orator and not a Guardsman failed.

Captain Reid reviewed the work of the Guard since it was reorganized under his command in the summer of 1909, and paid high tribute to the efficient assistance of former Lieutenant Robert Foulis. It was a great satisfaction to all to realize how much they had been able to accomplish the number induced to wear the kilt, alone being something to be proud of. The loyal support that had been given to the chief and officers of the club had been cordially acknowledged by every chief and the pledge given by every Guardsman on joining the Guard of loyalty to the club, its chiefs and officers had been faithfully lived up to.

Two original members of the Guard, survivors of the first exhibition drill at the "Acamedy Ball" in 1885, Andra Gillies and Dave Winton, were present and told of some interesting incidents of the days when Burge P. MacLean was captain. He was some drill master, but when he appeared on parade with a large ostrich feather in his bonnet they had doubts about his knowledge of Highland dress.

Others told of later days in Horatio street when rival factions made things hum, while many pleasant reunions with brother Caledonians in both nearby and distant cities were lived over and enjoyed again.

Chief Fisher and Ex-Chief Tulloch travelled all the way from Philadelphia to pay their respects to the Guard, and were accorded a hearty welcome. Ex-Chief Tulloch spoke of the time when Captain Reid was chief of the New York Club and how he brought a delegation of twenty men in kilts to the Philadelphia games in 1903, and of the "boost" this gave to the Philadelphia Club and of the friendship and cordial relations that had existed between the clubs ever since this surprise visit.

Chief James R. Donaldson acted as chairman, his speech was brief, but his singing was one of the hits of the evening.

Pipe Major Angus Fraser was there with his pipes and played in his usual inspiring manner. He talked also and when Angus tells a story, it is new, has point and humor.

It was a mighty good humored party that sang, "Auld Lang Syne" some time after midnight and started their commander towards Westchester County with three robust Caledonian cheers tingling in his lugs.

It was a night everyone enjoyed and all will remember.

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ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

Rhode Island Letter

The celebration of Robert Burns' birthday by the Fraser's of Pawtucket, was made the occasion of a complete change this year. In place of the usual Scottish concert with a short address or eulogy on the Scottish bard, the clansmen and their friends were treated to a performance by the Scottish Musical Comedy Company, of Boston, of a one act sketch leased on "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The stage of the Y. M. C. A. hall, in which the performance was given, was made to represent the interior of a cotter's kitchen. This was effected by Clansman James Doctor, and was not only a credit to him, but was a theme of general praise by the audience; so much so that before ever a word was spoken, as soon as the curtain was drawn aside and the scene revealed, a burst of applause testified at once the correctness of the design. Here were the old-time kitchen dresser, with the plate rack filled with real old fashioned blue and white, willow pattern crockery, an open fire place with the mantel-piece and brass candlesticks, an old arm chair, a couple of cutty-stools, the inevitable "waggety-wa," and a few pictures, one of them being a "Highland Lamie." While the scene drew forth rounds of applause, it also served the purpose intended of producing an "atmosphere" in which what many consider Burn's masterpiece could be adequately displayed.

The characters of Margaret Anderson (the cotter's wife), Jeanie (the daughter), John Anderson (the cotter), Robert Douglas (the Laird's son), Jamie (the cotter's son), and Thomas Cuthbertson (a neighbor), were admirably taken by Jeannie Hunter Tanner, Margaret Alexander, John E. Daniels, Victor Gilbert, James Singer and Daniel Ross, respectively. Mrs. A. P. Gilbert was pianist.

The whole performance was excellent and nothing but the highest praise was heard on all sides as the audience retired. As a new venture in the celebration of Burn's anniversary it was pronounced a decided success. The following songs were included in the program: "John Anderson," "Hurrah For the Highlands," "Ye Banks and Braes," "Scots Wha Hae," "Duncan Grey," "Loch Lomand," "Annie Laurie,' "Bonnie Mary," "Sing the Auld Scotch Songs," "O' a' the Airts," "Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "A Man's a Man For a' That," and "The Lord's My Shepherd." The stories told during the conversation among the characters were sufcient to convince any one that Scottish humor is not dead, at the same time there was nothing of such a frivolous nature as to detract from the real solemnity running through this most beautiful poem.

A new movement has sprung into being in Rhode Island during the past month. While new in Rhode Island, it has been in existence for a short time in Massachusetts. It is a combination of American and British who are opposed to any attempt to create ill-feeling likely to end in war between these two nations. Already between Providence and Pawtucket over one thousand members have pledged themselves towards that end. It is intended to spread the membership over the entire United States, and it is hoped very soon to number over a million adherents. Clan Fraser, Daughters of the Heather, Canadian Vets, Sons of St. George and many unattached friends filled the Star Theatre the other night when a delegation from Boston laid the scheme before all those who could cram into the place. Hundreds were turned away, many of whom, however, have since joined, although they never heard a word. Over six hundred names were secured at that meeting, so it looks as if there will be no difficulty in securing the million members.

The Canadian Vets have secured a lease of the hall in the Beswick Block in Pawtucket. They have renovated and decorated it themselves and it is possible it may soon become a meeting place for the several British societies in Pawtucket.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Norfolk and Newport News, Va.

On the 25th January, the members of the Scottish Society of Norfolk, augmented by thirty-five Scots, including the Clan MacDonald Pipe Band from Newport News in Highland costume and regalia, met in the "Fairfax Hotel," Norfolk, to hold their first annual banquet and celebrate the 162nd anniversary of Scotland's poet, Robert Burns. The chair was occupied by the chief, Rev. W. E. Callander, D. D., who was supported by Chieftains Rev. D. N. McLauchlin, D. D., Mrs. Robert Stephen, Mr. William Graham and Mr. James MacDonald, also Mr. W. W. Houston and others to the number of about one hundred and fifty.

After a sumptuous and well prepared supper had been done ample justice to, although the "Great Chieftain o' the puddin' race" was not included in the bill of fare, everybody expressed themselves as being satisfied.

The chairman in a few well chosen remarks welcomed the delegation from Newport News, and commented favorably on the success of the first annual banquet of the Scottish Society of Norfolk.

The program was opened with several selections by the Pipe Band, which had to respond to an encore. Piano solo, "Prince Charlie Overture," by Miss Penman, was followed by a solo, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," by Mrs. E. de-la-Via, and a soprano solo by Miss Payne. John S. Robertson spoke on "Fraternalism"; W. W. Geggie gave a humorous selected address and W. W. Houston gave the "Scots of North Ireland" in such a masterly style, that his hearers expressed the opinion that he was thoroughly conversant with the subject he had chosen. The oration of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," was delivered by the Rev. D. W. McLauchlin, D. D., who prefaced his address by tracing the genealogy of the

Scotch back to the Garden of Eden, and claimed that Adam was a Scotsman. Dr. McLauchlin's address was full of instruction, interspersed with humour and pathos, and was enjoyed by all who heard it.

After the address the Sisters Cathie from Newport News gave an exhibition of the Highland Fling, which brought forth the applause of the entire company. It was unfortunate that the delegation from Newport News had to rush off to get the last ferry to take them home, as they were very reluctant to leave their Norfolk frien's and such an enjoyable evening.

On the 26th, the Clan MacDonald Pipe Band was again in Norfolk with the uniform rank Knights of Pythias at the Zirzad Temple Ceremonial, and with a north-east wind and the temperature below freezing point, these sturdy sons of Scots in their kilts bravely faced the cold in a parade through the city. On the 27th of January, the Clan MacDonald and friends, including several members of the Scottish Society of Norfolk, met in the Community Centre and celebrated the 162nd anniversary of the birth of the Ayrshire ploughman, "Scotland's Poet," Robert Burns. The chair was occupied by Brother Kilpatrick, chief of Clan MacDonald. Brother Kilpatrick in his opening remarks very appropriately welcomed the guests and visitors. He was supported by the Rev. Dr. Hank, of the Trinity M. E. Church, and Dr. and Mrs. Wellford, of the First Presbyterian Church.

After the fragments had been removed, Mrs. Sheriff and Mrs. Hayes sang as a duet, "O' Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast." A solo, "Angus MacDonald," by Mrs. Hayes, followed by "The We'e Hoose Among the Heather," by W. W. Geggie, all of which were well received and applauded.

The Rev. Dr. Hank gave the address, "The Immortal Memory," and in the course of his remarks referred to the haunts and songs of Robert Burns in such a way that he carried his hearers back to and caused them to think they were sitting on the Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.

Dr. Wellford gave a short address, expressing the pleasure it gave him to be once again among those who admired the works of Robert Burns, and remarked that Dr. Hank ought to be a Presbyterian, as he was so well versed in the songs and poems of Burns. Brother Captain Walcott (who was told during the war that he dare not fly the Scottish flag going down the English Channel, ran the Lion Rampant on the Golden Ground to the top of his main mast, and flew it for two days. That same flag he presented to Clan MacDonald, No. 168, of Newport News) proposed the toast, "Our Guests," which was replied to by Dr. Wellford. The toast, "Clan MacDonald," was proposed by Mr. Little, of the Boy Scouts, and replied to by John S. Robertson, who laid stress on the necessity of the members to attend the meetings and take an interest in the work and make the society a success.

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The second oldest Scottish organization in New York city, and the oldest athletic club in America, has an interesting history. On its roll of membership are found the leading Scottish-Americans of New York, etc. The Club House is well arranged, with large halls for social purposes: the library and reading room has thousands of volumes, the best selection of Scottish books in the country, with the privilege of taking books home. The privileges are unrivalled. Every man of Scottish blood should affiliate with this club. *Address the Secretary, John Coyle, 846 Seventh avenue, New York*

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A Scottish Welcome Always Waits You

Mr. Graham, of the Scottish Society of Norfolk, gave the toast, "The Lassies," and while he said many nice things about them he was careful not to say too much. The reason for this was very apparent. The lassie he lo'es best (Mrs. Graham) was sitting beside him. After all was said and done the company adjourned to the dance hall above, where all joined in the various dances to the music furnished by Miss Friend, piano; John Clark, violin, and D. McArthur, drums, and Brother William Johnston, M. C. Brother Guy Jackson, who is a skillful manipulator of the accordion and who gives

his services ungrudgingly at all times, was missed on account of being confined to the house suffering from a severe cold. I am glad to be able to report that he is now recovered. Lang may yer'e elbows jink and diddle Brother Jackson.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
118 35th Street, Representative.
Newport News, Va.

Scotland's Influence Upon American Life

(*Continued from page 14*)

inal Articles of Confederation and the present form of Ecclesiastical Government were not adequate to the development of the great Republic which God had established in the Western World.

The Scotch had wrought out and established the practicability and efficiency of delegated assemblies, and whilst the Continental Congress was considering a revision of its form of political regime the Scotchmen were perfecting their form of ecclesiastical assembly.

Both King James and his son Charles had rejected Presbyterianism because it was a form of government fit only for republics and intolerable to Kings. The English tories had blamed all their troubles on the Presbyterians. America's form of government is molded upon the Scottish ecclesiastical pattern, and it will be easy to trace, if time should permit, the reason for this in the early assemblies both of Church and State.

The first Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States met in the spring of 1789. In that same spring the present Constitution of the United States had gone into effect with General Washington as the first President. In the very opening sessions of the General Assembly a committee was appointed consisting of Drs. Witherspoon, Allison, and F. S. Smith, who drafted an address presented in the name of the Assembly to the President of the United States. It is not merely a coincidence that the first denomination in the United States to recognize the Government that has come to play so large a part in the affairs of the world was a church founded by the Scotch people, for the Government was molded upon the Constitution of the Church and Scotchman had likewise been a most potential factor in its origin, formation and establishment. In these latter days a Divine Providence has permitted it to play a large part in the affairs of men and in the destiny of empires.

Nothing has so endeared America to Americans or given her the enviable position which she maintains among the nations as the great altruistic principles which actuated her in the war. There is only one fountain from which these ideals have flowed. They were born of the Church of God. The position and greatness of America is due neither to her territorial expansion nor to her internal wealth, but to the character of her people, the happy resultant of the religious influences which have gathered the testimony of the centuries and bequeathed them to the children of to-day.

In the fly leaf of an old Bible we came across this simple inscription, "When you neglect to read this Book, my son, you have forgotten your old mother." The Scotchman who is neglectful of or indifferent to his church forgets the glory of his heritage and the hope of his future.

Newport News, Va.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CALEDONIAN, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles C. Stoddard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Caledonian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager—R. S. MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

CHARLES C. STODDARD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1921.

JULIA H. BRONSON,
Notary Public,
New York County, No. 608,
New York County Reg. No. 2528,
(My Commission expires March 30th, 1922.)
Form 3526—Ed. 1916.

NEW YORK
MAY, 1921

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AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

Pranks We Played at Oor Gat e-en'

BY DAVID J. BEATTIE

"Ay, ay, there were some gey pranks played in thae days, and it's a wunner to me some o' thae ill boys that I often tell ye aboot didna get landed in the coonty jail in the lang run."

The speaker stopped for a moment to reflect, lifted the poker, cracked a lump of coal in the grate, sending up a cheery blaze, which, in turn, lit up the faces of the happy family as they snugly sat round the comfortable hearth.

To them no story was half so interesting and no picture so perfectly portrayed as were the stories and the pictures of the days of auld lang syne. We have said auld lang syne, but by that we only seek to take back the memory but a quarter of a century or a little more. A brief period to look back upon, yet to the boyish mind in these far-off days who could have peered into the dim future without feeling that five and twenty long summers and winters yet to come was a vast span in one's infinitesimal history.

"But," he continued, "I mauna think owre hard o' the lads, for, though I hae to admit we got into some awkward scrapes, yet I canna mak' masel' believe we were ony waur than the risin' generation. 'Deed, I'm thinkin' the boys nooadays are a hantle sight waur than we were; for in ma time it was naething mair than human natur' that gar'd ane lay ane's cheek again' auld Johnnie's big gairden yett and blaw rowans through atween the narrow pailin's wi' oor scoots, just for the fun o' seein' the hens fill their wames wi' the ripe berries till each gaed stottin' into the hen-hoose as drunk as a fiddler. Nor did we think there was muckle wrang in takin' the mither's pirn o' black thread to play rap-tap-tappin on a door knocker."

"Tell us what you did, daddy?"

"Weel, when it got owre dark to play 'cob' or 'shinty' we maun hae something to keep us oot o' mischief till bedtime, so ane o' us wad slip awa' hame and get a pirn o' black thread. While the squad keepit gey weel oot o' the road, ane o' them tied the en' o' the thread to a door knocker, and efter safely hidin' himsel' ahint the railin's on the other side o' the street, he keepit jerkin' the thread till someane cam' rushin' oot to ken what a' the rap-tap-tappin' was aboot. Ye may be sure when the door opened the knockin' stopped, and as ye can weel imagine, it was hard work keepin' frae laughin' right oot to see ane efter the other come to the door, glower up the street and doon the street, then gang mutterin' into the hoose as the door was banged ahint them. Then as soon as they had time to get nicely settled in their airmchair by the fireside, the rap-tap-tappin' was started again, to the great consternation o' a' inside the hoose.

As might be expeckit, this bit prank could only be played ance at the same hoose, and ye may be sure we werena lang in takin' to oor heels wi' just as muckle o' the black thread as was left trailin' ahint efter it had snappit somewhere atween the door knocker and the pirn. That prank aye made a bit commotion at the hoose where it was played, but naethin' to another trick I mind o'."

"Tell us it, too," chirped up wee Tam.

"Well, a' we did was to gaun roon' by the painter's back door and howk in the the ashbox for some fairly big bits o' winda glass, then when we had picked on a victim, we wad slip up to the winda, gie the frame o't a loud bang wi' oor neive, fling doon the glass on the stane winda sill, where it smashed into a hunner bits, then mak' off along the street as hard as we could nail. Oot cam' the hale hoose wi' cries that the winda was broken; and while someane made efter the young scamps doon the street, the restgraiped among the broken glass and owre the winda to fin' the hole where the stane gaed through! Vera likely it was only when the luckless sprinter cam' back, fair pechin', that oor wee trick was discovered.

"Talkin' aboot rinnin', I've seen some gey guid impromptu sprints at oor gate en'. Ye only needed to thraw a stane or an auld boot at some cranky worthy's door, and he was oot and awa' efter us like a hare. But I should hae mentioned that it was rarely sic-like pranks were played unless a squad o' thae ill boys had got th'gither o' a night, when they should hae been thinkin' o' gaun hame to bed. Of coorse, I maun admit thae ill boys whiles gaed owre far wi' what they ca'd a joke, for it was nae fun to ane auld worthy when he rushed oot o' the hoose at the first bang o' the door, only to gang sprawlin' his full length owre a raw o' auld pots and pans purposely set on the doorstep for his doonfa'.

"Sic-like hairmless pranks o' smokin' oot some o' the buts and bens wi' a kailrunt—"

"What's a kailrunt, daddy?"

"A kailrunt, Jean? Och, that's the name we gaed to what ye might ca' the stem o' the cabbage plant. Weel, as I was just gaun to say, we wad tak' an auld kailrunt, howk the inside oot, put a wee bit cloot in the en' o't, set a match til't, stick the burnin' en' in the keyhole o' a door, and just blaw through. As the cloot smouldered inside the kailrunt, it wasna lang afore the hoose was fu'o' reek. 'Deed, I've seen mair than ane auld body come rinnin' oot snuf-snuf-snuffin', thinkin' somethin' aboot the place had ta'en fire. It was rarely that an innocent joke of this natur' did onybody ony hairm; at least, we aye thought sae.

But the joke wasna aye on ae side, for there was mony a guid leatherin administered wi' a free hand and an easy conscience, when the rascals happened to be caught at their little games. And I'm no' sayin' but what they richly deserved a' they got."

"Were you ever caught?" asked Dick.

"Aye, was I," and his face lit up at the recollection of the bygone episode which had evidently merited the chastisement hinted at. Then, suddenly, remembering that little ears were open wide to learn of some hitherto unrecorded misdeed, the pattern parent broke off with—

"Na, na, it was the ill boys that aye got into mischief at oor gate-en'. 'Deed it was. But there's yer mither upstairs cryin' for ye to gang to bed, so gie yer feet a bit warm at the fire ance mair, and be off wi' ye and dinna waken the bairn or ye'll maybe get as guid a leatherin' as the ane yer speirin' aboot."

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—James Anthony Froude.

My Recollections of Lincoln

BY ROBERT GAIR

Our readers will welcome Captain Gair to the pages of THE CALEDONIAN. This sturdy and enthusiastic Scot, hale and hearty at well past four score, is a native of Edinburgh, and is still a tireless worker in the great business that bears his name. Captain Gair is one of the few remaining veterans of the famous "79th Highlanders" of New York, who were among the first to answer President Lincoln's call and who fought with honor and distinction through the great Civil War. Such men typify the stanch loyalty of the Scot as an American citizen, a trait that has characterized the men of the heather since the earliest days of the Republic.

Personal reminiscences of the great President, from the pens of men who lived under him, are becoming rare and are of the greatest value. Lincoln's every memory is treasured the world over, by men of every race and clime and his great speech delivered on the battlefield of Gettysburg, as with Burns' immortal "A Man's a Man for A' That," has become a watchword of democracy.

CAPTAIN ROBERT GAIR

Memory carries me back sixty odd years to the occasion when I first saw Abraham Lincoln. He had come to New York to deliver an address at Cooper Union during his Presidential campaign, when the struggle was between Lincoln and his eloquent opponent, Stephen A. Douglas. The country never witnessed a more impassioned contest, for all knew that the preservation of the Union was at stake, and that the country needed a capable leader and defender. The impression which Lincoln's manly, honest face and noble bearing made on me was profound. In his presence there was something so deeply earnest and powerfully convincing that men were drawn to him, and the sound logic of what he said was the reasoning of a great man. I decided to support Lincoln in preference to Douglas.

It is with satisfaction that I now reflect upon the casting of my first ballot for the man who was to be my guiding star through life, for if ever there was one whose conduct in small things and great, was worthy of emulation, it was Lincoln. He successfully carried out a divine mission and unswervingly held to what he believed was right. But for him the country would have become a second Europe, trembling under the tread of armed hosts, supported by kings and potentates. If the South had succeeded in its object there would have been a Northern, an Eastern and a Western Confederacy, but this the wisdom of Lincoln and the resolution of the Boys in Blue prevented. Lincoln had given the country an inspiring slogan when he declared that "The Union must and shall be preserved," and he never faltered until Lee surrendered his sword at Appomattox.

I shall never forget how deeply the country was stirred when the die was finally cast. That came when Beauregard bombarded Fort Sumter which was so gallantly defended by Major Anderson. On that same day Lincoln sent out his call for 75,000 volunteers for the defense of the

Capitol. My regiment, the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, it so happened, was assembled at its regimental drill upon the night when the news came. Colonel McClay, instead of proceeding with the manoeuvres, ordered the regiment in square formation. It was a thrilling moment chances, so we went through with guns loaded.

When we reached Washington, we were assigned to make Georgetown College our headquarters. This beautiful place is upon the heights across the river, not far from Washington. I remember well how, in the

THE SPIRIT OF '61
THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY SARONY JUST BEFORE THE
DEPARTURE OF THE HIGHLANDERS FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CAPITOL
IN THE UNIFORM THEY WERE MUSTERED IN THE U.S SERVICE

MEDAL PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN GAIR
The Center Picture Shows the Uniform of the 79th Highlanders

when, after reading all the despatches to the men, the Colonel announced Lincoln's call and made a spirited address which rang with inspiration to the regiment to respond and offer its services to Lincoln for the war. This we did in a body, and enthusiastically. President Lincoln immediately accepted, and ordered the regiment to get ready to move to Washington without delay.

When we mustered into the United States service, we were ten hundred and eighty-seven strong. I shall never forget the Sunday on which we marched down Broadway to Cortlandt Street Ferry. The city and the whole North were awakening to the gravity of the situation and the citizens gave us a hearty send-off. In those times, it took about four and one-half days to reach Washington, and we were somewhat more than a day and a half enroute to Philadelphia. The troop train received a great welcome, and hot coffee and refreshments were served to the men by the hospitable citizens of Philadelphia, but our reception at Baltimore left no pleasant impressions, and was dismal in comparison. There were protesting mobs and riotous scenes, but we took no engagements that followed, our regiment had the opportunity of seeing a great deal of Lincoln, and while we were encamped on the Potomac, his family sometimes came with him. But it was after some of our awful disasters that he would come down to visit his boys and solace them. It was then that he showed how great was his heart and his humanity. He came quietly, no blare of trumpets. He sought out the wounded and gave comfort where he could to the troops. He was constantly trying to do good. No wife whose husband, nor mother whose son was in trouble, appealed in vain for reprieve or pardon to Lincoln's benevolence. He always had time to say a hearty word to the robust and tell something consoling to the discouraged.

The Seventy-ninth was attached to the Army of the Potomac and saw service all over the country. We got repute for moving quickly and were frequently detached when an onslaught was to be made elsewhere. We went with Admiral Du Pont's expedition to the capture of Port Royal and were with Grant at the surrender of Vicksburg. Then, for a while, we were

busy cleaning up the guerillas in Kentucky and Tennessee.

But I must tell you of a trait of Lincoln's which to me seemed the very one that lightened the pressure of his problems and often turned foes into friends. The White House was a Mecca to which delegation after delegation from different States pilgrimaged. Each had a story of its own. All had some new suggestion, some important advice for the great leader, and they were mainly a medley of conflicting ideas. But Lincoln received these delegations with a mind worn with care, nevertheless with a smiling face and extended hand. He always initiated the conversation and told a mirth-provoking joke or two that upset the dignity of the delegation and produced general laughter. He was soon heartily shaking hands with them again while they were escorted to the door, their mission unfulfilled, holding counsel while they walked down Pennsylvania avenue as to what they would tell their constituents when they got back. Nevertheless, they left the President with a kindly feeling. He never did anything to provoke enmity. His opponents were only those who believed in opposite policies, which have been proven wrong.

There were only two hundred left of the ten hundred and eighty-seven Highlanders to return to New York to be mustered out. They had gone through the ordeal of battle from the beginning of the war to the end. I had three promotions while in the service and I commanded the Color Company for two years. I also commanded the regiment during the Siege of Knoxville, and again when Colonel Morrison fell wounded at Spotsylvania Court House. On the occasion of an entertainment given to the remnant of the Seventy-ninth Regiment after its return, at Steinway Hall, Colonel Morrison presented me with a medal on which is inscribed the seventeen engagements in which I had participated with my regiment. The medal had been designed according to the ideas of my brother officers and was given me by them in a spirit of fellowship and esteem. This meant a great deal to me, as it was the only regimental medal presented in the Seventy-ninth, and there is no token which I have to-day that I cherish more.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MacTavish in Politics

BY JAMES KENNEDY

(For The Caledonian)

In this article, Mr. Kennedy gives a living picture of the most ancient as well as the most modern practice in politics, viz.: the fleecing of the candidate. MacTavish, drawn from life, as are all of Mr. Kennedy's sketches, is a type of all that is innocent and gullible in the clutches of the "practical" politician.

The Scots in America will never become one hundred per cent. American; they lack brazen-facedness and plasticity; they rarely promise that which they cannot hope to perform. Their familiarity with the Old and New Testaments induces them to be diligent not only in their calling, whatever it is, but therewith to be content. The American born citizen seems to be possessed of a demoniac spirit of unrest, constantly changing his occupation, if he has such a quality at all, and while he sometimes strikes it rich, his wealth seems to create a vacuum rather than a compression. He needs a yacht, a public office, a divorce or something, and then he is not satisfied, even if he manage to get more than these. The Scots are rarely discontented, except when they are out of employment. As to public office, the Scot has to be coaxed and cajoled before venturing into troubled water, and in the mad rush for preferment and place, he is the real gentleman who stands back until everybody else is seated.

There are other causes that affect the paucity of the Scot in politics. He has a holy fear of seeing himself abused in print, and this is inevitable. This is not

so particularly marked in Canada, where the Scot not only dominates the political arena, but retains his reputation for honesty, even if he may be looked upon as proof of the celebrated saying of Pascal, mistaken in his views. This is only another "What is true on one side of the Pyrennees is false on the other." The Canadians have their ways, and we have ours.

This leads us to recall our first experience in American politics. Abraham Lincoln was our ideal of the typical American. Ignorance is bliss; he was as far removed from the average American as Moses was from the average Israelite. They did the best they could to set their people right; their tasks were as nearly complete as any human achievement can be expected to be. But this is wandering from the subject.

Mactavish was a retired plumber. His bank account was substantial, but he retired too soon. He had kept entirely aloof from politics; the district association turned its evil eye upon him. He was approached warily at first. It was the wish of the people, the emissaries said, that he should represent them in the State Assembly. It would be an honor to the people. It was a duty that he owed the State. It was a shame that he had remained so long from that sphere of thought and activity which, they assured him, he was by nature and experience so eminently qualified. In an evil hour he listened to the voice of the tempter. He could see, in his mind's eye, a youth and manhood of honest toil crowned by popular approval. An honorable pride swelled the bosom of the simple Mactavish, and he left himself in the hands of his "friends." Sad friends they were! Emblazoned banners had to be spread here, and calcium lights had to be hung there. Magnificent transparencies with the word "Mactavish" in mighty capitals had to cover the walls of every tavern in the district. Imposing caravans had to be sent in triumphal procession through the streets at all hours. Bells rang, and Mactavish was on every tongue. Flashes of fire cleaved the midnight air, and burst into starry showers of red, white and blue. Halls were hired, and the gas jets flamed "Mactavish" in clustered coruscations. Every printing press in the district felt the mighty influence, and their loose joints went clashing like a smithy shop, at double speed, for Mactavish must needs cover every vacant spot with royal posters, and eagles with outstretched wings, covering as it were, an idealized likeness of Mactavish full of austere dignity as a Marshal of France. It would have been better if the artist had soared into the realm of allegory and typified Mactavish as a plucked pigeon with the eagle covering and devouring it.

How his finances were drawn upon would baffle description. Every idle rascal that stayed off work for a day assured Mactavish that it was in his interest that he was around, and if he had a little to "treat the boys" he would give Mactavish such a lift as would land him high and dry under the rotunda of the Capitol at Albany. Then orators had to be engaged, for Mactavish, like Marc Antony, "was no orator, but a plain, dull man," who had never uttered a word in public assembly since he tried to repeat a portion of the twentieth chapter of Exodus in the early part of the nineteenth century, and failed ignominiously.

These orators were the most unprincipled villains that echo in my memory. They declared that Mactavish would bring in a bill that would sweep the streets, although at that period it would have taken a pair of mules or a steam plow to loosen the coagulated highways. Another prophesied a Mactavish bill whereby the working man would be paid whether he worked or not. Mothers would be pensioned, so would grandmothers. The poor would not have to go and see their "uncle." The rich would have to come down a few steps, and the poor would be elevated in corresponding ratio. This had the merit of a fulfilled prophesy as far as Mactavish was concerned.

To our amazement, the candidate ventured once on the platform in a crowded hall. It was one of those halls attached to an establishment where wet goods were furnished "on the side." The audience had been listening to an oration by one of those spell-binders whose lessons are well learned. He concluded his oration with these words: "Do you ask me, fellow citizens, if I feel assured of the election of our candidate? Oh, my fellow citizens, when I walk the streets of our expanding city at noon-day, and look up expanding city at noon-day and look up into the blue vault of heaven, where not a

speck is visible, I know that when the twilight deepens into the gloom of dying day, the resplendent constellations will glow in sidereal fire, and gild with burnished beauty the bleak brow of night, and alone among them comes the North Star, steadfast, true, abiding, illuminating. Others may go down in the darkened West—the North Star remains, the wave-worn wanderer's guide, the lamp of hope, the signal of safety. So here, in heralding triumph, comes Mactavish! *Ne obliviscaram populusque illuminati!*

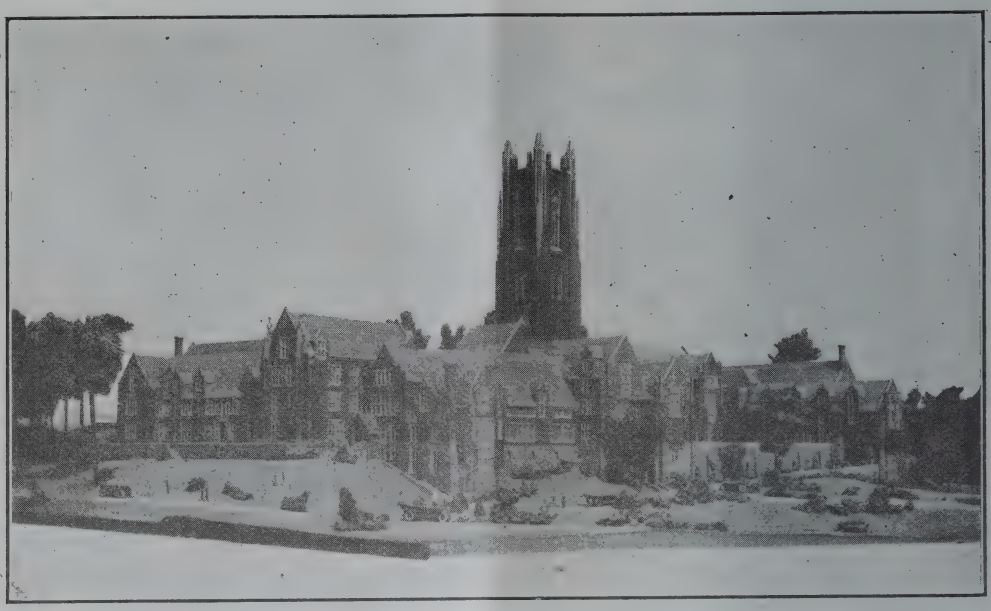
Whether it was the advent of Mactavish, or the combination of the dog star and the dog Latin, or all three at once, the house came down, and Mactavish faced the music heroically, with the easy attitude of a man who knows what he is going to say. "My friends," he began, "you all know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina—'It is a long time between drinks.' So have something on me." The applause was tumultuous, and cries of "Bully for you! That's what knocks—now you're shouting," came from every part of the house. Mactavish's hour of triumph seemed to have come, and as he blazed his way through the crowd we could tobacco smoke that rose, like incense, distinguish him by the pillar of cloud of from his liberal supply of genuine Havanas that fell like manna to the greedy grasp of the garrulous galoots.

On one occasion we ventured into the enemy's camp. We could not very well avoid it, seeing it was pitched in the street. The motley assemblage was being addressed by the Honorable Patrick Burns, who unfortunately was discussing the merits, or the demerits, rather, of Mactavish. "Do ye'se know what kind of a clam the Anti-Tammany, Republican, Democratic candidate is?" exclaimed the honorable member of the Board of Aldermen. "I'll tell ye'se. He's a pig-headed, thick-skulled gosoon of a Scotchman that saved a little bit of money because he was a tightwad, and some of the boys laid their heads together, and they be goin' to have some of it out of him. D'ye mind that? Sure, he's been in America over forty years and he only took out his naturalization papers the day before he was nominated. D'ye mind? He's goin' on a trip to the owld sod next summer, and it'll be 'the Honorable Mr. Mactavish, how are you?' D'ye mind? An' they'll be takin' off their hats to him half a mile away. D'ye mind that? If the old fogy had sense enough to keep his mouth shut, it wouldn't be so bad, but he hasn't. It's me that knows it. He'll be blatherin' and bellyachin', and what'll they think of us? I leave it to yourselves. What's the use of talking? There's only wan thing—he ain't elected yet! Not by a jugful! D'ye mind that?" In the rattle of applause we quietly departed.

During the continuance of the canvass Mactavish's house became a common rendezvous of all who were idle and dissolute in the community. They came at all hours and went when they pleased. Some even stayed all night, and after a hearty breakfast and a lounge in the parlor, waited till dinner time. On the day of election the reports were of the most favorable kind. McTavish was doing splendidly. In the afternoon we met the Grand Sachem of the Central Association. He assured Mactavish of an easy victory. He also quietly intimated that a further contribution, running up in the hundreds, would be necessary to meet the salaries of the special inspectors and poll workers. Mactavish, in the full blown assurance of his election, would make no further contributions at present. The Sachem went off in high dudgeon, and from that moment the balloting mysteriously turned in another direction, and Mactavish was elected to stay at home by a safe majority.

In the evening, when we learned the approximate result, Mactavish walked in silence until we got beyond the glare of the funeral fires, then turned and said in a voice full of emotion: "We've a' some trouble in a lifetime, an' you may have yours, but when it does come, may it take the form of chills an' fever, or the smallpox, or may you be beset by Red Indians or fleeced in Wall Street, but, Jamie, may a wise Providence keep you from ever receiving the nomination for Assemblyman!"

I wrung his hand in silence. His sorrow was of too deep and too solemn a kind to mock with words. We parted—he to foot up his losses and fumigate his house, and I, like the Pharisee of old, to bask in the happy thought that I was not such as he was.



Model of Proposed Administration Center

The College Beautiful

It is difficult to realize that even less than a half century ago, and in the United States, whose every ideal and very existence depend so greatly upon complete democracy in education, there could have existed a doubt as to the value and expediency of higher education for women. And yet such a doubt did exist, not alone among the uninformed and unthinking—and a very determined opposition. But there were "prophets in those days"—as there are in this and every other age; far-seeing men and women, who will not be denied—and martyrs; and of such stuff were Henry Fowle Durant and his devoted wife, who, September 14, 1871, laid the first stone of Wellesley College.

In September, 1875, the college opened its doors, and 314 girls registered as students—to-day it boasts more than 1,500 undergraduates, and through all the years no institution, in the face of many obstacles, has held more closely to its ideals or proven by the thousands of devoted women who have poured into and out of its doors, a more definite factor in the welfare of the country.

This is written without disparagement to those sister institutions, several of them also pioneers, and all working towards the same ends, and it may be well to set down the "five great essentials for education at Wellesley College," in the words of the founder, which have been the guiding star of its nearly half a century of service. They are: "*First,* God with us; no plan can prosper without Him. *Second,* Health; no system of education can be in accordance with God's laws that injures health. *Third,* Usefulness; all beauty is the flower of use. *Fourth,* Thoroughness. *Fifth,* The one great truth of higher education which the noblest womanhood demands; viz.: the supreme development and unfolding of every power and faculty, of the Kingly reason, the beautiful imagination, the sensitive emotional nature, the religious aspirations. The ideal is of the highest learning in full harmony with the noblest soul, grand by every charm of culture, useful and beautiful because useful: feminine purity and delicacy and refinement giving their lustre and their power to the most absolute science—

women learned without infidelity and wise without conceit the crowned queen of the world by right of that Knowledge which is Power and that Beauty which is Truth."

The first building, College Hall, now only a memory, had its setting in the midst of 300 acres of meadow and wooded hills along the shores of Lake Waban, fifteen miles from Boston, than which there is no more beautiful region in Eastern Massachusetts, in the Natick country—"the place of hills"—with its lakes and gently winding rivers, its memories of John Eliot and his Christian Indian chieftains, Waban and Pegan. Chief Waban gave his name, "Wind" or "Breath" to the college lake, and Natick, nearby, is the Old Town of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Old Town Folks." No site could have been chosen more suitably located to fill the eye with beauty and stir the soul with imagination; no atmosphere so ideally potent to nourish the noble dreams of the founders. Wellesley combines the advantages of a college located in the country with all that a large city, easily reached, has to offer in the way of cultural opportunities. And, though the outgrowth of New England inspiration, and located in the heart of New England, from the beginning its appeal has been essentially American, and its students drawn from every part of the country. In the first forty years of its history, more than sixty per cent. of the students came from the Middle West, the Far West, and the South. To-day forty-five States and nine foreign countries are represented in the enrollment.

When the World War came, Wellesley was among the first to respond. Three Units of Wellesley women served with distinction in France. To-day the Unit in the Near East is winning special recognition, not alone for its work in ministering to the stricken refugees, but especially in its constructive work in caring for children, work that will have its influence for many years to come. The undergraduates were mobilized for work on the Wellesley Farm, and an unknown number of Wellesley women labored at home and abroad in every field, and many sons and husbands of Wellesley mothers and wives answered their country's call. No more noble spirit

College Hall, Wellesley College

Destroyed by Fire, March 14, 1914

of sacrifice can be shown than that of the alumnae. Before the war they had raised more than $100,000 for a much needed building, one that would provide an adequate auditorium for lectures, concerts, mass meetings and student dramatic performances. Immediately, upon the outbreak of the war, the alumnae postponed their work on this fund to finance their war work.

The six presidents of the college have all been women, and it is of special interest to Scots that at least two of the most notable of these were of Scottish descent: Alice E. Freeman (later Mrs. George H. Palmer) and Helen A. Shafer. Miss Freeman's paternal grandmother was a Knox, a daughter of James Knox, of General Washington's Life Guard. Miss Shafer's father was a New Jersey clergyman of Scottish descent.

On the morning of March 14, 1914, College Hall, the oldest and largest building on the Wellesley campus, was destroyed by fire. In a little more than four hours, what had been the heart of the college community, the great, picturesque building that crowned the hill above Lake Waban, with all its memories and traditions, was a mass of smoking ruins. The story of the fire is one of the bright chapters of Wellesley, one that cannot be repeated too often. Breaking out in the early morning hours and securing headway before its discovery, it might have been a great disaster—but not a life was lost. As Florence Converse says in her excellent *Story of Wellesley*, "That brief ten minutes (after the discovery of the fire) is packed with self-control and selflessness; trained muscles and minds and souls responded to the emergency with automatic efficiency—— Down the four long wooden staircases the girls in kimonas and great coats came trooping, each one on the staircase she had been drilled to use, after she had left her room with its light burning and its corridor door shut. In the first floor center the fire lieutenants called the roll of the fire squads and reported to Miss Davis, who, to make assurance doubly sure, had the roll called a second time. No one said the word 'fire'—this would have been against the rules of the drill. For a brief space there was no sound but 'the ominous one of falling heavy brands'——The students walked quietly across the center, with embers and sparks falling about them and out on the north side through the two long windows at the sides of the front door.

"At half-past eight o'clock, in the crowded college chapel, President Pendleton was saying to her dazed and stricken flock: 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' And when she had given thanks, in prayer, for so many lives, all blessedly safe, there came the announcement, so quiet, so startling, that the spring term would begin on April 7, the date set in the

THE "HEN COOP"

Still Used as Administration Building

college calendar. This was the voice of one who actually believed that faith could remove mountains. And it did."

The fire left Wellesley crippled in equipment, but a thousand-fold stronger in spirit. In a little less than three weeks there had sprung up on the campus a temporary building, facetiously dubbed "The Hencoop," which still, inadequately, houses the offices of administration and several important departments. But out of the ruins of College Hall has come the plan for a new Wellesley, slowly shaping itself into existence under the hands of capable architects and loyal administrators, every building, every detail of which is designed to contribute to "The College Beautiful."

In 1925, Wellesley will have rounded out fifty years of service in the higher education of women. On the eve of this semi-centennial, the College is asking of her alumnae and former students, and of the public at large a fund sufficient to maintain the high standards set by the founders and to meet the increased needs of to-day. The sum asked for as an imperative minimum is $2,700,000, to be raised by Commencement in June, 1921, a small amount when compared with the far-reaching effect the college has had and will continue to have, on American life and character. Of this amount the first $2,000,000 will be devoted to salary endowment for teachers. The highest salary paid to any professor, after years of service, is $3,500; some full professors receive only $3,000. For associate professors $2,000 is the minimum, $2,800 the maximum. Instructors begin at $1,300. From these salaries all living expenses must be met, since no salary includes board and lodging. Never has there been a greater demand for educated men and women, with minds trained to aid in the social and economic readjustment following the war. To the United States the world looks for stability as well as constructive progress. The country in turn must look to an educated citizenship to meet that need.

NOTE—The headquarters of the Wellesley Semi-Centennial Fund is 275 Lexington Avenue, New York city. Contributions may be sent directly to this address or to Mrs. Donald MacDougall (a Wellesley alumna), care THE CALEDONIAN.

The Story of the Gold Fever in the Golden State

PART II

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

(For The Caledonian)

Mr. Pettigrew, who is an old friend of CALEDONIAN readers, always has an interesting story to tell; and we consider this review of the romantic "Days of '49" one of the best he ever has sent us.

Unaware that they stood at the threshold of a great era, at the birthplace, one might say, of a mighty empire, Sutter and Marshall were reluctant to change the future of peaceful plodding pursuits that they had marked out for themselves, for they knew not what, nor did they dream that they would be the first to suffer disaster from this discovery.

The news that had been let loose by the trusted assistant and the drunken teamster spread like fire when touched to a pile of straw, to San Francisco, Monterey, Los Angeles and San Diego, almost to every settlement in California and up into Oregon, going almost like a flash. The men at the sawmill and at the fort at once traded the particles of yellow metal they had found for picks, shovels, pans, blankets, boots, bacon, beef and flour, on the basis of eight dollars an ounce; this the traders were willing to risk as the value.

People poured in by the hundred from everywhere. The wheat in Sutter's fields was never harvested; his mills were never completed; no man now wanted to do his work. His sheep, cattle and hogs were stolen and devoured by hungry men who squatted on his lands, dug over and wasted them, till little by little his vast properties

melted away. He spent his money in litigation that was fruitless, trying to reclaim the title to his lands, and was saved from dire poverty by a pension from the State. He died in Washington, D. C., in 1880.

Marshall fared no better. The squatters took possession of the land, dividing it into mining claims; he wandered about the district, a broken, homeless man, till finally in 1865 he obtained a grant to a piece of land due him for services in the Mexican War, on which he lived, growing grapes, till death called him. A simple monument now marks the spot where Marshall first found the gold, and Sutter's Fort has been reproduced in one of Sacramento's parks to keep their memories green.

The news of the gold find spread the world over, to wherever news could be carried, and California, like a great lodestone, attracted the attention of all peoples, and became a Mecca for many. A great human tide flowed to it in three great streams; one of these being by sailing vessels around Cape Horn, that might take from six to nine months or longer, depending on the weather. Another stream went by the Isthmus of Panama; the very best time that could be made across was five days, which was made chiefly by mule-back, though often on foot, baggage being carried on mules, or on the shoulders of peons. The road was nothing more than a trail, a very poor one, at that. Arriving at Panama, the trip was continued up the coast by sailing vessel, or by the one steamer that had recently been put on by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

The third stream went overland across the plains and mountains by the Oregon or the Sante Fe trail, by wagons or pack trains. Either of these routes brought untold hardships, toil and suffering to the gold-seeker; tales of these experiences of many are truly heart-rending, and we may relate some of these later.

The ships that left ports on the Atlantic coast late in December, 1848, for the trip around the Horn bound for San Francisco, began to arrive early in July, and by the end of that month fifty-four of them had anchored in the bay. Each succeeding month brought more and more, and besides there came from ports all over the world, ships that altogether, by the end of 1849, made up a total of 540, all of them laden to full capacity with a human cargo of all sorts and conditions, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, ship owners, mechanics, farmers, laborers, professional men, students, artists, and even women who had caught the vision of great riches, braved the dangers of ocean, mountain and desert to reach the land of gold.

Arriving at San Francisco, everybody, including the officers and crews of the ships, headed for the diggings. This went on during the next five years, until there were more deserted ships rotting at their anchor cables in San Francisco Bay than ever before or since in the history of the world. The city itself became almost deserted; at the time of the discovery it had a population of 800 that speedily shrunk to 150.

Food and miners' supplies of all kinds became very scarce; flour sold at $400 a barrel, and sugar at $4 a pound, and a very poor grade of coffee at the same price. In many cases flour brought $2 a pound and whiskey $20 a quart. Rowboats that ordinarily sold for $50 or less, by the end of May, 1849, had jumped to $500, for people could go to Sutter's Fort by rowboat. A shovel that formerly sold for a dollar now cost ten; picks, crowbars, pans and knives all advanced in the same ratio. In like manner, clothing of all kinds, especially that of the coarser quality, advanced in price, and was hard to get.

The first news of the discovery reached Monterey (then the capital of the territory) on May 20, Colonel of Dragoons R. B. Mason being governor of the new territory, and the Rev. Walter Cotton, alcalde of the City of Monterey. At first the news was considered very doubtful, till on June 5th, what seemed more reliable information was received, and the day following Cotton despatched a messenger to the American River, to ascertain, as he wrote, "whether the reported gold was a tangible reality on the earth or a fanciful treasure at the base of some rainbow."

On the 12th of June a straggler wandered into the town with a nugget weighing an ounce, and a few days later a man who had worked for Cotton as a body servant, after being absent for a short time, returned with $2,000 worth of native gold.

A rough-looking man who did not appear to have enough about him to buy a loaf of bread, came to Monterey with a sack on his shoulder, from which he shook $15,000 worth of gold dust. Four citizens of Monterey who had employed some Indians on the Feather River, collected $76,844 worth of gold in seven weeks and three days; a man who had worked sixty-four days on the Yuba River brought back $5,356 in gold; another resident of Monterey, who worked fifty-seven days on the North Fork of the American River, brought back $4,534; a party of fourteen who worked fifty-four days on the Mokelumne River, had $3,467; a woman who had worked with pan and shovel in dry diggings forty-six days cleaned up $2,125. All these incidents did not seem to satisfy either the Governor or the Alcalde, and in order that absolute proof of the truth of the whole matter might be had, it was decided in September that the Alcalde should visit the mines in person, a party of responsible citizens accompanying him. Let us take the trip with them and note what they saw.

As they neared the mines, they met returning gold hunters, of whom Cotton wrote: "A more forlorn looking group never knocked at the gate of a pauper asylum. Most of them were on foot, with rags tied on their blistered feet." They asked for bread and meat; Cotton's party gave them some, supposing that they were giving in charity, and were surprised when one of the party passed out a pound or two of nuggets in payment. Cotton afterwards learned that the ragged travelers had with them over a hundred thousand dollars in virgin gold. On arrival at the mines, the eager Alcalde borrowed a pick, and in five minutes found enough gold to make a seal ring. He found seventy people at work in a small ravine, each of them getting an ounce a day. A sailor whom he had known when he was chaplain on the *Savannah* had found a nugget that weighed three ounces. He found another man picking at a spot on the canyon side, who presently uncovered a pocket from which he took nearly two pounds of nuggets, all shaped like water-melon seeds, and near to this spot, on the following day, he uncovered a pound and a half.

A Welshman whom the Alcalde had a short time before fined for being drunk, and disturbing the peace, met him with a hearty greeting, assuring him that he held no grudge against him, and turning to resume his work, uncovered a nugget that weighed an ounce or more; picking it up, he handed it to Mr. Cotton, saying: "Senor Alcalde, accept that, and when you reach home, have a bracelet made of it for your good lady." A German picked up a piece weighing three ounces, from the ground in front of Cotton's tent, and later in the same day Cotton himself took half an ounce from a crevice in a rock. A little girl playing in a ravine near her mother's tent, picked up a curious-looking stone that proved to be nearly pure gold; it weighed over six pounds. A much larger lump, twenty-three pounds in weight, was later found nearby.

Two men invited Cotton to come and see their claim. He found them working in a hole up to their waists in water; they were getting from fifteen to twenty dollars out of every pan they washed, and the day that he was with them they took $1,000 for their day's work. He found at a place about three miles from his camp a woman working alone. He had known her in San Jose; she was washing gravel in a wooden bowl, and had averaged an ounce a day for three weeks.

Just before leaving the mines at the end of his stay of six weeks, he found seated on a stone under a tree, in rather a dejected condition, an old man, who bewailed the fact that he had worked for many days and gotten little or nothing, and that he would move to another place. Cotton said to him, "Why not turn over the stone you are sitting on?" He replied, "It ain't worth while, but I will do it if you say so." He turned it over, and clearing away a little dirt, found a lot of nuggets that weighed nearly half a pound.

On the way home, his party overtook another old man with his grandson; they had been in the mines and collected twenty pounds of nuggets, of which they had been robbed, and were poorer than when they began.

Governor Mason also visited the mines, and made a report of his trip to the Adjutant-General of the United States. The his report he sent two hundred and twenty-report was dated August 17, 1848. With

eight ounces of nuggets as specimens of the product of the mines. He had visited mines on all the rivers in the gold-bearing territory; his report relates many interesting incidents, among them the following: He was shown a trench about a hundred yards long, four feet wide and three feet deep, from which there had been taken in one week $17,000; a small ravine near to it had yielded $12,000; men were picking gold out of the crevices of the rocks with butcher knives, in pieces weighing from one to six ounces. At Weber's store in Helvetta, a man had given an ounce and a half of gold worth $24 for a box of sedilitz powders; another man had paid one dollar for a drop of laudanum.

He estimated the whole output of the mines at that time at from thirty to fifty thousand dollars a day, and stated that he thought that the mines in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys would easily repay the cost of the late war with Mexico, together with all that the Government had paid for lands ceded. All this gold was being taken from land which now belonged to the Government, and he thought something should be paid for the privilege of mining, but he saw no way to collect it, he having but few soldiers, not enough to cover the large territory that was being worked over. He had considerable trouble holding enlisted men to the performance of their duties, so concluded not to make any rules that he could not enforce. The gold-bearing region known at that time was about two hundred miles long, averaging about thirty miles wide.

This report he despatched by special messenger by way of Panama; it reached Washington in time for President Polk to mention the discovery in his message to Congress in December, thus transmitting it to the people. It attracted wide attention, creating great interest everywhere, so that every newspaper in the country, nay, in the world, was daily scanned for news from the California gold diggings.

Enough has been said, and the many instances related will give readers a fair idea of the magnitude and importance of Marshall's discovery, within the limits of this article. It will be of interest to add further that from the time of the discovery in 1848 to January 1st, 1903, California had produced $1,379,275,408 in gold. There were two periods of intense excitement, the first ending in 1854. From 1850 to 1853, the greatest yield from washings was probably not less than $65,000,000 a year. The average production per year for the years 1851 to 1854, inclusive, was $75,570,087, reaching $81,294,270 in 1852; this was the banner year, and from 1850 to 1862 the average production was $55,882,-861, never falling below $50,000,000.

Although Marshall has been given full credit for the great gold discovery, it is on record that in the year 1841 gold was found not far from Los Angeles. Colonel J. J. Warner, a pioneer of 1831, in his historical sketch of Los Angeles County, tells the story of this discovery. "The circumstances of the discovery by Francisco Lopez, are told by himself as follows: 'He, with a companion, was out in search of some stray horses, and about midday they stopped under some trees and tied their horses out to feed, they resting under the shade, when Lopez, with his sheath knife, dug up some of the wild onions, and in the dirt discovered a piece of gold, and, searching further, found some more. He brought these to town and showed them to his friends, who at once declared there must be a placer of gold'."

This news was circulated, numbers of the citizens went to the place, and commenced prospecting in the neighborhood, and found it to be a fact that there was a placer of gold. The news of this discovery soon spread from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, and hundreds of people soon became engaged in washing the sands.

Warner himself visited the place a few weeks later. He says: "From these was obtained the first parcel of gold dust received at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, and which was sent with Alfred Robinson and went in a merchant ship around Cape Horn. This shipment of gold was 18.34 ounces before and 18.1 ounces after melting; fineness, 925; value $344.75, or over $19 to the ounce, a very superior quality of gold dust. It was deposited in the Mint July 8, 1843.

"It may be regarded as a settled historical fact that the first authenticated discovery of gold in Alta California was made on the San Francisco rancho in the San Feliciano Canon, Los Angeles County, about ten miles north of the New-Hall sta-

tion on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and about forty miles northwest of Los Angeles. These mines have been worked more or less ever since their discovery. It is estimated that they yielded from $80,000 to $100,000 the first two years they were worked."

The ardent hope that ever lured the plodding miner and the prospector as well, was that they would come upon some rich deposits of dust, or a big nugget, that would make them rich at once. Let me quote from Eldridge's history: "Some nuggets of surprising size were found in the early years, the largest recorded being one of one hundred and forty-one pounds four ounces of almost pure gold, found in 1854. One of perhaps equal value was found by some Chinamen, who cut it to pieces with cold chisels, and sold it bit by bit with their gold dust, fearing that it would be taken away from them if shown to anyone in the shape in which they found it. A single lump weighing one hundred and six pounds was found in Baltimore ravine, near Auburn, and another of one hundred and three pounds, and still another of ninety-six pounds near Downieville. A seventy-two pound chunk was found near Columbia, one worth $10,000 at Ophir, in Sutter County; one of fifty pounds on the Yuba; one of forty-four pounds near Dogtown, Butte County; one of fifty-one pounds near French ravine, in Sierra County, and one of eighty pounds from the American River.

"Pieces weighing from ten to forty pounds have been found in many places, and sometimes in the most casual manner. A farmer strolling through his pasture on or near the lower Mokelumne River, one Sunday morning, kicked at what appeared to be a stone lying in his path, but which proved to be so heavy that he examined it more carefully. It proved to be a lump of almost pure gold worth several thousand dollars. Many lucky miners made their fortunes within a few months after arriving at the mines in 1849 and 1850. Many were more easily satisfied, and returned east after they had found enough to buy a farm near the old homestead, or to pay off a mortgage, or start in some business for which they had long striven. Many lost their health and even their lives. The number of those who died in their tents or cabins, or under the open sky, during the fierce struggle of the first years after the discovery, will never be known.

"Of the thousands that were attracted to the West by the gold discovery, few, if any, ever thought that gold digging would be a permanent occupation for them, and so it proved. It was only a stepping stone to the acquiring of a farm and a home. It took but a few years to find and pick up all the yellow metal that Nature had so profusely scattered on or near the surface of California's lovely valleys and foot-hills. That done, large numbers of the gold-seekers remained to help develop and cultivate her soil that was to produce still greater riches than the combined efforts of the vast crowd who came to search her soil for the yellow metal."

The method of getting gold to-day is altogether different from that practised at the time of its first discovery. The amount found in 1919 in the State of California was valued at $17,320,000, and was procured chiefly by dredging the rivers in the gold-bearing region. This is, of course, a great drop from the high values realized in the years when the fever was at its height. But while the production of gold has fallen so much, the total values of minerals mined in California in 1919 foots up to the handsome sum of $182,463,000; these include chromite, copper, gold, graphite, lead, magnesite, manganese ore, natural gas, petroleum, platinum, quick silver, silver, tungsten and zinc, and in the same year her forests yielded 1,277,000,000 feet of lumber, while her fields produced crops for which her farmers received in 1919 the sum of $286,483,000, and at the same time her orchards produced fruits valued at $234,613,000, and vegetables and berries to the value of $20,747,922.

In 1918 her vineyards produced 167,000 tons of grapes; in 1919 the State sold cattle to the value of $63,833,378, and dairy products valued at $74,515,381. These figures I obtain from the Annual Report of the California Development Board.

(To be continued)

Eleutherios Constantine Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece, was shot in the left shoulder and the right thigh, and narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of fellow-countrymen as he was entering the Lyons railway station in Paris, August 12.

The Republic: One But Divisible

BY FRANK FOSTER
(For The Caledonian)

England, as the Sinn-Feiner sees her, must be a queer country. For she does so little for herself, being ruled and served by those of other nations. At the present time, when, in the words of a man who flourished when England produced men of her own (I have never heard that Nelson was of any other race), she must expect every man to do his duty. England is entirely under foreign domination, according to certain sapient makers of history. Haig is a Scotsman and so is Balfour; Beattie is claimed as Irish, but is of Scottish blood and name; Bonar-Law a Canadian; Lloyd-George is Welsh; and Sir John French was claimed as Irish while winning laurels in Flanders, though it appears that he was born in Kent. Indeed, the process of reasoning employed by the advocates of the creed, "England for anybody but the English," does not leave that unfortunate country much opportunity for mothering any celebrated men. If a man is born in Ireland of English parents, and Ireland wants him, he is Irish; but if he is born in England of Irish parents, he is also Irish. And the same principle obtains with the descendants of any other British subject.

There appears to be, however, one point upon which the actual accredited Englishman succeeds in making his power felt. Whenever any question on the government of Ireland comes up, he insists upon assuming the management of affairs, apparently for the sole purpose of oppressing that unhappy country; on other questions he continues to be guided and governed by the Welsh, Irish, Scotch, Colonial and foreign contingent that normally conduct the affairs of the tight little island. And the Sinn-Feiner never blames them for permitting this usurpation of power to such bad ends; he blames only the English. He is quick to bring a railing accusation against others who by their supineness permit the oppression of his country by non-interference: for instance, President Wilson, according to the *Irish World*, "bids fair to be ranked as the arch-hypocrite of the world—the silver-tongued traitor to trustful democracy. . . . The world has put this liar on a pedestal and made of him a small god. Cromwell and his Bible was merely a messy butcher in comparison with Wilson," which strikes one as being rather more eloquent than prudent. The actual reason for this graceful and energetic tirade is not quite clear (Sinn-Fein denunciations seldom are), but it is probably the President's failure to champion the cause of the Newest Republic at the Peace Conference.

To disentangle the Sinn-Fein Ireland from the rest of Ireland (the Ireland that took her share in the war with her traditional gallantry) is difficult, even as it is difficult to get a clear view of what is and what is not Russia. But if we are to accept the viewpoint of Mr. George Bernard Shaw (who seems to possess most of the qualities necessary to a Sinn-Feiner), that the perpetrators of the bloody Dublin riot of Easter Monday, 1916, should have been treated as prisoners of war, then the Sinn-Fein Republic existed, in some manner known only to itself, before its recent and rather ludicrous birth. And if that is a fact, I fail to see why she had any more right to be represented at the Peace Conference than her allies—Germany and Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria. Shaw claims that she was at war with England in 1916, and she certainly did not make a separate peace. Even Mr. Shane Leslie, who calls himself a Wilsonian Sinn-Feiner, admits that "the Sinn-Fein must clear itself as best it can of the German suspicion," and it must be in desperate straits indeed for means to do so, if Mr. Leslie abandons all attempts to clear her himself. I shall take the liberty later on to produce some of his reasoning and leave my readers to judge of his ingenuity.

England, after some generations of stupid and often cruel misgovernment of Ireland, resulting in the greater part from an inability to understand the temperament

of the Irish people, has been earnestly trying for about twenty-five years to conciliate her, with the aid of Scotland and Wales, and at the expense of all three. Sixteen years ago, the Wyndham Land Purchase Act was passed, compelling an Irish landlord to sell his land to a tenant if the latter so desired. The adjustment in prices involved in these transactions have cost the British taxpayer more than a billion dollars; but neither English, Welsh nor Scottish tenant enjoys a similar privilege of purchase. Again, Ireland alone in the British Isles was exempted from Lloyd George's Land Valuation Act and his National Insurance scheme, because she declared she didn't want it. When the Military Service Act became law in 1917, England, Scotland and Wales were subject to it, but not Ireland. And with all this, Ireland is more heavily represented in the British House of Commons than either of the other three: representation on an equal basis with them would lose Ireland about thirty seats. It certainly seems a reasonable demand to inquire if this is the slavery from which Mr. Eamonn De Valera is tragically imploring America to assist the Sinn-Fein republic in delivering itself, what an appalling condition of servitude must be the condition of the rest of the British Isles! They don't seem to feel it, either. The Scotsman and the Welshman do not wear the hang-dog look of the bondsman. As for the Englishman, he is too unaccountable to be considered.

Charges of profiteering during the war have been brought against individuals and corporations of most of the warring nations; there are men "doing time" for the offence in France. Some of the most shameless profiteering, however, was carried on by the Sinn-Feiner, and in addition he enjoys the peculiar and individual infamy of boasting of it. Writing to the *New York Evening Post,* on December 19, 1918, Mr. Shane Leslie, above referred to, proudly declares that "Ireland is no longer a beggar or a pensioner. Her bank deposits have doubled during the war." True, perhaps; but how? The Sinn-Feiner shirked his military duty when the menace of *kultur* looked blackest, and occupied himself with raising garden and dairy produce to sell to the English—the same English that his native sense of honor forbade him to associate with as a comrade-at-arms. Mr. Shane Leslie tells us that "She" (i. e., the Sinn-Fein Republic) "must be allowed to develop her God-given nationality and renew her good relations with France and America." Now the Sinn-Feiner had this opportunity to renew relations, and that without foregoing one iota of his antipathy to England. He could have enrolled himself in the army of France, the country that had on many occasions upheld Ireland's cause against England. Or he could have joined hands with America, the land that had sheltered exiles from Ireland with an entire want of discrimination that she has since had reason to regret. But no; he preferred to stay at home and grow cabbages. First of all, it was safe; secondly, it was profitable, and finally, he was saving a vote for the Sinn-Fein, while the loyal sons of Ireland were losing theirs—for dead men poll no votes. And our Wilsonian Sinn-Feiner is proud of it. But I believe there is enough honor in France and in the United States to regard it in a different light. The newest republic may have to develop its Gott-given nationality in some other way.

The Sinn-Fein movement has been promulgated almost entirely both in Ireland itself and in the United States by Irishmen who have a real or fancied grievance against Great Britain, and whose one effort and aim through life is to revenge it. This grievance is often real enough: injury done to one's father or grandfather by stupid or tactless legislation. But I submit that whether there is much sense or satisfaction in merely paying off old scores in this fashion or not, the United States is much the worse off through harboring such people. It may be just as dangerous to have them here at large as to maintain other citizens whose main object is instead to benefit a European country, and who, like the Sinn-Feiner, will stick at nothing to do it. We have seen the result where both were working together, one to benefit Germany and the other to injure the entire Allied cause simply because England was one of the Allies. The German-American blew up munition factories because they were manufacturing shells to shoot Germans, and the Irish-American placed bombs on ships because his grandmother's pig was once sold for taxes, or his great-

uncle was compelled to leave Ireland back in the '40's on account of a famine. Their outcry has been that they were devoted to the noble cause of freedom; but when the chance came to them to fight for it, they would not. Thousands of people in the United States who honestly believed that Ireland was an oppressed and downtrodden nation have had their eyes opened by this attitude of the disloyal Irishman towards the war (and when I use this word, I mean disloyal towards humanity). Like most charlatans, now that they are exposed, they complain bitterly that they are misunderstood. The fact is that they are only too well understood, and the days of mistaken sympathy for them are numbered.

Now there is not much doubt that England would be only too willing to get rid of the whole incubus of Ireland, stock, lock and barrel, at almost any price, if she could do so without involving herself in a far more serious issue, so far as moral responsibility goes. She knows that the greatest safeguard against war in the future lies in a good understanding with the United States, and that a satisfactory settling of the Irish question would align a good deal of American sentiment along with her. Also such a settlement would nullify in a great measure the formidable campaign that is growing in the United States against everything British by the amalgamation of the Irish-American and the German-American. The former hate England because of the eighteenth century and the "hungry 40's" and the latter because they think that but for the sudden and unexpected intrusion of England in 1914, Germany could have carried out her program in Europe. A fusion of these two elements will constitute a vote that no political party in America can ignore so long as politics remain what they now are.

But the "Irish Republic" does not really want self-determination for any but her own party; she doesn't want it for about a quarter of the population of Ireland, that is, the Unionists. These latter have the greater part of the taxable property in Ireland, and moreover they have been loyal to the Union, and the Sinn-Feiners want to feel that they have the Unionists in their power. In 1914, the Unionists intended to fight sooner than agree to Home Rule, and complete separation is many steps beyond Home Rule. Yet the spokesmen of the "Irish Republic" assure us that the country is practically unanimous for it. They do not explain what has made the Ulstermen change their minds. Of course, a good many of them have been killed, but there are still some left, and it would be interesting to hear from them. We no doubt shall.

Meanwhile, the case of Ireland, considered as a country, is infinitely pathetic. She promptly forgot her individual quarrels in August, 1914, and took her share in war and cruel sacrifice against the powers of darkness. The Irish prisoners taken by the Germans were subjected to a test of loyalty involving a scientific torture that gained the approbation of even Bismarck himself, who declared that starvation was more effective if intermittent. They were half-starved, then well fed for a period, and confronted with a choice of fighting for Germany at the instance of Sir Roger Casement, the accredited agent of the Sinn-Fein in that country, or of returning to their half-rations of offal. And almost to a man they refused to become traitors to the British Empire.

The entire situation has been, and is, cruelly unjust to the loyal Irishman. Yet there remains even now one point wherein that injustice may be intensified. Ireland's loyal sons have gone voluntarily to battle and fallen by thousands. The partisan of the power against whom they were fighting, the Sinn-Feiner, who was ready to welcome Casement when he landed from a German submarine, remained at home to engage in food-profiteering and (when the time arrived) to vote; and to outvote the loyalist because the ranks of the latter were decimated by war. Now if England should connive at turning over to the mercy of the Sinn-Fein the estates, the widows and the fatherless children of those dead soldiers lying in their shallow graves on every battle line where her flag was upheld for nearly five years of war, what verdict can we pass upon her timidity? What phrase shall we coin to express our contempt? The issue is now upon such a basis that Great Britain would encounter greater odium and even greater danger by granting the demands of the Sinn-Fein than by refusing them, at least in their present unmodified form.

The people of the United States would

do well to consider a remark of Mr. Shane Leslie to the effect that "no Irish patriot cares a damn what has happened to Germany. As a matter of fact, no Irishman ever did. The historical truth is that Ireland remains the most unGermanized part of Europe." Truly, Germany is no longer of any use to Ireland as represented by the Sinn-Fein, so she is easily flung aside. Next year it may be that we shall hear that "Ireland does not care a damn for the United States." And as regards Ireland (represented by her present "republic") being unGermanized, she, on the contrary, bears a strong resemblance to the interesting Prussian in some of her mental processes. For instance, one of the strong pleas of her present campaign is the likeness between the Sinn-Fein and the American patriots of 1776. But as most of us understand history, the main grievance of the New England colonists was that they had no representation in return for taxation. Now, as we have seen in a preceding paragraph, Ireland is over-represented instead of not being represented at all in the British Parliament. We believe that no one but a Prussian Junker or a Sinn-Feiner could find any analogy between the two on this point. Judge Cohalan declares that England is making $200,000,000 a year out of Ireland, which sounds rather impressive until we find that Mr. Collins, Secretary of the Treasury to the Irish "Republic," is content to place the amount at a modest sixfy million. And a certain Miss Kathleen O'Brennan, of Dublin University, speaking some time ago in west coast cities, declared that, in order to catch up with Ireland's record in the present war, America would have to lose five and a half million soldiers slain in battle. Comparison of the two populations shows that Ireland must have lost in men killed outright some 275,000 men, or about six per cent. of her entire population. But statistics show that rather less than four per cent. went to the war at all. And of these it is improbable that every one was killed; in fact, we have read of some of them having been wounded in the hospitals, and (as mentioned) some were prisoners in Germany. We presume Miss O'Brennan meant something, but what?

Again, Mr. Edward F. Dunne of the commission sent to Europe tells us that he found part of Ireland "worse than any shell-ridden town in Northern France." Most of us being familiar with illustrations of devastated France, will regard this as being somewhat at variance with the already quoted opinion of Mr. Shane Leslie concerning Ireland's prosperity during the war. Also a certain cleric, advertised as an Episcopal clergyman, declares that "the forty million Americans of Irish blood must see that the President makes Ireland a national consideration." This reminds one of Professor Munsterburg's insisting soon after the war started that the German-Americans demand the same submission of the nation to German interests. However, Dr. John Murphy prefers to place the number at twenty millions; and while we had no idea that so large a portion of the United States population wants to make the affairs of the new "Irish Republic" of such paramount importance, it seems odd that, among the people who assume it as a fact, there should be a divergence of opinion as to what the number really is by the trifling figure of twenty millions. And referring again to Mr. Shane Leslie, who, perhaps because his Sinn-Feinism is of the Wilsonian type, seems exceptionally at odds with the rest, we find him rashly stating that "the great mistake has been of confusing the Sinn Feiners with the Bolshevists," which hardly agrees with Mr. James Larkin's opinion, reported from Boston, that "Russia is the only place where men and women can be free." This looks ominous for the bank deposits that please Mr. Leslie so mightily. Bolshevik or not, the reek of *kultur* pervades the entire Sinn-Fein propaganda. A well known magazine writer, who has taken Sinn-Feinism in a rather aggravated form, i. e., that of the "impartial reporter," writes of having interviewed one of her fellow patients, who told her: "I admit that we are self-centered, and that, like the Germans, we use logic just as we need it, and not otherwise. Yet" (and now observe the fine touch of the Prussianized intellect) "some of us are pro-German and yet manage at the same time to sympathize with Belgium and Poland. I admit that we wouldn't fight, would not permit conscription, and yet that we are depending on nations that did fight to see us through in our effort to get away from England." There is something truly Bernstorffian in this, with a flavor of even

the greater genius, when one recollects the sympathy with Belgium; since even William Hohenzollern also sympathized with her. Of the same peculiar mental twist is the wail of Dr. John Murphy, the Irish delegate, who deplores that the "stolid silence of France and her failure to suggest to her ally, Great Britain, settlement of that question, is operating detrimentally to the old ties of friendship and affection that the Irish in America have always felt for France." It really is queer, isn't it? Just when France and Great Britain are in one of the breathless moments of the struggle, the issue of which, if adverse, being, for France, subjection to a rule of paganism such as has not threatened a Christian nation for a thousand years, the Sinn-Fein party treacherously stabs her ally in the back. And France is now "stolid . . . . . sits by unnoticing." Strange, indeed! And the gentleman quoted above, the one who admits pro-Germanism, declares: "We have large qualities: benevolence, altruism; we have a spiritual quality that is a light for the world." Yet France sits stolid; thinking, perhaps of Rheims, of Cambrai and of her million and a half dead; of the 200,000 Irishmen who wouldn't fight and who required many thousands of British soldiers to watch them instead of filling the gaps in the ranks against Germany. Unreasonable France! seize your opportunity now! Those who had carrots and eggs to dispose of in 1916 and 1917 can now dispense "a spiritual quality that is a light for the world." Walk up, Frenchmen, and claim your share before it is too late.

Yet, true to their talent for disagreeing with each other in everything, the spokesmen for Ireland cannot even agree on the pro-German nature of their attitude towards the war. The magazine writer referred to tells us that the National Convention met in the Mansion House in Dublin on May 20, 1918, and "gave the lie direct to the German plot charge." The attempt of Easter Monday, 1916, coupled with the activities of Sir Roger Casement, could hardly be described as anything but a German plot, and as such I conceive all rational people would regard it, whether the charge of submarine bases being established on the south coast of Ireland is true or not. We find a Belfast paper in its turn denouncing the report of Walsh, Ryan and Dunne as a tissue of falsehood. Merely to tell another man that he is a liar is no proof of anything except a violent difference of opinion. But certain details have come to light which would require something more than a "lie-direct" to disprove the charge of plotting with Germany. Can the Sinn-Fein give the "lie-direct" to such widespread beliefs as that Sir Roger Casement was its accredited agent at Berlin; that he visited prison camps in Germany and attempted to cajole and intimidate the Irish soldiers there into aiding the cause of Germany? How does that organization account for his articles in the *Deutsche Rundschau Bund*, written while he was in Germany during the war? For he dilates on "the bond of union between Germany and Ireland," and rhapsodizes further: "If there had existed bonds of friendship and understanding between the German people and the Irish people before this war, then the arrogance (of England) would already have been diminished. . . . . To-day the beginning of an understanding between Irishmen and Germans can be perceived." Another patriot of the same tastes, James K. McGuire, formerly Mayor of Syracuse, New York, issued in December, 1915, a book entitled *What Could Germany Do For Ireland?* glorying in the German successes and showing what (in his estimation) the Hun was willing to do for the Sinn-Fein in return for aid and abetment at the time Germany was at the height of her bestial ferocities.

Casement is dead and McGuire may be for all we know; so possibly, in the classic phrase of Mr. Leslie, Ireland may have arrived at the point of not caring a damn for either of them. Let us then turn to Mr. Arthur Griffiths, not yet, at least, flung into the discard of the damned. He writes in an issue of the *Sinn-Fein* that Bryce's policy of conciliation was beaten by an anti-Anglo-American alliance between the Germans and Irish-Americans. We quite believe it; and that the same alliance is alive and busy at this moment.

There is no need to multiply evidence; those who like to believe in the "lie-direct" of the National Convention must do so in defiance of reason. To us who do not, it seems that Ireland committed

(*Continued on page 95*)

Robert Burns and the Tennants of Glenconner

Ancestors of Margot Tennant Asquith

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY
(For The Caledonian)

John Tennant, farmer, in Glenconner, near Ochiltree, Ayrshire, was the friend of William Burness, the father of Burns, and unquestionably the oldest friend of Robert Burns, as his name is signed to the parish register of the parish of Ayr and Alloway, as a witness to the poet's baptism. John Tennant's younger brother, David Tennant, was the master of the English High School at Ayr, and on his recommendation Murdock was requested by the father of Robert Burns and by other farmers in the neighborhood to open the little school at Alloway, where Robert and Gilbert Burns and Glenconner's son, John, received their early education.

When Burns set out for Edinburgh to arrange for the publication of the second edition of his poems, it was George Reid, of Barquharrie, a son-in-law of Glenconner's, who loaned him his pony.

That Burns esteemed his own and his father's friend is shown by his sending from Edinburgh, within a few weeks of his arrival there, a book which doubtless had some bearing on the theological topics which were the principal subjects for discussion among the peasant farmers of that neighborhood. This book was one of the treasured possessions of the late Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., the father of Margot Tennant Asquith, as it was inscribed in the handwriting of the poet—"A paltry present from Robt. Burns, the Scottish bard, to his own and his father's friend, John Tennant, in Glenconner."

This book is in two parts, "Translated from the French. Printed for Robert Urie, in Glasgow, 1761," and the title, *Letters Concerning the Religion Essential to Man as it is Distinct from What is Merely An Accession to It.*

When Burns decided to buy a farm from the proceeds of his second edition, Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, offered him his choice of several of his farms in Dumfriesshire, and in a letter to Robert Muir, dated 7 March, 1788, Burns writes: "I took old Glenconner with me to Mr. Miller's farm, and he was so pleased with it that I have wrote an offer to Mr. Miller, which, if he accepts, shall make me sit down a plain farmer—the happiest of lives when a man can live by it."

On March 2 he wrote to "Clarinda"—"A worthy, intelligent farmer, my father's friend and my own, has been with me on the spot; he thinks the bargain practicable." This was the farm of Ellisland, consisting of about 100 acres, situated on the banks of the Nith, about six miles from Dumfries. During his tenancy of Ellisland, Burns was appointed exciseman, and throwing up his lease, he removed with his family to the town of Dumfries.

Burns' landlord, Patrick Miller, with the assistance of his tutor, and an ingenious mechanic named Symington, contrived a double boat with a paddle-wheel in the middle, driven by a small engine, and on the 14th of October, 1780, it made its first voyage on Dalswinton Loch, with the poet Burns, the painter Nasmyth, Sir William Monteith, and three of Miller's servants as assistants, on board; while watching the experiment from the shore was Henry Brougham, the future Lord Chancellor of England, who was at that time a guest of Mr. Miller, at Dalswinton House. Burns must have had this trip in mind when a few months later he wrote his poem on "The Toothache," comparing it with the throbbing of Symington's engines—

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines."

The next year Miller had a larger vessel launched on the Forth and Clyde Canal. This was able to propel itself at the speed of seven miles an hour, but was used only for experimental purposes. In 1803, Symington, at the request of Lord Dundas, put on the same canal, a stern-wheeled steamer, the *Charlotte Dundas,* which towed two loaded ships nineteen miles in six hours against a strong wind to Port

Dundas. The canal proprietors complained about the strong surge from the excessive speed destroying the banks, and Symington experimented no further in that line.

It is said that Robert Fulton, during a visit to Glasgow, had seen the *Charlotte Dundas* perform her task on the Forth and Clyde Canal, and in 1807 launched the steamer *Clermont* on the Hudson, which was the first successful experiment on this side of the world. In 1800 Henry Bell planned a steamboat and submitted it to the British Admiralty, by whom it was rejected.

He persevered against want of money and many other difficulties, until in August, 1812, he launched the *Comet,* the first passenger steamer on the Clyde, and was the first inventor who made the steamboat a commercial success in Great Britain.

The vessel was forty-three feet long and had a speed of five knots an hour; she plied as far as Inverness, and was in continual service until wrecked in 1820. The original engine is now in some Scottish museum. To James Watt, Henry Bell and David Napier, the Clyde owes its pre-eminence in marine engineering.

When James, Earl of Glencairn, died at Falmouth, January 30, 1791, Burns, who had been admitted to terms of intimacy with the nobleman and his mother, the Dowager Countess, and considered himself indebted for personal obligations, including his appointment to the excise, showed his appreciation of the Earl's many-sided high qualities by the poem—"Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn," the concluding stanza as follows:

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
An' a' that thou hast done for me!"

The Dowager Countess of Glencairn was the grand-niece of James Macrae, only son of a poor washerwoman of Ayr, where he embarked one day on a voyage to distant parts. After strange adventures in many quarters of the world, he became Governor of Madras, January, 1725. Seven years later he returned to Ayr and found that his mother had been cared for in her last days by a niece, who had married a country joiner, Hugh McGuire. The McGuires had four daughters, and the Indian nabob provided for their education, showering them with every advantage that wealth could obtain for them. The eldest, Lizzie, was married to the Earl of Gleniairn, and on her marriage day received from Macrae the estate of Ochiltree and diamonds worth £45,000. The second daughter was married to Lord Alva, and the others to landed gentlemen. The Countess of Glencairn entrusted the management of her Ochiltree estate to her old school-fellow, John Tennant, and in addition his farm at Glenconner enabled him to bring up a family of ten sons and daughters in comfort.

In the rhyming letter "To James Tennant," Burns mentions by name every son and daughter, and though he lacked commercial instinct himself, he evidently detected its presence in others, and foresaw the future success of the descendants of Auld Glenconner.

"Auld comrade dear and brither sinner," James Tennant, was for long the miller of Ochiltree. William Tennant, "my auld school-fellow, preacher Willie," entered the church, became chaplain of the forces in India, and published several works concerning the British government of that dependency, also a *History of Hindoostan.* David Tennant, "manly tar, my mason-Billie," went to sea and commanded a privateer against the French with so much distinction as to be offered a knighthood. John Tennant, "Auchenbay," was shipbuilder and distiller before turning farmer, and became a noted agriculturist with a large estate. Robert Tennant entered the bleach trade, and Auld Glenconner's (it is well known that in Scotland it was customary to speak of the lairds by the name of their estates and farmers by the name of their farms) sixth son, "Wabster Charlie," was Charles Tennant, considerably younger than Burns, and who had been sent to Kilbarchan to learn weaving. Subsequently, like his brother, Robert, he became a bleacher, and proceeding to Glasgow, founded the great chemical works of St. Rollo, which in the early years of the last century were the greatest of their kind in Europe.

"My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace and wale o' honest men;
When bending down wi' auld gray hairs,

Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
And views beyond the grave comfort him.
His worthy family, far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

. . . . . .

"And lastly, Jamie for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak' a spell,
And steer you seven miles south o' hell;
But first, before you see heaven' glory,
May ye get mony a merry story,
Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
And aye enough o' needfu' clink.

Berthollet, a French chemist, had discovered that chlorine gas had a wonderful power of taking color out of vegetable fibre. He could find no way, however, of controlling the poisonous gas, so his discovery was of little use. It was also known that cloths could be bleached with lime, But the lime also burned the fabric. Charles Tennant discovered that lime had the power of absorbing the chlorine gas, and giving it out again as required. This new substance enabled the bleacher to do the labor of months in a few hours. It is said that in 1789, the first year in which Tennant's bleaching powder came into use, it saved the bleachers in Ireland alone the sum of £166,800. In the early part of the last century the St. Rollo works began to spread out and cover the enormous territory they now occupy, and during the lifetime of Charles' son and successor, the chimney, for many years a landmark in the west of Scotland, familiarly known as Tennant's stalk, was built to the height of 500 feet above the Clyde, to endeavor to carry off the fumes from the vile-smelling chemicals in process of manufacture. Residents and visitors to Glasgow, when the wind is in a certain direction, know that the fumes are not always carried up to the heaevns, but have a tendency to reach the nostrils of the inhabitants and remind them of the lower regions.

Wabster Charlie's grandson and the great-grandson of Auld Glenconner, was Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., of the Glen (1823-1906), who became one of the greatest of Britain's merchant princes, and is the indulgent father mentioned so frequently in the "Memoirs" by his daughter, Margot Tennant Asquith. He was M. P. for Glasgow, and later for the counties of Peebles and Selkirk. A close friend and faithful follower of Gladstone. He presented the National Gallery with Millais' painting of Gladstone. A liberal patron of the arts and trustee of the National Gallery. His son, Sir Edward Tennant, Bart., when raised to the peerage, took the title of Lord Glenconner, thus perpetuating in the family the connection with the poet who first brought the Tennants of Glenconner to the light of fame.

Boston, Mass.

Our Glasgow Letter

We regret to note the death of Miss Georgina Law, at Cologne, Germany, where she was engaged on special work at headquarters. Miss Law belonged to Deeside, and is a daughter of Major James Law, late R. E., Torphins, Aberdeenshire. She went to Cologne in 1919, and did strenuous work for the British Empire Leave Club, till it was closed down, and she took up her late appointment at British Army Headquarters.

Mr. Alexander Insch, Peterhead, is the discoverer of a fine vein of china clay on the Philorth estate, near the hill of Mormond. He sent a sample to an Aberdeen tobacconist, who utilized it in the manufacture of pipes, with most successful results. Seasoned smokers have declared that the pipes made from this Buchan clap compare favorably with the finest meerschaum.

The call of the Rev. James Black, M. A., O. B. E., of Broughton Place U. F. Church, Edinburgh, to St. George's U. F. Church, is a more than usually interesting one, owing to the fact that this eminent young minister is a younger brother of Professor Hugh Black, a former minister of St. George's, Edinburgh, whose career has been one of continuous brilliance. The pastorate of St. George's has been vacant since Dr. Kelman left for America some sixteen months ago, and this is not surprising as it will be some task to get anyone to fill the shoes of such a man to the satisfaction of the congregation. However, we think the Rev. James Black would be a worthy successor, but it is very doubtful if he will leave his present charge, where he is very much beloved.

Great annoyance has been felt all over Scotland over the removal of the famous Hilton of Cadboll Stone from its former site at Invergordon, Ross-shire, to the British Museum, London. Colonel Manus, at a meeting of the Celtic Society, protested against the procedure, and demanded, on behalf of the society, that it should be returned and placed in the Scottish Museum of Antiquaries,

Edinburgh, or some other Scottish Museum. It was also suggested that Colonel MacLeod, from whose estate the Cadboll Stone had been taken, should use his influence in having it and other fragments that had been removed, restored. Captain Whitelaw said at this meeting that the Celtic-carved stones of Scotland were among the finest monuments of Western Europe, and that it was well known that in England they were literally gasping for examples of Scottish art of this kind. He considered the removal of this stone and other fragments, but the thin edge of the wedge.

It is interesting to be able to report that since writing the above, owing to the various protests that have been made, it has been decided to return the stone to Scotland, which is very satisfactory to all concerned, and it is up to our people in general and Colonel MacLeod in particular, to see in future that these relics do not get the length of crossing the border. It is always a poor policy to "lock the stable when the horse is stolen" and it might not be such an easy matter always to get back even what belongs to us once it has crossed the border.

We feel rather proud of "our" Dr. Louise McIlroy, M. D., D. Sc., Croix de Guerre (Glasgow) who has just been appointed to the University Chair of Obstetrics and Gynaecology tenable at the London School of Medicine for women. Miss McIlroy was educated at Glasgow University, and the Universities of London, Berlin, Vienna and Paris, and has held some high and unique appointments. Her war service alone, when from 1915 to 1919, she was surgeon in charge of the Girton & Newnham Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals for foreign service, which was stationed at Salonica and Belgrade, is a record worth remembering. Among her many natural gifts a critic has paid her the compliment of saying that she is one of the best public speakers he had ever heard. Although an Irishwoman by birth, she is so well known in and around Glasgow that we feel a very personal interest in her distinguished appointment.

It has been decided that on Sunday, April 3rd, the Glasgow Cinemas will be open as on week days, the object being to assist the funds of the local Infirmaries, which badly require support these days. The decision of the Corporation on this point is, however, an interesting one, marking, as it does, another milestone on the road of changed ideas in Scotland. Whether this breaking away from old traditions, old strictnesses, and old puritanical customs is a sign of progress or decay is a personal question for each one to answer. The older generation heaves a sigh of regret as these signs of the times, and the younger generation perhaps welcome the slackening of the rein. In any case the object is good enough to satisfy most of us that we would be doing more good than harm in lending a hand to this worthy cause.

On the 19th February, Mr. F. H. Bissett, Secretary of the Scottish Woolen Trade Mark Association, sailed from Liverpool to the States and Canada to study the conditions in the woolen and tailoring trades on behalf of a group of Scottish manufacturers. The idea is to pursue an advertising campaign with the object of enabling buyers to distinguish genuine Scottish tweeds, which are frequently counterfeited in Germany. The British Government Department of Trade has granted a mark of origin, confined to Scottish materials, entirely made of pure wool. Mr. Bissett's tour will we hope result in satisfactory business arrangements.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Glasgow has come and gone, leaving, in the hearts of the Scottish people a feeling of pride and loyalty. Even that section which has no admiration for those of Royal blood, was converted to an honest admiration for this tactful and democratic member of the Royal family. He possesses a charm of manner, utterly lacking in affectation, that could scarcely fail to appeal to even the most prejudiced. In fact it was most noticeable that in many instances the Prince singled out quite undistinguished persons for notice, and he was particularly attentive to the soldiers, wherever he met them. Everywhere he went he was received with an enthusiasm he well deserved, and there are few of us do harder day's work than he did during his stay in Glasgow.

On his return to London, on March 21st, the Prince was the guest of the Highland Society in London, at their 138th Festival Dinner. He wore the Highland costume, and was accompanied by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, president of the society. The King's Piper headed the procession, playing "Hielan Laddie." In responding to the toast of the "Royal Family" the Prince said:

"It is not so very long ago since I was in Scotland, and I know the warmth of a Lowland Scottish welcome. You have all reminded me to-night that a Highland welcome can be just as warm and just as pleasant. Personally I am very fond of London, but I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson, who said that the best thing about Scotland was the road to London. It would be much nearer the mark if you put it the other way about and said—One of the best things in London was Euston Station, and breakfast at Perth, or some other place in the Highlands in the morning. That is my own personal feeling because I associate the Highlands with some of the very best times in my life. It is a very long time since I have been in the Highlands—far too long, I think—and a long time since I wore a kilt. The last time I wore a kilt was in 1914. I am looking forward to this year. By keeping in touch with Highlanders, and seeing their work in several of our Dominions and Colonies I have visited, I have many intimate ties which link me to all parts of our great Empire, but there are no associations of which I am more proud than those which link me to the Highlands, which have been

strengthened quite lately by the honor done me by making me Colonel in Chief of that famous Regiment—the Seaforth Highlanders."

The Scottish farmers are becoming very progressive and up-to-date, as we know of quite a number in Banffshire, Morayshire and Aberdeenshire, who have installed electric lights into their farms. Now we hear that Mr. George Ferguson, Surradale, the well known Scottish cattle breeder, has just fitted up a 2,000 candle power installation with over 60 lights and nearly a dozen other farmers in the district are following his example. A very hopeful sign of the times.

Another Scottish artist, Mr. William Strang, A. R. A., has been further honored by being elected a Royal Academician Engraver. He was elected A. R. A. in 1906, and has been president of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers since 1918.

Sir James Cantlie, the well known London-Scottish surgeon, tells rather a good story against himself, of an early lecture of his in the eighties. It was at Queen's Hall, London, and his mother came all the way from Scotland to hear him. After the lecture, and the thanks and congratulations, he walked with his mother to the Strand. For a time she said not a word of appreciation or criticism, and then she spoke—"Weel, Jimmy, these London folks are very easily pleased." Perhaps this critical attitude was mainly responsible for some of the great man's greatness.

James McBey, another of Aberdeen's brilliant sons, and now a world wide artist, has four of his portraits hung in the Grosvenor Galleries, Bond street, London, this year, and it is just about ten years since he was a struggling artist in his home town, dependent on the local press for the occasional publication of one of his sketches. He has been a veritable "Dick Whittington" and so far as he is concerned, has found the streets of London paved with gold. We feel proud of his achievements as one of "ours."

The result of the Rugby International Match at Inverleith, Edinburgh—Scotland 0. England 18—was even a greater heartbreak to Scotland than was expected. We really did not anticipate a "win," but neither did we expect such a whacking. We can only hope to retrieve ourselves at the Football International between Scotland and England, of which we have greater hopes.

Talking of sport, the horse that won the Grand National "Shaun Spadah" at 33 to 1 against, belonged to Mr. McAlpine, of the well known Renfrew contracting firm, whose sister is married to a son of Lloyd George. He promises to run his horse at some of this season's Ayr Meetings, but we are afraid she won't be much of a sporting chance there after winning the Grand National.

Thomas Hutchison Burns-Begg, who has just graduated at Edinburgh University, is a great grand nephew of the poet Robert Burns. His great-grandmother was Isabella Burns, the youngest sister of the poet. Mr. Burn-Begg enters on his Divinity course at the university in October.

The death of Dr. Ironside Bruce, in London, as a result of his work with X-Rays, adds yet another to the long line of martyrs in the cause of science. Dr. Bruce was the son of the late Dr. William Bruce of Dungwall. He was born in 1870, and graduated from Aberdeen University in 1900. He served in the South African War, and thereafter started practice in London, joining the staff of the Charing Cross Hospital, of which his uncle, Dr. John Mitchell Bruce, of Harley street, was then dean. He was evidently a man of extraordinary ability, and his research work in connection with X-Rays was remarkable, and full of wonderful possibilities. A colleague of his, speaking to a press representative, says of his work.

"He was a genius in diagnosis from an X-Ray plate. While other doctors might spend hours and weeks trying to discover what was the matter with a patient, Dr. Bruce would, with one glance at the X-Ray photograph, say exactly what was wrong. In that line his brain worked like lightning, and his judgment was infallible.

"He had a great belief in the future of X-Rays not only for diagnosis, but for treatment. He had procured some remarkable results in treating cancerous thyroid and tubercular growths. Students flocked to hear his lectures and to study his methods.

Dr. Bruce was married, but he leaves no child. That is the price, says the *London Evening News*, the radiologists pay. Sometimes they pay with their lives, but always they are childless. Some months ago Dr. Bruce was looking at the photograph of a friend's child. He studied it closely for a few moments, then said, "I would give 80 per cent. of all I possess just to have a child like that."

The form Dr. Bruce's trouble took was that of blood degeneration, caused by the X-rays, which, when it becomes acute, is fatal. His illness lasted only seven weeks, and up to the very end he did not realize he was not going to get better.

It is all the more regrettable that a man of such promise and usefulness to mankind should have been taken away, but his name will live as an everlasting monument to the greatness of his life and the nobility of his death. That he was a Scotsman fills us with pride and gratitude.

The "Northern Kingdom" seems to be getting its own share of compliments these days from the Royal Family, and we cannot resist the repetition of this story, told by the Duke of York, the King's second son, who, as Earl of Inverness, took the chair at the annual dinner of the London Inverness-shire Society, recently.

An Inverness man in London was perpetually singing the praises of his native

town, until he was asked why he ever left it if he was so fond of it. "Well," he replied, "In Inverness I'm a wee bit below the average intellect, but here in London I'm doing fine."

The Glasgow liner *Salacia* belonging to the Donaldson Line of steamers, has fallen in luck's way. For towing the American steamer *Lake Fiscus* disabled by the loss of her propeller blades, a distance of 200 miles, to Bermuda, on December, 1919, the Admiralty Court has awarded the *Salacia* £8,500. A further £500 was given to the Master and £950 to the crew. GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Sir John Foster Fraser on American-British Relations

The following interesting extracts are from an interview with Mr. Willis Steell, published in the *New York Herald*, April 3, 1921. Sir John Foster Fraser, a recent visitor in New York, is a famous traveller and lecturer and served for many years as special Parliamentary correspondent of the London *Standard*. Born in Edinburgh in 1868, he drifted into journalism at an early age. He is a member of the Royal Geographical Society and has published these books among others: *Round the World on a Wheel; Vagabond Papers; Pictures From the Balkans; Red Russia; The Real Siberia.*

"In the old ties and friendships I find no change. Admittedly there are persons who are inclined to separate England and America from the terms of intimacy engendered by the war, but they are very few, and I think what they attempt will never come off. The Britisher and the American are more like brothers than cousins; like brothers they criticise each other rather boldly at times, but without rancor. Their differences are superficial. And then you must remember that close as has become the connection by route between the peoples in effect the 3,000 miles that divide them still exist. What the Britisher thinks and why he thinks it may be obscure; what the American sees as a straight road to anywhere may look winding to his British relative so far away. That's why it is a good thing to encourage mutual visits.

"Really, the oldest tradition America has is that it is a young people. That's been said so often as to lose all force, but it will continue to be said by way of criticism and also by way of excuse. In my judgment it is a nonsensical saying.

"We're the same blood and practically we have the same interests. The inhabitants of Great Britain in the reign of George III. are dead. The present inhabitants are living under George V. and in the remotest district of England's most remote shire there's nobody left who thinks your country is peopled by aboriginal Indians.

"In one attribute the English and the Americans are alike; each is a very conceited people. The difference is in their display of the national egotism. The Britisher assumes his superiority, the American asserts his.

"At home we take things too much for granted. The Americans want to prove that things are so. I think that most people draw their conclusions of other peoples and races from abnormal examples. They pass over the normal, the usual type.

"Isn't it true? Americans meet a dozen Englishmen, quiet, refined, ordinary persons, taking for the most part the serene view. They make no impressions because they differ so little from the accepted idea of what an ordinary man should be. But along comes the monocled ass, the 'ha, ha!' creature and that's the person Americans are apt to accept as the typical Englishman.

"The same thing is true of what gives an Englishman his idea of an American. The differences between himself and most American men are so slight as to be practically unnoticeable, but along comes the braggart American tricked out in diamonds and ready to boast that America can 'lick the world.' From his very unlikeness to anybody sensible he is seized on in England as the 'type.' Both countries, so far as individual opinion is concerned, are grotesquely deceived.

"In order to understand each other the first thing the two peoples should do is to look at the normal men and women, and not caricatures of them. In other words, study them from life and not from the vaudeville stage.

"And to carry this idea a little farther and into the realm of politics the very thing which is a necessity of successful journalism applies: 'Find the other man's point of view.' Then give it whatever of value it deserves. If this was always followed few questions would arise in which the two nations, Great Britain and America, should differ.

"The trouble in dealing with international questions is the cobwebs of misunderstanding that are spun to cloud vision. Whilst one sees, with this cobwebby veil in the way, a great number of things in which American and British interests seem to clash, if one looks at them squarely and fairly one realizes that in half a day a half dozen good and unprejudiced minds of both nations could settle them easily. A splendid rule of international conduct may be summed up in a phrase: Don't let us mistake our prejudices for our principles.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Hislop's Great Success

GALA NIGHT AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

It is no mean undertaking to stage an event in the New York Hippodrome with its capacity for seating more than 5,200 people, and so for some weeks the Caledonian Club had been stirred in anticipation of the big affair which eventuated Sunday evening, April 3rd. When the Caledonians become enthusiastic over anything they usually "put it over." The idea of a band of a hundred pipers was an effective appeal and, quite as much, the sponsoring of Joseph Hislop on the American concert platform. Joseph, be it said, had made a very real visit to the club and by his straight up-and-down, unassuming and altogether Scottish personality had been accorded that warm and friendly greeting which is extended in full measure only to "a regular fellow." And so, good boosting and enthusiasm became manifest, a large audience was assured and the occasion developed into an outstanding success. The direction was in the capable and experienced hands of William Morris, widely known as the phenomenally successful manager of Sir Harry Lauder.

A busy day it was for Pipe Major Angus Fraser. He had bespoken pipers in more than a dozen cities and towns to make up a band of a hundred. The pipers began piling into the Caledonian Club early in the day and from the moment they arrived until they departed for the Hippodrome the air of the club was charged with the strains of the pipes, bringing satiety to the hearts of even the most inveterate Hie'landers. To drill and instruct a band of a hundred men, most of whom had never met before, within the compass of a few hours would seem a well-nigh impossible task; but Angus Fraser is a resourceful and dominating character and he performed his part in masterly fashion. Before leaving the club the pipers were the guests of the Lady Caledonians and enjoyed an ample and attractive repast which had been prepared. The great stage of the Hippodrome—the largest in the world—provides the space necessary to properly present a band of a hundred pipers and the appearance of Angus Fraser's band was one of the most gorgeous and spectacular ever seen even on that stage, which is devoted to the gorgeous and spectacular. As these sturdy pipers, led by the towering figure of Frank Charles, wearing the tartans of many Clans, swung on to the stage four abreast and playing "The Campbells are Comin'" the vast audience cheered continuously in sheer delight; round the great stage they marched and played until their evolutions brought them to crescent formation, drums in centre, facing the audience amid a hurricane of cheers. A few moments later a detail of pipers led to the front of the stage Colonel Percy A. Guthrie of the MacLean Kilties and Chief James R. Donaldson of the Caledonian Club escorted by the Highland Guard under Captain William G. Reid—all in full Highland dress. The Chief in a brief and felicit-

MR. JOSEPH HISLOP

Who Has Scored a Splendid Triumph in Many American Cities

ously worded speech extended greetings and introduced Colonel Guthrie, who had a rousing reception.

Colonel Guthrie's speech was worthy of the occasion and evidently touched a deep chord of feeling in the audience. He spoke of the pipes and of the unique and honorable distinctions that had been won by the Scottish pipers in innumerable fields of war during the centuries, and eloquently he spoke of the wondrous part they had played in the great war when they had inspired the soldiers by their own great heroism on all the far-flung fronts of battle. The Colonel (who is one of the modest heroes of the war, twenty-six times wounded, and now practising law in Boston) was listened to with eager interest and when he had finished received an ovation. Then came the first of the many appearances that night of Joseph Hislop, who, standing in front of the great band, sang the immortal song of Lady Nairn, "Wi a Hundred Pipers an' A' an' A'," with great spirit and dramatic effect. This was followed by another selection from the band which thereafter was seated on the platform throughout the concert.

We sing the praises of Joseph Hislop. In colloquol terms "he delivered the goods." Here is an artist of rare ability of whom it is simply the truth to say that he takes rank with the greatest living singers; a young man who in the coming years by the development of his talents will be famed throughout the world. Difficult vocal tests, as, for example "Celeste Aida," he sings with ease and reserve. Reserve power, always a subtle yet unmistakable force, in a great artist is an asset of incalculable value. The man who becomes a hero on the stage is the man who does things easily. The audience wants to feel reserve power in the performance. Hislop does difficult things without straining himself and with astonishing ease. Hislop is gifted with a voice of superb beauty; mellow and resonant it takes the heights without effort and thrills by its splendid power. Hislop's forte at this stage of his career is, of course, grand opera, for that has been his constant training; but he has mastery to interpret and deliver popular music with sympathy and understanding, fervor and dramatic effect. This was shown in many of his numbers and perhaps in none so markedly as the song "Thank God for a Garden." Into this exquisite poem he threw a spirit of fine emotion which perceptibly thrilled the audience. Strange as it may appear, Hislop's least satisfactory number was one in which unquestionably the greater part of the audience had expected him to excel. "The MacGregor's Gathering" is a song possessed of extraordinary dramatic possibilities. Its words not only express most felicitiously the dauntless courage and hopefulness of the MacGregors to face the future, however dark, but in these days they seem to be widely and popularly accepted as the best expression of the innate virility and vitality of the Scottish race. In his rendering of this matchless song, Hislop indeed poignantly expresses, and with great lyric charm, the sense of regret which the dispossessed clan feels when contemplating the greatness from which it had fallen, but in giving effect to the fierce cry for vengeance and to the splendid expression of indomitable and undying spirit, his rendering falls short of being unusual and leaves much to be desired. That Hislop has the capability to score a tremendous triumph on his delivery of his song no one who has had an insight of his genius and personality would gainsay. It is a song on which alone an artist may gain fame and we are quite hopeful that in the coming days we shall hear Hislop exemplify its grandest possibilities.

As a whole, Hislop's first appearance on the New York concert platform was an unmistakable success. His operatic arias were done in the faultless style of a master and he was equally at home in his selections from Italian, Swedish, French and English composers. "O A' the Airts" and "Annie Laurie" were delivered with fine taste. Appropriately he finished his long program by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," being joined in the chorus by the vast audience in the most hearty fashion.

As a finish to a memorable evening the hundred pipers circled the stage and marched off, playing the while "Marching Through Georgia" and "Yankee Doodle."

Trenton, N. J.

Dear Sirs:

In THE CALEDONIAN, under the heading of Scottish and British Societies, I see the secretaries are requested to give notices of meetings, elections of officers, etc.

Probably you are not aware that Trenton has a Burns Club. We have a splendid club here with an active membership of about thirty-five, all Burnsians. We were organized two years ago and federated with the Burns Federation last year.

March 12th, was an annual meeting and the following officers were elected: President, Robert Ness; vice president, Robert Newell; secretary, Andrew Carmichael, 48½ Wall street; treasurer, John Macfarlane; inside guard, John Young; Board of Managers, John Black, James Ballantine, Peter Smith.

Besides our regular monthly meetings, we have "Ladies' Night." We have visited the Northeastern Burns Club, Philadelphia, several times and they have returned the visits. We also intend visiting Chester, Pa., Burns Club in the near future.

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THE CALEDONIAN
$1.50 per year

Philadelphia Letter

The Scot doesn't seem to be such a bargain-hunter as some folks across the Tweed would have you believe. When conditions were normal, Philadelphia Scottish organizations were content to hire rooms or halls for their meetings and functions in the line of entertainments; but now that real estate is on the crest of the wave for inflated values, and taxes beyond anything ever known in the Quaker City, we have no less than two corporations about to take a plunge in ownership. One of these has resolved upon a hall, for the accommodation and concentration of everything Scottish, whilst the other, no less than the Caledonian Club is seriously considering a club house. We wish both success, and the attainment of their ardent aspirations.

The widow of Montgomery Cochrane, a chief of the club forty years ago (long since dead) was left with a little son, who has been a burden all these years, from boyhood afflicted with rheumatism and not fit for work of any kind. The widow is now stricken with a malady which necessitates the help of an experienced nurse. Mrs. Cochrane's sad plight coming to the knowledge of Caledonian Lodge, No. 700, I. O. O. F., a concert was arranged for April 12th at Clayton's Academy, which was well attended, and also numerous tickets paid for which were not used. A handsome sum was realized in behalf of the afflicted widow and her son.

Caledonian Lodge of Odd Fellows was instituted half a century ago with a nucleus membership of some forty Scotch members, and is considered one of the leading lodges in the Pennsylvania jurisdiction. It is now comprised of mixed races in the main, and every man 100 per cent. American in principle, and great preparations are now on foot to create a special attraction in Centenary Parade next June, when every man in Caledonian Lodge will wear the Scottish costume, preceded by the Caledonian Pipe and Drum Band which has been engaged for the auspicious occasion! That indefatigable son of a Scot, secretary of the lodge, is father of the romantic and picturesque scheme.

The Anniversary (61st) of the Caledonian Club was celebrated with a banquet at Mosebach's on Friday evening, April 15th, and was honored with the presence of Chief Donaldson and Captain W. G. Reid of the New York Caledonian Club, in addition to the clansmen and their ladies; there were present soldiers who had been overseas and many ladies of the Caledonian Club Auxiliary. Chief Fisher was toast-master, and when the bountiful and toothsome menu was disposed of, addressed the gathering apropos the purpose for which they met, and gave a synopsis of the club's activities, and their desire to have every Philadelphia Scot affiliated with their countrymen. The Scot prides himself on being a law-abiding citizen, so out of respect to the existing prohibition amendment, the toasts were pledged in *aqua pura*. Dr. Balbirnie responded to the toast, "The Land of Our Adoption." The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the audience, standing, and the chief requested every one to remain standing in silence for one minute in memory of those who made the sacrifice in France and Flanders in the late World War. "Scotland" was ably responded to by Mr. Thomas Park, who a few years ago was conspicuous in clan affairs: "Caledonianism" had a worthy exponent of what goes to constitute Caledonianism, which he interspersed with witticisms which provoked mirth and merriment. Chief Donaldson of New York was happy in his greetings and expression of the pleasure it gave him to view the interchange of visits and the goodwill existing between the New York and Philadelphia Caledonian Clubs, and having heard from the chirping of some little bird that the Quaker City Scots were thinking of establishing a hame o' their ain, he wished them Godspeed and a speedy acquirement of their heart's desire.

"Sister Societies" were responded to by representatives of N. Y. Caledonian Club as has been stated, the Scots Thistle Society, Caledonian Club Ladies' Auxiliary, Order of Scottish Clans, Border Club and Burns Club. The last was given by a veteran Scot and a veteran of the Civil War, also ex-chief of the Club Alexander White. Alec created great good humor for the gathering by his pawky quaint sayings; reverting to the Scots Thistle Society, he enumerated all the good qualities and pecuniary benefits to be had through affiliation, which the secretary, blately, in his pride o' native Scotch modesty had kept muckle tae himsel' and dinna telt tae ony. Alec closed with a rendition of "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Castles in the Air" on his tin whustle, at playing of which he is an adept, and if whistles are like Stradivarius violins, it ocht to be a guid ane, for the writer heard him play on it close on to fifty years ago, and then it had a history of having been played in camp during the 60's. Between the toasts songs were sung by Mrs. James Pollock and Clansman John Richmond, tenor of the well-known Gordon Troupe, to the piano accompaniment of Ex-Chieftain James Pollock.

ST. MUNGO.

Scranton, Pa.

The Scranton Caledonian Club held a social and dance at St. Luke's Parish House on the eve of April 1st. More than two hundred were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The auld sangs of Scotia were very much appreciated. Miss Annie Lyall, daughter of Third Chieftain William Lyall, favored the company with the songs and Miss Grace Hadden danced the Highland Fling and Sword Dance, which brought the house down. The dances were the auld ones of Scotland, and it was a treat to see the enjoyment the guests had. For the great success of this entertainment, much credit was due to Chief Archibald Nesbit and Third Chieftain William Lyall, who composed the committee.

Bruce Douglas

Nephew of Hugh Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale, whom he accompanied to Canada on his first trip to America, died in the Almshouse, San Francisco, March, 1891, in his thirty-second year.

"Something there is in death not all unkind."
Aye! best for thee the long, the quiet sleep
For thou wert weary, and life's way was steep,
And fate was cruel and the world was blind.

He trod the city's weltering ways alone
The scoff of worldlings and the taunt of fools,
Men called him mad because he scorned mad rules,
The crust they flung turned in his teeth to stone!

He sang—of Hope, a strain that touched the stars.
He sang of Love, of Fate, of Liberty;
They mocked the soul behind its prison-bars,
The wounded spirit struggling to be free.

He sang Kaweah's height; the lonely dawn,
The breath of ocean, and of forest trees,
His muse awaked again the splendor born
Of balmy tropic nights and Southern Seas.

The strength of song through pain and want and woe,
And wolfish hunger gnawing at his heart
He knew—till wearied of the tireless foe
"At Death's sole door he stooped and craved a dart!

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

New York Caledonian Club

The regular monthly meeting of the club was held in the club hall Tuesday evening, April 5th, Chief James R. Donaldson in the chair. Fifteen propositions for membership were received, so there appears to be no let up in the work of the Investigating Committee. Murdoch MacPherson, James S. Bain, William J. Rhind, James Harrison and Hugh R. Brown were admitted to membership. Clansman John Walker, who completed thirty years' membership at this meeting, was congratulated from the platform by Chief Donaldson on the anniversary. The chief called the members' attention to the fact that John—like another famous member of his clan—was still going strong. It was necessary for John to rise in his place and bow his acknowledgments before the applause stopped. Just to show that the club appreciated his work in bringing in new members, a gold badge was presented to Chieftain John H. Whiteford. When Chief Donaldson made the presentation he expressed the hope that the worthy chieftain would keep up the good work. Jack's chief regret is that he cannot take the time off now for a transatlantic trip and show his badge to the folk at hame in Paisley. The Sick and Visiting Committee announced that Ex-Chieftain John P. Cowie reported sick the previous meeting had recovered so much that he was at work again. Sincere regret was expressed when it was learned that illness was keeping Ex-Chief Gray confined to the house. All hope to see Peter coming up Seventh avenue soon again on his regular visits to the club.

A hearty vote of thanks was ordered sent to the ladies of the New York Caledonians for their great assistance to the Hislop Concert Committee. The ladies had been invited to take up the task of feeding the "Hundred Pipers and A" gathered in the club house and their prompt acceptance was particularly gratifying to the committee. It is only right to say that the ladies felt themselves fully repaid for their work by the good appetites and openly expressed appreciation of the bandsmen.

MASQUE BALL

The annual masque ball under the auspices of the Sociable Committee, was held in the club hall Friday evening, March 25th. There was a large number of maskers, the costumes were varied and often laughter-provoking, and everybody seemed to be out for an unusually good time. Prizes had been provided with the following judges to pick the winners: For the ladies: Mrs. Robert Foulis and Mrs. Peter F. Gray. For the men: Ex-Chief James W. Taylor and Clansman Alexander Gordon. The fortunate ones were Miss Murray, Miss Whyte and Mr. Murray for most original costumes, while Mrs. John Stark and Clansman Walter Scott gathered in the prizes for the most comical.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

During March and right up to the April meeting the ladies were kept busy. On Monday evening, March 28th, a special meeting was held in connection with the entertainment and dance set for April 9th. At this meeting the secretary, Mrs. John Ferguson was very much surprised to receive a silver tea set as a wedding present. Mrs. Caldwell made the presentation on behalf of the ladies, mixing her congratulatory speech with some good advice. Mrs. Ferguson was quite taken aback with the unexpected present, but managed to make it plain she greatly appreciated the action of her sister members. On April 3rd by invitation of the Hislop Committee, the ladies took over the job of supplying a good dinner to the hundred pipers assembled at the club house, and everyone who sat down will testify to the excellence of their arrangements and the dinner. On Friday evening, April 9th, the annual spring concert and dance was held in the club hall. An unusually good program delighted the audience which filled every seat in the room. Mrs. Caldwell, feeling that the job of presiding was too slow for her, invited Chief Donaldson to take the chair leaving her free to hustle with the other ladies hard at work at the various tasks assigned to them. As always, Chief Donaldson made a capital presiding officer and when he found Frank Dykes, Billy Smith and Sandy Tasker were present had them escorted to the platform and introduced as Caledonians over a cen-

tury and a half long. Dancing followed the concert. The entire profits are to be turned over to an invalid member of the club and as the result of the hard work of the ladies a large sum was realized.

On Monday evening, April 11th, the regular monthly meeting was held, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell presiding. The reports on the concert the previous Friday night indicated a profit far in excess of their fondest hopes.

The annual May party for the weans in Central Park was set for Saturday, May 21st. The party will meet at the club house about ten a. m. and march to the park, probably locating on the lower ball ground not far from the gate at Seventh avenue and 59th street. It will do any one good to pay the bairns a visit and watch them at play. At the conclusion of business an adjournment was taken to the alleys and the evening finished there. Mrs. Caldwell, who fell down the previous meeting in her attempt to put through a straight string of firsts for the season, came back in good shape and landed at the head of the slate. The other prize winners were Mrs. Inness, Mrs. Clark, Miss Lauder, Miss Dugan, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. MacDonald and Mrs. Lemmon.

Through some oversight the name of Mrs. James R. Donaldson did not appear as one of the prize winners in the February tournament. We regret the omission and a recurence will be prevented if possible. It will be a pleasure to print an account of her second success on the alleys, which we hope to have in an early issue of the Caledonian. As a prize winner on the alleys, Mrs. Donaldson is one hundred per cent. ahead of the chief.

New York Scottish Society

Ex-Assemblyman William P. Hamilton, Jr., of Brooklyn, gave an interesting address on "American Citizenship," Monday night, "Ladies' Night," before the members of the New York Scottish Society, in its rooms in the old Grand Opera House, Full of humor at the start, he gradually assumed seriousness and pointed out the sterling qualities of the brand of citizenship to be found among representatives of Scotland, their sons and descendants. Mr. Hamilton himself is a scion of Scottish parents who arrived in this country before the War of the Revolution.

He evidently felt at home among Scottish folk and was always ready to recognize the high intellectuality of those he met at such gatherings. A curious conjunction occurred at the meeting. The president of the society is Malcolm MacNeill, also of Brooklyn, and he was able to welcome as a speaker the MacNeill of Barra, the hereditary chief of the clan of that name. Barra gave a delightfully informal talk on the customs of Barra and the Hebrides, and his description of the cottages subsequently called forth a remark from the president that he did not think Brooklyn MacNeills would find much to comfort them in these primitive dwellings, however idyllic, he would prefer to remain in Brooklyn. Barra is an island eight miles long by three wide and its inhabitants rarely think of leaving; yet throughout the world there are over 30,000 MacNeills, the original colony in this country having settled near Pictou, in Nova Scotia, from which the descendants spread to other sections of the continent, especially to New England and North Carolina.

Dr. David G. Wylie, coming in late, gave a sympathetic address, in which, speaking of his interest in Scottish literature said he had read the recently published volume of poems by James Kennedy and had received from it new impressions of Scottish character and speech. He said he had compared the glossaries of Kennedy and Burns, and was surprised to find so many words in the former, the meanings of which were new to him that did not occur in Burns.

The song program as usual at a Scottish Society was keenly enjoyed as the old songs were sung by old favorites who knew how to put into them all the deep feeling that appealed to the Scottish heart. Miss MacKenzie and Mrs. Ridley sang several familiar songs with charming effect; while William Culbertson, Thomas M. Lennox, secretary, and William Crawford, a past president, delighted their hearers as of old. The affair was one of the heartiest and pleasantest that has been provided by the E. and L. Committee for a long time and there was an excellent turn-out despite the bad night.

Boston, Mass.

EMPIRE DAY FESTIVAL, MAY 24th, 1921

The annual gathering held on Empire Day in Boston promises to be something beyond the ordinary, judging by the enthusiasm displayed by the delegates attending the meetings. A most remarkable program is to be presented at the function, which is to be held in Mechanic's Building. The speaker for the occasion is to be Sir George Foster, of Canada, a vice president of the League of Nations. This is the first time a representative of the League has spoken in public in Massachusetts, and a keen desire has arisen to hear what Sir George may have to say on that occasion and, as he is considered one of the most finished orators in Canada, a real treat is assured from his remarks.

Amongst the features to be presented this year are a drill feature to be given by the British Military and Naval Veterans; Welsh singing and playing on the harp by the Welsh Association of Massachusetts in costume; bagpipe playing and Highland dancing by the members of the Highland Dress Association of Massachusetts. There will be a sketch of a night in the life of a Canadian soldier in a rest camp behind the lines, given by the members of the American Volunteers of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, Vimy Camp, No. 1, of Boston, assisted by the various camps in Greater Boston; a costume parade by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Club, and, last, but not least, a May Day Festival given by pupils trained by Professor

Richards and Miss Florence in Richard's Dancing School. The village green scene will be peopled by the members of the Overseas Club, who will sing May Day songs.

Those who have been privileged to witness the one hundred and twenty children taking part at practice have been most liberal in their praise of the feature as it is already shaped, and ere the 24th claim that it will be the finest thing ever presented in Boston. One set of seven dancers are described as simply marvelous and give a display which is something entirely new.

The working force behind the festival this year is a combination of forty-six British organizations under the special patronage of the American British Federation and the Sons of St. George. This working force is most ably led by Mr. James Hunter, an Aberdonian and a Canadian veteran of the World War, who is president of the 1921 festival. Mr. Hunter's personality has been magnetic and has been the means of gathering around him an executive of splendid workers who have spared neither time, energy nor money towards making this the most remarkable gathering of citizens of British birth and descent ever held in Boston. One or two surprise features are also in store for those who will be fortunate enough to be present that night, of which we are not supposed to make mention here, but President Hunter assures us they will live in the memory of those present that night. Our advice is to get your tickets early, as the demand for reserved seats is already being felt. Amongst the charities to benefit by the surplus proceeds are the Hospital Bed Association of Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Sons of St. George, and the Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors', Widows and Orphans looked after by the British Military and Naval Veterans. President Hunter will be glad to receive cheques and donations from those who may wish to be present, but are unable to attend and who may wish to assist those charities which are greatly in need of funds. Cheques can be mailed to Mr. John S. Snowdon, honorary treasurer, State Street Trust Company, Copley Branch, Boston, Mass. W. Lawson Reid, M. A.

Flora Macdonald College

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of Flora Macdonald College in North Carolina will be celebrated by a great "Home Coming Week" in which hundreds of alumnae will return to their Alma Mater. The official program follows: May 22—11 a. m., Baccalaureate Sermon, College auditorium, Dr. D. H. Scanlon, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Durham, N. C.; 6:30 p. m., Vesper Service, Woodland Theatre, college campus,; 8 p. m., Sermon to the Y. W. C. A. May 23—5 p. m., Senior Class Day, Woodland Theatre; 8 p. m., Concert by the Conservatory of Music. May 24—9 a. m., Meeting Board of Trustees; 11 a. m., Business meeting Alumnae Association; 4 p. m., Reception and Exhibits Departments of Fine and Household Arts; 8 p. m., Senior Play; 10 p. m., Alumnae Banquets. May 25th—10 a. m., Graduation Exercises. Address by Hon. A. M. Scales, Greensboro, N. C.

Two great great grand daughters of Flora Macdonald have recently presented to the Scottish Library of Flora Macdonald College in North Carolina a set of the novels of Sir Walter Scott together with Taylor's "Great Historic Families of Scotland," and Maxwell's "Robert Bruce."

Colonel Walter Scott, Royal Tanist Order of Scottish Clans and a trustee of the college has presented two framed pictures of Queen Victoria and her consort, Albert. These were presented by her Majesty to the Rev. Charles Kingsley, in 1862, who placed them in his library. Later they became part of Colonel Scott's collection.

Memorial Day

BY JOHN MCMASTER

(For The Caledonian)

To the Memory of the Veterans of the Civil War, Whose Name We Honor

The veterans of the Civil War, like the "Floors of the Forest," are nearly a' weed awa'.

The following was read at a reunion of the veterans, not long ago. To-day, Decoration Day, reminds me of it; and if it seems worth while I inclose it for your use.

We glory in our Nation's pride,
Who heard a Nation's call,
Who in her sore distress and need,
Made sacrifice of all.

They heard the bugle's shrilly blare,
Stirr'd was their very soul,
While shot and shell rent earth and air,
Their only thought, "the Goal."

The order "Charge" they knew so well,
They touched the secret mine;
To them the "war was very hell";
When battling in the line.

They faced such men as Bragg and Lee,
Men worthy of their steel;
They saw a nation yet to be,
Thought only of its weal.

The camp-fire light at evening glows,
Where scenes were oft recast;
Strange shadows flit, but not the foes,
They met in long years past.

Those falt'ring steps, and hair so gray
Speak of a far off time;
Altho' it seems but yesterday,
They faced those deeds sublime.

We honor veterans wearing blue,
And those who wore the gray,
No other soldiers ever knew
Such mettle in the fray.

Old Glory waves o'er honored graves,
And lives still to the fore;
Strifes of the past, all dead at last,
We'll study war no more.

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"Mr. Kennedy has the gift which makes homely things impressive and national things inspiring. He sings of all that is best in Scottish life with a gusto that warms the blood. Here is a really great man, for none but a giant of the old race can sing as he does. His thoughts, his convictions are on the deep things of life. Behind the painting of his lines rests an eager spirit which touches the hearts of all who pass his way. Better than to the mind, he appeals to the soul of man as a lover of his kindred and his country. Those who name the name of Scotland love her bards and prophets and reformers, and high in that honored company sits this supreme master of Scottish songs."—From *The National Outlook*, Edinburgh, Scotland, March, 1921.

Norfolk and Newport News, Va.

It is with pleasure I have to report continued success and a large increase in the membership of The Scottish Society of Norfolk. This young society has now more than one hundred members on the roll, and it should be the aim of every member to be regular attenders and on time at every meeting.

On Tuesday, the 15th of March, the lassies took it intae their heids that tha'e wi'd entertain the laddies ta'e a "guid auld fashioned cup o' Scotch tea. Yin o' the lassies baked a sma' package o' Twa Hunner and Fifty Oat Cakes. Ca' y'e that na'e sma' baking. Some ither lassies baked scones, pancakes, London buns and everything dainty that only the Scotch can bake. Ane o' the lassies baked a "Dumplin," "Dumplin" that mak's a body's teeth watter. The Rev. Dr. McLauchlin and Rev. Dr. Squires gave some very humerous talks which were greatly enjoyed by all present. A concert followed, at which all the old time Scotch songs were sung, including everything Harry Lauder ever knew. It was such a success that the laddies were determined not to be outdone and arranged to give the lassies a supper on the 14th of April.

Mr. William Graham, Second Chieftain of the society, along with Mrs. Graham, will sail from New York, July 2nd, to visit "Bonnie Scotland." Their stay will be short as they leave on their return trip on August 13th. A very happy event is to take place after their arrival in Scotland, which will give them an opportunity to meet all their people at the one time, and have a regular old time family gathering at the marriage of Mr. Graham's sister. Dinna forget tae bring a sprig o' heather back wi' ye when ye come Weelum.

The Flora MacDonald Lodge, No. 21, D. O. S., of Newport News, gave a dance April 8th, for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Home. The dance was well attended, but there was space on the floor for more. Tha'e Scotch lassies are aye efter something or anither and are never content unless they are helping some yin less fortunate than themsel's.

The Clan MacDonald Pipe Band of Newport News went to Norfolk on the 12th of April to be with the Rotarians, and received quite an ovation when they played at the various hotels where the Rotarians put up during the convention or when they marched through the streets from one hotel to another. The band has been somewhat disorganized on account of some of the members having to leave town to find work elsewhere. It is building up again and has hopes of being in a flourishing condition very soon. We live in hope.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
118 35th Street, Representative.
Newport News, Va.

J. DONALD MacKAY

(Late of Philadelphia)

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A Gala Night in Harlem

Minstrels, under the auspices of the Northminster Men's Association in Park View Palace, 110th street and Fifth avenue, New York, Thursday evening, April 7, opened the springtime social season of the Mid-Harlem section of the city in fitting style. From the time the curtain went up until the closing chorus not a hitch marred the performance. The end men put over a lot of jokes that were side-splitting—to use a word from an "ad" of a show that held forth years ago at 28th street and Broadway—the songs bright and catchy and the stage dancing marvelously well executed. Solos by various members of the company were greatly enjoyed by the large audience and all had to respond to hearty demands for encores. The young lady soloists, Helen Schleyer, Edna Hoag and Edna Gait, were accorded particularly and deservedly enthusiastic applause. An added feature was the appearance of a native of the Granite City, John Provan, in Highland costume, who rattled off Scottish airs on the violin in capital style and gave an exhibition of a surprising number of positions from which the instrument can be played. When the show closed the hall was cleared and a grand march led by President Valentine Gait and Mrs. Gait opened the ball. Dancing kept almost all in attendance busy until two o'clock when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" sent everybody to their various dwelling places regretting that the night had passed so quickly.

Northminster Presbyterian Church is situated at 141 West 115th street and numbers some well known members of the Scottish community among its active workers. The Rev. Seth C. Craig is minister. As the result of his work the membership is being added to every Communion Sabbath. So many are attending the meetings of the various church societies that very often it is hard to find the necessary room. A warm welcome is extended to every visitor and none is allowed to leave the church after service without a handshake from the pastor and a cordial invitation to come again. The officers of the Men's Association are president, Valentine Gait; vice president, Howard Ivory; treasurer, Robert Lee; secretary, Hamilton Stewart; social director, Robert Aiken; athletic director, A. Glenn MacDougall. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. MacDougall for the success of the Minstrels. He was working for it night and day for weeks and did not rest until he had steered the grand march through various movements to a successful finish.

Rhode Island Letter

Edinburgh has long had the distinction of being a beautiful city as well as that of being the capitol of Scotland and the home town of many eminent doctors and surgeons, ministers of the gospel, writers of history and fiction, teachers and students of science and art, and now it has gained another distinction, viz: that of having produced a great singer. As yet, Joseph Hislop, for that is his name, may not be so well known in his own home-town as he is in the United States, for he left home before his undoubted talents were recognized. He was discovered in a foreign land where he had gone to study for a different purpose than singing. While there his charming voice attracted the attention of competent critics, who suggested its development, with the result that he has been singing in this country during the past operatic season and is now touring. His appearance in Rhode Island recently will long be remembered, for though his program was not confined to the auld Scots sangs, yet there were sufficient of them to satisfy the most ardent and patriotic Scot that Hislop could sing them to perfection aye and superior to anything heard in Providence before. Without doubt the Swedish and Italian parts of the program were necessary to show the range of Hislop's voice and were charming enough in their way, but the real test came when such songs as "O' a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw!" "Mary of

Hundred Pipers an A' "; "The Bagpipe Man," and "Thank God For A Garden." These well known songs were rendered in such a manner as called forth unstinted and prolonged applause and the only criticism heard was that there should have been more. Being a native of the same city and following the same craft as he did before taking to the stage I was having a quiet chat with him in his dressing room after the concert was over when an unusual event happened that upset our arrangement. Past Chief Hutcheon with a host of Clan Cameron, of Providence, and Royal Deputy Adam; Past Chief George McKenzie and Auditor William Allan of the Frasers of Pawtucket, burst into the room accompanied with their wives and many friends for the purpose of personally expressing their thanks to Mr. Hislop for his splendid efforts. Seldom has a singer received such undoubted appreciation and praise on a first visit to Rhode Island, for I am told this is the most critical State in the Union. The cry of all was "Come again and let it be soon," and in this I heartily agree for certain circumstances prevented many from being present who will not miss the next opportunity.

A few months ago I intimated that there was a strong effort being made to drop the Annual Church Parade of the Frasers in Pawtucket simply owing to a lack of interest as shown by a reduction in the attendance of members. This suggestion received a knockout blow Sunday (April 17th), when the parade was held for this year. The day itself was very unfavorable, being wet and extremely cold, but the fact remains that the turnout was one of the largest in the memory of many of the oldest members. It may have been that many were drawn out because the preacher was a real live Scottish minister (the Rev. Alexander D. Martin), who has recently come to the United Presbyterian Church of Central Falls, or it may have been the announcement of his subject, viz.: "John Knox, an Estimate of His Work and Worth," or again it may have been due to the popularity of Chief John Burt. Whatever the cause, it is certain the annual Church Parade will not be dropped yet awhile. With regard to the service itself the principal interest centred in Mr. Martin's views on John Knox and his attitude towards Mary Queen of Scots. To do this it was necessary first of all to get an idea of the atmosphere of the period to show that such liberal tendencies in theology as prevailed to-day would never have freed Scotland from the autocracy of church and State. Such a period as was described required a man of Knox's calibre and his success justified his method. Summing up Knox's character generally in conclusion it was stated the provision made for the education of the youth of the country placed the Scottish people in the forefront of the world. Knox was the greatest of Scotsmen, God's gift to a distracted people at a crucial time.

The Daughters of Heather have forestalled Clan Fraser in having a "home-warming" in the new hall, which took place on April 18th. As was natural, many clansmen were present to assist at the function as also were several visitors from Providence. The program as well as the refreshments was good and it was well on before the crowd separated for home. The singing also was good, for Miss Reid and Joe Alexander are both favorites. Miss Mary Massie and Mrs. Makant divided honors at the piano.

The activities of a certain faction of American politicians to embroil the United States in a war with Great Britain over Ireland must have become apparent to all who have their eyes open to passing events. As Boston, Mass., is a storm centre in that respect, it is no wonder that the more wide awake people in that community have taken steps to thwart such a menace to the good fellowship recently strengthened by comradeship in the late World War. The American British Federation was formed to counteract this diabolical scheme as far as Boston was concerned, but it was soon found that other sections of the country were anxious to do something towards preserving and maintaining peace between these two great nations, as well as Boston hence a request to have branches formed in other States. Rhode Island was first with a plea for a branch which was favorably received. The Constitution of the Federation which was incorporated in Massachusetts was accordingly amended to allow branches in other States.

The first mass meeting was held in Pawtucket in the Star Theatre, which was found totally inadequate to accommodate the large crowds anxious to enrol in the new society and to hear the speakers. The Rev. E. R. Evans, Congregational clergyman, presided and delivered a most enthusiastic and inspiring address, which was all the more appreciated when it is known that he is an American citizen by birth.

A branch of the Federation has also been formed in Providence and a mass meeting was held in the Strand Theatre. This too was crowded and enthusiastic, but the speaking was not up to the same high pitch as the one held previously in Pawtucket. Still many enrollments were made and Rhode Island will soon have several thousands doing their duty politically and morally to see that no breach is made in the relations between the United States and Britain.

One thing more must be mentioned. These meetings are bringing to the front the Greystone Band. It is a Rhode Island Band of forty-two pieces, every member of which belongs to the American British Federation. It is certainly a great attraction and for an amateur institution, bids fair to equal any of the professional bands of the State, but what is more to the point is the fact that it has never made a charge for its services, giving them freely for the sake of the cause.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Mrs. Bain Honored

As a token of appreciation for the war-time efforts which she so generously exerted, Mrs. Bain of the Scotch Tea Room was recently presented with a large autographed picture of the Prince of Wales, the presentation being made by the British Consul-General, Captain Gloster Armstrong. During the war Mrs. Bain kept "open house" for British and Allied soldiers and sailors and hundreds of men will long retain pleasant memories of sociable Sunday evenings which they enjoyed in the Scotch Tea Room and the hearty welcome and kindness of the hostess.

Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

The members of this organization selected Saturday, April 23rd for the opening of their 1921 season, but a heavy rain rolled all of their carefully arranged plans into the ditch. However, they will be found every pleasant Saturday until June on the temporary green at 248th street and Broadway, Van Cortlandt Park. After that they expect to be on their own green close to the curlers' pond. President John A. Rennie and his officers will be glad to welcome visitors and do what they can to get them interested in the game.

Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn

Clan Macdonald initiated seventeen candidates into the mysteries of clansmanship and incidentally into some of the eventful incidents of Scotland's romantic histoy at its meeting on April 16. This is one of the largest "septs" of clansmen that has been welcomed into the clan for some time, its membership now exceeding 500, while the 600 mark is aimed at before August, when the Royal Clan Convention of the Order visits the borough to elect officers and review the prospects of the Order. This convention will bring the clansmen from "a' the airts" into close contact. It will be a veritable gathering of the clans, with a hundred pipers an' a' to welcome the visitors.

The grand concert and reception given under the auspices of the clan at the Masonic Temple, the evening of April 4, was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the clan entertainments. The entire program was arranged by Professor Knox's Brooklyn Scottish Choir, who received many deserved compliments upon its novelty and excellence.

Order of Scottish Clans

THE ROYAL CLAN CONVENTION

The Twenty-ninth Convention of the Royal Clan, Order of Scottish Clans will be held in the Stuart Room, Masonic Temple, Brooklyn, New York, beginning August 16, 1921. Particulars regarding the hotels in Brooklyn and further information for delegates and Clansmen about the convention will appear from time to time in the "Fiery Cross." The call for the convention has been sent to every Subordinate Clan entitled to send delegates and a request is made that delegates and alternates be elected at the first meeting in April. Proposed amendments to the constitution should reach the Royal Secretary by June 1. Only proposed amendments coming from the clan secretary, duly authorized by a vote of the clan can be considered.

Rotarians Meet in Edinburgh

The Rotary Clubs of the world will hold their International Convention in Edinburgh, Scotland, June 11—18. The *Cameronia* and *Caronia* will carry over about 1,200 American members for the occasion. Arrangements are being made through the American Embassy at London for an audience with the King and Queen.

Curliana

The season just finished has been very disappointing from a curler's point of view. Opportunities to play on the pond at Van Cortlandt have been few. To finish up the season local curlers engaged the indoor rink at St. Nicholas avenue and 181st street. The first game was a match for a Grand National Curling Club medal between the New York Caledonian C. C. and the St. Andrew's C. C. That the players were evenly matched is shown by the following score:

N. Y. Caledonian C. C.	St. Andrew's C. C.
Rink 1	
William Archibald	David Dewar
Robert Archibald	William Ridley
Henry Archibald	Frank Dykes
T. T. Archibald, Skip 14	Andrew Gillies, Skip 13
Rink 2	
Peter Groves	William Stewart
David Winton	Robert Dickson
Thomas Wigley	John A. Rennie
Wm. Cuthbertson, Skip 11	Malcolm McNeill, Skip 11
Total 25	Total..... 24

Majority for the Caledonians, 1 shot.

A one rink match between the Kirkcaldy and the St. Andrew's Clubs resulted in a victory for the whistlers with a two shot majority.

The score:

Kirkcaldy	St. Andrew's
James Francis	Robert Dickson
Gordon Whyte	John Broach
James Whyte, Skip 13	Frank Dykes, Skip 11

A challenge match between the Caledonians and the St. Andrew's wound up the season in a manner highly satisfactory to the Caledonians as the appended score shows:

N. Y. Caledonian C. C.	St. Andrew's C. C.
Rink 1	
Peter Groves	Robert Dickson
David Winton	William Ridley
Thomas Wigley	Frank Dykes
Wm. Cuthbertson, Skip 10	Andrew Gillies, Skip 15
Rink 2	
George Robinson	ohn Broach
William Stewart	John A. Rennie
Robert Archibald	A. Roth
David Templeman, Skip 21	Malcolm McNeil, Skip 9
Total..... 31	Total..... 24

Majority for the New York Caledonian Curling Club, 7 shots.

Margaret Lyons Moodie

SCOTTISH SOPRANO

Recent Successes

We consider Margaret Lyons Moodie the "Prima Donna" Soprano and interpreter of Scottish Lyrics on the Concert stage to-day.

JOSEPH FERGUSON, 2nd Chieftain
Caledonian Club of Philadelphia.
February 27th, 1921.

Margaret Lyons Moodie's rendition of the songs of Auld Scotland were without a doubt the best ever heard here.

F. GRAINGER, Secretary
Scottish St. Andrew's Society,
Saginaw, Mich.
March 7th, 1921.

Her charm of manner and her interpretation of Scottish songs delighted everyone and won her many warm admirers.

JOHN SPIERS, Chief
Boston Caledonian Club.
Burns Concert, Boston, 1921.

A singer of charm and fine accomplishments that captured the audience and won a place in the hearts of the Scots of Cleveland.

JOHN J. McEWEN, Chairman,
Clan Grant, No. 17, O. S. C.,
February 1st, 1921. Cleveland, Ohio.

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Perth Amboy, New Jersey

The Perth Amboy Caledonian Club, fifteen strong, under Piper Buchanan, paid a visit to the Newark Caledonian Club, March 2. A very enjoyable evening was spent along with our friends from Paterson. We all hope for many more such nights, which would be for the good of all concerned.

On Wednesday, March 16, the club went to St. Peter's parish house, where the Men's Club had invited Past Chief David McGregor to give a talk on the early history of Perth Amboy. The lecture was most interesting and was listened to attentively and greatly enjoyed by all present. The Men's Club deserve all credit for the very generous way in which they received the Caledonians. Refreshments were served before the Scots marched for the club rooms headed by the piper.

JOE MACFADYEN.
92 Smith Street,
Perth Amboy, N. J.

Cumberland Mills, Maine

The Canadian Veterans of Portland paid an interesting visit recently and were escorted to the residence of Joseph Cairns on Stroudwater street, by the members of the Cumberland Mills Highland Pipe Band, whose guests they were for the evening. There was a good sized crowd on hand to greet them, and to watch the short street parade. On arriving at the band hall the Canadians were received by their genial host and a banquet was served. The band house was tastily decorated, the decorations consisting of the numerous American and British flags with the Lion Rampant of Scotland much in evidence. Besides the out of town guests there was also present a number of the Scotch people of the city.

Following the excellent banquet a number of the prominent people present were called upon for speeches. British Vice Consul John B. Keating of Portland, the guest of honor of the evening, delivered the principal address of the occasion which was well received. Pipe Major John Smith, to whose efforts the success of the band is due, was also one of the speakers. About 30 or 40 of the Canadians were present and the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Scottish Service

A Scottish Service will be held at the Beck Memorial Presbyterian Church, 980 East 180th street, New York, Rev. Maitland Bartlett, D.D., pastor, Sunday evening, May 1. A cordial invitation is extended to every Scotsman and Scotswoman to attend. Similar services in former years have always brought together a large and representative gathering of Scottish folk and are the source of many pleasant recollections to those who have attended.

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(For The Caledonian)

Given a world with sunshine-flooded space,
With rains and snows to nourish and protect
Field, forest, stream and sea in changing seasons;
Fresh winds to drive our ships from port to port,
And treasures hidden deep within earth's grasp—
What can man not with these accomplish!

We watch with wondering eyes the ripening *fields*,
Then openarmed go forth to reap their wealth
And gather Nature's harvest for our needs.
Earth's *mines* provide the gold with which to buy,
As well as rarest jewels which bedeck
The crown of king or brow of queenly woman.

Swift-winged the *wireless* calls through vaulting space
Across the might waters of the deep
To rescue those at mercy of the waves.
The voiceless *telegraph* its story tells
With silent tongue to all the universe,
And nations, listening, wait its tale to hear.

Flight unto birds has been bestowed on *winged ships*
That they may soar above with watchful eyes,
Protecting guardians of our lands and people.

Electricity has brought the light of day
Into our nights with magic wizardry,
Broadening our vision with its wondrous rays.

Our *laws* are made by master minds; they mold
Our nation into one of destiny—
Liberty of life, freedom of speech, ambition in deed—
And the unending quest of happiness;
Richly shared with those, who, in a law-abiding spirit
Come to our shores where floats the Stars and Stripes.

Given all these, I say, and more—
For wizard minds and magic-working hands
Will always bring to pass new unimagined wonders—
Not for our present needs alone, but for the joy of work,
Labor's accomplishment, creation's pride—undreamed
Shall be posterity's inheritance through the ages.

Thus through the thinkers and the doers of the world
We shall rise higher still to far seen unseen heights,
Triumphant in *Achievement* first in great deeds
Of worth and helpfulness to all the world—
No task too great, no labor spent in vain,
And all to *civilization's* glorious ends.

Clan MacNicol and Its Chiefs

The Septs of Clan MacNicol are: Nicholl, Nicholson, Nicol, Nicoll, Nicolson. The MacNicols also are entitled to wear the badge and Tartan of MacLeod of Lewis.

The Arms of the Clan is: Gold, three red falcon's heads erased, beaked silver.

Crest: A gold demi lion rampant.

Motto: *Generositate.*

Of the ancient races of the West and North which have been dignified with the title of the Great Clans, only one may be said to have fallen entirely to pieces in the course of time. The fact speaks volumes for the vitality of these warrior tribes, and the health of the seemingly hard conditions amid which they lived and struggled. The conclusions of Skene in his *Highlanders of Scotland* have not always been approved by later writers, but it is worth noting that he identifies Clan Nichol with the Kairinoi of the early geographer Ptolemy. Skene identifies the Ness district of the Norwegian sagas with the region in the northwest of Scotland now known as Edyrachillis, Duirinish, and Assynt, and he declares that "the most ancient Gaelic clan which can be traced as inhabiting these districts is the clan Nicail, or MacNicols." In the article on "Assynt" in the *Statistical Account of Scotland,* the Rev. William Mackenzie records that "Tradition

and even documents declare that it was a forest of the ancient Thanes of Sutherland. One of these Prince Thanes gave it in vassalage to one Macrycul, who in ancient times held the coast of Coygeach, that part of it at the place presently called Ullapool. The noble Thane made Assynt over in the above manner as Mackrycul had recovered a great quantity of cattle carried off from the county of Sutherland by foreign invaders." Mackenzie adds in a note, "Mackrycul is reputed by the people here to be the potent man of whom are descended the Macnicols, Nicols and Nicolsons." According to the Gaelic genealogical manuscript of 1450, on which Skene founds so much of his writing regarding the clans, this account is probably correct, for in that manuscript the descent of the Clan Nicail is traced in a direct line from a certain Gregall, who is obviously the Krycul of the tradition. Further, as the letters *s* and *n* are interchangeable in Gaelic, it can easily be seen how Macrycul became MacNicail or MacNicol, of which the English translation is of course Nicolson. The recovery of the great herd of Sutherland cattle from Norwegian invaders is believed to have been accomplished by Macrycul or MacNicol of Coygeach some time in the twelfth century. To accomplish such a feat he must have been at the head of a considerable army or clan, so the probability is that the race of Krycul or Gregall had been chiefs at Ullapool for a long period before that. This would take their ancestry back to the days of Malcolm Canmore at least.

About the time of the Battle of Bannockburn the line of the MacNicol chiefs ended in an heiress who married Torquil, a younger son of MacLeod of the Lewis, and the pair obtain a Crown charter of the lands of Assynt and others which had been the MacNicol property. From this marriage descended fourteen successive MacLeod lairds of Assynt. It was one of these MacLeods of Assynt who in 1650 earned the execration of the Highlanders by handing over the Great Marquess of Montrose to the Covenanting Government at whose head was his implacable enemy, the crafty Marquess of Argyll. MacLeod was then in money difficulties, which perhaps explained his willingness to earn the Government reward. Ten years later, his chief creditor, the Earl of Seaforth, foreclosed his wadsets and took possession of the Assynt estates. Still later Assynt was purchased by the Sutherland family. The more northern part of the old MacNicol country remained in other hands till MacLeod of Edyrachillis and Morison of Duirinish took occasion to engage in a feud, whereupon their neighbors, the MacKays, then at the height of their power, stepped in and wrested these estates from both families, and from that time Edyrachillis and Duirinish became parts of the Lord Reay's country.

Meanwhile, on the death of the last MacNicol of Coygeach, Assynt, Edyrachilis and Duirinish, the chiefship of the clan had, by patriarchal law, passed to the nearest male of the race, and the seat of this line was afterwards removed to Scoirebreac, a beautiful spot on the coast of Skye near Portree. Here they appear to have shown their piety, prevision, or ostentation by benefactions to the religious

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house, of which the ruins may yet be seen on an island at the head of Loch Snizort. A small chapel on the south side of the main buildings is still known as MacNicol's Aisle, and within it is to be seen the effigy of a warrior in conical helmet and long quilted coat or habergeon, who must have been a man of much consequence in his time.

Of one of these chiefs of Scoirebreac, a tradition is recorded which furnishes a curious illustration of the ancient ideas of clan honor and the rules of blood vengeance. The chief concerned, known as MacNicol Mor, from his great size, was one day engaged in a warm discussion with MacLeod of Raasay, his neighbor across the sound. At the height of the debate, MacLeod's servant came into the room. The two were talking in English, so the man did not know the meaning of what was said, but under the impression that a serious quarrel was on foot, he drew his sword and dealt MacNicol a blow from which he died. To decide how the deed should be avenged, and a feud between the two families avoided, a meeting of the chiefs and elders was at once called. These men of wisdom decided that, as the MacNicol chief had been slain by the hand of a menial, MacLeod, the Laird of Raasay, should be beheaded by the meanest of MacNicol's clansmen. The humblest of the latter was found to be one Lomach, a maker of horse panniers, and by him Raasay was duly put to death. The execution took place near Snizort. At the fatal moment, the victim was in the act of speaking, and so deftly did Lomach take off his head that as it rolled down the hill the onlookers distinctly heard the sounds "ip ip" from its lips. From this circumstance the little mount was afterwards known as Cnoc an h-ip. It is satisfactory to know that the sacrifice of the Laird of Raasay prevented all further shedding of blood between the MacLeods and the MacNicols.

Stories of the MacNicols of Scoirebreac come down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. About that time, according to the author of the letter-press in M'Ian's *Clans of the Scottish Highlands*, at a banquet of the clansmen given to celebrate some joyful occasion, there was a call for the bards to come to the upper end of the room. Convinced of the hopelessness of the summons, MacNicol of Scoirebreach exclaimed, "The bards are extinct!" He was promptly taken to task by one of the company, Alastair bui' Mac I'vor, who retorted, "No, they are not extinct, but those who delighted to patronize them are gone."

While the seat of the MacNicol chiefs was in Skye, there were many of the name scattered throughout the county of Argyll, and of these there were several individuals whose characteristics or exploits have been perpetuated in tradition. One of them, reputed to be a seer, obtained the name of Gualan Crostadh from his rule never to look behind him. For the same reason he was also known as "an Teallsanach, or the Philosopher." As might be expected of such a personage, a crop of stories was long extant regarding him. Another of the clan, Gillespie MacNicol attained fame by a rescue he effected at somewhat serious cost to himself. After the last Jacobite rising, a widow's son had fallen into the hands of the "red soldiers," as Government troops were called, and they were carrying him off when the redoubtable Gillespie came to the rescue. Attacking the soldiers, he slew one or two, put the others to flight, and set the captive free. Unluckily, as he did so, he received a swordstroke in the face which carried off his nose.

Strangely enough, notwithstanding the evident importance of the MacNicols in their early days, the clan seems never to have had a tartan. After the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the heiress of the early line of chiefs married a MacLeod, they seem to have merged in the following of that clan and probably they adopted the MacLeod tartan.

Among members of the clan who have attained more than local repute was the Rev. Donald MacNicol, whose best known work was his defence of the Highlands against the accusations made by Dr. Samuel Johnson in his *Journey to the Hebrides*. Of the same period also were the Rev. Francis Nicoll, D. D., Principal of St. Leonard's and St. Salvator's Colleges, St. Andrews, and Robert Nicoll, the poet, who became editor of the *Leeds Times* in 1836. Still later were the Nichols, father and son, professors, one of astronomy and the other of English literature, at Glasgow University. There was also Alexan-

der Nicholson, the Gaelic scholar, who died Sheriff-Substitute of Greenock in 1893.

It should be noted that the lowland name Nicholson, once represented by the Nicholsons of Carnock, a family now merged, with the Shaws of Greenock, in that of the Stewarts of Blackhall and Ardgowan, are not of the MacNicol clan. Their name, like that of the English Nicholls, is derived from the original form Nicholas.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

The Republic: One But Divisible

(Continued from page 74)

the supreme blunder when she allowed herself to be cajoled by the Sinn-Fein committee, government or republic, or whatever it was at that time, into intriguing with Germany and refusing military service. For it has estranged hundreds of thousands of Americans and people of other nations, who had thought that she really was an oppressed nation until her fatal act caused them to investigate her claims. It probably prolonged the war, resulted in the deaths of some thousands of allied soldiers and the accumulation of some millions of extra debt. But it had no effect on the ultimate issue; though it stains with a deplorable blot the first page of the history that Ireland is hoping to write for herself. Had she held steadfastly on to the course she took up in August, 1914, what a different case would she present before the world to-day! A glorious triumph, won together, would have done much to draw the Unionist and Nationalist together. England, even if she had wished, could not have refused assent to what they asked. But the opportunity is past, and the Unionist is asked to abandon the rule of Britain, who fought along with him, for that of Sinn-Fein, which betrayed him. In the words of Canon Walsh, "the criminal lunacy of Sinn-Fein has turned Ireland's friends against her." Speaking at a meeting of the Crossabeg and Ballymuir Branch of the United Irish League, he declared that the action of this body "was turning the French Republic, the American Nation and the English democracy into bitter enemies of Ireland," citing, as some of the causes, "the insulting and trampling upon the American flag and the cheering for Emperor William."

The New York Caledonian Club

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The second oldest Scottish organization in New York city, and the oldest athletic club in America, has an interesting history. On its roll of membership are found the leading Scottish-Americans of New York, etc. The Club House is well arranged, with large halls for social purposes: the library and reading room has thousands of volumes, the best selection of Scottish books in the country, with the privilege of taking books home. The privileges are unrivalled. Every man of Scottish blood should affiliate with this club. *Address the Secretary, John Coyle, 846 Seventh avenue, New York*

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And even if matters could be compounded with the Unionists and Ireland should start with a duly recognized republic all of her own, the prospect is not a bright one. It is not likely that De Valera would last long; the "tall, frail man, with a dreamy manner" (according to Mr. Dunne) who could make such assertions as that "the moment the colonies of England acquire national consciousness, there will be an end of English rule. They did not wish the war," on which latter point we

can all of us agree with him, but isn't it rather too obvious for statement? Except for the fact that the "pickings" will be rather limited, it would seem most likely that the government would promptly resolve itself into a Tammany Hall administration. We reach this conclusion on reflecting that the only men of any ability who are active among the Sinn-Fein are men of the Tammany class. Those who lived in Chicago during the palmy days of Hinkey-Dink and Bathhouse John can picture to themselves what unfortunate Ireland will be under such a regime; for it takes an enormous income to "run open." Ulster, possessing a quarter of the population with about three-fourths of the wealth, will of course be required to keep things going as long as they do go. The foreign relations of the new republic, too, will be an interesting experiment; for there is a wide difference between the ward politician and the statesman, and in the hands of the class of Irish-Americans who have figured throughout the entire length and breadth of the United States wherever political scandal and graft abound, the association of the "Sinn-Fein Republic" with other powers ought to furnish amusement to the world at large, if nothing else.

The present mental attitude of the greater part of Ireland recalls a phrase of Carlyle: they are being led "like helpless, somnambulized cattle." Their eyes are dazzled by statistics, which, even if literally correct, may mean much or nothing; for what shall it profit a man if he rebel against taxes that are applied for his own benefit? And, as we have seen, the orators who are employing these figures cannot even agree among themselves what they are. Indeed, they seem to use any that come handy and look effective. If Irishmen (I don't mean people with Spanish names born in America and political gangsters from the most corrupt wards of her big cities, but the rank and file of those born in Ireland) would look at the matter sanely, they would see that the England against whom they had, years ago, certain grievances, has ceased to exist, and that of the present day has neither the wish nor the power to hold Ireland for any longer than will take to get rid of her on honorable terms. However, Ireland seems determined for the present to work out her own damnation. *Seattle, Wash.*

"The Maister and the Bairns"

We are specially indebted to the writer for this very interesting letter and the information it contains.

Glasgow, 29th March, 1921.

DEAR SIR:

A copy of your last December issue of THE CALEDONIAN has been sent to me by Rev. Peter Robertson, D.D., Cincinnati. The perusal of which has afforded me great pleasure, I am sure that its contents will prove interesting to many Scotsmen across the water. In the course of a visit last year extending nearly three months in United States and Canada, I was much pleased to notice the spirit of loyalty and kindly feeling that existed towards "Auld Scotland," wherever I went from New York to Vancouver Island. Your magazine will do much to foster this spirit.

My reason for writing you is to correct a slight error that appears on page 378, when you represent the late W. Benzie, Missionary, Shetland, as author of that delightful poem "The Maister and the Bairns." This was written by a Glasgow young man, William Thomson, who died at the early age of twenty-two years, in October, 1883. His ballads and sonnets are described as "full of genius, directness, natural pathos and power, which the oftener they are read, are liked the better." His masterly command of the Doric is well brought out in "The Maister and the Bairns." Two verses are omitted, the fifth and seventh, which I think you will appreciate.

FIFTH VERSE

Ay, He gaithered them roon Him whar he sat,
An straiket their curly hair,
An' He said tae the won'erin' fisher foulk,
That crowdit aroon' Him there—

SEVENTH VERSE

An' He that wisna oor kith an' kin,
But a Prince o' the Far Awa',
Gaithered the wee anes in His airms,
An' blessed them ane an' a'.

During his long illness some friends advised Thomson to gather his pieces. Over two hundred were published in a volume and an issue of one thousand copies sold right off, enabling a sum of money to be given him before he passed away. Another edition followed in the same year.

Excuse me for troubling you, I thought it might prove interesting to your readers.

Trusting that THE CALEDONIAN may continue to prosper, I am yours faithfully,

DUNCAN MCNAUGHTAN.

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NEW YORK
JUNE, 1921

The Caledonian

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Volume I

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THIS VALUABLE HISTORY includes the names of prominent Scottish families and individuals, referring by title and page to about 150 books and pamphlets (practically all ever written on this subject), with a complete BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX.

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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

Kirsty's Wedding

BY JOHN O'GOWRIE

"I tell ye, Tam, I'll be married in my mither's auld silk dress. It's done for twa generations; it can dae for a third. With a little patchin' it will no be sae bad lookin'." Kirsty meant she wanted a new silk dress, and this was her way of saying it.

"And I tell ye, lass, the best silk that can be bought in Princes street is the stuff your wedding gown is to be made of. And any color you care to choose, Kirsty, lass."

For a moment Kirsty puckered her mouth and wrinkled her brows. She left Tam and came to clear my table.

"Was Miss Grainger as auld as me, sir, when she got married, wi' a lang train to her dress? I'd like to be married in my mither's dress, but—it has nae train. I doot if the auld silk could be matched." And she vigorously swept the dishes into her wooden board.

"Has age anything to do with it, Kirsty? If you very much want it, why should you ask anybody's leave? "

Before I had quite finished she was out into the kitchen.

"I've won, Tam; I'm to hae a train." And she sailed around the kitchen as though she had a long train to her dress. Evidently, another question was being hotly discussed in the kitchen. I was at my "secondly" in my sermon, when Kirsty came to put some peat on my fire. By the vigorous pokering, I knew she was deeply agitated.

"I've consented to let Tam buy new silk for a dress," she said, as though addressing the fire. "He winna let me spend a penny o' the money I've saved. He's thriftless, I doot. If I'm no to spend my savings on mysel', ye micht tak' them and send Hughie Maclaren to Edinburgh University. His mither has somehow or ither had her knife in me for mony a day. I'd like her to think kindly o' me some o' these days. Dinna tell wha did it until Hughie gets through." And without another word a bag of money was laid on my desk. She was about to leave the room without hearing a word of thanks, when she burst out, "Bless my heart, I'd nearly forgot what I cam' about. I want to be married in a green dress. Mrs. Black tells me her husband died three days after she bought a green dress. Maggie Morrison lost her mither a week after she had a green dress. I'm set on green, but I dinna

want tae run the risk o' losin' Tam just after gettin' him. Can I risk it, sir, dae ye think?"

And before I could recover from my laugh she had fled from the room, and I had to content myself by flinging words of thanks after her for the money she had given me for Hughie Maclaren. I don't know how many sheets of paper Kirsty made me waste that evening.

"Here's a parcel for ye, sir," she would say, and lay it on the table. She then brought a knife and cut the string for me. Well she knew it was a marriage present for herself, but it was her cunning way to let me see each present as it arrived.

"A new clock for ye, sir. Well, ye are weel thocht o'. No! to *me!* So it is. And from Jimmy Watt, tae!" She then carefully showed me all the beauties of the clock and repeated the explanations Tam had given her when they examined it in the kitchen.

When Sunday came, I was ill-prepared for the pulpit, owing to the varied interruptions I had endured during the week. But the final blow to my reputation came in the middle of my sermon, when I burst into laughter, to the horror of no one more than myself.

From the pulpit I could see part of the manse lawn. On this morning in question, as I happened to look out of the window, I saw Kirsty pop out her head at the front door. She looked to the right and to the left, and although preaching, I grew interested in her movements. I had come to "lastly" when I saw her emerge with a long white sheet under her arm. She then carefully unfolded the sheet and put it through mysterious movements. She was practising how to walk with a train! She strutted up and down the bit of lawn, now and then looking over her shoulders to see how it looked. The sheet caught on an iron hook I had on the lawn, and I heard Kirsty shriek. It was then I laughed. Kirsty upraised her hands in terror and fled into the house. With tears she confessed her sin when I came home, and offered one of her wedding present sheets, but I declined. I was too much concerned what the elders would say to me on Monday to think about the sheet.

Meldonbrae has a pretty custom at weddings, which particularly pleased me. The rooms in the houses are small, and to get the use of the ballroom means money. Yet, when a woman is highly respected, a great many wish to come to the wedding without causing any additional expense to the bride or bridegroom. It was Kirsty's joy to have a record wedding.

After her own invitations had been given out, the various young and old men and women who wished to be at her wedding, brought a small present and ten shillings. The latter was their part of the extra expense a large number entailed. I have known girls to buy their linen out of the profits of a wedding.

Kirsty wept with joy as the men and women came in a string to the Manse and deposited their ten shillings.

"I'll hae mair at my wedding than the laird had. I'm no worthy o' sic honor."

But when the laird's carriage drove up to the Manse and left a parcel for Kirsty, and two bright guineas, she was beside herself, and I lost my dinner. The fowl I was to have stewed for dinner disappeared. Kirsty declared it was put into the goblet. The pot refused to give it up. It was found five days afterwards among Kirsty's presents.

"Tam, hae ye been fishin' lately, and left a wheen o' yer worms in my drawers? I've pit oot mair than a dizzen the day." And to her horror she traced where the fowl had gone to.

I must say there is nothing like a "braw silk new goon" to turn a woman's head. Kirsty put her wedding dress on and off three times a night to show all its good points to callers. And in all her bridal array she sailed into my study one night, hanging on Tam's arm.

"I want ye, sir, tae gang through the service th' nicht, just to get a' the things richt."

"But if I go through the service you will be really married, Kirsty."

"A' well, a knot twice tied is harder to slip than only aince. Ye see, trains are ill to manage, and they'll no ken it's—hoo muckle did ye say a yard, Tam?—fifteen shillings a yard, unless I can wag it weel. Dae ye mind o' ony lassie wearin' silk at her wedding savin' Lady Margot?"

But that train was the undoing of Kirsty, and had she been the least superstitious wonderful things might have been predicted.

The Laird came up to the Manse to see the wedding of Kirsty, and, as was his right, he escorted her to the ballroom. At my suggestion, the bus of Pealty was sent for and duly arrived. All the people in the village seemed to be waiting at the door of the ball-room to see Kirsty in her glory. Now was the hour of her triumph over those spiteful tongues which had said cruel things about an "old woman wanting to be seventeen." Let it be put down to haste or carelessness; but Tam, as he emerged from the bus with the best maid, put his big foot on the train of Kirsty, who, like a young girl, gave a kind of leap from the last step of the bus. There was a tear and a shriek, and a burst of laughter. The poor train had given way at its tackings and fell to the ground. Kirsty marched on, sobbing with chagrin. Tam carefully put the train over his arm and carried it into the ballroom. Kirsty would not dry her tears until the train, much damaged, was sewn on to its legitimate place.

"My! Kirsty, it's no every peacock that can take off its tail and put it on so easy as you have done," said Tam, to smooth out the wrinkles on her brow. But it was only when the Laird at the supper, proposed the health and happiness of the newly married pair, and said true but kind things about Kirsty, that she forgot the sneering words of Mrs. Maclaren, who had seen the episode of the train.

The ballroom has seen many a festive scene, plain as it looks. Hogg has danced there with Lady Stuart. The Shirra has thrashed out knotty points in Border history with Crusty Christopher meanwhile. And the cup that cheers and inebriates could be found there judiciously mixed with water from the Wells, as it is to-night. A wedding without "yon" at it in those days was unheard of.

Was it the green dress of Kirsty that brought such disasters? Who will say? Let them dance another reel there until Hood, the hunchback fiddler, forgets to use his bow.

Kirsty and her man have gone with the bus to Pealty, and there they are to abide for some days. But let us hie back to the wedding. Hood has broken half the strings of his fiddle, but keeps remarkable time. I don't know that the dancers miss the music.

"Guid save us a', Hood's asleep," said Tammy Watts. "Wha says a walk tae the Curly?"

"Is yer legs steady enough, Tammy?"

"Ma heid's a' richt, ony way, if ma legs are no. Let's pit Hood on the shelf here and dust him a' ower wi' floor. Then we'll water him and hang him up to dry." And not one offered the least objection, and soon poor Hood was dusted, watered and shelved. The lights were put out and the door locked. Each went home after the walk, and as morning advanced Hood awoke.

"I'm in a ditch, it's certain, and gosh, what a mess. Are ye there, Willie? Gie's a hand out o' this dirt pot." But no voice responded. He gave one turn on the shelf and felt himself falling into space. "Lord, hae mercy on me; I'll no taste a drap again," he shouted out, as he crashed on the top of the big bass fiddle, and smashed it to pieces. The sound of the strings as they were severely struck evidently appeared to Hood like voices from another and not a better—world. He screamed and prayed, and, breaking the windows, he leapt into the street, to instantly become the laughing stock of the children.

"There's a braw kirk elder for ye. I wonder what Montgomer'll say on Sabbath when he hears o' this." And to the amazement of Montgomery, the kirk was full on Sabbath.

Discipline at the Auld Kirk is a terrible sight. But all the women were there to see it. Poor Hood sat in a back pew until afternoon sermon was over.

"I request the kirk officer bring up to me here Mr. Hood for discipline."

Meekly the little hunchback walked up to the pulpit, and Montgomery looked down upon him fiercely.

"It hath been reported to me ye hae disgraced yer name as an elder and our kirk thereby. I hae mind hoo we are a' liable to be overcome by the common enemy of our land. I hope there are nae mair marriages for a while. Ye can go back to your seat noo. Mind and drink less at aince for ever afterwards."

And Kirsty and Tam were only saved from being brought up for discipline by the fact that Ronald Dalwinnie, the new minister, arrived the next Sabbath.

WHITE WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS
Photographed by Charles Reid, Wishaw, Scottish Master of Animal Photography

A Civil Service Examination

BY JAMES KENNEDY
(For The Caledonian)

Civil Service examinations are variable in their effects, according to the temperament of the individuals examined. To some the experience is good for reducing a swelling of the head. To others a contraction of the heart supervenes. To those who take many trials, the fine lesson is learned that the things we know are small in number compared to the things that we do not know. To the average intellectual vision, many of the questions seem to have little or no bearing on the object aimed at, but the framers of the questions see with larger, other eyes, than ours. They know how to lay traps for the unwary. Marks are not set up to be missed, and one who can hit all kinds of objects will likely be a more accomplished marksman than one who aims only at familiar targets.

The State authorities concluded that it was high time to appoint a chief inspector of locomotives and a half-dozen assistants. Boilers were exploding and blowing people here and there, and an effort was to be made to have it stopped. Everybody complained except the undertakers, who never

complain of overwork. Jim Shaw was willing to be examined, but he hated to go alone. This was not the only thing that Shaw disliked. His ill-will extended to hard work, and visions of a blue uniform and brass buttons and a fountain pen seemed more to his liking than sweating in leaky furnaces and freezing in cold water tanks. Would we go with him? Certainly, we would go anywhere to encourage a compatriot in what seemed to be a good cause.

The crowded examination room was nearly filled with embryo bookkeepers, male and female, trained nurses and untrained—except in frocks and feathers; bespectacled statisticians, with job lots of clerks and apothecaries' assistants added. The boiler inspectors had a corner by themselves. All of the other contests were in full swing before the boiler makers were set to work. We had six hours to answer six sheets of questions. At the start, in spite of the clamor of questioning in spelling and dictating going on in the other sub-divisions, some of the embryo boiler inspectors could be heard sighing heavily, not so loud as the passionate exhaust of an overworked freight engine, but deeper and more tremulous. It was no laughing matter with such tasks as explaining in detail the kind of electric current that can be most successfully used by villainous workmen to deceive ignorant inspectors—how could you detect through the lower gauge-cock the height of water in the boiler when the water had fallen below the gauge cock, and there was a high pressure of steam in the boiler?—How far would you permit the use of tap bolts in closing a crack?

During these trying moments a loud-voiced examiner was calling out such words as "sibyl," "wooly," "idiosyncrasies," "emissivity" and "hexanitrodiphenylamine"! The last one had the shock of a lyddite shell, and coming coincidently with the rattling of cars outside, the hoarse calling of hawkers hawking their wares, the jangling of bells, a "jazz" band rending the vibrant air with brazen sharps and trebles mixed with an occasional crescendo in E flat, made a kind of pandeminoum differing from, but fully as clamorous as a gang of riveters working overtime on a belated boiler.

Some stole out quietly as if they had forgotten something. Some gathered up the pieces of paper on which they had been writing and rent them in fragments like a young author in the first spasms of incipient inspiration, and then walked out. Others caught the infection or defection. A cross-eyed candidate walked into the supply-closet, and two watchful deputies seized him and led him firmly but gently to the elevator. Then the chief examiner announced that half an hour would be allowed from labor to refreshment, but those who took advantage of this period would have the time deducted from the six hours. This took away the little appetite we had, and Shaw shook his head, intimating that his cup of troubles was too full to think of the cup custard. Many who went away evidently went a long distance. We have not seen them since.

Shaw stood it manfully until we had to make ink drawings of all the kinds of locomotive boilers in operation in the State of New York. In those days, almost every master mechanic, living or dead, had had designs of his own, some crowned with cupolas like Asiatic elephants, some bevel-backed like a Ford "flivver," some flat-topped like a milk wagon, some humped like a camel, some short and wide-throated as a howitzer, and others long and tapering as a big gun on the Hindenburg battle line. Some had fire-boxes with mysterious water tables that had been experimented with and patented in the eighteenth century, and brought to light and patented again by some pretentious ass in the nineteenth.

Shaw threw up the sponge. He was willing to pretend to inspect boilers, but he made no pretense of drawing pictures of them. When he quit, I fancied this was the last of him for the day, but I was mistaken. When the survivors emerged at the finish, there was a series of indignation meetings being held in the lower corridors and the outer stairs of the building. They were all blowing off together like safety valves in a crowded roundhouse. Shaw was among the loudest. Like David of old, who desired to know who would go up with him to Ramoth-Gilead, Shaw wanted to know who would go with him to lay their complaints before the Mayor. A volunteer party was organized. We followed at a safe distance, and in the gloomy corridors of the City Hall it was no difficult task to keep out of the range of vision of the aggrieved Shaw. The complainants

had lost some by desertion before they reached the august presence of a policeman, moulded in colossal calm, like the Sphinx, or rather like Hercules leaning upon his club, at the door of the Mayor's chamber.

"What is it?" said the Sphinx. Shaw was the chief spokesman. He was ably supported. The warder opened his mouth, and—"You folks"—he said—"Do you know what you should do? I'll tell ye! Listen to me! You should go upstairs to the Chamberlain's office. There's a big safe in the corridor there, and there's money in it. If you haven't got the combination, then go down Fulton street to the old ferry dock and jump in, and if you haven't the courage, then go and soak your heads, and if the water is too cold for ye, then go home, and then go to your work, and if you haven't got work, then go and look for it. Then go to the night school for about ten years and learn something, and don't come here. His Honor wouldn't speak to the like of ye. He's got something else to do. He's got to go and eat a dinner with the Ambassador from Siam, and he's seen the likes of you before, and he's sick of you. He's got nothing to do with the Civil Service Board. The Board was there before His Honor came here, and the Board will be there when he's gone. So, good day, and if you've got any memory at all, try and remember all I've told you." Relaxing into a cushioned chair, he took up the baseball edition of the Evening News and scanned the score in undisturbed solitude.

The delegation departed sadder but wiser. Shaw was a changed man. His garrulous familiarity forsook him, and to some extent he forsook me. I had not helped him as much as he expected. Like alms bestowed on a lusty beggar, there is rarely a sincere blessing bestowed on the giver. The beggar expected more. Probably the limited benefactor may get along in a limited way without the blessing, but when Shaw comes our way again, we will try to do more, because on this occasion he evidently over-estimated my ability, and I could not very well instruct him in things that had not yet been revealed to me.

Shortly afterward, the State Assembly adjourned without making any appropriation for the boiler inspecting proposition. The members had, or claimed to have had, more pressing needs for the money. Those who had passed the bill and promised the jobs to half a dozen aspirants for office were all left to meditate on the vanity of human life, and nurse their wrath to keep it warm for some future assault upon the battered and bruised bulwarks of the State Treasury.

Mountain Heather

BY EDMOND S. MEANY
(*University of Washington, Seattle, Washington*)

High on the mountain the heather bells grow,
High on the mountain where rivulets flow,
Up on the ridges where clean breezes blow,
High on the mountain the heather bells grow.

The marmot creeps,
The eaglet sleeps,
The linnet and junco nest and sing;
The mazama leaps
O'er dazzling steeps
Where heather bells sway and ring.

High on the mountains our brave spirits climb,
Up to the heights ahere the sun measures time,
Up where the stars and our hearts seem to rhyme,
High on the mountains our brave spirits climb.

The tired one sleeps,
When evening creeps,
And the planets their vespers sing;
The sun first peeps
In warm vale's deeps,
Then the heather bells sway and ring.

High on the mountains the heather bells grow,
High on the mountains where rivulets flow,
Up on the ridges where clean breezes blow,
High on the mountain the heather bells grow.

(On Mount Ranier, August, 1909.)

(Autographed 25th January, 1920, for my friend, William Chisholm, in memory of a gift of Scotch heather.)

The Story of the Gold Fever in the Golden State

PART III

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

(For The Caledonian)

Governor Mason's report to the Government at Washington and the reference in the President's message to the fact that gold had been discovered on the western slopes of the mountains in California had the effect of establishing the event as a real, substantial fact, and not the dream of enthusiasts, and as a result the tide of emigration set stronger and stronger every day towards California. Every old hulk of a ship that could be found in any port along the Atlantic coast, many of them having been long abandoned as unseaworthy, was overhauled, recaulked and repainted, and put in commission for the trip around the Horn; for steamship service had not yet been much developed, as the first steamship to cross the Atlantic or any other ocean had made her maiden voyage less than ten years before this time.

Every one of these old ships was refitted in the cheapest possible way, all of them were overcrowded with passengers, and none of them were stocked with enough food and water. The Rev. James Wood, who went with the *Alice Tarlton,* tells in his diary of encountering a storm when rounding the Horn, which drove the ship back across the Atlantic, within 800 miles of the coast of Africa; she was obliged to return 1,700 miles to Rio, where she laid up a month for repairs. This was not an uncommon experience. On every voyage passengers suffered from insufficient food, for never was sufficient food put on board, and seldom was it properly packed to withstand the climate of the tropics.

In January, 1849, sixty-one of these vessels, with an average capacity of fifty passengers, left Atlantic ports between Salem, Mass., and Norfolk, Va., and sixty were advertised to sail in February, seventy from Philadelphia and Boston, and eleven from New Bedford. Dealers in all sorts of ship supplies were kept busy night and day, so the *New York Tribune* reported; bakers kept their ovens going all the time turning out ship-bread, and were hardly able to supply the demand. Manufacturers of rubber goods, rifles, pistols, knives, shovels, picks and mining-pans, blankets, tents and coarse clothing all did a thriving business. Many devices for separating gold from sand and gravel were invented by persons who had no practical experience in such work, most of them proving to be of little or no value; still many were sold.

The first steamer to round Cape Horn for San Francisco was the *California.* She was built for the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., organized in 1848. She was a side-wheeler of about a thousand tons, and sailed from New York on October 6, without any passengers, and while she was still at sea the President's message had been delivered, and by the time she reached Panama, on January 30, 1849, the rush for the mines had begun, so that she found a great crowd of people awaiting her. These had rushed to Colon by sailing vessel and crossed the Isthmus as best they could, hoping to get passage on her to San Francisco. Many were doomed to disappointment; she had accommodations for about one hundred passengers, and on the way up the coast had picked up fifty, so that many in the crowd had to be left behind.

The crossing of the Isthmus at that time was a matter of greatest difficulty, as there were no means of transportation except of the most primitive kind, such as had been in use when the Spaniards carried the plunder of Peru from one ocean to the other, three hundred years before. There were no places where food, lodging or refreshment of any kind could be procured, except at the huts of the natives. A little later, hotels were hastily improvised, which were scarcely more comfortable. Mules, donkeys or horses were the only means of transportation, and many made the journey on foot; freight was carried on poles borne on the shoulders of peons. The fierce heat and the almost constant rains told severely on the health of many

and few escaped fever; and to make matters worse, the cholera appeared, from which a very large percentage died.

As time went on, conditions by this route became rapidly worse. The hovels of the natives, and the places misnamed hotels, that were only resting places, became vile, filthy and vermin-infested, and were rendered deadly by the seeds of disease which the sick left in them, and soon the very air became polluted by the refuse of numberless camps, the putrid exhalations from dead animals, and the many all-too-shallow graves.

When they arrived at Panama, the troubles of the travelers were by no means ended; they were not even lessened, there being no preparation for such an invasion. The number of sick increased; there was no hospital or any place in the town where they could be cared for; medicines were scarce, and food as well. Every ship that entered the harbor, no matter in what direction bound, was invaded by these people, who were seeking to get away from the horrors that surrounded them. These intolerable conditions on the Isthmus were finally relieved by the construction of the Panama Railroad, that was opened for business in 1855.

Those who made the trip across the plains usually began the long journey at Independence or Westport, Missouri, for at that time the Missouri River was considered the western boundary of all civilization, and as these gold-hunters launched out on the almost trackless prairies that lay west of that mighty stream. many considered themselves as entering a country of peculiar freedom, and it was often said that "law and morality never crossed the Missouri River."

Many parties came to this starting place by steamer via the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. There trains or companies, sometimes consisting of several hundred people, organized for the trip; this they did for mutual protection from the Indians. The usual outfit was a stout wagon with a cover of white canvas or sheeting that was oiled or painted, stretched over hickory or oak, the same prairie schooner that had brought thousands to the Middle West.

I have read many books that tell the stories of many parties who crossed, all of them filled with thrilling incidents of hardships and heroisms that are almost unbelievable. The book entitled *Death Valley in '49*, by William Lewis Manley, is perhaps the most striking, it being a story of personal experiences. I will quote several of the incidents as they were written by him. The book is a 12 mo. volume of 498 pages. I will make the abstract of these stories as brief as possible, consistent with a clear understanding of them, believing that many readers who are not familiar with the events of '49 will enjoy them.

At the age of twenty, W. L. Manley left his father's home on the frontiers of civilization, near Jackson, Michigan, that was then, in 1840, still a territory. He was starting in life for himself with seven dollars in his pocket. He and a companion together bought enough pine boards with which to build a boat, on which they paddled down Grand River to the place where the city of Grand Rapids now is. There they found a schooner, loaded with lumber, about to sail across the lake to Wisconsin, and for a dollar each they were permitted to cross on her. They were put ashore at Southport. At that time Wisconsin was practically a wild waste, but they tramped clear across it to Mineral Point, arriving there with blistered feet, Manley having thirty-five cents in his pocket. They found it hard to obtain employment, but finally did so, receiving the sum of thirteen dollars a month; a little later he went to work digging lead ore in the summer, and in the winter hunted fur-bearing animals.

In the spring of 1849 he caught the gold fever, and arranged to go to California with a man named Bennett, who with his wife and two children was about to go there. Through a misunderstanding as to the time of starting, the Bennetts started two weeks before Manley knew that they had gone. They had taken his outfit with them, thinking that he would overtake them. This he tried to do, but did not find them for many months after, when he accidentally met them at Salt Lake City. At Council Bluffs, he found himself with nothing but the clothes he wore, an extra shirt, a light gun, a small, light tent, a frying-pan, a tin cup, his mules, but no money. He had come to the conclusion to return to Michigan, when he met a man named Charles Dallas, from Iowa, who was preparing to join a train

of wagons bound for California. Dallas offered to feed Manley if he would drive one of his teams clear through; this he very reluctantly agreed to do.

The train was made up of a number of ox teams; the one Manley drove consisted of two oxen and two cows. After much hardship and many hair breadth escapes, they reached a point near the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake City, where they found a band of emigrants, camped among them being Manley's friends, the Bennetts, from whom he received his complete outfit just as he had left it with them months before in Wisconsin. He at once decided to join the Bennetts, and as Mr. Dallas had decided to stay at Salt Lake City until spring, he had no compunction in doing so. This other train consisted of one hundred and seven wagons, with about 500 horses and cattle. The company had a semblance of military organization, being made up of seven divisions, each having its own captain, whom they elected; one Captain Hunt was engaged to act as guide and commander (he called himself Dictator), acting under rules that had been framed by the whole body. These rules, it was understood, could be amended by a majority of the whole; each member was to pay Captain Hunt ten dollars for acting as their pilot. Hunt was a Mormon, and pretended to know the best routes to California. It was planned that they should move with military precision, division number one taking the lead the first day, division number two the second day, and so on in regular routine.

The route chosen was a new one for a wagon train, though there was a trail over which the Mormons traveled to their settlement or colony at San Bernardino, located about sixty miles east of Los Angeles.

A few days after starting, they met with another party of emigrants, spoken of in the histories as the Smith party, its leader's name being Smith. Captain Smith had a map procured at Salt Lake City, from an engineer named Williams, that showed a route still different from the one Hunt was taking; this map pretended to show every place on the route where grass and water could be found. Hunt had no map, and many of his party who had lost confidence in him, were inclined to go with the Smith party. There was much discussion on the subject, and finally, when they reached the place where the two trails diverged, many of the Hunt party joined Smith's, among them the Bennetts, and, of course, Manley. About three days after the breaking up of the Hunt party, the Smith train discovered that they had made a mistake. They came to a place beyond which it seemed the wagons could not go. Many in the train then turned back to go by the Hunt trail, so that the Smith party was reduced to twenty-seven wagons, among them the Bennetts.

Parties that had been sent out to find a pass shortly returned, reporting that they had found one, so on the twenty-seven wagons went. Soon they found a broad, well-defined trail that became known as the Jay-Hawker' trail; at this point it ran over rolling hills covered with Juniper trees, and through grassy valleys, with plenty of water, and all went very well. It was now November.

They plodded on, ever westward, but day after day getting farther away from game that was now the only source of food for themselves, and from water and grass so necessary for their animals as well as themselves. The party to which the Bennetts clung had been reduced to seven wagons, for dissensions due to difference of opinion had sprung up, so that a large number had broken away. Each day their supply of food diminished, so that at last they had to kill one of their steers to keep them supplied with food.

Manley spent all his time on scouting expeditions, searching for water and game, climbing to high points on the hills to spy out the land and decide what route should be taken, using a field glass owned by one of the party. Out on one of these expeditions, far ahead of the party, he came upon a dead ox that had fallen by the way. With his knife he cut into one of its hams and found that, on account of the dryness and purity of the atmosphere, the meat was fresh and sweet, though probably dead for many days. He was glad to eat it raw as he walked along.

All around, as far as the eye could reach, was dry desolation, not a spear of grass, not a drop nor sign of water anywhere. Night came on; he crept under a projecting rock to try to sleep, being afraid to make a fire, for he had seen signs of Indians, whom he feared. When he awoke

it was Christmas day. They were now in what a little later came to be known as Death Valley, because so many of those who entered it never came out.

One day their eyes were gladdened by the sight of water. It was far ahead of them, but it gleamed in the sunlight and cheered them on. But alas! it proved to be salt water. Soon they reached a condition where it decided that all the provisions of civilized life should be pooled, and served only to the women and children and that, as occasion required, an ox should be killed, the meat dried and served to the men; every scrap of the ox, the hide and horns excepted, was used for food, every drop of blood was a precious to them as the grains of gold they were in search of. Four of the teamsters now decided to take their share of the provisions, together with their blankets and guns, leave the party and push on to try to save themselves.

The party crawled along, the oxen hardly able to stand, having had no food or water for many days, and as far as Manley could see, there was no prospect of any being found. A solemn council was held, at which it was agreed that they could only live till the last of their cattle had been eaten up. It was then agreed that they should turn back to the place where they had last found a spring of water and grass, and that there the party should camp, while two of the youngest men, taking some of the food, should push on till they found a settlement where they could get help and food, and return as fast as possible; they hoped that in ten days they might be able to return with the needed relief.

The next morning the oxen were hitched up and started back to the spring. Shortly after they had started, one of them became so feeble that he lay down and never rose again, and when they were within two miles of the spring, another one could travel no further, and also lay down. Arriving at the spring, they carried water back to him, so that he recovered and came on to the spring.

Manley and a man named Rodgers, from Tennessee, were selected, and agreed to undertake the hazardous journey. Preparations were at once made for their departure; the weakest of the oxen was slaughtered, and the meat dried; the women made rawhide moccasins and knapsacks, and packed as much of the dried meat as could be comfortably carried. Manley and Rodgers started off with the expressed hopes and blessings of each member of the party.

Manley writes: "I wore no coat or vest, but took half a light blanket, while Rodgers wore a thin summer coat, and took no blanket; we each had a small tin cup and a small camp kettle that held a quart. Bennett had me take his seven-shooter rifle, and Rodgers had a good double-barreled shotgun; we each had a sheath-knife, and our hats were small-brimmed affairs, fitting close to the head, and not very conspicuous to the enemy, as we might rise up from behind a hill, or a hiding-place, into view. We tried on our packs and fitted the straps a little, so that they would carry easy, and started off."

The party they left in camp consisted of thirteen adults and six children; there was very little civilized food, the oxen that might be killed when necessary being their chief reliance.

Manley and Rodgers took a course due west as nearly as the mountains would permit. Days passed, but they found no water. A big snow-capped mountain in the distance lured them on, and not till they came within its influence did they find relief. In order not to miss a possible chance of finding water, they separated, agreeing on a general course each would take, and that if either found water he should fire his gun as a signal. In a little while Rodgers fired his gun, and going to him, Manley saw that he had found a little ice about as thick as window glass; eagerly they put some of it into their mouths and gathered all they could. It just filled their quart kettle; this they melted, and thus saved their lives. They had become so thirsty that their mouths and tongues became so dry that they could not chew their dried beef; the saliva would not flow. On they went again; in a few days they found a well developed trail leading toward the west. This they followed and came up with a party written of in the histories as the jay-hawkers. They were camped at some water holes where they had killed an ox and were drying the meat.

From them they received some fresh

(Continued on page 144)

Our Scottish Heritage

BY GILBERT RAE

In the spring o' the year when KNOWHEID
had feenished sawin',
An' HAIRTRE HOWMS had taen on their auld
walth o' green,
When the draiglin' mist, wi' the wund frae
MOSSFENNAN blawin',
Was lifted clean frae the muirland bent
atween.
I steppit oot—eh, man! ower the hale warld
bonnie.
Oor Scotland's Queen.

'Twas the souter's crack, an' I think I can
hear him speakin',
His shakin' haun high up to drive bauld
words hame,
"Oor dear auld land hes a smeek at its skep-
mooth reekin',
A wheen silly cuifs are thrang thievin' at the
same;
Sune Scotland's walth will be like the bees'
doon-pittin',
A herried kame."

I gaed panderin' on by HILLEND and BA'WAIS-
TIE plantin',
Wi' the whuns in bud, an' whun linties a' in
tune.
Frae the ROMAN KNOWE I cried lood "Oh,
my God, what's wantin'?"
An' wi' tear-filled een sat me doon as I lookit
roon.
Hills crooned wi' peace, an' the streekit hill-
burns singin',
On a' looked doon.

A' a's the same, ay HAIRTRE hills in their
glory
Saw the Fleemin's gang wi' their spears oot
through BIGGAR MUIR.
In the crook o' yon howe they'll hae heard
the auld gospel story,
Wi' a herd on CARDON to watch for the
CLAVERS there.
It uplifts my hairt to see the auld glen this
mornin',
Sae fair, sae fair.

But I'm cravin to ken if the folk in the dear
glen yonder,
Are as staunch an' true to the things o' the
hairt an' soul.
Is the souter richt in the things that he likes
to ponder?
Or growin' auld, is the auld man growin'
droll?
Man, man, the chenge in the Scotsmen roond
aboot him,
Is sair to thole.

The hills are the same, but we've lost it, I
doot for ever,
The auld sweet tongue in the whilk oor Scots
mithers sang.
Wad we dee for God as they dee'd on the
muirland heather?
Is oor birthricht gaun in that hell o' a Sun-
day's thrang?
The souter threeps that the gowpin' pulse o'
Scots conscience,
Hes lost its stang.

Lang syne it was kenned that a Scot was
graun' at the daein'.
Dour, dour in the richt, blaw wunds frae the
east or west.
It isnae mine, but a sough frae an auld Scots
sayin'—
"It's a hairtless bird that files its ain couthie
nest."
If saved we'd be on stoops that oor faithers
lippened,
Let Scotland rest.

I can see CARDON wi' the licht o' the mornin'
roond it,
I can hear the soond o' the dear Tweed far
away.
By Clyde an' Tweed see the auld toon
stauns surroondit,
Wi' St. Mary's Kirk on the briest o' the
preachin' brae.
Hame, hame, dear hame, wi' the hale o' my
hairt I loo ye,
Baith nicht an' day.

Jean

BY LUCY ELEANOR JOHNSTON
(For The Caledonian)

Jean might be called a servant if "servant" means one who serves others. She chases dust, cooks, scrubs floors, and washes dishes; and Jean's dish-washing is an art, and the dishes have a right to be proud of their polish. In fact, everything shines around Jean. The corners allow inspection, while the rooms themselves invite you to live in, use and enjoy their friendly atmosphere and restful comfort.

Jean holds full sway during each day while the lady of the home teaches forty or more spirited boys something of the beauty of this life, as well as the three R's. If the lady of the home were less gracious,, I would like to try and woo Jean for myself, but with her charm and loving heart she is just the one to have a Jean. I fairly angle for an invitation to visit Jean's mistress and never fail to accept when fortune turns my way.

After we arrived and I have talked of the weather and sundry topics, while other guests are philosophizing and talking together, I manage to slip quietly away and wander towards Jean's special domain. Such tempting odors.

And yet the kitchen looks innocent of any work having been done, and Jean, matching the room, smiles a welcome as I climb up on the high white stool by the sink and ask, "Well, Jean, who's ahead now?" "I dinna ken," says Jean, "but I weight six stone ten," and, looking at me kindly—or is it pity I see in her face?—she adds, "You are such a wee one!"

If my visit is in the fall of the year, after a summer of peaceful rest and quiet in the Maine woods, I can laugh and say, "A wee one, am I? Well, who are you to talk of one of my size? I have you beaten by a good five pounds!" "It canna be!" says Jean.

But if the invitation is for a spring chicken dinner and after a strenuous winter of work and play on my part, then Jean's "You're such a wee one!" quite downs my spirits, and I have to humbly confess that she is right, much larger than I by three or four pounds at least.

Jean varies less than I. She is more stable and follows the injunction be moderate in all things. She is like the soothing, easy-running brook as it glides through meadow and wood, welcomed everywhere, and needed to make the rivers and seas possible, while I am more like the sea, calm at times, but oftener tempestuous. But the sea tires one with its endless onslaught upon the sands as if to wash them all away. Give me Jean!—and the quiet brooks with their cheery songs and lingering pools. So Jean and I discuss the weighty subject of our weight, and always I look to Jean "such a wee one!"

There are so many large people in the world, I think when we "wee ones" meet another of our feet and pounds, we love to gloat over the find—they look so small to us, and we feel so large.

But Jean is more than a servant; she is her lady's maid, if by "maid" we mean one who cares for the lady herself and her personal belongings. Jean does all that. "Where did you put your boots this morning?" I've heard Jean ask frowningly. And the lady tells how she has to hide them, or Jean would never rest from work a minute in all the day, and how she has to hustle into bed unless she wants to allow Jean to brush her hair at night.

But our dinner is ready, and I leave my seat of honor, and, making some inaudible excuse for my long absence, I take my place among the guests. Such a dinner! Everything equalling the delicious odors in taste. But to-night we are not allowed to linger over our courses. We are all going to a meeting, and Jean is going, too, because Jean is a companion as well as maid in this home. "It's cauld the nicht," says Jean as we are preparing to leave. "Have you your warm stockings on I gave you to wear, and are you warmly clad?" Laughingly the lady assures her she challenges Jack Frost himself. But Jean must see for herself that all is right, and that extra jacket and overshoes are on. I tried to smile upon the little scene, but the longing within me for a bit of Jean's care must have peeped out. "You'd be a sight warmer with your collar up—so," says Jean, and as she turns my collar up and adds a kindly pat, she murmurs, "You *are* so wee!" She might have turned my collar lower, and I would never have felt a single icy blast because Jean's kindly smile and thoughtful care have warmed my heart for that night.

And so off we go. I tuck my arm in Jean's, saying, "Ill take good care of little Jean!" She gives a funny chuckle and says, "I just canna believe you can weigh what you say!" And so I explain to Jean that, being only the wife of a most respectable minister, and not, as I should be, a respectable minister's wife, perhaps I do stretch my end a pound or two.

Servant, maid, companion—this trinity is Jean, but also, best of all, she's just a bit of Bonnie Scotland.

New York City.

Sir Philip Gibbs as a Sinn-Fein Propagandist

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET
(For The Caledonian)

When my last article on "The Sinn-Fein Circus" appeared in the December number of THE CALEDONIAN, I thought I had said enough on the Irish question. But I offer no apology to my readers for again taking up my pen to write on that question, which seems to be "irrepressible." I feel justified in doing so after reading in *Harper's Magazine*, March number, an article by Sir Philip Gibbs, entitled *"Anarchy in Ireland from the Point of View of the Average Englishman."* The article necessarily carries great weight and commands universal attention, because of the prominence and popularity of the writer, who was justly acclaimed even by his brethren of the "fourth estate" as the best of all the war correspondents at the front during the Great War. No one enjoyed more than I did his graphic letters as they appeared, almost daily, in *The New York Times* from the beginning to the end of the war. No one can regret more than I do the publication of his article in *Harper's Magazine*.

Were I an American-Irish Sinn-Feiner, I should most gratefully welcome that article as the finest and ablest specimen of pro-Irish and anti-English propaganda which has been printed in this country. No doubt Sir Philip had no desire nor intention to act as a Sinn-Fein propagandist, for he is naturally not inclined that way. And he wishes his hearers to understand that he is expressing the opinions of a candid and fair-minded man. If the British Government reads the article, it may well quote the proverb, "Heaven save me from a candid friend," for he blames the British Government and not the Sinn-Fein for the reign of terror which has filled Ireland with murders, assassinations, arson, and lawlessness. Referring to the countless dead who in the war had "fought for the ideals of liberty," he says,, "I should be betraying the dead and all their faith, if now I tried to defend a reign of terror in Ireland which the united body of Irish Catholic bishops have described in words which cannot be put on one side, in view of other evidence I have." And he quotes from the bishops their denunciation of the doings of the "Black-and-Tans," which they said were not "hasty reprisals," but "indiscriminate vengeance deliberately wreaked," for which "not the men but their masters are chiefly to blame."

We had thought that the reign of terror had been begun by the Sinn-Fein, and that the Royal Irish Constabulary and even the Black-and-Tans had been employed to put an end to it.

Sir Philip has a poor opinion of the officials in Dublin Castle, "men who did not understand the Irish temperament and were not courteous to Irish sensibilities . . . . the avowed enemies of her national aspirations, hostile to her faith, and hard and brutal in their minds and manners." This must be delightful reading for Judge Cohalan, Bourke Cockran, Mr. Walsh and Senator LaFollette and Congressman Mason.

While emphatic in his condemnation of the "reprisals" of the Black-and-Tans, Sir Philip has hardly a word to say against the Sinn-Fein provocations. He vainly expected, also, to find that Lloyd-George would denounce the reprisals in his Carnarron speech, but he "found only admission and defence."

He has nothing kindly to say about Sir Edward Carson or Ulster, but mentions "the truculence and narrow spirit of the Ulster men," and tells us what he once saw in Belfast riots, "when (he says) the Catholic minority were stoned and beaten with extreme brutality."

From the general tone of the article in *Harper's*, one might suppose that Sir Philip Gibbs held a brief for the Sinn-Fein. His silence on several matters would suggest it. *Suppressio veri* may be as hurtful and misleading as *expressio falsi*. Professing to address the American people from the point of view of the

"average Englishman," he makes not the slightest allusion to American-Irish Sinn-Fein. Not one word does he utter about de Valera's ten million dollar collection. He makes no mention of the recent "drive" for funds to feed "the starving women and children in Ireland"—a mere hollow pretense. He avoids saying anything about the officious and insulting intermeddling with British affairs by our Senators and Congressmen. Above all, he is profoundly silent on the question of religion. According to him, the "average Englishman" must think that the religious question is not involved in the Irish question. The "average Englishman" is not so stupid. He knows, as well as the Irishman knows, that the fountain and origin of the whole matter are to be found in the religious differences and animosities existing between the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the Protestants of Ulster; found also in the ineradicable opposition of Irish Catholics to what they regard as the heretic government of Great Britain.

At the close of my last article I said: "If the British Royal family were to go over to Rome, thus acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope, who could doubt that the Irish question would be instantly settled? The Sinn-Fein organization would disband; *Te Deum* would be sung in every Irish Catholic cathedral, church and chapel; Irishmen everywhere—even here in America—would with one heart and voice sing 'God Save the King,' and King George would find in the Catholics of Ireland his most ardent adherents and most faithful subjects."

This consummation is impossible; but sure am I that if the Sinn-Fein were condemned and denounced from the pulpit of every Roman Catholic priest in Ireland, the reign of terror would speedily come to an end; and Sir Philip Gibbs would find he was mistaken in closing his article with the hopeless words, "The future is as black as night."

In this brief article I do not profess to discuss the Irish question. I have already discussed it as thoroughly as I could in my several articles in THE CALEDONIAN. And if I am to judge by letters received from "average Englishmen" and Scotsmen in this and in the mother country, it is pleasant to me to believe that in the opinions I expressed in those former articles I represented the "point of view of the average Englishman" more correctly than Sir Philip Gibbs has done in his untimely and unfortunate article in *Harper's*.

Grimshawes, N. C.

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond

We come now to one of the most classic districts in all broad Scotland. This lovely land of lake and mountain is indeed an ideal haunt for the wayfarer in quest of the beautiful and the picturesque. It is a restful valley whose attractions are of a kind that can hardly be culled in haste, for few scenes are more enchanting. Leisurely is the gentle flow of its waters, and the movements of the cattle in the bordering fields. And to enjoy to the full this pleasant retreat of peace and quietude, one must enter into its mood of quiescence and linger long to gaze upon its various features of loveliness and grandeur. Beautiful in the smile of noon, more beautiful when the silent mists of morning are stealing over the mountain slopes, Loch Lomond is most beautiful of all 'mid the twilight of evening and the last flickering rays of the setting sun. Nor is it possible to stir many yards in this entrancing neighborhood without finding some new and exquisite variety of foreground far surpassing the last. Scenery and associations alike awaken memories at every turn, for over and above the beauty of its landscape, Loch Lomond is rich in legendary lore and literary and artistic reminiscences. Almost every hamlet has some connection with a departed genius of whom it is still proud. And in the track of those who followed in the paths of literature, and who have at one time or another wandered by the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," we visit scenes redolent of interest and ever-young romance. Rambling about as chance dictates, regardless of passing time, we meander by pleasant sylvan byways, old-world hostelries, and sombre

solitudes of bracken and moorland, rich in their traditions of the litterateur.

A Literary Vale

Let us begin at the Vale of Leven, the gateway to the beautiful valleyland of this far-famed region. Aggressively modern as it now be, it still keeps in its heart many treasured recollections, which linger forever amongst us. Strolling haphazardly on the long, grey roads and familiar pathways, it is pleasant to dwell on the memories which crowd around, whispering of the placid days long since passed away. Then was the period when the wimpling stream passing over its pebbly bed. When its waters flowed 'mid velvety lawns and bosky woods, and the poet mused upon its banks. Just such a memory leads us to the sweetly environed Cordale, that restful retreat immortalized by Captain Hamilton in his novel of *Cyril Thornton.* Within this ancient mansion, the celebrated Sir William Hamilton wrote his well known treatise on metaphysics. Here, too, Mr. James Stirling prepared for the press his interesting *Letters from the Slave States.* At a later date, Mr. John Matheson, a Glasgow gentleman, brought further lustre to the old place by completing within its walls his delightful and instructive book, *From England to Delhi.*

Early Travelers

Throughout the district literary fragrance abounds, and from its close proximity to the famous Loch, some few miles distant, this historic valley has been the resort of many distinguished visitors. The English traveler, Camden and the complimentary Pennant each graced the neighborhood with their presence during their respective journeyings in Scotland; and hither came the observing and painstaking Newte in the summer of 1785. Nor must we forget the visit of the Wordsworths and the poet Coleridge on their noted peregrination north in 1803. Having expected "a grand river from so grand a lake," it is not surprising that the fair Dorothy was disappointed with the "Water of Leven." She is somewhat wide of the mark, however, in her assertion that "Ben Lomond is not seen standing in such majestic company as Helvellyn, and the meadows are less beautiful than Ullswater." Miss Wordsworth further records that "the vale is populous, but looks as if it were not inhabited by cultivators of the earth; the houses are chiefly of stone; often in rows by the river side."

Tobias Smollett

These associations apart, the Vale is charmingly connected with one of the sweetest and most lovable names in the realm of Scottish letters. Tobias Smollett, the gifted poet-novelist, rambled a happy boy in this vicinity. The golden light of lang-syne reveals few more favorable songsters than he "who celebrates his native stream with the elegant simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd," and the memory of this gentle figure, who first saw the light in the old time house of Dalquhurn, lends an added charm to the surrounding countryside. We like to think of Smollett as he lived, and to clothe lovingly with cherished thoughts and tender fancies, those memories of the past, which recall to the mind the satirist poet and historian. We love to picture to ourselves this genial genius honored and esteemed by the brightest constellations in English literature. Of his humorous works, Sir Walter Scott has declared that, despite his coarseness, "perhaps no books ever written have excited such peals of inextinguishable laughter," while his great friend and fellow student in Glasgow, Dr. "Jupiter" Carlyle, spoke of him as being greatly in advance of Henry Fielding "in the true comic vein." The rare magic of his muse has enshrined for all time the valley of his birth in the very spirit of poesy. His beautiful *Ode of Leven Water* is a sparkling effusion of sweet pastoral lines, rich in his love for the river of his boyhood, and full of reminiscences which we cannot willingly let die. It is a soft and tender remembrance of the halcyon days of yore:

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs were wont to lave,
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbling o'er its bed,
With white round polished pebbles spread,
While lightly poised the scaly brood,
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze, thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessing they enjoy to guard.

Thanks to the poet's cousin, Smollett of Bonhill, a monument overlooks the place of his birth. Raised in 1774, it contains an inscription in Latin, the loving composition of Dr. Samuel Johnson, John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, and Professor George Stuart of Edinburgh.

Loch Lomond's Bonnie Banks

The ancient highway from Balloch to Luss next attracts our attention. Along this fairy-haunted road we are in the veriest home of the beautiful. Exquisitely lovely are Loch Lomond's bonnie banks hereabouts, richly festooned in their summer garb of fragrant flowers, nodding foxgloves and woodland sweetness. Fresh charms loom before our enraptured vision with each passing moment, and from the margin of the lake we look out upon a vista of glistening water, hills and solitary glens. It is a picture glorious and unrivaled, "a scene for poet's song or painter's eye." A soothing stillness permeates the atmosphere, the only sound being the soft, liquid music of the murmuring brooks, blending in gentle harmony with the far-off note of a bird, and the quiet ripple of the waves as they kiss the classic shore. Southward to Rossdhu House is Fruin Water and the historic glen, to whose doleful memory Sir Walter Scott has left the majesty of his verse.

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glenfruin,
And Bannachra's groans to our slogan replied,
Glen Luss and Rossdhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side
Widow and Saxon maid long shall lament our raid.
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-Glen quake when they hear again.
Roderigh Vich Alpine, dhu ho ieroe.

At some little distance lies the slumberous little hamlet of Luss, with its memories of the Wordsworths and the poet, Samuel Rogers.

Luss

Quaint, picturesque, and singularly

enchanting, Luss is possessed of a wealth of association. It is a fair retreat, a bewitching alcove peeping from its seclusion of leafy trees through which the thin blue smoke rises in quiet curling wreaths from the cozy homes of the villagers. All around, the country is strikingly beautiful, and it would be difficult to find a more earthly paradise for the wanderer, or a haunt of peace more calculated to call forth the poetic faculty. Through the delicate screen of foliage we obtain a pleasant glimpse of the "mere cluster" of cottages which comprise the clachan, while near by is the spot where once stood that "auld biggin', wi' broon theckit riggin'," in which Duncan MacNicol, the local bard, made his entree into the world in 1851. In close proximity stands the little church yard, that sweet sylvan enclosure of which Rogers sings—

When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, grey with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well-known to me!
Tho' many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved Sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

Nor can we linger by this haven of idyllic loveliness without paying our devoir at the old-fashioned hostelry. The tavern of Luss was the "nice looking white house by the roadside" in which Dorothy Wordsworth with her brother, William, and Coleridge put up during their visit to the village. They were delighted to find such "pleasant quarters" and in her *Memorials,* under date August 24th, the gifted Englishwoman writes:

"The house was clean for a Scotch inn, and the view very pleasant to the lake. We chose one of the back rooms to sit in, being more snug, and they looked upon a very sweet prospect—a stream tumbling down a cleft or glen on the hillside, rocky coppice ground, a rural lane, such as we have from house to house at Grasmere, and a few out-houses. We had a poor dinner, and sour ale; but as long as the people were civil, we were contented."

Unfortunately, the landlady did not prove herself too hospitable a host, for, according to Dorothy, she was "the most cruel and hateful-looking woman I ever saw." Her daughter—"a smart lass in a cotton gown"—was of a more congenial temperament. In a talk with Coleridge, she informed that distinguished personage with some pride that she had not spent all her time at Luss, but was then fresh from Glasgow. On leaving the village, it is pleasing to learn that the party were in cheerful mood, and had a "pleasant journey" to Tarbet.

Tarbet

It does not appear that the poet and his companions enjoyed Tarbet very much. During their sojourn in this sweet hollow of sleepy contentment, matters were most unsatisfactory. The people at the inn stared at them when they spoke; there was nothing but salt meat and eggs for dinner, and the whole house "smelt strongly of herrings." Happily, the surrounding landscape afforded great pleasure. "We could have believed ourselves to be by the side of Ullswater at Glenridden," remarks Miss Wordsworth, "or in some other of the inhabited retirements of that lake. We were in a sheltered place among mountains; it was not an open, joyous bay with a cheerful, populous village like Luss; but a pastoral and retired spot with a few single dwellings." So much for Dorothy and her friends. Other memories cluster round this quiet little hamlet, which can boast of a myriad of recollections. Tarbet, indeed, has long been a favored rendezvous of the poetic brotherhood, and many are the sons of the muse who have lingered in silent homage 'mid its romantic scenery. To its sweet environment came Alexander Smith, the author of *Dreamthorp* and other essays, on more than one occasion. Samuel Rogers was a visitor to the neighborhood in 1812, and sings of its beauties in his touching and well known ode to the Highlands of Scotland. Yet another poetical gentleman to find this charming retreat was Mr. Thomas Russell, an Englishman. Newte, in his *Tour in Scotland,* informs us that Russell put up at the Tarbet inn in 1771, and during his stay there penned the following lines on a pane of glass—

Stranger, if o'er this pane of glass perchance
Thy roving eye sh'd cast a casual glance,
If taste for grandeur and the dread sublime
Prompt thee Ben Lomond's fearful height to climb;
Here gaze attentive, nor with scorn refuse
The friendly rhyming of a tavern muse.

A Romantic Spot

Of the many literary haunts by Loch Lomondside, perhaps no spot is more intimately known, or more loved for its

beauty and associations than Inversnaid. Here we are in a region of wild nature and old romance; a veritable land of mountain and flood. Natural beauty is everywhere. Spreading trees of singular loveliness wave and droop their leafy canopies. Woodland paths thread their way through verdant and silent glades where the air is fresh and resonant with the gentle mummur of running streams. All around is the "cool dark of the dewy leaves." Inversnaid is, indeed, a pleace of "beauty and a joy forever," and it is noteworthy to recall that its beauties struck Sir Walter Scott "with admiration." To this sweet little place among the hills the Wizard of the North gave everlasting fame, for here it was—where the ferryboat of to-day lands its passengers—that the famous farewell parting of Rob Roy and the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie took place. Scott's picture of the stalwart Highlander, grasping his basket hilt with one hand, and shaking the "Saut Market" magistrate's partly with other, all the while protesting—

> That if ever anybody should affront his kinsman, and he would but let him ken, he would stow his lugs out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow—

is without doubt one of the most genuinely pleasing incidents portrayed by the famous novelist. It is pleasant also to connect Inversnaid with Wordsworth. At the little ferry-house, here, he met the Highland girl whose charms inspired his imagination to the composition of that beautiful lay:

> Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
> Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
> Twice seven consenting years have shed
> Their utmost bounty on thy head;
> And those grey rocks, that household lawn;
> Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
> This fall of water that doth make
> A murmur near the silent lake;
> This little bay, a quiet road,
> That holds in shelter thy abode;
> In truth unfolding thus you seem
> Like something fashioned in a dream,
> Such forms as from their covert peep
> When earthly cares are laid asleep!
> Yet, dream, or vision as thou art,
> I bless thee with a human heart;
> God shield thee to thy latest years;
> I neither know thee nor thy peers,
> And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

Dorothy tells us that her "beautiful figure and face come to my mind whenever I think of the ferry-house and waterfall, and I never think of the two girls but the whole image of that romantic spot is before me a living image, as it will be to my dying day." And as we wander leisurely through the backwater of solitude, we feel that Wordsworth helps Inversnaid to inspire in the mind those "elevated thoughts" which belong so fittingly to the environs of a poet.

"Lone Inch and Caileoch"

As we turn to the last scene of all, "Lone Inch-Caileoch," we pass enroute to the hospitable hostelry of Rowardennan, whither came Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the eminent artist, art critic and poet, in 1855. Mr. Hamerton climbed to the top of Ben Lomond, and in his well known work, *The Isles of Loch Awe and Other Poems of My Youth*, he gives an interesting, if not too glowing account of the view from the summit. Some five miles from Rowardennan and embosomed in leafy foliage is the old world place of Stuckgown, noted as a favorite residence of the celebrated Lord Jeffrey of *Edinburgh Review* fame, in summer days long past. For simple loveliness and rural peace, there are few spots that can surpass Inch-Caileoch. We love this sequestered byway of retreat rich in its sylvan attractions and literary lore. The burial place of the Macgregors, it is enshrined for all time in the pages of Scott's romantic novel, *Rob Roy*. Readers of that entertaining book will remember that the poet novelist makes the gallant outlaw in prison swear by the halidome of him that sleeps beneath the grey stone at Inch-Caileoch, and if they be possessed of imagination, they may very well linger undisturbed for hours 'mid the quietude of the grass-grown and forgotten kirk-yard, brooding over the scene so vividly described. Scott adds further lustre to the island in the *Lady of the Lake*—

> The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
> Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
> Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave;
> And answering Lomond's breezes deep,
> Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.

And drifting across the loch to the bonnie, bonnie banks, surrounded everywhere by pent-up associations of days long since passed away, accompanied by the images of Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Smollett, Samuel Rogers, Alexander Smith, and the fair and charming Dorothy, we take leave of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," and bid farewell to sweet Loch-Lomondside.—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

The 607th Anniversary of Scottish Freedom

The Battle of Bannockburn—June 24, 1314

THE FIRST STRAIK O' THE FECHT

"The night before the battle, while riding alone before his lines, Bruce was attacked by the English knight De Bohun. King Robert, with wonderful horsemanship, swung his pony round just in time to avoid the lance's deadly point. Then as his assailant thundered past, the Bruce stood up in his stirrups and, with a mighty blow of his battle-axe, cleft Bohun through the helmet. Among the rank and file the feat was regarded as a favorable omen."—*Medal cast of the 600th Anniversary of the Battle.*

Clan MacAlastair and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Common Heath (*Fraoch gorm*).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Tartan are: Alexander (also MacDonell of Glengarry), MacAlaster, MacAlester, MacAlister, MacAllaster, MacAllister.

The Arms of the Clan is: Gold, a red eagle displayed, beaked and legged black, surmounted by a black galley, all within a black bordure charged with three silver cross crosslets fitchy.

Crest: In a right hand a dirk erect proper.

Motto: Above the shield, *Fortiter;* below the shield, *Ber mare per terras.*

While several of the Highland clans, like the MacGregors and MacQuaries, could, by reason of their descent from the Scots King Alpin, support their dignity with the proud boast, "Royal is my race," there were others to whom it was open to make an almost equal claim by reason of their descent from the ancient princes and lords of the Isles. Among those who could in this way claim to be of the blood of the mighty Somerled were, first of all, the MacDonalds and MacDougalls, and, deriving from them, were lesser clans like the MacIans of Glencoe and the MacAlastairs of southern Argyllshire.

The MacAlastairs trace their descent, in the famous MS. of 1450, from the great-grandson of Somerled, Angus Mor MacDonald, Lord of the Isles in the latter part of the thirteenth century. Angus Mor had

two sons, Alexander, or Alastair, and Angus Og, and it is from the former of these that the MacAlastairs take their patronymic. Alexander of the Isles added considerably to his power and territories by marriage with one of the daughters of Ewen de Ergadia, otherwise John of Argyll. This connection, however, brought him into serious trouble, for his relation by marriage, Alexander of Argyll, married the third daughter of John, the Red Comyn, slain by Bruce in the church of the Minorites at Dumfries. In consequence of that event, Alexander of Argyll and his son, John of Lorn, became Bruce's most bitter enemies. They were naturally supported by Alexander or Alastair of the Isles. Accordingly, after Bruce had finally defeated John of Lorn at the Bridge of Awe and captured Alexander of Argyll in the stronghold of Dunstaffnage, he turned his attention to crushing Alexander of the Isles. For this purpose he had his galley drawn, like that of Magnus Barefoot before him, across the isthmus at Tarbet, and besieged the island lord in Castle Sweyn, his usual residence. Alexander was forced to surrender, and was forthwith imprisoned in Dundonald Castle in Ayrshire, where he died. At the same time his possessions and lordship of the Isles were forfeited and given to his younger brother, Angus Og, whose support had been of so much value to the Bruce, and who figures as the hero of Sir Walter Scott's famous poem.

From their descent as legitimate heirs male of the forfeited Alexander of the Isles, the MacAlastairs may claim to be the actual representatives of the mighty Somerled.

The principal seat of the MacAlastair chiefs in early times was at Ard Phadriuc on the south side of Loch Tarbet. The nearest cadet of the house, MacAlastair of Tarbet, was Constable of Tarbet Castle, the stronghold built by Robert the Bruce himself, after subduing Alexander of the Isles, and among other positions of honor and power, the Stewardship of Kintyre was held by Charles MacAlastair in the year 1481.

After the forfeiture, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, of the later line of Lords of the Isles, which inherited the turbulent blood of King Robert II, from a daughter of that king, the MacAlastairs attached themselves for a time to the powerful tribe of the MacDonalds known as Mac Ian Mhor, whose founder, John the Great had flourished in the year 1400. They soon, however, attained the dignity of an independent clan. By this time the seat of the chiefs was at Loup in the Cowal district of Loch Fyne, and in 1587, when King James VI passed the Act known as the "General Band," or bond, making the Highland chiefs responsible to the Crown for the good behaviour of their clansmen and the people on their lands, "the Laird of Loup" appears in the list as one of those made accountable. This laird, Alastair MacAlastair, died while his son, Godfrey, or Gorrie MacAlastair was still a minor.

The great house of Argyll was then rising to the height of its power, and doing its best by every sort of means to increase its territories and the number of its vassals. It was probably as a result of one of its schemes that in 1605, all the chiefs of the Isles and West Highlands were ordered to appear at Kilkerran, now known as Campbeltown, in Kintyre, exhibit the titles to their lands, renew allegiance to the Crown, and give securities for their loyal behaviour. Lord Scone, Comptroller of Scotland, was appointed Commissioner on the occasion. To enforce compliance, all the fencible men of the western counties and burghs were ordered to assemble in arms at the appointed place, and all boats were to be put into possession of Lord Scone. In case of non-attendance, the Highland chiefs were to be treated as rebels and subjected to forfeiture and military execution.

It can easily be seen how an order of this kind could be turned to account by the House of Campbell. There are traditions still extant in Campbeltown of a similar requisition being made at a later day by the mother or wife of one of the Dukes of Argyll, who professed to be of an antiquarian taste which she wished to satisfy by a perusal of the titles of the Kintyre lairds. Unwilling to disoblige so great a dame, the lairds brought her their family papers. In due course, by an "accident," these papers were lost or destroyed, and as a result, the lairds had to get new titles, from the Duke, in which he duly appeared as granter and feudal superior, while they, of course, appeared as holding their lands of him as his vassals. Only one family, it

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A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIM BLACK

(Continued from January Caledonian)

She offered Sheila an open letter. The girl saw that it was in her husband's handwriting; but she shrank from it as though she were violating the secrets of the grave.

"Oh, no," she said, "I cannot do that."

"Mrs. Lavender, ma'am, meant you to read it. She told me so.

"Read the letter, Sheila," said her father.

The girl took it and carried it to the window. While she was there, old Mackenzie, who had the curiosity natural to a man of the world, said to Mrs. Paterson, not loud enough for Sheila to overhear,—

"I suppose, then, the poor old lady has left her property to her nephew?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Mrs. Paterson, somewhat sadly, for she fancied she was the bearer of bad news. "She had a will drawn out only a short time ago, and nearly everything is left to Mr. Ingram."

"To Mr. Ingram?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Paterson, "I was one of the witnesses. But Mrs. Lavender changed her mind, and was very anxious that everything should go to your daughter, if it could be done, and Mr. Appleyard, sir, was to come here to-morrow morning."

Sheila came back from the window. She had taken a long time to read and ponder over that letter; though it was not a lengthy one. This was what Frank Lavender had written to his aunt: "My dear Aunt Lavender,—I suppose when you read this you will think I am in a bad temper because of what you said to me. It is not so. But I am leaving London; and I wish to hand over to you before I go the charge of my house, and to ask you to take possession of everything in it that does not belong to Sheila. These things are yours, as you know; and I have to thank you very much for the loan of them. I have to thank you for the far too liberal allowance you have made me for many years back. Will you think I have gone mad if I ask you to stop that now? The fact is, I am going to have a try at earning something, for the fun of the thing; and, to make the experiment satisfactory, I start to-morrow morning for a district in the West Highlands. You have been very good to me, Aunt Lavender; I wish I had made a better use of your kindness. So good by just now, and if ever I come back to London again I shall call on you and thank you in person.

"I am, your affectionate nephew,

"FRANK LAVENDER."

So far the letter was almost businesslike. But at the end of the letter there was a brief postscript, apparently written at the last moment, the words of which were these:—

"Be kind to Sheila. Be as kind to her as I have been cruel to her. In going away from her I feel as though I were exiled by man and forsaken by God."

"I think you may read it too, papa," she said; for she was anxious that her father should know that Lavender had voluntarily surrendered this money before he was deprived of it.

"It will take a great deal of responsibility from me, sir," Mrs. Paterson said to Mackenzie, "if you will tell me what is to be done. Mrs. Lavender had no relatives in London except her nephew."

"Oh, yes," said Mackenzie, waking up; "oh, yes; we will see what is to be done. There will be the boat wanted for the funeral—"

He recalled himself with an impatient gesture.

"Bless me," he said, "what wass I saying? You must ask some one else—you must ask Mr. Ingram. Hef you not sent for Mr. Ingram?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I have sent to him; and he will most likely come in the afternoon."

"Then there are the executors mentioned in the will—that wass something you should know about; and they will tell you what to do. As for me, it is ferry little I will know about such things."

"Perhaps your daughter, sir," suggested Mrs. Paterson, "would tell me what she thinks should be done with the rooms."

"Oh, my daughter?" said Mr. Mackenzie, as if struck by a new idea, but determined all the same that Sheila should not have this new responsibility thrust on her. "My daughter?—well, you wass saying, mem, that my daughter would help you? Oh, yes, but she is a ferry young thing. And you hef a great experience, mem, and whatever you do, that will be right; do not have any fear of that. And I will come round when you want me; but my daughter, she is a ferry young thing, and she would be of no use to you whatever. And when Mr. Ingram comes you will send him round to the place where my daughter is, for we will want to see him if he hass the time to come."

It was not until the evening that Ingram called. He had been greatly surprised to hear from Mrs. Paterson that Mr. Mackenzie had been there, along with his daughter; and he now expected to find the old King of Borva in a towering passion. He found him, on the contrary, as bland and as pleased as decency would admit in view of the tragedy that had occurred in the morning; and, indeed, as Mackenzie had never seen Mrs. Lavender, there was less reason why he should wear the outward semblance of grief. Sheila's father asked her to go out of the room for a

little while; and when she and Mairi had gone, he said cheerfully,—

"Well, Mr. Ingram, and it is a rich man you are at last."

"Mrs. Paterson said she had told you," Ingram said, with a shrug. "You never expected to find me rich, did you?"

"Never," said Mackenzie, frankly. "But it is a ferry good thing—oh yes, it is a ferry good thing—to hef money and be independent of people. And you will make a good use of it, I know."

"You don't seem disposed, sir, to regret that Lavender has been robbed of what should have belonged to him?"

"Oh, not at all," said Mackenzie, gravely and cautiously, for he did not want his plans to be displayed prematurely. "But I hef no quarrel with him; so you will not think I am glad to hef the money taken away for that.

"Oh, but you know, Mr. Mackenzie, you are congratulating me without cause. I must tell you how the matter stands. The money does not belong to me at all—Mrs. Lavender never intended it should. It was meant to go to Sheila—"

"Oh, I know, I know," said Mr. Mackenzie, with a wave of his hand. "I wass hearing all that from the woman at the house. But how will you know what Mrs. Lavender intended? You hef only that woman's story of it.

"But look here, sir," he said in a tone of expostulation, "you make a mistake. I myself knew Mrs. Lavender's intentions. I don't go by any story of Mrs. Paterson's. Mrs. Lavender made over the money to me with express injunctions to place it at the disposal of Sheila whenever I should see fit. Oh, there's no misunderstanding about it, so you need not protest, sir. But the simple truth is, this money is not mine at all. It was never intended to be mine. It belongs to Sheila."

Ingram talked in a very matter-of-fact way; the old man feared what he said was true.

"Oh, my daughter is ferry well off whatever—she does not want any one's money. But you will think it over, Mr. Ingram," said Mackenzie quietly; "you will think it over and be in no hurry. It is not every man that hass a lot of money given to him. And it is no wrong to my Sheila at all; for she will hef quite plenty; and she would be ferry sorry to take the money away from you, that is sure enough. And you will not be hasty, Mr. Ingram; but be cautious and reasonable; and you will see the money will do you far more good than it would do to my Sheila."

Ingram began to think that a millstone had been tied round his neck.

Chapter XXIII

Let us now shift the scene of this narrative to Tarbert. When you pass from the broad and blue waters of Loch Fyne into the narrow and rocky channel leading to Tarbert harbor, you find before you an almost circular bay. There is an abundance of fishing-craft about, lying in careless and picturesque groups, with their brown hulls and spars sending a ruddy reflection down on the lapping water, which is green under the shadow of each boat. Along the shore stand the tall poles on which the fishermen dry their nets; and above these, on the summit of a steep crag, rise the ruins of an old castle, with the daylight shining through the empty windows. In one of the fishing-smacks that lie almost underneath the shadow of the tall crag on which the castle ruins stand, an artist has put up a rough-and-ready easel, and is apparently busy at work painting a group of boats just beyond. Possibly the old man who is smoking in the stern of one of the boats has been placed there on purpose. A boy seated on some nets occasionally casts an anxious glance towards the painter, as if to inquire when his penance will be over.

A small open boat comes slowly in from the mouth of the harbor, and is gently run alongside the smack in which the man is painting. A fresh-colored young fellow, with plenty of curly brown hair, who has dressed himself as a yachtsman, calls out,—

"Lavender, do you know the *White Rose*, a schooner yacht, about eighty tons, I should think?"

"Yes," Lavender answers, without turning round or taking his eyes off the canvas.

"Whose is she?"

"Lord Newstead's."

"Well, either he or his skipper hailed me just now and wanted to know whether you were here. I said you were. Then he asked me if I was going into the harbor. I said I was. So he gave me a message for you; that they would hang about outside for half an hour, if you would go out to them, and take a run up to Ardrishaig."

"I can't, Johnny."

"I'd take you out, you know."

"I don't want to go."

"But look here, Lavender," said the younger man, seizing hold of Lavender's boat, and causing the easel to shake dangerously; "he asked me to luncheon, too."

"Why don't you go, then?" was the only reply, uttered rather absently.

"I can't go without you."

"Well, I don't mean to go."

The younger man looked vexed for a moment, and then said, in a tone of expostulation,—

"You know it is very absurd of you going on like this, Lavender. No fellow can paint decently if he gets out of bed in the middle of the night and waits for daylight to rush up to his easel. Do you think you will paint the whole place off the face of the earth, now that the other fellows have gone?"

"I can't be bothered talking to you, Johnny. You'll make me throw something at you. Go away."

"I'll go out and tell Lord Newstead that

(Continued on page 128)

Our Glasgow Letter

Mr. John Tweed, the well known Scottish sculptor, and pupil of the great Rodin, has been commissioned to execute a statute of Kitchener, for St. James's Park, London. He is at present engaged on a statue of the late Joseph Chamberlain, for the House of Commons. The work of this artist was greatly admired by the late Cecil Rhodes, to whose memory one of his best works is now erected at Bulawayo.

The jute trade section of Dundee is rather in the dumps just now over the coal strike, as there was every prospect of a decided speeding up in this trade before the strike started, and now it looks as though they intend to stay out indefinitely. During the past few weeks a number of large contracts have been placed within the city, some of them being of such magnitude that the mills concerned will have to be put on full time. The workers, we are told, are grousing at the long drawn out negotiations over the coal trade dispute, which is preventing them getting to work, but we are rather afraid the miners are among the stickers when it comes to a strike, and cannot see further than their own noses.

It has been agreed by the Board of Trade that the houses erected by the Western District Committee of Stirlingshire, at Milton, should be let at £22. for three apartment houses, and £27. for four apartment houses, with a proviso that in the event of comparable houses in the village having their rents increased at Martinmas, the rents of these new houses should also be increased. We must admit these rents seem very moderate in comparison to the inflated rents of the average house these days, and in this direction there is great room for improvement, even making allowances for the claims of the property holder, who has certainly had his grievances.

We are very pleased to notice that a Pipers' School has been opened at Bunessan, Mull. This is one good effect of the war, a revived interest in our national instrument. The school is being run by Malcolm McPherson, late of the Scots Guards, and the instruction is given free of charge, and we learn that to date the numbers desiring to join the school are even great than was expected.

It is nearly two hundred years since there was last a Pipers' School in Mull. It was known as the McArthur College, and was conducted at Ulvo. The McArthurs of Mull were originally trained by the famous McCrimmons of Skye, and their excellent pibrochs are to-day considered by piping experts to be among the best pipe compositions. We hope the new school continues to get the support it so well deserves.

A fine male specimen of the wild cat was captured the other day on the borders of the Inverwick Forest, in Inverness-shire, by Mr. James Grant, of Raeden. This is the second of these now rare animals to be caught in the Highlands recently. The wild cat, when fully grown, is quite a magnificent beast, measuring three feet, six inches to three feet, nine inches from tip to tip. It is its enormous size that principally distinguishes it from the domestic "tabby" we all know so well, although there are less noticeable differences in breadth of head, etc.

Aberdeen has had an important Musical Festival, one of the most ambitious and successful of the kind ever held in the Granite City. There were over 1,000 performers, of both sexes and all ages, and the talent was much above the average.

We are glad to notice that the larger towns of Scotland have been taking a lead in the past few years in things musical, and that a surprising amount of real talent has been discovered. There is talk of an opera house for Glasgow, but whether the idea will take serious root is still conjecture. However, we are confident that in this progressive second city of the Empire, there is room for such a venture, and the ground has been well prepared. In pre-war days we had a repertory company that was a credit to the city, but so far it has not been reorganized, although we believe it would receive more suport now than then.

A rather good story is told of Sir Robert Horne, who is a Scotsman and owes his present position to his own personal efforts and ability. Mr. Frank Hodges once remarked to him "Your class is done for, the workers are going to rule now." "My class," retorted the then Minister of Labor, "I was born in a cottage and have earned my own living ever since!"

The people of his native Slamannan can testify to the truth of Sir Robert's statement, but apparently he found time for other occupations than work at times. When he first contested Stirlingshire he was introduced by a rather verbose chairman, who labored the fact that the candidate was no stranger to the district. "Aye, man" arose an impatient voice, "we ken the red-heided wee devil fine."

A notable Aberdonian has just died in the person of John MacDonnell, K. V. B., chairman of the Committee of Enquiry into Breaches of the Laws of War, investigating Hun crimes. He was born in 1846, and was admitted to the English Bar in 1873. The year of his graduation at Aberdeen University, 1865, is still talked of as the most famous year. John MacDonnell, Robertson Smith and William Minto, were the three rivals, and they all became almost equally

famous men in after years. Sir John MacDonnell survived the other two by nearly thirty years.

Mr. William McMillan, the clever Aberdeen sculptor, was complimented recently by no less a personage than the Prince of Wales, whose opinion on art is well worth having. The Prince visited his studio in company with a well known Chelsea portrait painter, to whom he is giving sittings. The Prince showed great interest in the war memorial designs (Mr. McMillan being the winner in the War and Victory Medal designs competition) and purchased two bronze statuettes of soldiers. To give credit where credit is due we applaud the Prince's kind heartedness in connection with soldiers of all grades. He at all times shows them deference, and goes out of his way to secure privileges for them whenever he gets the chance.

One of the plums of the teaching profession, the Headmastership of Boroughmuir Higher Grade School, Edinburgh, has fallen into the lap of Mr. Donald MacLean, in recognition of his merits both as a teacher and scholar. He is a native of Lewis, and was educated at Nicolson's Institute, Stornoway, and at Aberdeen University. His previous appointments were—English Master of Fordyce Academy, Banffshire, assistant to the professor of English in Aberdeen University, and in 1904 he was appointed Principal English Master of Boroughmuir Higher Grade School, and has acted for the past two years as Deputy Headmaster. He served all during the war.

Sir John Burnet, son of a Glasgow architect, has just been elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and we Glaswegians feel rather proud of the distinction conferred upon him. Outside of our own country his ability has long been recognized, but contrary to the saying that "A prophet has no honor in his own country" we may say that in our own city he counts among his works the Glasgow Athenaeum and the Barony Parish Church.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Current Events

Domestic

The total population of continental United States is 105,710,620. Final figures place the total population of the outlying possessions of the United States at 12,148,738, which brings the population of the entire country and its possesions to 117,859,358.

A library of 2,000 volumes on American history, literature and institutions has been given to the University of Strasburg by the Carnegie Peace Foundation. This gift is a duplicate of that presented to the University of Paris last December.

A. Barton Hepburn, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank of New York, has returned from his trip to the Far East.

Philadelphia has adopted an ordinance providing for daylight saving time, beginning June 5th, and ending the last Sunday in September.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Chapman Swearingen, pastor of the House of Hope of St. Paul, Minn., was elected Moderator of the 133d General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which met in Winona Lake, Indiana, May 19. The Southern Presbyterian Church opened its 61st General Assembly on the same date in St. Louis. And on May 25th the 63rd Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church of North America convened in Philadelphia.

More than 5,000 pipes and drums will be heard in the massed pipe band feature of the Fourth of July parade now being organized in connection with the Independence Day celebration in Seattle under auspices of Rainier Noble Post, No. 1, of the American Legion. The Fourth of July committee is making this an international contest, and it will attract pipe bands from every important American as well as Canadian city. Ultimately this contest is to be made an annual affair to attract pipe bands from the cities of Scotland, as well as of the United States and Canada.

Alexander C. Soper, of New York and Lakewood, opened the subscription list in the campaign to raise an endowment fund of $700,000 for Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., with a pledge of $100,000. Mr. Soper is a trustee of Hamilton and a member of the Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York.

According to the recent census more than 6,000,000 families in the United States own their own homes, a larger per centage than any country in the world. About 15,000,000 occupy rented homes, but the number is decreasing continually.

Scotland won from America by a score of 3—2 in the first game of the international soccer series, May 22, being played under the auspices of the New York Footballers Protective Association at Todd Field, Brooklyn.

The United States Bureau of Education is assisting the movement for wider knowledge in the problems of foreign trade by conducting a course of reading on that subject under the auspices of its Home Education Division. A guide to the course, comprising a bibliography of 29 titles on foreign trade and suggestions to students for its use, has been prepared by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, chairman of the Committee of Fifteen on Educational Preparation for Foreign Service. This guide has been issued as reading course No. 17 by the Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, from which it may be obtained on request.

The new *Cameronia* of the Anchor Line, Captain James Blaikie, arrived in New York, May 22, carrying 1,615 passengers on her maiden trip. Her tonnage is 16,000, and she is one of five similar vessels being built for the service between New York and Glasgow. All are of the oil-burning type and splendid examples of post-war naval architecture.

It is proposed to name a 7,000 foot peak in Ranier National Park for Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior, who died May 18. Secretary Lane was born in Prince Edward Island, July 16, 1864, the son of a physician, who moved with his family to California when the son was three years old.

Rear Admiral Sims received an enthusiastic welcome throughout Great Britain on his recent visit to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws from Cambridge University, May 31. The Prince of Wales and Marshal Foch were recipients of degrees at the same time.

A copy of the First Edition of Burns' Poems, Kilmarnock, 1786, recently sold in Edinburgh for £505. The book had a further interest from the fact that it was formerly in the possession of Mrs. Dunlop, celebrated by the poet as the one to whom, by her patronage, he owed the most. Thirty-three pages of poems and copies of original verses by Burns in her hand-writing are added to the book at the end.

Canadian

Great interest is being manifested in the oil discoveries in the MacKenzie River Basin. Hundreds of people are waiting for the opening up of navigation on the MacKenzie River in order that they may transport machinery and supplies to the territory. The oil basin extends over a vast area, and there does not appear to be any question about the discovery of oil in paying quantities where wells have been drilled. The great difficulty is the question of transporting the oil to market or to refineries, as at present there is no railroad into the territory, and the water route is not open for navigation except during a few months in the short summer season. The extension of the railroad or the construction of a pipe line would be essential. Even were an attempt made to ship the oil out by the MacKenzie River, this would prove a very circuitous route.

Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, organizer of the Canadian Suffrage Association and widely known as a writer and lecturer, died in Toronto, May 23. In recent years she had been seeking to perpetuate the memory of Walt Whitman through the Whitman fellowship for Canada, which she founded.

Two Gloucester fishermen landed at Gabarns, Cape Breton, May 21, after having rowed 120 miles in an open dory from Quereau Bank, where they were separated from their schooner by a fog.

The average cost of farm labor in Canada, which in 1920 was between $80 and $90 per month, is now between $40 and $50.

Lady Tilley, widow of Sir S. L. Tilley, former Finance Minister of Canada, died in St. John, New Brunswick, May 25. Lady Tilley was a leader in Canadian social welfare movements. Her late husband served as Premier and Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

British

Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, ex-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, has become a member of the Board of the British Dyestuffs Corporation (Limited), of which Sir Henry Birchenough is chairman, and Dr. H. Levinstein, of Manchester, and Sir J. Turner are joint managing directors.

Lord Alistair St. Clair Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, who died recently in South Africa from malaria contracted while on a big-game expedition in Rhodesia, was born in 1890. A Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, he was formerly attached to the Lovat Scouts. He served in the Great War, was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Military Cross. In 1918 he married Miss Elizabeth Helen Gardener, daughter of Mr. Warren Gardener, New York. He was heir-presumptive of the Duke of Sutherland.

The excess of births over deaths in Scotland the past year, 68,356, establishes a record. Births registered in Scotland during the year numbered 136,535, which is 30,267 more than those of the previous year, and 22,599 more than the mean of those of the preceding ten years. The minimum number of births registered in Scotland in any year, with the exception of 1855, was 97,441; it occurred in 1917, and compared with it the number for 1920 is 39,094, or 40.1 per cent. more. Marriages registered numbered 46,839, which is the maximum number of marriages registered in Scotland in any one year, the previous maximum being that of 1919.

It is satisfactory to learn that the appeal for the replacing of the marble tablet on the Flora Macdonald monument, Kilmuir, Skye, has been generously responded to. More money than was aimed at has been secured, and the Committee propose with the balance to have a railing placed round the grave of the heroine.

As a memorial to the late Earl of Seafield, who fell in the war, the Dowager-Countess of Seafield is providing a maternity ward for the cottage hospital at Grantown-on-Spey.

Michael Llewellyn Davies, twenty years old, the adopted son of Sir James M. Barrie, was drowned in the Thames near Oxford, May 19. His elder brother George (the original of "Peter Pan") was killed in action in France in March, 1915.

A large amount of peat has been burned by householders in Glasgow during the past few weeks owing to the shortage of coal caused by the great coal strike.

MacLeod of MacLeod, though nearly eighty-two years old, is in fairly good health, and is expected before long to return to his ancestral seat, Dunvegan Castle, in the island of Skye. He has spent the winter mainly at his villa at Horsham, in Sussex.

The announcement that Pipe-Major William Ross, late 2nd Scots Guards, has been appointed Pipe-Major of the Lovat Scouts, will be especially good news for those of the Scouts who are pipers. Besides being in the first rank as a teacher and player, he is a Gaelic-speaking native of the Scouts' recruiting area. It is intended that the Pipe-Major shall make an annual visit to South Uist and Benbecula in early April to get together the members of the Scouts' pipe band, which it is hoped will be recruited almost entirely from these two islands.

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, has appointed Lieutenant-Colonel John Macrae-Gilstrap of Eilean Donan, Rossshire, and Ballimore, Argyll, to be his A.D.C. at Holyrood. Colonel Macrae-Gilstrap is Deputy Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyrood House, the Hereditary Keeper being the Duke of Hamilton.

Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty from 1909-1912, died in Swaffham, Norfolk, England, May 25, in his 80th year. He became a Captain of the Royal Navy in 1880, and was made Admiral of the Fleet in 1907.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Rev. G. W. Mackay, president, and Mr. Neil Shaw, secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach, are at present on a tour of Gaelic propaganda in Mid-Argyll, and are meeting with gratifying success. Meetings were held at Easdale, Kilninver, Kilmilford, Craignish, Kilmartin, Lochgilphead, Ardrishaig, and Tayvallish. Where branches existed prior to the outbreak of war these have been re-established, and in other centres new branches have been formed.

The tour extends to Campbeltown, embracing Kilberry, Tarbert, Whitehouse, Clachan, and Killean. This practically completes the visitation of the mainland districts from Thurso southwards, and a visit to the islands is contemplated in the near future.

The headquarters of the World Zionist Organization in Europe has received a declaration from the British Colonial Office to the effect that the British Government desires it clearly understood that its consent to accepting the mandate for Palestine with the view to establishing a Jewish national homeland has not been, and will not be, shaken by the violence of certain elements in Palestine. The Government, the declaration says, is determined to maintain order in the country and to develop all its natural resources for the benefit of the entire population.

A Princess of Thule

(Continued from page 124)

you are a cantankerous brute. I suppose he'll have the decency to offer me luncheon.

When he had quite gone, Lavender, who had scarcely raised his eyes from his work, suddenly laid down his palette and brushes—he almost dropped them, indeed—and quickly put up both his hands to his head, pressing them on the side of his temples. The old fisherman in the boat beyond noticed this strange movement, and forthwith caught a rope, hauled the boat across the stretch of water, and then came scrambling over bowsprit, lowered sails, and nets, to where Lavender had just sat down.

"Wass there anything the matter, sir?" he said, with much evidence of concern.

"My head is a little bad, Donald," Lavender answered. "I wish you would pull into the shore and get me some whiskey."

"Oh ay," said the old man, hastily scrambling into the little black boat lying beside the smack; "and it is no wonder to me this will come to you, sir, for I hef never seen any of the chentlemen so long at the pentin as you—from the morning till the night—and it is no wonder to me this will come to you.

The old fisherman was not long in getting ashore, and running up to the cottage in which Lavender lived, and getting a bottle of whiskey and a glass. Then he got down to the quay again, and was surprised that he could nowhere see Mr. Lavender on board the smack. Perhaps he had lain down on the nets in the bottom of the boat.

When Donald got out to the smack he found the young man lying insensible, his face white, and his teeth clinched. With something of a cry, the old fisherman jumped into the boat, knelt down, and proceeded in a rough-and-ready fashion to force some whiskey into Lavender's mouth.

"Oh ay, oh yes, it is a grand thing, the whushkey," he muttered to himself; "oh yes, sir, you must hef some more—it is no matter if you will choke—it is very goot whushkey, and will do you no harm whatever; and, oh yes, sir, that is ferry well, and you are all right again, and you will sit quite quiet now, and you will hef a little more whushkey."

(To be Continued)

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Harris Tweed

I am sure we can all appreciate at this season of the year the following sentiment expressed in *vers libre* in a London contemporary:

I hate men who wear Harris tweed.
They blow into my room and fill my soul with unrest.
The air is laden with the rich, fragrant reek of peat-smoke:
The chimney-stacks dissolve;
I see
A long grey coast stretching to the grey Atlantic.
They babble to me of boring things.
They say,
"Have you heard this one about——," or
"They tell me Utopia Ordinaries are——."
They weary my soul.
And all the time
I am drinking in the salt gale and listening to the crash of surf and the crying of birds.
With the scent of peat-smoke in my nostrils.
Confound men who wear Harris tweed in London!
I hate them.

The Boston Letter

SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY

The quarterly meeting held in Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple, Thursday, April 28th, was well attended, doubtless because of the announcement that the society would be honored by the presence of the president, officers and a large delegation of the Women's Auxiliary Board. Twelve new members were introduced by President Stuart W. Millar. Since the last quarterly meeting the society has suffered the loss of four of its members, viz.: James Watt, James G. Scorgie, William Nairn and Thomas Johnson.

At the close of the regular business, President Millar introduced Miss Agnes Thompson, president of the Women's Auxiliary Board, who addressed the members on matters pertaining to the work of the society. Ex-President Louis Ross generally favored the society with his presence and three of his Scottish concert group. Their performance was greatly enjoyed, and much appreciated by the audience. Refreshments were served by the ladies and a delightful evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

CHURCH SERVICE

The members of the Scots' Charitable Society and Woman's Auxiliary Board, and the members of the Highland Dress Association and the Ladies' Auxiliary, were invited to attend Divine Service at the Church of the Advent, Brimmer street, Boston, Sunday, May 1st, at 7:30 p. m. Dr. William H. Van Allen, the rector of the Church of the Advent, is an honorary member of both the Scots' Charitable Society and the Highland Dress Association. Dr. Van Allen is very proud of the Scotch blood inherited on his grandmother's side, and delivered a special sermon for the occasion, on Scottish Character. Dr. Van Allen is a cultured and interesting speaker. The address was attentively listened to by a congregation that filled the sacred edifice.

PILGRIMS' TERCENTENARY

The Order of the Scottish Clans in and around Boston, has moved to participate in the ceremonies to be observed at Plymouth, Mass., this summer, commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. To the end that this participation may be worth of the citizens of Scottish birth residing in New England, invitations have been sent to the various Scottish societies to be represented by delegates on the Committee of Arrangements. It is to be hoped that Scottish societies will manifest the greatest interest in this project, and give it their heartiest support.

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS

Undoubtedly one of the livest bodies in the City of Boston is the Highland Dress Association of Massachusetts. The very latest about its members is word that they are promoting a Scottish picnic and games on a huge scale for the Fourth of July at Caledonian Grove, West Roxbury, Boston. They most certainly have chosen the one day of the year on which to draw a big crowd, and their executive is making arrangements to handle 25,000 people. The features and competitors include open handicap races, dancing, piping, Highland costume and all the

usual sports of Highland games with a special attraction of a five a side football competition. Quite a notable and spectacular feature will be the Open Pipe and Drum Band competition. Invitations have been sent to pipe and drum bands throughout the United States and Canada, and this novel event will be well worth witnessing.

Some very handsome prizes are to be awarded in each event, and for those the association is indebted to Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, an honorary member of the association. President Thomas Merritt is the live wire behind this picnic, and the public of Boston and vicinity know that whatever he tackles is bound to be a success. Clansmen are invited to participate in all the events, and a large gathering of of Scottish people at Caledonian Grove on July 4th, is confidently expected.

W. Lawson Reid, M. A.
71 Simpson Avenue,
W. Somerville, Mass.

Obituary

JOHN N. JORDAN

The Scots' Charitable Society has suffered a severe loss in the death of its treasurer, John N. Jordan, which took place on May 16th. He served the old society as treasurer for many years, being elected to that office year after year without opposition.

John N. Jordan was a man of fine character and engaging personality. The simple and unaffected dignity of the man impressed all who came in contact with him. He was a man of few words, but possessed that rare quality found in few men, of an expressive silence. He was a graduate of Queen's College, Belfast, and was connected with the Houghton & Dutton Company of Boston. He was a member of the Massachusetts Bar and was for many years connected with the Malden water board. He was also a member of the official board of the First Methodist Church, and president of its men's club.

Among Oor Ain Folk in Detroit and Nearby

The month of April has been mostly set aside for smokers and house gatherings among the Scots. One event, however, was the means of compelling newspaper critics and writers of Detroit to lauding Scotland's prince of tenors, Joseph Hislop, who was heard in Orchestra Hall, April 21st by a very poor house in numbers but very rich in applause. We have heard nearly all of Scotia's singers who have entertained Detroit Scots for the last thirty years. Detroit *Evening News* says: "It has been quite a few years since Detroit has been favored with such an artist." His best Scotch numbers were: "Blaw a' ye Western Winds, Blaw Saft," "Mary of Argyle," and "The MacGregor's Gathering." "Five Hundred Dollars in the hole," says Sandy Watson, treasurer of St. Andrew's. "Ay, man," says John Smith, "but its been a guid advertisement for Auld Scotia. Next time when he comes to Detroit we'll have to turn folk away."

The concert was under the auspices of Detroit St. Andrew's Society and Clan Campbell. Mr. Hislop looked very young and rather slight, but had a personality about him that soon warmed the hearts of his audience. His Grand Opera numbers, Italian, etc., drew just as hearty encores as his English and Scotch. Oscar Nicastro, cellist; and Alberto Sciaretti were just as heartily encored. The Scottish Choral Society, J. Cameron McLean, director, opened the concert with two Scottish songs that were beautifully sung and heartily applauded. One good excuse for the small audience—"Its been a hard winter this on the bawbees."

The beautiful pedestal of granite awaits the coming of the Burns Statue that is now on the way and we ought to be celebrating its unveiling about the end of June.

The Border Cities Pipe Band of Windsor, Ontario, organized by Pipe-Major John Copland, one of the heroic Canadians who fought on Flanders' Field, invited a' the pipers o' Detroit, three bands, to a wee bit jollification, in Windsor, April the 28th, at their hall, and kindly invited the scribe. Their president, Mr. Robert Thomson, opened the meeting with an appeal for a hundred pipers all in one band instead of sixty scattered kilts in four bands. Alexander Barron spoke on originality in the pipes. The Ford Quartette sang some fine numbers. The Windsor Canadian regiments of Highlanders, under the command of Colonel MacGregor, were shown on moving pictures, as they left for France. Many individuals and even groups were shown waving their farewell, who never returned, but fell for Britain's glory and the safety of civilization.

They had a clever ventriloquist, a Mr. Weber of Detroit. Mr. Rankin, veteran tenor of Detroit, 82 years old, sang as good as ever. Other speakers and entertainers were Mr. Timken and Mr. Adams of Clan Campbell; Mr. J. M. Inverarity of the International Pipe Band, whose ambition has been to have all the bands welded together in one grand band o' pipers, sat very happy looking. Refreshments were served in abundance; the midnight ferry to Detroit taking hame a well satisfied group o' kilties.

In the open meeting of April held by St. Andrew's Society, the Rev. Dr. Sykes gave a splendid address on the character and genius of Robert Burns. Clan Campbell of Detroit, and St. Andrew's Society of Windsor were the guests. Judge Smith, of Windsor and other prominent Canadians were present. Songs and stories filled up a delightful program. St. Andrew's of Windsor promises a return meeting soon.

James P. Broomfield.
6744 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Mich.

Colonel Scott in St. Louis

SEATED—*Left to right*: Mr. James MacCash, Father of the O. S. C., and Royal Tanist Walter Scott.

STANDING—*Left to right*: Past Royal Chief John Hill, Mrs. Isabella Graham, Chief Daughter Lady Haig Lodge, D. O. S., daughter of Mr. MacCash; Mr. N. Walter Macintyre of Clan Campbell, No. 1, and Mr. James D. Grant, Ex-Chief Caledonian Club and member of Clan Douglas, No. 3.

For the first time in many years, Royal Tanist Walter Scott of New York, visited St. Louis recently and put in one of the busiest weeks in his busy career. Mr. Scott had been making a tour of the cities in which Butler Brothers have houses.

Arriving from Dallas, Texas, on Sunday, April 1, he began the week by a tour of the western parts of the city, in Past Royal Chief John Hill's car. After viewing the beauties of Forest Park, he was taken for a visit which has been his desire for many years,

to see the venerable founder of the Order, James MacCash.

It was a remarkable combination, at this late date, the visitors representing the oldest Clans in the Order, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Royal Tanist and Past Royal Chief Walter Scott started his brilliant career as a Clansman in Clan McKenzie, No. 2. Past Royal Chief John Hill is an active worker in Clan Douglas No. 3, and N. Walter Macintyre carries the burdens of Clan Campbell, No. 1, as Financial Secretary.

It was the first meeting between Mr. Scott and Mr. MacCash, and their talk was deeply interesting; Mr. MacCash, now in his 87th year, recalling many incidents in the early days, when the machinery did not work so smoothly as now, and quite a number of matters which were very alarming then, were items of humor now, and well told by Mr. MacCash. Also, incidents of Clan legislation, inside movements to gain advantage, and matters which never reached publicity, but which he and Mr. Scott both recalled vividly and with hearty laughter. Time is the great smoother of rough places.

On Monday evening, Mr. Scott was entertained by a banquet in the new Claridge Hotel, given by the two leading clubs in Butler Brothers, the "Service Club" and the "Buyers Club." During the excellent program, Mr. Scott was elected an honorary member of both organizations.

After the banquet, Mr. Scott, accompanied by John Hill and James D. Grant, visited the meeting of the newly formed Lady Haig Lodge, No. 101, D. O. S., and was warmly welcomed by the large gathering of ladies. His optimistic speech on the future of the wonderful new society delighted the ladies, and the magnificent floral offering which he had sent earlier, touched their hearts so, that when they sang "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" the tremolo stop emphasized their sincere depth of feeling.

Tuesday evening was spent at the new Missouri Athletic Club, where Mr. Scott and friends were entertained by Walter Buchanan, of Minneapolis. In honor of the occasion, the orchestra devoted the most of the evening to Scottish music.

Wednesday evening was quieter, restful and enjoyable, and a relief from the arduous round of public appearances. It was spent at the home of James D. Grant, in Webster Groves, and there was no lack of Scottish music, Mr. Grant and his talented daughter, Miss Martha, being specially gifted in that.

On Thursday, another long cherished desire was met, a session with the Premier Clan, Old No. 1, Clan Campbell. Before the meeting Mr. Scott and the Past Chiefs of Clans Campbell and Douglas were the guests of John Hill, at Hotel Jefferson, and the two hours spent at dinner were thoroughly fraternal and enjoyable. Then out to the British and Canadian Club, where the clans meet, and there the distinguished guest met with a royal welcome, the hall being filled as never before. His address, after the welcoming speech of Mr. Hill, was a splendid confession of faith in the good of the Order, and put new enthusiasm into the hearts of all his hearers. And, when, at the close of his great speech, he presented the joint Clans with three splendid flags, the Scottish, St. Andrew's and Stars and Stripes, the applause was deafening.

The immediate results of his visit were well opened by the reading of ten applications for membership in the clan, all procured by Treasurer Robert J. Keith, this being a record.

The orators, singers and pipers of the Clans provided a pleasant hour, and as at the other events "Will Ye No'" was sung with fervent spirit.

St. Louis Scots will long remember Mr. Scott's visit, enjoy lasting benefits as a result of it, and will eagerly look forward to the next.

All these activities were in addition to Mr. Scott's duties in connection with the business of his firm, to which he devoted the hours between eight-thirty and five o'clock daily.

A notable event during the visit of Royal Tanist Walter Scott was the dinner given by James MacCash.

The guests included Mr. Scott, Past Royal Chief John Hill, James D. Grant, of Clan Douglas, No. 3, and Historian Macintyre. Mrs. Isabella Graham, Chief Daughter of Lady Haig Lodge, D. O. S., daughter of Mr. MacCash; Mr. and Mrs. John MacCash, and John, Jr., and Mr. P. R. Papin, completed the party.

It was a great pleasure to his family to see Mr. MacCash in action, as he had been confined to his room upstairs for almost a year, this being the first time since last May that he came downstairs.

Despite his great age, his memory is wonderfully active, and he kept the guests laughing over his stories of the early struggles. He wrote and signed a souvenir card for Mr. Scott, which will be placed in that famous collection at 495 Broadway.

During the dinner, Mr. Scott told of a conversation he heard before the Clan meeting on Thursday, between two Clansmen who were somewhat in the dark about their officials.

"Man, Wullie, what dae ye think is the meanin' o' the word 'Tanist'?

"Weel, Tam, I'd rather no' say."

"What for no? Wullie. There's naething wrang about it, is there?"

"Weel, Tam, that's jist as ye may think, but I'd raither ye'd no ask me, till Mr. Scott's awa'."

"Hoot, man, ye're haverin, tell me noo."

"A' richt, but mind ye, dinna tell a soul till he's awa' frae St. Louis, but I've been tell't that 'Tanist' has somethin' tae dae wi' Prohibition."

N. Walter Macintyre.

St. Louis, Mo., April 16.

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

Independence

Song for the Fourth of July

BY JAMES MACCASH

Father of the Order of Scottish Clans

All hail Memorial Day!
All hail, thou Glorious Fourth,
That unto us has been given,
A blessing from heaven.
Independence! Independence!
Independent all are we!

Thanks to our sires of old
Who for this day fought bold,
That we should ever be
Men of Liberty.
Independence! Independence!
Independent all are we!

And it we will maintain
While life with us remains
To our posterity
Unto Eternity.
Independence! Independence!
Independent all are we!

To Him above we bow:
His favors here bestow,
And ever for to be
Our goddess, Liberty.
Independence! Independence!
Independent all are we!

St. Louis, Mo.

Quincy, Massachusetts

QUINCY BURNS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

The Quincy Burns Memorial Association held their annual May festival in Clan MacGregor Hall, Bradford building, Quincy, April 29th. The concert was contributed by local artistes, mostly belonging to the association. The president, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, in a nice, tasteful little speech, welcomed the audience, which was a large one.

Mr. H. Paterson opened the concert with the song, "The Deathless Army," responding with "She's the Lass For Me." Both songs were well sung and fully enjoyed. Mr. Paterson has a fine tenor voice, which he uses with taste and ability. Mr. Andrew Lang's songs were, "Asleep in the Deep," and "The Bells of St. Mary." Mr. Lang is always satisfying in his singing, but on this occasion he was in particularly fine voice and excelled himself in the manner he handled his first song especially. "Asleep in the Deep" is a song that demands range and power. Mr. Lang has both and used them to advantage. He was roundly applauded and deservedly so.

Miss Jeanette Miller gave her audience a treat with "The Land o' the Leal," an old song that was thoroughly enjoyed by the folks from the old country; and she rendered it with all the feeling the song is so full of, and it was hard to believe that Miss Miller was not native-born for her Doric pronunciation was perfect. Miss Miller was also heard in two duets with Mr. Paterson, "Ye Banks and Braes," and "The Crookit Bawbee." Both were sung beautifully, far above the ordinary duet singing one is accustomed to hear, and the naive little actions in the latter added to the finish of two splendid numbers.

There was an exhibition of aesthetic dancing by three little maids all dressed in pink, and carrying tiny May baskets, viz.: Misses Gladys Smith, Betty Hunter and Ruth Luice, pupils of Miss Barbara Johnson, of Wollaston. The title of the dance was "Violette," and was performed with fine precision, the varied and intricate movements were executed by the three little maids in perfect time to the music and they were certainly a credit to themselves and their teacher. It goes without saying that they were heartily applauded.

Mr. Alfred Marcilino gave a wonderful selection on the accordian. His was a wonderful instrument, and he himself a wonderful artiste. One could hardly realize that there are such possibilities in an accordian. Mr. Louis Marine contributed "Dreaming Alone in the Twilight" and "The Sunshine of Your Smile," both of which were tastefully sung and highly apreciated. Mrs. Walter Robertson made a splendid accompanist.

Dancing, old and new, was spiritely entered into and kept up until midnight. During the evening quite a few new members were added to the roll of membership.

LADIES OF CLAN MACGREGOR

The Loyal Ladies of Clan MacGregor held their Anniversary Concert and Dance in the Music Hall, Quincy, on Thursday evening, May 5th. The musical program was in the hands of the John E. Daniels Company of Scottish Singers, of Boston, Mass., viz.: Soprano, Alice P. Gilbert; contralto, Jeanne N. Tanner; tenor, John E. Daniels; baritone, James Singer; entertainer, Ethel Hinton.

With but two exceptions. the program was all Scottish songs, and each number was rendered as only well trained, native-born artistes can render the songs of Auld Scotland. It would be invidious to make special mention of any one artiste where all were so finished in their various parts, and it would be well worth while any society's considering this company, where a real artistic Scottish concert is wanted.

Dancing was kept up until one a. m.

WLLIAM GRAY.

Springfield, Mass.

A very successful and enjoyable get-together of the members and families of the Connecticut Valley Scotch-Irish Society was held in Memorial Hall, Springfield, Mass., on April 30th. About four hundred persons attended. A number of the ladies managed the affair and the result was highly satisfactory. Many of the young people contributed songs and dances, which were much appreciated, notably, the Sword Dance by Miss Morrison, the songs by Miss Smith and the dance by Miss Cordner and Miss Greenaway, these were the outstanding items in a very good program. For the past three or four months the society has been conducting a drive for increased membership, resulting in a gain of fifty members. W. J. M.

Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn

Saturday night, May 21, was a red-letter night for Clan MacDonald. The moot room in the Masonic Temple, Lafayette and Claremont avenues, Brooklyn, has seldom if ever witnessed such a peculiarly interesting session. In some respects it will possibly never be equalled. For instance is it ever likely that Royal Tanist Scott will again welcome as an honorary member, the chief—the forty-fifth in this particular instance—of Clan Macneil, of Barra, one of the oldest and most famous of the Scottish clans, whose chief figured so prominently in the romantic and disastrous attempt of Bonnie Prince Charlie to regain his rights in Britain, as Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInness in his classic address on that fated Stuart episode, dilated upon? The Macneil of Barra initiated into the mysteries of the Order, a lineal descendant of that chief, this added but one more incident of historical interest in connection with MacDonald's gatherings. There was a large number of candidates for initiation, a dozen or more of them, and the affair was conducted with great dignity and ritualistic impressiveness by the Royal officers and deputies, who showed their skill in the conduct of the ceremonies, the symbolism of Scottish history being so picturesquely interwoven in the ritual. The Royal officers gave points to Chief Bone, who later said he was so benefited that he would utilize much of what he had observed in his own future initiations.

This was the spectacular feature of the evening, but there were other spectacles—the petite Highland dancer, her breast covered with gold medals, whose nimble flexions and all-articulate suppleness were as graceful as they were rhythmic. But starring high, above all, was the great New York Pipe-major himself—Angus Fraser, of course, who is a wonder stirrer in the "art of skirling." But he does not scream—he makes the pipes talk—for Angus has the art of subduing the shrill fury of the pipes, making them yield a softer and glibber fibre to the volume of harmony. When Angus appears one almost sees the piper apotheosized.

Then came the gracious Duncan's address on Bonnie Prince Charlie—his literary masterpiece, in which he impresses his hearers with his deep study of the subject, his ramifications into the tangle of the story bringing to the fore many points not known to the general reader of the romantic story. This is an historic document of priceless value, and it is to be hoped it may yet be printed in full that all may be able to preserve in such form the most romantic story of Scotia's tale of glory—glory that was more heroic because of its doom to failure.

In his mode of presentation, Mr. MacInness developed a new idea. Interspersed throughout his address were interludes of song, dancing and piping. We have alluded to the last two and have reserved the first for special mention—the singing of the old Jacobite songs, by Clansman William and Mrs. Ewing, Clansman Hector A. Smith and Miss Fullerton. The nature of the entertainment, which was a feast for the soul, is fully displayed in the program. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. William Ewing's rendering of these old ballads. They have studied long and mastered them until little could be desired. Each number was received with unbounded pleasure. The audience was large and enthusiastic, augmented as it was by the presence of the Lady Floras, and delegations from many neighboring clans. Besides Macneil of Barra, another gentleman receiving honorary membership, was George A. Wotherspoon, so well known as the Scottish cartoonist, and veteran N. G. officer. We may expect to see some spirited cartoons emanating from his brain as a result of his novel experience on Saturday night, for he was most attentive to all that took place. Barra was called upon later by Chief Bone, who was out in full Highland costume, and made a sturdy, burly picturesque figure—to speak, so that the clansmen could get a good square glower at a real flesh and blood Highland chief. The happy proceedings were brought to a close by the singing by all, of the world's universal anthem—Auld Lang Syne.

Preceding these incidents there was a business meeting during which the clan pledged the Convention Committee that the fund would be made up to $5,000 whatever the amount accumulated from all sources proved to be below that figure. Royal Tanist Scott, as father of the clan, was quite interested in the plans of the committee as to what had been done, and what was to be the program for the visitors. He believed, as a business man, in preparing a budget, embodying an itemized statement of what the clan proposed to do, with the estimated amount of the cost of each item, and saying, "Here, clansmen is what we propose and what it will cost. This is the amount we shall need to entertain the Royal Delegates in a manner fitting to the occasion and creditably to the clan, and to the city that will welcome them." By the time these lines reach the reader it is believed that all this will have been accomplished according to the Colonel's suggestion.

The clansmen feel that Brooklyn must excel itself in this event, and by another week when reports from all the clans are forward, the joint-committee will be able to know where they are at. Clan MacDonald however, has undertaken to see the thing through and has already pledged itself to that effect. The delegates may be assured of a right royal welcome, open-handed and cordial. It is believed that this convention which opens August 16, offers a fine opportunity for making the Order more widely known, and that is among the chief objects that are being considered—to gain new members. One of these means has happily developed. It will be in the nature, as it were, of a curtain raiser. The Caledonian Club of New York city has undertaken to

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celebrate with appropriate ceremonies on August 14, the 150th anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, in the Mall in Central Park, where the monument of the wizard of the north stands, opposite that of Scotland's immortal genius, Robert Burns. It is hoped that the British Ambassador will be able to attend, he has signified his willingness, if his engagements permit. The city will harmonize their musical program for the afternoon with that prepared by the Caledonian Club. The Scott monument will be decked with flowers, and the Burns monument also by the Burns Society of the City of New York. It will be a great afternoon, which will give an opportunity for cosmopolitan New York to become acquainted with the story of the author of the Waverly novels that have charmed countless readers throughout the world. No more fitting initiatory celebration than this in honor of Sir Walter Scott, in connection with the coming Royal Scottish Clan Convention could be conceived. For Sir Walter did all to make the clan system familiar, famous and glorious; an honored institution in its own land and where it has been used as the basis of an international brotherhood of Scots banded together for the protection of Scottish home and family life. To Captain William Taylor is due the credit of initiating this celebration.

Rhode Island Letter

Chief John Burt, of Clan Fraser, O. S. C., seems to be destined to create precedents, or perhaps it would be more correct to say he ignores precedents. Which ever way it is looked at, he seems to strike out in new directions irrespective of what has been done in the past, and the best about it is that his actions and decisions always seem to be accepted without the slightest objection, thus showing his popularity. In celebrating the anniversary, which this year was for the thirty-seventh time, a departure was made inasmuch as in place of the usual dinner followed by many congratulatory addresses on the year's growth, it took the form of a concert and dance in which the Pilgrim Quartette of Boston provided the principal feature with speechmaking as a mere incident in the affair. Besides the Pilgrims' singing, Miss Agnes Johnstone contributed several recitations which were well received.

Another indication of Chief Burt's popularity was the unanimous vote appointing him as the first delegate to the Royal Convention at New York. Past Chief John Richardson will be his colleague, while Alexander Johnston and Past Chief McMeekin will be alternates respectively. It was like old times when Chief Burt called on William Meiklejohn, an old member, for an address. For a long time past either there was too much business or not enough members present to form an audience sufficiently large to

J. DONALD MacKAY

(*Late of Philadelphia*)

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invite a speaker to address them. On this occasion, Mr. Meiklejohn, in dealing with the patriotism of many different nationalities, said it was the blood coursing through the veins that counted most. The Greeks who told of their ancient glory with great joy were now doing chores. The Romans who were sons of Romance, were represented in all mills and factories as Italians. The Spaniards could boast of the time when their ships over-run the seas and the French upheld Napoleon, while the Irish, no matter how far from home, believed Ireland was filled with universities when the Scots were heathens. The English pointed to Nelson, and Scotland the land of mountain and flood produced soldiers, while proud of her schools and churches, Scotland was always noted for her fighting men and not the least were the Fraser Highlanders. The Black Watch was also noted and then Mr. Meiklejohn referred to Burns as a poet; Scott as a novelist, whose works were known all over the world. Concluding an excellent address, he said although we were all Americans now and could shout "America forever," it would also be "Scotland forgotten *never*."

Whether as a result of the above address or not I do not know, but it is remarkable that at the next meeting of the clan an old quoiter, Clansman Russell, made an appeal to the young members to come forward and sustain the prestige that the old clansmen had made in the ancient game of quoits. Following this later there was some talk of a great parade to be held at Seattle on the 4th of July, when 5,000 pipers and drummers would take part. As illustrating the prominence of clansmen in the new American British Federation, Past Chief Hutcheon of the Camerons, Providence, has been made Grand Treasurer and Past Chief Andrew Diek, of Clan Fraser, Pawtucket, has been placed on the executive board of the local branch.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Philadelphia Letter

Do your best for one another, as we sail against the stream, with its snags and tribulations. On Friday evening, May 20th, the Lady Camerons, Daughters of Scotia, gave an entertainment at Fraternity Hall, the proceeds to be donated to the Crippled Children's Hospital, New York. A group of sixteen young lady students from the State Institution for the Blind at Ardmore, gave a wonderful and attractive program of singing and instrumental music, as well as recitations. The treble and alto voices blended in delightful harmony in several glees, and in a couple of numbers from a cantata which they are now practicing to sing at a coming entertainment at the institution. It was pathetic to ponder and realize the fact that those young blind girls should be the entertainers and attraction to raise means to aid another afflicted unit of humanity. The solos were well sung, and one young miss played a classical study on the piano, and to the generous applause accorded, played a waltz of her own composition. Two of the ladies gave humorous recitations, both in the negro dialect, which created much merriment; a special feature was a young miss just out of her "teens," who played with marvellous skill a selection on the 'cello. At the termination of the concert, the entertainers were treated to a service of ice cream and cake ere resorting to the conveyance to Ardmore.

The Lady Camerons are deserving of much credit for the commendable and unique means they adopted to aid a worthy object. We should like to have the men-folks in greater numbers grace with their presence the entertainments and receptions of the ladies. It's all very well to sing their praises in "Green grow the rashes, O," but Clansmen, show by your presence that:

"The sweetest oor that e'er ye spent
Were spent amang the lassies, O."

We boys of by-gone days weel mind o' the Queen's Birthday, and the gran' times we

had with fireworks o' oor ain manufacture; we bought the poother and made the firecrackers oorsels; squibs, rockets and whirlygigs were reserved for "bien-folks," not tied doon tae copper currency. But to-day the cry is "Safety First" and a "Sane Celebration," so the auld country folks from the British Isles, now resident in Philadelphia, instituted an annual gathering, and on Saturday the 21st, celebrated for the third time "Empire Day." The Academy of Music was hired by the United British Societies for the evening. The British cruiser *Calcutta* came round from Bermuda to participate and the officers and crew were the guests at a reception and dance on the night preceding, at the Second Regiment Armory. A luncheon was given on Saturday at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel to the cruiser's officers by the British Officers' Club. Towards evening a parade was formed consisting of the *Calcutta's* crew, British and Canadian veterans of the World War, escorted by the League Island Marine Band and the Caledonian Pipe and Drum Band, which marched to the armory. This edifice was beautifully decorated with the flags of the Allies, and filled to its utmost capacity. The marchers were accommodated with seats on the stage which presented an attractive picture of uniformed men from both arms of the service. At a wave of the hand from the chairman, Dr. C. D. B. Balbirnie, and prelude by the orchestra, the audience rose and sang "The Star Spangled Banner"; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas J. Garland offered the invocation.

The chairman addressed the audience, complimenting those who were naturalized Americans, that they had retained a kindly feeling and a warm spot in the corner of their hearts for the dear old land, from which they or their fathers had sprung. Commander. Compton of . the *Calcutta* received quite an ovation, when introduced, and on speaking, confined himself mainly to acknowledgment of the cordial reception, and apprecation of the honors bestowed upon him and his officers by the Navy Yard authorities. Captain Yates Sterling of the Navy Yard, in replying to Commander Compton spoke of how the war had cemented the friendship existing between the American and British Navies, "that there was no water in the cement, and that its quality was never at any time higher than it is to-day. United we stand for a higher civilization." Lieutenant Harry Milsom of the "Princess Pats," made an eloquent speech on the loyalty and prowess of her subjects to the British Empire. Greetings were brought from Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, by Captain S. R. Bailey, Naval Attache of the Embassy at Washington; liberty, fair play and order, he said were the common bonds uniting the two nations. Gerald Campbell, British Consul-General, Philadelphia, made a very favorable impression expressing himself in a candid conversational style, that though he was but a short time in the City of Brotherly Love, he was striving to gain the esteem of everyone having commercial or personal business within the office of the Consulate.

Interspersing the speeches "Land of Hope and Glory" was sung by Mr. James Brierly, baritone; "The Nightingale," by Miss Ethel R. Wilson, soprano; "I Passed by Your Window," by Beatrice F. Collin, and "Who'll Buy My Lavender," by Madelyn Reifsnider, soprano. The U. S. Naval Orchestra played selections, and two good tenors (the pick of the *Calcutta's* songsters) sang songs. The MacKinnon family danced a foursome reel, and the applause was so insistent that Miss Isabel responded with a fine exhibition dance of the "Highland Fling."

Mr. Arthur Such, an artist on the violin, played wonderfully on his instrument to the piano accompaniment of his wife. Mr. Arthur Seymour sang three fine baritone solos to Mrs. Such's accompaniment. The curfew was almost at hand when the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, a Scotch divine, made the closing address. The clock was about clappn' twal when the audience taking its cue frae the Naval Orchestra arose and with true British zest, sang "God Save the King." The celebration was an unqualified success at every point, and reflects great credit on the joint committee.

ST. MUNGO.

Scotland

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN P. MARTIN

As Pilgrims of another day,
Our fathers crossed the sea.
As heroes in a noble cause,
They went for Liberty.

As Pilgrims of a better day,
Their sons have crossed the sea,
As heroes in a nobler cause,
They died for Liberty.

Some went to Scotland on their way
From land of palm and pine,
But tarried only for a day,
On to a sunnier clime.

But kindred spirits there they found,
And hearts that beat with love,
And ministry of angel hands
And kin to that above.

O, land of heather and blue bell,
Of Burns and Highland Mary,
We never can forget your love,
More than Burns forgot his Mary.

In Craighton Cemetery, Glasgow,
And Islay out at sea,
Are buried scores of soldier boys,
The sons of Grant and Lee.

Sometime in that better land
When all have crossed the bar,
And we shall see you face to face
And tell you better far.

For human words are far too frail,
And human speech too dumb,
To tell the story of your love
To those so far from home.

Georgetown, Ohio.

New York Caledonian Club

The second quarterly meeting for the year was held on the evening of May 3d, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. Three propositions were received and the following named thirteen new members added to the club roll: David G. Bain, Arthur V. Bickford, John M. Brown, James Q. Connelly, Charles Johnstone, William B. Mitchell, Lauchie McCallum, William McAuley, Gordon S. Nolan, James Ross, David Smith, Alistair M. D. Steele and Joseph Hislop. Clansman Hislop is the well known Scottish tenor, and he proposes to take an active interest in club matters as far as his profession will permit, get acquainted with all of his brother clansmen, giving particular attention to fellow toonies frae Auld Reekie. The games committee reported that Ulmer Park in the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn had been secured for the Labor Day games. The grounds are easily and quickly reached from the heart of Manhattan—Times Square —via the B. R. T. subway. The announcement of the sick and visiting committee that ex-Chief Peter F. Gray had recovered from his recent severe illness sufficiently to again take up his trade was highly pleasing to all present.

Chief Donaldson reported that he went over to Philadelphia, Friday, April 15, to assist the Caledonians of that city in celebrating the 61st anniversary of their club. Captain William G. Reid was his travelling companion and one of the orators of the evening, having "Caledonianism" for a subject. After the chief stated that the worthy captain had put all previous records as an advocate of his favorite subject far to the rear and Captain Reid assured the members that the chief in responding to a toast to the club had covered himself and his office with lasting glory, all present recalling the reputation of the Philadelphia Caledonians for hospitality, made up their minds both New Yorkers had had an unusually good time. On Friday evening, April 29th, escorted by the Highland Guard in the kilt and other members, Chief Donaldson visited the Paterson Caledonians. As large delegations were present from the Perth Amboy and Newark Caledonian Clubs, a most enjoyable night resulted. One New York ex-chief who was going to leave on the 10:35 for home "sure", was mightily surprised to find he would just have time to catch the midnight with the rest of the crowd.

One evening in 1917, the Highland Guard assembled at the club house to escort Chief John MacLean to a Lauder performance at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. In the ranks attired in the khaki kilt of the 48th Canadian Highlanders were ex-Chieftain Andrew Macintosh, Clansmen David Young and Victor Lusher. Not long afterwards they went overseas and were soon sent up to the front where Andy and Davie gave their lives for freedom and Victor was severely wounded. Just recently Clansman Lusher was discharged from a Canadian hospital. For the first time since going over with his regiment he was able to attend a business meeting of the club and received a thunderous greeting from Chief Donaldson and his brother clansmen. Victor is minus a leg, but is getting over the ground in capital style with an artificial one.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The May meeting of the ladies was held in the club parlors, Monday, the 9th, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell presiding. The principal business for the evening was arranging for the children's party in Central Park, Saturday, May 21st. Although there was a great deal to do, Mrs. Caldwell managed matters so that no time was lost and the full program mapped out in time to permit an early adjournment to the alleys for the last bowling contest of the season. Sad to relate the president again had to be content with a second place, losing by one pin to an invited guest who had come equipped with rubber soled shoes and other bowling costume adjuncts. The other winners were Mrs. Charleson, Miss Lauder, Mrs. Lemmon, Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Gillies, the last named capturing the booby. Chief Donaldson, who stayed home to mind the weans and was fast asleep in his favorite Morris chair, got to dreaming that the house was on fire and people calling on him to hurry, woke up with a start to find that it was only Mrs. Donaldson insisting on his coming to life long enough to admire her prize and learn that she had now two wins on the club alleys to her credit against his zero.

The fifteenth annual May party for the bairns promoted by the ladies was held in Central Park, Saturday, May 21st. Mrs. Caldwell and other ladies who had spent several evenings arranging the decorations for the canopy and sorting out the prizes, were greatly pleased when they found early in the morning that the weather was going to be all that could be desired. Miss Margaret F. Vance was queen and Master Kenneth Donaldson, king. Shortly after eleven o'clock the royal couple took their places under the canopy and with young Murdoch Elder piping a lively tune, led their subjects up Seventh avenue into the park. When the ground for the day's outing was reached all fancy trappings were thrown off and a lively day put in. During the afternoon ice cream was served. Races for prizes were a feature as always. There were seven groups of prizes for both sexes from wee toddlers in their first attempts at competitive athletics up to mature ladies and gentlemen of 14 years. Three or four prizes figured in each event with a prize for each of the dozen weans who entered in the race for those under six.

The return march to the clubhouse was taken up shortly after five o'clock with a large escort of the members headed by Chief Donaldson, who had put in the afternoon with the party and enjoyed every minute. It was a tired, but happy and sunburned

band of bairns that broke up at the clubhouse and scattered to their homes fully resolved to be at the 1922 party.

Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers' Veteran Association

The annual meeting of this old time body—or body of oldtimers—was held in the parlors of the New York Caledonian Club, Friday evening, May 13. Col. Andrew D. Baird, who presided, reminded the members that the regiment was mustered into the United States service in defense of the Union, May 13th, 1861, exactly sixty years ago that day. Two veterans had passed away since the last meeting. Of nearly 2,300 who went out with the regiment or enlisted during the course of the war, only 22 men were known to be alive. The following were elected officers to serve until May 13th, 1922: President, Colonel Andrew D. Baird; vice president, Henry F. Bloomfield; secretary-treasurer, Joseph Stewart. Chief James R. Donaldson, Ex-Chiefs Robert Foulis, James W. Taylor, Peter F. Gray, Alexander Caldwell, of the New York Caledonian Club, and Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInness of the Order of Scottish Clans were elected honorary members.

Colonel Baird related a few interesting stories of the adventures of the Seventy-ninth in the field and caused a hearty laugh when he acknowledged that although he was not a leader in the return trip to Washington after the first battle of Bull Run, he was not by any means the last to reach the Capital. Each of the new honorary members responded to invitations to say a few words and expressed their appreciation of the action of the veterans in placing their names on the roll. Several songs were sung and Pipe Major Angus M. Fraser played stirring tunes on the pipes, winding up with "Marching Through Georgia," and "Yankee Doodle," to the intense delight of the men of '61 to '65.

A Rare Autograph

An interesting autograph of Rob Roy has just been obtained by Mr. Walter Scott. Rob Roy's signature is extremely rare. The genuineness of this autograph is vouched for by a well known New York collector in the following language:

To Whom It May Concern:

The genuineness of the autograph (document) of the celebrated Scotch outlaw described below is absolutely guaranteed.

"Rob Roy," Robert MacGregor or Campbell. Famous Scotch Outlaw. Original Document Signed by Him "Ro. Campbell," the name he assumed. Bond for 1,000 Merks. 1 page, folio. Feb. 21, 1706. An Extremely Interesting and Rare Document. It was through the signing of such documents as this that Rob Roy came to be outlawed. The document is also signed by others. With certification and verification (which see).

(Signed) Thomas F. Madigan.

The Irish Minority

Come to think of it, says the Chicago *British-American*, the British-American is one of the least boastful of citizens, here or elsewhere. Sometimes this is a drawback; if he were more egotistic, he would be more in the limelight. if he craved publicity, he would be better understood and valuated by his neighbors. But, like his kinsmen overseа, he is naturally reticent; he minds his own business and goes his own way. He has become so much a part of the land of his adoption that he thinks, feels and acts like a genuine American, which is his real status.

These reflections occur to us in looking over a recent census bulletin from Washington which reports that there are nearly 3,000,000 persons in the United States who were born in the British Empire. These are tabulated as follows:

Ireland	1,036,680
England	812,214
Scotland	254,432
Wales	67,071
Canada and other Dominions	822,694

Here is a human document worthy of study by both Briton and American. Ireland is vastly in the lead among the British-born, if we compare the national units. But, taken as a whole, there are nearly twice as many Britons from other sections of the Empire living under the Stars and Stripes. Will the average U. S. Sinn Feiner admit this? Will the average American believe it? According to De Valera, the MacSwineys, Judge Cohalan, Congressman Mason, W. R. Hearst, Mayor Thompson and Mayor Hylan, the Irish-born element is so much in excess here, that they have a perfect right to dictate to civic, state and national legislatures to formulate our foreign policies, and to extract our money for the Irish Cause on both sides of the ocean?

The above champions of Erin deem it perfectly right to close up our civic offices on St. Patrick's Day in deference to the wishes of the Irish-born who number a little more than half of those from the British possessions. Many of the latter would like to observe St. George's Day, or St. David's Day, or Dominion Day, by total abstinence from business. They would be laughed at if they approached Mayor Thompson or Mayor Hylan with a permit in view.

The Irish vote is one of the deciding factors in American politics, according to many orators and writers. What about the British vote? The truthful answer is, that none exists. The British-born citizen is too much of an American to organize to perpetuate British prejudice, bigotry and hate in the land of his adoption. He takes the oath of allegiance with no reservations. His standard is Old Glory, not the Union Jack or the Maple Leaf, or the emblem of Sinn Fein.

Pro-American newspapers will do a good turn to truth by printing conspicuously these figures of British Empire nationalities in the United States.

Margaret Lyons Moodie

SCOTTISH SOPRANO

Recent Successes

We consider Margaret Lyons Moodie the "Prima Donna" Soprano and interpreter of Scottish Lyrics on the Concert stage to-day.

JOSEPH FERGUSON, 2nd Chieftain
Caledonian Club of Philadelphia.
February 27th, 1921.

Margaret Lyons Moodie's rendition of the songs of Auld Scotland were without a doubt the best ever heard here.

F. GRAINGER, Secretary
Scottish St. Andrew's Society,
Saginaw, Mich.
March 7th, 1921.

Her charm of manner and her interpretation of Scottish songs delighted everyone and won her many warm admirers.

JOHN SPIERS, Chief
Boston Caledonian Club.
Burns Concert, Boston, 1921.

A singer of charm and fine accomplishments that captured the audience and won a place in the hearts of the Scots of Cleveland.

JOHN J. McEWEN, Chairman,
Clan Grant, No. 17, O. S. C.,
February 1st, 1921. Cleveland, Ohio.

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Flag of the Free

(Army and Navy Flag Song)

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET, GRIMSHAWES, N. C.
Air (Old Scottish) "Robin Adair"

Unfurl thy folds on high.
Flag of the free;
Who would not do or die
Fighting for thee?
Standard of our dearest land,
We pledge our heart and hand
Thine enemies to withstand,
Where'er they be.

Flown at our nation's birth,
Flag of the free;
Herald to all the earth
Of Liberty,
Fly, while the ages roll,
Thrilling the patriot soul,
Honored from pole to pole
On land and sea.

Proud memories round thee twine,
Flag of the free;
Thy stars with glory shine
And victory.
All man can dare we'll do
For our Red-White-and-Blue;
To thee we will be true.
Flag of the free.

(Judge Benet's fine flag song was written in 1917 and dedicated to Major-General Charles J. Bailey and All His Command at Camp Jackson.)

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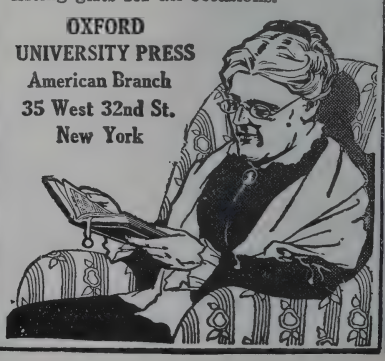

Mr. Walter Scott Continues as President of the William H. Davis Free Industrial School For Crippled Children, and the Lulu Thorley Home

The annual meeting of the above school and home was held April 27, at which Mr. Scott was elected president for the fifth time. This well known organization is endeavoring to assist the little crippled children of New York by educating them and teaching them trades, thus fitting them to take care of themselves later in life. Mr. Scott's whole heart is in this work, as is the case with all the officers and members, and they are endeavoring to reach the goal that Mr. Scott has set for the Permanent Fund, namely $200,000. This amount would make the school and home self-supporting. Of this amount, $143,000 has already been realized, and they look forward with hope to raising the balance in the very near future. All donations toward this fund are deeply appreciated. The membership committee and Mr. Scott are asking for life memberships, which are $100, all of it being credited to this Permanent Fund.

Other officers were elected, and at the close of the meeting those present were entertained at supper by the president. The officers are: President, Mr. Walter Scott; first vice president, Mrs. Charles Thorley; second vice president, Mrs. Frank Jefferson Blodgett; third vice president, Mrs. Nicholas M. Pond; honorary vice president, Mrs. William Samuel Hawk; treasurer, Mrs. Edward Davis Jones; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mullin Wayne; recording secretary, Miss Amelia Day Campbell; auditor, Mr. F. Ellwood Briggs. Directors: Terms expiring 1923—Mrs. Charles Thorley; terms expiring 1924—Mrs. Samuel Shipley Blood, Mrs. C. B. M. Hawley, Mrs. J. Franklin Kehoe, Mr. Walter H. McIlroy. Mrs. Nicholas M. Pond, Rev. Paul Mansfield Spencer, Mr. Mullin Wayne.

Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.

The Past Chief Daughters' Night of Lady Gordon Lodge, No. 67, was held on May 10. The following Past Chief Daughters filled the various offices for the evening: Sister Mary Murchison, Chief Daughter; P. C. D. Johnson, Lady McDuff Lodge, N. Y., Sub-Chief Daughter: Sister Anna Ballantine, Past Chief Daughter; P. C. D. Davidson, Lady Scott Lodge, Chaplain; Sister Agnes Whearty, Recording Secretary; Sister Margaret Brown, Financial Secretary; P. C. D. Mair, Treasurer: P. C. D. Moncur, Conductor; C. D. Brand, Assistant Conductor, all three from Lady McDuff Lodge, N. Y.; P. C. D. Ramsey, Lady Bruce Astoria, Inside Guard; Sister Keating, Outside Guard. There was a large attendance, among those present being our Grand Deputy Chief Daughter Adams, P. G. C. D. and Trustee Sister Bruce, and Chief Daughter Minard, Lady Bruce Lodge, Astoria, L. I. After a few very interesting remarks from the various officers a most enjoyable evening came to a close with the usual "Cup o' Tea" and the singing of "Will Ye No' Come Back Again," to our G. D. C. D. Adams who sails on June 18 for the "Land o' Parritch an' Oatcakes." The best wishes of the Lady Gordon Lodge go with her, and we will be pleased to welcome her cheery face when she returns. In the absence of G. D. C. D. Adams, Sister Ramsey, Lady Bruce Lodge Astoria, is going to "keep her eye on us." Since our last meeting one of our members, Sister Croucher has paid a visit to the minister and has changed her name to Woodger, so we all join in wishing her health, happiness and prosperity in the coming years. She is going to reside in Greenwich, Conn., but we hope she will pay us a visit once in a while.

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Mrs. Magna Honored

Mrs. Russell W. Magna (Edith Scott Magna) has recently been elected Regent of Mercy Warren Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Springfield, Mass. This chapter is the largest in that State.

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ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

Clans To Meet in Brooklyn In August

Borough President Riegelman will extend the welcome of Brooklyn to the royal officers and delegates of the Order of Scottish Clans, a national organization, at its convention to be held in Brooklyn in August. This announcement was made by Secretary William McCree at a meeting of the joint convention committee of the clans, held Saturday night, May 28, in the Masonic Temple.

A sufficient fund for the reception and entertainment of the royal officers and delegates is now assured. An excellent program has been promised by the chairman of the entertainment committee, Past Chief Robertson, Past Chief Haddow. Royal Deputy Bryce Martin and Chief William Bone, for the entertainment, reception, banquet and publicity committees. The welcome by President Riegelman will be given at noon on August 16 in the Stuart room of the Masonic Temple, after which the first session of the convention will be held.

The daily entertainment program is as follows:

Monday—Clan Chisholm will invite the royal officers to visit its moot and witness an initiation by the clan degree team.

Tuesday—After the welcome an excursion starting from the Masonic Temple will be held. The delegates and their friends will be conveyed in busses, with pipers distributed in the line, to Manhattan, taking in Central Park and going on to Grant's Tomb; the return to Brooklyn being by another route. Prospect Park will be visited and then the clans will move on to Coney Island and take in all that is to be seen at that famous resort.

Wednesday—A grand reception and dance will occur in Masonic Temple with appropriate spectacular displays.

Thursday—The entertainment will wind up with a grand banquet at Hotel Bossert, where special speakers will address the delegates.

The wives of the delegates will be suitably taken care of when the delegates are in business session. Flora MacDonald Society, which has raised a fund, will invite the lady auxiliaries of the other clans to participate.

Clan Macneil Association of America

A meeting was held at the Caledonian Club, New York city, Thursday evening, May 26th, to organize The Clan Macneil Association of America.

About twenty-five Macneils were present, among them being The Macneil of Barra, 45th Chief of the Clan Macneil. Apologies for unavoidable absence were sent in by several others.

Walter W. McNeil was elected temporary chairman and after a few introductory remarks The Macneil, in Highland costume, gave a talk on the ancient Clan system of the Celtic race, including a historical sketch of the Clan Macneil and a description of its picturesque home, the Isle of Barra in the Outer Hebrides.

The constitution was then adopted, Article 2 setting forth the objects of the association as follows: "To foster and promote Scottish Clan traditions, sentiments and interests, especially those relating to the Clan Macneil to cultivate social intercourse among the members, to render assistance to necessitous and deserving Clansmen and Clanswomen; to uphold good citizenship of the members in their respective countries; and to encourage cordial relations among the English speaking nations."

There were elected by unanimous vote: The Macneil of Barra, Chief and Honorary President; Hermon Atkins MacNeil, President; Paul H. Macneil, Vice-President, and R. McNiel Browne, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Constitution provides for four other vice-presidents, a chaplain, fifteen councillors, a Clan Bard and a Clan Piper, and as it is hoped to have clansmen from all parts of the United States and Canada, these offices were left open until a later date.

All Macneils, however the name may be spelled, both ladies and gentlemen, and those whose maternal parent or grand-parent bore the name, are cordially invited to join and to communicate with either the president, H. A. MacNeil, College Point, N. Y., or the secretary, R. M. Browne, Eltingville, Staten Island, N. Y. The annual dues are three dollars.

The Scottish Society of America met at Red Springs, N. C., May 26, with Judge J. P. McNeill of Florence, S. C., acting president, presiding. Officers elected were: Governor Cameron Morrison, North Carolina, president; Dr. C. G. Vardell, J. P. McNeill, and J. McN. Johnston, vice presidents; Mrs. Beatrice Bullock, Red Springs, secretary-treasurer, and Rev. John McSween, Rowland, chaplain. The matter of producing next year on the campus of Flora Macdonald College the pageant of Flora Macdonald was presented by Dr. Vardell and the society voted to co-operate. On motion, the next meeting of the society was appointed for Tuesday, November 1, when it is expected the British Ambassador will be here. During the Home Coming Week exercises in celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Scotch Institution the $25,000 Art Collection presented by J. Kennedy Tod, of New York, was opened to the public and the valuable heirlooms presented by Colonel C. E. MacDonald have been on exhibition, these including a locket containing a sprig of white heather, a snuff box presented to Flora by Allen Macdonald on their wedding day, a brooch containing a lock of Flora's hair and a lock of Charles Edward Stewart's, and a piece of plaid worn by Charles Edward Stewart in the Highlands after Colloden.

British Schools and Universities Club, N. Y.

Sir Auckland Geddes was the principal guest at the Empire Day dinner held in the Waldorf-Astoria, May 24. Before his address he had unveiled a bronze tablet bearing the

127 names of club members and sons of members who had taken part in the war. The roster was led by the name of the Prince of Wales, while the second and third names enrolled were those of the Duke of Connaught and Sir Auckland himself. All three are honorary members of the club.

The Ambassador spoke of the loyalty with which men of the old blood, whether British or American born, flocked to the standard when the Empire was imperilled. "The oceans of the world," he said, "were furrowed by the keels of the vessels in which they came from every land, came in response to the old call for the protection of human freedom, the call to which their blood had responded once again. They showed themselves as responsive to that call as had been their forefathers."

The speaker paid a special tribute to those hundreds of Americans who fought for England either in her own armies or those of her dominions before America had entered the war. "They just simply forgot to mention to us that they were neither English nor Canadian," he said, "but our cause was theirs. That is a bond between our people that the empire will never forget."

Dr. James Law

Dr. James Law, one of the foremost members of the first Cornell faculty, died recently at the age of 83 at the Chapin Memorial Hospital in Springfield, Mass. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, February 13, 1838, and was graduated from the Veterinary College of Edinburgh in 1857. At graduation he won the Highland and Agricultural Society's medal for the best general examination and their special medal for the best examination on general and descriptive anatomy.

In 1860, Dr. Law became professor of Veterinary anatomy, physiology, and materia medica in the new veterinary college of Edinburgh and also in London at the Albert Veterinary College. In 1863, Dr. Law married Elizabeth Creighton of Kickcaldy.

When Dr. Andrew D. White was in Europe in 1868 to find men for the faculty of Cornell University, he met Dr. Law, who was highly recommended by Dr. John Gamgee. On August 7, 1868, Dr. Law sailed from Glasgow, with his family, and subsequently became a member of Cornell's first faculty. He gained the reputation of being the foremost veterinary educator in the country, and for many years has been known as the "Grand Old Man" of the veterinary profession.

Annual Excursion The New York Caledonian Club

The annual excursion of the New York Caledonian Club will be held Sunday, June 19th. The steamer *Sirius* will leave Pier 1, Battery Place, North River, at 8:30 a. m., prompt, the destination being Roton Point Park. Tickets (including tax): Adults, $1.50; children under 12 years, 75 cents.

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Grand Lodge, Ladies' Auxiliary of the Order of Scottish Clans

The Ladies' Auxiliary. meeting in the Auditorium, Springfield, Mass., closed a most successful annual convention, May 26.

Mrs. Margaret Mallett of Somerville, was elected grand president for the new year, and Mrs. Susan Cooper of Springfield, grand vice-president. Others elected and installed during the afternoon were: Grand past president, Mrs. Jessie Armstead, of Haverhill; grand chaplain, Mrs. Minnie McDonald of Lynn; grand recording secretary, Miss Elizabeth Reilly, of Brockton; grand financial secretary, Mrs. Jennie Leslie of Fitchburg;

grand treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Falla of North Cambridge; grand conductor, Mrs. Jean Doull, of Everett; grand assistant conductor, Mrs. Margaret Green, of Malden; grand sentinel, Mrs. Mary Bigelow, of Chelsea; grand guard, Mrs. Elizabeth Noble, of Lawrence; Grand pianist, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, of Woburn, and trustee, Mrs. Annie Warnock, of Springfield.

Past Grand President, Mrs. Elizabeth Meffen, of Springfield, acted as installing officer, and was assisted by Mrs. Annie Gardner, of Chelsea, as marshal, and Miss Mary Gerard, of Somerville, as secretary.

Walter Scott Police Medal

The Walter Scott Medal for valor was presented this year to Policeman Walter Scott Hunt, of the Twenty-fifth Precinct, New York city. Hunt arrested two hold-up men Septemer 12, 1920. The officer observed a man coming from a restaurant at No. 482 Third avenue, with his right hand in his coat pocket, and overheard him shout to patrons of the place, "Stand back! Don't move or I will shoot." Patrolman Hunt struck the man on the head with his night-stick. As he did so another man known as William Kane, who had robbed the cash register, picked up an oyster knife and made a dash for the officer. Hunt fired two shots, one bullet striking Kane in the right shoulder, the other lodging in his right side. The thief was removed to the hospital and died shortly afterward. Curran, the other man, was placed under arrest.

The Flora Macdonald Cook Book

The students of the Spanish Department of Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, North Carolina, have just issued a Flora Macdonald Cook Book containing over two hundred tested and tried recipes for cakes, candies and salads. The cover page contains a portrait of the Scottish heroine from the painting by Allan Ramsay in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The purpose of the book is to help cancel the College debt, and among those who have made possible its publication are Colonel Walter Scott, New York and Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, Sound Beach, Conn.

Captain Lynn Hirshorn was the proud winner of the handsome sabre, the gift of Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, which is presented for excellence in drill at the Glenwood Manual Training School for Boys, Glenwood, Ill. The school, which provides education and commonsense training for more than 500 dependent boys, has one of the best drilled bodies of boys in the west, and Drill Day (this year it was June 19), when the nine companies meet for competitive drill, is one of the great events of the year.

The Story of the Gold Fever

(Continued from page 112)

meat, and were also much refreshed by the water; they filled their canteens and pressed on, every moment being precious. When they parted, tears flowed freely from all eyes. Many in the larger company, being men past middle life, had about concluded that their chances of surviving the hardships through which they were passing were rather slim. They gave Manley and Rodgers the names and addresses of the friends they had left in the old home, asking them to tell their friends where and how they had found them, provided that they themselves were fortunate enough to reach a post office.

(To be continued)

Clan MacAlastair

(Continued from page 122)

is said, escaped this misfortune. It owed its escape to the shrewdness of a servant. This man, doubting the good faith of the Duchess, disappeared with his master's title deeds and other papers and took care not to return till all danger was past.

By one or other of these enterprises of the House of Argyll, the MacAlastair chiefs appear to have lost their patrimony in Knapdale, and to have had their possessions in Argyllshire confined to the lairdship of Loup.

In 1618 the Laird of Loup was one of twenty barons and gentlemen of the shire who were made responsible for the maintenance of order in the earldom during the absence of Argyll. He was now the earl's vassal, and accordingly when the Civil War broke out and the Marquess of Montrose took arms for Charles I in Scotland, MacAlastair himself remained at home, though many of his clansmen joined the Royalist forces.

The chief of that time married Margaret, daughter of Campbell of Kilberry. A century and a half later, in 1792, Charles MacAlastair of Loup married Janet Somerville, heiress of Kennox in Ayrshire, and, in right of his wife, in 1805, added the name and arms of Somerville to his own. From that time the family has been known as Somerville MacAlastair of Loup and Lennox.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

NEW YORK
JULY, 1921

The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL. 1901-1920

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ALSO several notable Scots of the United States and Canada have contributed interesting and important articles on various lines in which Scots have excelled. Mr. A. Barton Hepburn has written on *"The Scottish Influence in American Banking and Finance"*; Sir James Alexander Grant on *"Scots in the Exploration, Settlement and Development of Canada"*; Dr. John Huston Finley on *"The Land We Live In"*; Rev. Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie on *"The Scottish Influence On the American Pulpit"*; John Findley Wallace, *"Scots in American Engineering"*; Hon. Charles P. McClelland, *"Scots in American Politics"*; Dr. George S. Carson, Halifax, *"The Makers of New Scotland"*; Malcolm Parsons, St. John's, *"Scots in Newfoundland,"* etc.

THE book is of the greatest value to the friends, relatives and descendants of those appearing in it, *and to patriotic Scots everywhere,* as a means of tracing their lineage to the individuals of this great American-Scottish family of merit and worth. Special attention has been given in the biographies to FAMILY HISTORY and GENEALOGY. The book is not for the present alone, but will increase in value as years go by, as the only reliable source of this historical and geneaological information.

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AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

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Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
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Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

"Doon the Water"

Most of us retain in the memory a line of a forgotten song, an intimate crooning which vexes with its music. It may be an echo of some old ballad, taken up and echoed again, or a sweet sonnet, perhaps, which whispers gently to us, of some well-known lonely waterway, an old-world clachan, or a soft and tranquil holm. It lives within us, a cherished possession, awakening pleasant dreams and reveries, giving a backward glance or visualizing to the mind's eye some rapturous scene of childhood's days; or it may be wedded to us as an everlasting remembrance of some favorite author among whose works we have steeped ourselves, oddwhiles, and felt ourselves in charming company. Such a theme is always fascinating, nay, enchanting, if you will, for its very sweetness is so all-absorbing and uplifting that we are transplanted, for the moment, from the mundane affairs of every day life into the realm of fantasy. Listening to its haunting melody, it sets us dreaming, like a half-audible strain of music in the distance, for the love and the lure of literature rise to Olympian heights under the spell of the poet's magic wand.

A NEGLECTED BALLAD

One of the finest of such croonings is that now unfortunately neglected ballad, "Sweet Rothesay Bay." Dinah Maria Mulock chose a bonnie stretch of historic Scotland when she fixed on Rothesay as the scene of her poem, for to those who really know it, it is one of the best of Scottish holiday resorts. Too many, alas!—more detestable than words can convey—are apt to regard the Madeira of the Clyde from the viewpoint of "Glasgow by the Sea," with its promenade a mass of gay and happy crowds, tuneful bands and loud-voiced minstrels. But go in late September, as we did, and walk along the bay towards Ardbeg, with the spirit of the gentle songstress hovering round you, and you will tell yourself that seldom have you seen a more alluring vista, or experienced a more enduring peace. All around the hills sweep down to the water. Loch-Striven looms a streak of silver in the distance. High above Craigmore tower the majestic peaks of Arran. The golden smile of an autumn day envelopes the landscape, and all that is lovely seems assembled here in graceful communion.

And if you linger in the shade of evening, how bewitchingly lovely becomes the scene as the twilight deepens! The pale crescent moon sailing into view pours down upon you her wonderful mysterious radiance, making a pathway of silver on the water and silhoueting clear the dark shadowy shapes of the surrounding hills. Well might the poetess sing—

It's a bonny bay at morning,
And bonnier at the noon,
But it's bonniest when the sun draps,
And red comes up the moon;
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,
And Arran peaks are gray,
And the great black hills like sleepin' kings,
Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay.

In one delightful touch she has left behind her a picture as truly perspective to-day as when she went a-wandering 'mid the scenes of her activities.

Other Memories

But Maria Mulock is only one of a small and select band who have shed a literary lustre over Rothesay. Other memories cling to it, memories which appeal to all who love the quiet byways of the Bohemian fraternity. Beloved of the painter, sung by the poet, Rothesay draws you by the fragrance of its associations. In fact, the sentiment of the long ago is all about it. You cannot tread its quaint, loitering thoroughfares, or muse in the mossiest shades of its invigorating uplands without stirring some reluctant reminiscence of pilgrims gone before. Even its old, grey, ivy-covered castle—a picturesque study in the heart of the little town—is resonant with ballad lore. It is an ancient habitation, the home of a vanished world; and under its kindly shadow, how sweet seems the brooding mantle of remembrance which ever and anon hangs over it! Whispering voices—the airy voices of the past—speak again from out its dim interior. Figures come and go in the dim twilight, and you look back across the centuries of time to that far-off night of tragic memory, when the fierce Norse warrior, Ruari-Mhor, declared his wild love for the beautiful Lady Isobel, the custodian's daughter.

The Minstrel's Story

It is a weird tale, but in the hands of the old Scottish makar, whose name has been lost in the mists of eld, it is garnished in the richest hues of romance. In the quietude which reigns supreme, you can see the ghostly shade of the Lady Isobel, "like a spirit of e'en, pass by the holy kirk"; and as she goes up the little stair, view her grim struggle with her forceful lover. For

It's I hae conquered them, he said,
And I shall conquer thee;
For if in love ye winna wed,
A waur weird ye shall dree.

The stars will dreep out their beds o' blue,
Ere you in love I wed;
A liefer wad fly to the grave and lie
I' the mouldy embrace o' the dead.

And the old minstrel tells us of "a deidlee groan and a fall on the stone," and of how the maiden's body was discovered on the stair the following morning—

And rain may fa' and time may ca'
Its weary wheels aboot;
But the steps are red and the stains o' bluid
Will ne'er be wishen oot.

Such is the story of Rothesay's haunted keep, but the visitor now will look in vain for "the stains of bluid" on the stair, for the years in their flight—as lightsome in their passing as summer clouds—have obliterated all trace, leaving only a pleasant halo behind.

David Macbeth Moir

Yet another to add a page of literary history to this holiday haunt was David Macbeth Moir, the Musselburgh bard, who came awandering here from the cold, haar-ridden shores of the Firth of Forth. From the castle you follow in his footsteps by winding byways to the Barone Hill, some four miles distant, where he halted, enraptured by the spirit of the scene. Little wonder that he felt inspired; little wonder that on reaching home his passion found vent in the beautiful lines—

Thy summit gained, how tranquilly serene
Beneath outspread that panoramic scene
Of continent and isle, and lake and sea,
And tower and town, hill, vale, and spreading tree,
And rock and ruin, tinged with amethyst,
Half seen, half hidden by the lazy mist.

Byrone, a type of peace thou seemest now,
Yielding thy ridges to the rustic plough,
With cornfields at thy feet, and many a grove,
Whose songs are but of love:
Be this a stranger's farewell, green Byrone,
Who ne'er hath trod thy heathery heights before,
And ne'er may see thee more
After yon autumn sun hath westering gone;

(*Continued on page 192*)

Forever Exempt From Death

BY AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL

(For The Caledonian)

Who shall say that life is transient, that man is born to flourish for a time and then disappear, that he dies when he leave this earth? Of course, he lives again through his children, but suppose he has no children—must he have lived in vain? I am not one of those who believe that the dead can be communicated with either directly or through a medium in the spirit world.; but I *do* believe that any person *can* live *immortal,* which in its true sense means "forever exempt from death."

In one of our great western cities lived a little family of three—a father, mother and son. The father and mother married in extreme youth, fought their battle side by side up from small beginnings, until they were able to give their only child every advantage in a social, educational and pleasurable way. As for affection, with heart throbs of love he was cradled and reared, with arms outstretched through the intervening distance, 'longing to enfold him, he was sent away to school; with joy and pride over his rapid progress and development, his college career was watched.

Then came the Great World War, and he could not remain out of it; for the love bestowed on his upbringing had in response sprung full grown into *patriotism.* Their untold agony in this crisis which *could not let him go* was softened by the comforting exultation that *would not have him stay.*

They, too, were patriotic, and they "gave their only begotten son"—for he did not return. He had risen rapidly to a captaincy, for he was absolutely fearless, he knew not fatigue nor weariness, and was always by the side of his superior officer day and night when needed. One day he volunteered for an especially dangerous duty, the fatal shot came—and he lies in France. This could be the story of any American boy, but it is a true story of one I knew.

With Maeterlinck, I believe that no one dies so long as his memory survives, and if that memory can be perpetuated, then he *lives forever.* So strong has this boy's hold been retained on the heart-strings of his bereaved parents that "he is not dead, he is just away," and his influence makes his presence a reality. They have established a Memorial Prize in perpetuity in their boy's name at a western school, by which another boy can have four years of college education, and each succeeding year a new boy wins this four year opportunity to fit himself for a, perhaps, notable future.

It will be interesting as the years go by, to see what the winners of these scholarships develop into, and accomplish for their country. Perhaps great inventors, scientists, discoverers, leaders, writers, artists, statesmen, patriots and heroes will be the outcome. But the prize means more than the opportunity for achievement, for with the *money prize* the winner will receive the *spirit prize*—the invisible yet very tangible influence that is inseparable from it—of the boy who was killed in the St. Mihiel offensive; and the winner will idealize this spirit to fit his own temperament, requirements and vision. Thus the soul development will bring the greater vision which will breathe the breath of life into his purpose and accomplishments.

Perhaps this was to be the real mission of an apparently *complete* life, for though young, he had accomplished heroic things for his companions, and, most of all for his country, in the supreme sacrifice, just a few short weeks before the signing of the armistice. He will go on helping *both* through the years that stretch out before the youth of his township. His arm upheld grasps a torch of light from which innumerable rays radiate, each ray lighting the pathway which leads to opportunity for attainments too far-reaching for us to contemplate or comprehend, but which will lengthen his short existence into immortal and perpetual life on earth, even when these loving hearts have joined the departed, and though the annals of history are neglected.

New York City.

The Fisher

BY GILBERT RAE

Ay! there they gang abune me, twal a' within the 'oor,
Twal lang, red-pented, packit char-a-bancs.
The plooman's cot ahint them is smothered 'mang the stoor,
The very linties cowed hae stopped their sangs.

I swing my split-cane rodie across Clyde's bonnie briest—
They're nibble, nibble, nibblin' at the blae.
I wonner why thae roarin' folk mak' hell o' a' the east,
An' what wi' them is ca'ed a workin' day.

They're nibble, nibble, nibblin' at a thing they canna name,
Jist like that bonnie graylin' tuggin' noo
I'm the deil to that braw felley, as I wile him canny hame.
Ay! he's hookit wi' a wud-cock stent an' true.

The net is in ablow him, an' the bauld fish whummles round—
There's the thirteenth rummlin' hameward to the wast.

Sune 'neth the curtain o' the nicht they'll a' be sleepin' soond,
Thenk God, say I, if a' thae fules are past.

Some hae an unco pleesure in the airt o' gettin fu',
Tormentin' dacent folk that never dram.
They say that Life's auld barrey is boarded up like new,
I doot it's gey an' shoogly in yae tram.

Auld Scotland's sair forfouchen if sic are Scottish men,
As daft as peeries sittin' cockin' there.
If this is the beginnin', man, what will be the end?—
The very sough o' daith is in the air.

Alang the banks o' bonnie Clyde I lowse my tremmlin' hairt—
The plunkin' troot are jumpin' to the flee,
They're welcome to the stoorie road, wha seek the stoorie airt,
The green, green haughs o' Clyde for sic as me.

"Meenister" Machiavelli

A BORDER GHOST STORY

BY HOWARD PEASE

The soul of the Minister of Bleakhope was disquieted within him, for he had just been "up the water" and seen the new stained glass windows which had recently been put in and dedicated to Saint Cuthbert in the English Church "beside the knowe."

The Reverend Alexander Macgregor was tall and spare, oval-faced, eyed like a hawk, yet with a humorous twinkle behind his keen glances.

A bequest from a wealthy parishioner, who had died as the result of a motor car accident, had enabled his "brother"—the Episcopalian "Priest"—to decorate his church with three single lights, illustrative of Saint Cuthbert's life, and the Minister grieved as he thought of his own little grey kirk on the bare hill which badly wanted a "bit color" in its wee apsidal east window.

He regarded his frayed sleeves and his wrinkled black trousers unhopefully.

If he were to save every penny till the end of his days, he could never achieve his desire. He had no wealthy parishioner whom he might persuade into buying a motor car after seeing that "the kirk" had been duly remembered in his will.

His flock consisted chiefly of small farmers and herd laddies, and unless one of them emigrated and made a fortune in Canada he saw no prospect of achievement in the parish itself.

As he walked up the road toward the manse on this particular October evening after his return from the Knowe, he came nigh to breaking the Tenth Commandment into pieces, for the three light windows seemed to flaunt themselves before his

eyes in the gathering mist and to ask tauntingly, "What wull ye gie for us? What wull ye gie for us?"

As he plodded onward, he was suddenly hailed by a voice from behind. Turning about, he recognized one of his elders—a small fellside farmer—who, coming up with him, informed him that an old acquaintance was staying at the little Inn close by, who had been inquiring about him.

"Wha is't?" inquired the Minister. "Ye'll mind Tam Elliot," replied the elder, "him that was nevvy to auld Sandy o' the Ratten Raa farm that died and left him part money. Aff he went when he got the siller, and a bit later an auld great-aunt left him a bit mair, sae he took a muckle big farm doon sooth, and noo he's at the inn cracking crouse aboot his pedigree beasts and sheep and swankin' awa as to what he's done syne he left these parts, just as if we didna ken the sort o' a man he was, and aye will be. Howsoever, he's askin' after ye, and maybe ye'd like a crack wi' him.

The Minister was on his way home, but he liked his "crack" as well as another, so he turned eastward to the little wayside hostelry some quarter of a mile back, to foregather with Elliot, who used to attend the kirk "whiles" in company with his deceased uncle. "The Sign of the Wool Pack" was a very quiet country inn; in the little "snug" there would not be above half-a-dozen customers—the landlord, probably, presiding over them—so the Minister thought no harm in joining them for a glass, a pipe and a "crack."

"Hoo's aal wi' ye?" he enquired, as he entered the door of the "snug" and, having nodded to the company, held out his hand to Tam Elliot. "We hae heard that ye are increasing your flocks like Abraham, doon sooth i' the land o' Canaan?"

"You are welcome, Minister," cried Tam in reply, as he rose up and took him by the hand. "'Wag a paw'," as we used to say, and take something for a sore throat. Yes," he continued, as he sat himself down again and took a pull at his own long glass, "I'm building up a pedigree stock at my new place—gave £500 for a bull t'other day, and that's a fact."

"Dod, man," said the Minister, bethinking him of his stained glass window, "why, that's a small fortune."

"'Tis that," replied Tam complacently, stretching a leg to the hearth, "but pedigree blood's worth the money." He caressed a little Imperial he had grown since he left the north, stretched out his other leg to the fire, and with a smile of satisfaction that seemed to ooze from his vintage cheeks, continued to talk of his own pedigree.

"Yes, blood's the thing," he said, "for beasts and humans alike. Why, take my family—everyone knows the clan of Elliot's been on the border for centuries, and one of my forebears was married on a Stuart lass, so likely enough I may have a bit royal blood i' my veins, even though it comes from the wrong side o' the blanket."

Here an ancient bearded shepherd, with a tongue of caustic, Ringan by name, who was sitting behind the Minister, winked derisively at the company and muttered, *sotto voce*, "He's forgot aal the little yins. I mind fine his granddam—the merry-begot of a pitman's lass doon the water." The Minister himself could not resist a smile at this, and the visitor added somewhat hastily, "Yet I say wi' Robbie Burns —*'a man's a man for a' that.'* Have another touch o' this mountain dew," he cried magnanimously to the scornful herd.

"Na, na, I'm awa,' replied the octogenarian, rising as he spoke; "it's gettin' late, and I dinna want to run the risk o' meetin' wi' 'Parcy' on my way hame."

"'Parcy!'" exclaimed the visitor, raising himself in surprise from his armchair. "Parcy, the ghost o' the murdered moss-trooper, d'ye mean, that the old wives talked of? D'ye still mean to tell me ye believe in ghosts up here?"

"Why not?" said the Minister. "'Tis good Christian doctrine to believe in departed spirits."

"We don't believe in 'em in the towns," retorted Elliot scornfully, "so why should we in the country?"

"Will ye put your faith, or lack o't, tae the proof?" here inquired the caustic ancient herd. "I'se haud ye a wager ye winna walk doon the burn the morrow nicht at the deid hour, past the stane where 'Parcy' was slain, and up on beyond the kirkyaird and on tae the manse. Maybe it's a mile, an' to-morrow's the nicht o' Hallow E'en, when the deid walk. Here's my shilling against whatever ye like to

lay doon," and as the ancient spoke he drew a long thin leathern purse from his trouser pocket, plucked forth a shilling, and set it down with a bank on the table.

"And there's my sovereign alongside it," cried the visitor vaingloriously.

"Aweel," the ancient continued, "the Minister can be the stake-holder, an' the landlord can set ye awa' as the clock strikes twalve the morrow nicht. If ye win through to the manse your lane ye'll hae won my shillin'; if no', the Meenister will hae a sovereign i' the ladle next Sawbath."

The landlord assented, the others all approved the suggestion, the Minister placed the stakes carefully into his waistcoat pocket, and the aged shepherd departed, chuckling to himself over his wager.

The Minister continued to converse about ghosts for a minute or more, then he too rose, saying that "the wife" would be getting nervous if she "wanted" him much longer.

As soon as he was out upon the road he sped on after the retreating footsteps of the shepherd, and he hailed him through the gloom. As he came up with him he said quietly, "Come awa' to the manse and we'll hae a bit crack."

* * * * * *

Hallow E'en drew on stormy and dark, and Elliot at the inn began to regret that he had ever accepted the wager, though for very shame he could not now withdraw from his forbidding task. At a quarter to twelve then precisely, having fortified himself with a final dram and lighted a cigar, he set forth upon his mission. He knew the path quite well and could make no pretence at missing his way, but when he had crossed the burn by the shaking little wire suspension bridge, sudden fear assailed him. There was a gusty wind sweeping drumly clouds athwart the sky—faintly illuminated by the dying moon; now a few stars appeared momentarily, then a swathe of darkness enveloped all. The old kirkyard, with its tottering headstones grouped around the black kirk, had an elritch look in the murky night, and Elliot's heart sank into his boots as he drew nigh.

The clouds had lifted as he walked swiftly but unsteadily onward. What was that? He heard something move and looked about him fearfully. Suddenly, from beside the little kirkyard gate a monstrous form rose up—soot-black, horned and threatening. It advanced upon him, tossing its horrid horns, but without speaking. *Could it be "Auld Clootie" himself?*

Elliott's knees became as water; he staggered on, but at that very moment a terrible bray resounded from the hollow on his left, and Elliot, overcome with terror, fell to the earth. "Minister Macgregor," he yelled; "O, Minister, come, help me! All the devils i' Hell are loosed about me." The horned figure drew closer, brandishing his horns, and Elliot, believing his last hour was come, wailed forth his confession of sin.

"I hae done wrang," he moaned aloud; "I promised Jeannie to make her an honest woman, but I haena done it. But I will, I swear it, by Heaven above, Minister Macgregor," ye yelled again. "Come, help me, or I'll gang clean daft." Shaking like an aspen leaf, he lay upon the ground and covered his eyes with his hands, whilst he endeavored to say a prayer.

Then he felt something touch him on the shoulder and he broke into an agonizing yell.

"Whist, then, whist!" said a kindly voice in his ear. A friendly hand gripped him below the oxter, and, peering up, de discerned the Minister.

"Eh, Minister," cried Elliot in a paroxysm of joy, "ye hae saved me—saved me," then he burst into tears.

"Come awa', come awa'," said the Reverend Alexander Macgregor gently, "come awa' up wi' me to the manse."

Clinging to his benefactor, Elliot rose to his feet and stumbled forward as swift as his shaking limbs permitted.

"Whaur is he?" he inquired tremulously, keeking about fearfully.

"Wha d'ye mean?" replied the minister. "Is't 'Parcy' ye hae seen?"

"Waur nor that; waur nor that," replied the other. "I believe 'twas *him*."

"Anither fifty yards an' we'll be hame," said the minister. "See, there's the licht i' the windie showing fine."

As soon as they were within doors, the minister placed his trembling companion in the old leathern chair in his little sanctum, made up the fire, and poured him out

a glass of whiskey with hot water from the kettle that was opportunely ready on the hob.

"And now, minister," said the rescued one, after imbibing the goodly contents of his glass, "what can I do for ye by way o' recompense for saving me the night?"

"Did I hear ye confessin' that ye had wranged a lass—by name Jeannie?" asked the minister, seriously, by way of answer.

"Ay, ye did that," replied the penitent fervently, "and I swore to right her. I'll make her my wife at aince; I swear it again—before ye."

"I'll haud ye to it, mind," said the Minister gravely; then he added thoughtfully, "There's some that hae sinned like ye i' the auld times that desired to prove their repentance and their gratitude to Heaven for timeous rescue by some outward and visible symbol, sic, for example, as building a kirk or founding an orphanage."

"Eh, but, Minister," ejaculated the penitent, turning white again, "yon's a work for kings and such like, no' for a poor farmer like me."

"A puir farmer," commented his mentor, "is no ane that gives £500 for a pedigree bull." There was silence for a while. The penitent groaned within himself as he regarded the implacable face in front of him. Then he said suddenly, "No' a *kirk*, Minister," and further ventured wheedlingly, " 'tis impossible, but somethin' *for* the kirk—a new pulpit, for instance, or a bit organ, or some heating for the winter." The Minister shook his head.

"The kirk disna care aboot organs, and the folk hereawa' are hardy and winna want ony heatin'," he replied slowly; then with the twinkle in his eye he explained further, "No, that is for *pleesure purposes*." He reflected a moment or two profoundly, then with a happy inspiration suggested an alternative. "A stained glass windie micht be a guid and righteous gift, I'm thinkin'."

"That's mair like it," responded the penitent, almost with joy, finishing off his glass and holding it out suggestively for replenishment.

"Hoo muckle would it come to, think ye —£100 belike?"

The Minister replenished his guest's glass hospitably before replying.

"We'd best mak' it guineas," he said thoughtfully.

"Right!" cried the other, his spirits visibly rising. "I've got a cheque book on me, and I'll write it out for ye this instant moment."

The Minister took the cheque silently, wiped it carefully on his blotting pad, then tucked it safely away in his Bible.

"An' noo," he said to his penitent, "noo I'll set ye awa' for the inn."

"Ye'll never be for turning me out into the darkness again?" wailed Elliot, his face paling perceptibly.

"I'll gang wi' ye," replied the Minister. "I'll guide ye; and wi' this," he took up his heavy "crook," "I'll fettle 'Auld Hornie'."

"I don't care about the wager," continued the other, desirous of putting off the evil moment; "here's the sovereign—for yourself or the old shepherd."

Serious as before, the Minister took the sovereign and laid it on the Bible as he said:

"If ye dinna gang back to the inn the landlord an' his lassies will be up a' nicht seekin' ye, an' ye'll be the talk o' the hail countryside."

His visitor sighed heavily and looked wistfully at the whiskey bottle, but the Minister was adamant. "No' anither sup till the windie's in," he thought to himself.

"Well, Minister," said his guest with resignation, as he rose slowly up from his chair, "I'll go back, but keep a close tongue, ye ken."

"I'm used to daein' that," replied the other, as he ushered his guest out into the darkness and led him back to the "Wool Pack" without mishap.

On his return the Minister paused by the kirk yett and thus soliloquized:

"I never cared muckle for that camstearie goat o' Ringan's, but he wis gey useful the nicht, there's no denyin', whilst as for auld cuddy, dod! but he was in fell voice, an' cam' in punctual as the precentor."

The Reverend Alexander Macgregor thrust out an arm on high, turned about on heel and toe as though to secret piping. Then he resumed his way to the manse, pondering now what should be the subject of the stained glass window. Suddenly he stood stock still. He had it! "It will represent Palm Sunday—the entry of our Lord into the Holy Ceety—*ridin' in on an ass.*"—*The Border Magazine.*

The Story of the Gold Fever in the Golden State

PART IV

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

(For The Caledonian)

Soon after leaving the camp of the Jayhawkers, Manley and Rodgers realized that they had crossed the divide and that every step they took was down the Pacific slope; soon they began to see signs of life; a crow came in sight and perched within gunshot, and very promptly he was shot and bagged in Rodgers' knapsack. A little later a hawk hove in sight, and it was very promptly taken care of in the same way; then a little further along they spied a quail; it also they shot.

Trees began to appear, and stumbling into a narrow ravine and following it for many miles, it led them into a much larger one, and O joy! there was a babbling brook of clear, sparkling water that literally sang them welcome as it wimpled over the stones in its course. They drank liberally of its life-giving stream, then dressed and cooked their three birds, and began to feel that life still held something for them. Soon a broad, grassy meadow opened before them. I will quote Manley's words describing this incident.

"Before us was a spur from the hills that reached nearly across the valley and shut out further sight in that direction, and when we came to it we climbed up over it to shorten the distance. When the summit was reached, a most pleasing sight filled our sick hearts with a most indescribable joy.

"I shall never have the ability to adequately describe the beauty of the scene as it appeared to us, and so long as I live that landscape will be impressed on my mind. There before us was a beautiful meadow of a thousand acres, green as a thick carpet of grass could make it, and shaded with oaks, wide-branching and symmetrical, equal to those of an old English park. While all over the low mountains that bordered it on the south, and over the broad acres of luxuriant grass was a herd of cattle numbering many hundreds, if not thousands. All seemed happiness and contentment, and such a scene of abundance and rich plenty and comfort, bursting thus upon our eyes, which for months had seen only the desolation and sadness of the desert, was like getting a glimpse of Paradise, and tears of joy ran down our faces. The day was bright with sunshine as well as with hope, and it was the first day of January, 1850."

Not a human being was in sight, and they were very hungry; down in a deep gully cut out by the rains, a yearling steer was feeding; Manley, gun in hand, crawled near to him and fired two shots, and as quickly as possible they were enjoying some of his meat that they roasted at once. They ate till they were satisfied, the first time in many long, dreary weeks. They then dried the balance of the meat, one of them sleeping while the other worked, relieving each other every few hours. The miserable dried meat that had been so long in their knapsacks they threw away, and refilled them with this good, fresh meat that they had dried.

They also made for themselves moccasins from the hide of the steer, and then continued their journey, though not very sure that they might not be pounced on at any moment for shooting the yearling steer. Soon they came to a strange-looking house of the adobe Mexican type, that proved to be the home of a farmer. There they found the woman of the house, but she could not speak or understand a word of English.

They had come out from the Sierra Madre Mountains into the San Fernando Valley at a point not far from the mission of that name. They went there, and were entertained for the night, sleeping on the floor, but indoors. Here they met an American, with whom they talked over their troubles, and concluded, under his advice, that they would save time by returning to the settler's house at which they had stopped on the previous day, and get the provisions they wanted. They might go on to Los Angeles, some thirty miles away, and fare no better, that place being very badly demoralized on account of the

rush to the gold mines.

Their new found friend agreed to go with them and act as interpreter. There they procured three horses, a little mule, a sack of beans, a sack of unbolted flour, and one of wheat, which they would have to grind themselves; also some dried meat. This food their friends showed them how to pack on the backs of the horses, and as quickly as possible they started on the return journey, to try and save the other members of the party.

About the fourth day out the horses got so worn out and feeble for the want of food and water that they could hardly crawl along; their heads hung low, almost touching the ground. They then concluded to bury the sack of wheat, hoping to find it on their return; this they did, and loaded the other sacks on the mule, which seemed to be in better condition.

The next day the ground became so rough and the grade so steep that the horses were unable to get over it, and had to be abandoned. Then, too, they found the bodies of two men who had traveled with them in the Jayhawkers' party. They had died by the side of the trail and had to be left there. This, of course, was all very disconcerting to our brave fellows, and only the thought that many other lives depended on their efforts urged them on.

At last, on the twenty-sixth day after leaving their friends camped at the spring, they were again in its vicinity. Their first sight or sign of their fellow travelers was to find the dead body of one of them—Captain Culverwell—lying on the trail. He lay on his back, his arms extended, his little canteen, made of two powder flasks, lying by his side. Manley writes: "This looked, indeed, as if some of our saddest forebodings were coming true. How many more bodies should we find?—or should we find the camp deserted, and never find a trace of the former occupants.

"We marched toward camp like two Indians, silent and alert, looking out for dead bodies and live Indians, for really we expected to find the camp devastated by those rascals, rather to find that it still contained our friends. About noon we came in sight of the wagons, still a long way off, but in the clear air we could make them out.

"No signs of life were anywhere about, and the thought of our hard struggles between life and death, to go out and return with the fruitless results that now seemed apparent, was almost more than human heart could bear. When should we know their fate? Where should we find their remains, and how learn their sad history, if we ourselves should live to get back again to settlements and life? If ever two men were troubled, Rodgers and I surely passed through the furnace. One hundred yards to the wagons, and still no sign of life; we fear that perhaps there are Indians in ambush, and with nervous, irregular breathing, we counsel what to do. Finally Rodgers suggested that he had two charges in his shotgun, and I seven in the Colts rifle, and that I fire one of mine and await results before we ventured any nearer. I fired, and in a moment a man came from under one of the wagons and stood up. Then he threw up his arms and shouted, 'The boys have come!' Then other bare heads appeared, and Mr. Bennett and wife and Mr. Arcane came running toward us. They caught us in their arms and embraced us with all their strength. Mrs. Bennett fell on her knees and clung to me like a maniac in the great emotion that came to her, and not a word was spoken."

Manley thus takes many pages of his book to tell all the incidents connected with their return; these need not be repeated here. They estimated that they had traveled five hundred miles since they had left the camp, and found on their return that the party had been reduced till only Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and their four children and Mr. and Mrs. Arcane and their boy remained; the others had pressed forward from time to time to try to escape from the desert. Immediately they began to prepare for the long journey. There were five oxen still left. It was at once decided that everything should be left behind, only things absolutely necessary for the sustaining of life to be taken along—a kettle, a tin cup for each, a few knives, forks and spoons, and all the blankets and the clothes they wore. It was planned that the two women should each ride on an ox; though they had never known nor heard of such a thing being done, they thought it practicable. The cloth in the wagon covers and in bed ticks was made into harness, the blankets being used for saddles, and one of the oxen, old

Crump, the gentlest of them, was rigged out with saddle bags made from two of the men's hickory shirts, in which the two youngest children were to be carried; the older ones were to ride like the women. Manley and Rodgers made new moccasins for themselves, and in a very few days they were ready to start.

It was very soon found that riding an ox was impracticable, and the women and older children had to walk. In a few days they were out of the valley, to which they had given the gruesome name, "Death Valley." Their food consisted of soup made from the beans and flour boiled with some of the dried beef, some of which they also ate. When five days out, their stock of beans became entirely exhausted, but at the place where they were to camp for the night was the sack of whole wheat that Manley and Rodgers had buried. This they had hidden so well that they had considerable trouble locating it. When found, although it had been buried in the dry desert sand, it had absorbed enough moisture from it that it had swollen so that the bag was nearly at the bursting point. But it was sweet and quite fit for food. At this camp they had to kill an ox.

They had had no water all day. Manley and Rodgers had gone on ahead and started a fire, and made what preparations they could to ease the hardship of the situation, selecting the best spots on which to sleep, spreading the blankets, and having the soup ready to serve, so that when the weary, bedraggled women and children arrived, they could at once lie down and be served with their share.

The women declared that but for the children they would cheerfully lie down and die, rather than endure another such day. The distance from the last camp to this spring was longer and the trail much rougher than on any of the previous days. Near to this camp, too, they had to pass the place where the bodies of Mr. Fish and Mr. Isham lay, and which Manley and Rodgers had covered with sand; this, together with the long, weary journey, depressed them very much.

At this camp they had to make moccasins for themselves and also for the oxen, whose feet had become so lacerated and tender from tramping over knife-edged stones, it was feared that they might give out altogether. These moccasins they made from the hide of the ox they had just slaughtered.

It was four days' travel to the next water hole, and all the water they could have during that time was what they could carry in their canteens. This they did not dare use during the day, but must save for their soup; none but the children could have any water, and they only at long intervals, and after they had cried hard for it.

The third night they had to make their soup with salt water which they found in a water hole; the next day they had no water at all for themselves or the oxen, only a little for the children, till they arrived at water holes at the base of a snow mountain. The oxen had to subsist on grease-wood, a shrub resembling a currant bush.

They were nine days from camp, their beans, flour and wheat all used up. They must now subsist on the beef obtained by killing their oxen. An ox yielded very little meat, and it was of the very poorest quality, giving very little nutrition; always they had to kill the poorest-conditioned one, so as to make sure the others could travel on, for they were now reduced to skin and bone.

The moccasins of the entire party were again completely worn out, so that, as one of the women expressed it, their feet ached like the tooth-ache; not only were their feet blistered and sore, but their dresses were worn off nearly to their knees by being draggled through the chaparral of the desert. But they could not stop long enough to kill an ox or make moccasins, but must plod on that the lives of the whole party might be saved. Their camp would be at a spring, and they must reach it that day, but they were caught by darkness four hours short of it, and did not reach it till four hours after daylight the next day; and to make matters worse, a rain storm, the second they had encountered since leaving Wisconsin, came up that turned to snow, and at sunrise there were two inches of snow on the ground. Their condition was truly miserable. They rested long enough at the next spring to kill an ox and make moccasins. The amount of meat procured from the ox when dried was easily carried in the mule's pack, it was so very small.

The next morning, after their meal of

soup made from the meat of the ox, they felt somewhat refreshed, and in better spirits. It was a two days' journey to the next water hole. They were now in what later came to be called the Mojave Desert, a waterless, barren plain, on which nothing grew with which they could make a fire, nothing to which they could even tie their animals, and when they camped that night, they simply tied them together. They could not make a fire; they had to content themselves with a little dried meat, and a little sip of water, for they were still another day from water, that they reached late the following afternoon, and also found a little grass for the cattle.

The next day, a few hours after starting, they lost the trail; the ground was of such a nature it could not retain marks of a trail. It was plenteously covered with the bones of animals, however, showing that many had passed that way, all of which so depressed the women that they had to go into camp until the next morning. That night they came to the water hole they had planned to reach the night before; all that the cattle could have for food was a few sage bushes at which they nibbled. The next day they were in a hilly country, and the day following they came to the little babbling brook that had so delighted Manley and Rodgers the first time they saw it.

Here, Manley writes in his journal,, "New life seemed to come to the dear women. 'O, what a beautiful stream!' they cried, and they dip in a tin cup and drink, and drink again, then watch the rollicking brook as if it was the most entertaining thing in the whole wide earth."

It was now the seventh day of March, 1850, twenty-two days since they left their wagons, and four months since they entered Death Valley, and about a year since they left Wisconsin. It had been for them a year of wandering, struggle and terrible hardship. They took a long rest, the cattle eating their fill, and then slowly traveled to the home of the settler where Manley and Rodgers had obtained their supplies. The woman recognized them, and when the men came home they were handsomely treated.

None of our travelers had a cent of money. Mr. Arcane sold his two steers, all the property he had in the world, to the Mexicans, and with the money obtained started for San Pedro, the post of Los Angeles; there he hoped to obtain a passage on a sailing vessel to San Francisco. The Bennetts, Manley and Rodgers leisurely went on to Los Angeles, some thirty miles away, and from there found their way to the mines.

(The End)

EDINBURGH CASTLE—THE BLACK WATCH

The Kilt's My Delight

BY NEIL MUNRO

Wool from the mountain, dyes from the vale;
Loom in the clachan, peat-fires bright;
To every strand of it some old tale—
Oh the tartan kilt is my delight!
Went to its spinning brave songs of Lorn,
Its hues from the berry and herb were split;
Lilts of the forest and glee of morn
Are in his walking who wears the kilt.

For priest, nor clerk, nor merchant men,
Nor biders at home was the pleating pressed,
But for the loins of those who ken
Hill-wandering; offspring of the mist,
Wood trackers, waders of wide streams,
The world their pillow, their roof the night;
Who sleeps in tartan has high dreams,
Oh the kilt of the Highlands is my delight!

I will put on me that gallant gear,
Brave first garb of the human kind,
Travel the moors and the hills of deer,
And feel on my body the kiss of the wind.
Be it melting heat or the driven sleet,
Kings to stand with or foes to fight,
Dance in the shieling or death to meet,
Oh the darling kilt is my delight!

Clan MacInnes

Clan Badge: Holly *(Cuileann)*.

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the MacInness Tartan are: Angus, Inness, MacAngus, MacCainsh, MacCansh.

The Arms of the Clan is: Blue, on a silver chief three blue stars of six points.

Crest: A thistle proper, and thereon a bee sucking the flowers.

Motto: *E labore dulcedo.*

Not a great deal appears to be known about this West Highland clan. The common derivation of the name is from Angus, one of the most ancient of Christian names among the Gael. In the genitive, the "g" of this name is aspirated, and the name is left with the sound MacAon'es or MacInnes. Who the original Angus was, however, appears to be unknown, and as the name MacInnes also means "Son of the Islet," many of the bearers of it are no doubt descendants of individuals who dwelt in such a spot, and in the usual way took their name from their location. The ancient family of Innes in Moray, of which the Duke of Roxburghe is head, no doubt derives its name from such a circumstance.

Clan MacInnes had its headquarters in the heart of Morven, and at the head of Loch Aline, which winds away into the hills from the Sound of Mull, the ruin of an old square tower is still pointed out as the ancient seat of the chiefs.

Tradition avers that this old tower of Kinlochaline was built by a lady of the name of Dougall. The tradition is corroborated by an old saying—*MacAonghais an Dun's MacDhugil an Laorn,* "MacInnes of the Fort of MacDougall of Lorn." The stones of which the stronghold is erected are remarkable for their size, even to the top of the wall, and it is said that the cost of the building was equal to that of a mass of butter of the same size. Whatever the cost, the builder chose a site for the fortalice that was both picturesque and of great natural strength. From the summit of a bold rock overhanging the loch, the ruin still romantically lords the scene. Kinlochaline was within a short distance of Ardtornish, on the Sound of Mull itself, one of the principal seats of the all-pow-

erful Lords of the Isles, and the MacInnesses were probably, therefore, closely allied with and dominated by these potentates. The seat of the MacInnes chiefs, however, was still a place of strength in the middle of the seventeenth century. Both Morven and Ardgour appear to have belonged to Clan MacInnes until the time of John, first Lord of the Isles, when it is said that MacInnes, one of the Councillors of the Isles, with his five sons, was treacherously murdered at Ardtornish Castle, and his lands were given to Clan MacLean. This occurred about 1390.

In 1645, during the wars of Montrose, Kinlochaline was besieged by the Irish auxiliaries of that leader. The siege was pressed with much vigor, but Clan MacInnes held out with great bravery till a breach was made in the wall and defence became hopeless. The castle was then taken and garrisoned for King Charles I.

The MacInnes chiefs sleep their last sleep in the little burial ground of Kilcolumkil, a short distance away. Several of their monuments are there to be seen, slab stones beautifully sculptured, with intricate designs of foliage and tracery. No inscriptions, however, remain to tell the names of the sleepers or the deeds which they performed.

In early times, the MacInnes clansmen were famous for their skill in archery, and one of their family held the office of hereditary bowman to the Chiefs of MacKinnon. This official had the duty of instructing the MacKinnon clansmen in the use of the weapon, and for its services the family enjoyed a hereditary farm, "Dal Na Saighdear—"the Field of the Archer."

The first of these, and also one of the first to migrate from Morven to Skye, was "Niall a' Bhogha"—Neil of the Bow. His descendants still reside in Syke. Colonel MacInnes, Glendaruail, noted as the author of the patriotic *Brave Sons of Skye* was a native of that island.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(Continued from June Caledonian)

The young man looked round him.

"Have you been ashore, Donald? Oh, yes; I suppose so. Did I fall down? Well, I am all right now; it was the glare of the sea that made me giddy.

Lavender had brought with him some bread and cheese in a piece of paper, for luncheon; and this store of frugal provisions having been opened out, the old fisherman was invited to join in; an invitation he gravely, but not eagerly accepted. He removed his blue bonnet and said grace; then he took the bread and cheese in his hand, and looked round inquiringly. There was a stone jar of water in the bottom of the boat; that was not what Donald was looking after. Lavender handed him the black bottle he had brought out from the cottage, which was more to his mind. And then, this humble meal dispatched, the old man was persuaded to go back to his post, and Lavender continued his work.

The short afternoon was drawing to a close when young Johnny Eyre came sailing in from Loch Fyne, himself and a boy of ten or twelve managing that crank little boat with its topheavy sails.

"Are you at work yet, Lavender?" he said. "I never saw such a beggar. It's getting quite dark."

"What sort of luncheon did Newstead give you, Johnny?"

"Oh, something worth going for, I can tell you. You want to live in Tarbert for a month or two to find out the value of decent cooking and good wine. He was awfully surprised when I described this place to him. He wouldn't believe you were living here in a cottage—I said a garret, for I pitched it hot and strong, mind you. Ain't you coming ashore, Lavender? You can't see to work now."

"All right. I shall put my traps ashore; and then I'll have a run with you down Loch Fyne, if you like, Johnny."

"Well, I don't like," said the handsome lad, frankly; "for it's looking rather squally about. It seems to me you're bent on drowning yourself. Before those other fellows went, they came to the conclusion that you had committed a murder."

"Did they really?" Lavender said, with little interest.

Neither Johnny Eyre nor any of the men who had just left Tarbert knew anything of Frank Lavender's recent history; and Lav-

ender himself was not disposed to be communicative. They would know soon enough when they went up to London. In the mean time they were surprised to find that Lavender's habits were very singularly altered. He had grown miserly. They laughed when he told them he had no money; and he did not seek to persuade them of the fact; but it was clear, at all events, that none of them lived so frugally, or worked so anxiously, as he. They could not make it out; but the joke among themselves was that he had committed a murder, and had grown reckless.

This Johnny Eyre was not much of an artist; but he liked the society of artists. From the moment that Lavender had come to the place, Johnny Eyre made him his special companion. He had a great respect for a man who could shoot anything anywhere. But Lavender, oddly enough, knew little about sailing; and Johnny was pleased to assume the airs of an instructor on this point.

Lavender got into the small boat, taking his canvas with him, but leaving his easel in the fishing smack. The picture was, for great safety, left in Lavender's bedroom, which already contained about a dozen canvases with sketches in various stages on them. Then he went out to his friend again.

"I've had a long day to-day, Johnny. I wish you'd go out with me; the excitement of a squall would clear one's brain, I fancy."

"Oh, I'll go out if you like," Eyre said; "but I shall take very good care to run in before the squall comes, if there's any about. I don't think there will be, after all. I fancied I saw a flash of lightning about half an hour ago, down in the south; but nothing has come of it.

When they pulled out again to that cockle-shell craft with its stone ballast and big brown mainsail, the boy was sent ashore, and the two companions set forth by themselves. By this time the sun had gone down, and a curious green twilight was shining over the sea. As they got farther out, the dusky shores seemed to have a pale mist hanging around them; but there were no clouds on the hills, for a clear sky shone overhead, awaiting the coming of the stars.

Chapter XXIV

"HAME FAIN WOULD I BE"

Unexpected circumstances had detained Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter in London long after everybody else had left; but at length they were ready to start for their projected trip into Switzerland. On the day before their departure Ingram dined with them—on his own invitation. He had got into a habit of letting them know when it would suit him to devote an evening to their instruction; and it was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two ladies submitted the more readily and meekly to the dictatorial enunciation of his opinions.

And yet, somehow or other, he occasionally found himself indirectly soliciting the advice of this gentle, clear-eyed, and clear-headed young person, more especially as regarded the difficulties surrounding Sheila; and sometimes a chance remark of hers, uttered in a timid, or careless, or even mocking fashion, would astonish him by the rapid light it threw on these dark troubles. On this evening—the last evening they were spending in London—it was his own affairs which he proposed to mention to Mrs. Lorraine; and he had no more hesitation in doing so than if she had been his oldest friend. He wanted to ask her what he should do about the money that Mrs. Lavender had left him; and he intended to be a good deal more frank with Mrs. Lorraine than with any of the others to whom he had spoken about the matter.

"I do not think," said Mrs. Lorraine, quietly, "that there is much use in your asking me what you should do; for I know what you will do, whether it accords with any one's opinion or no. And yet you would find a great advantage in having money."

"What am I to do with it?" he said, meekly.

"Give it to Mr. Mackenzie, in trust for his daughter," Mrs. Lorraine said promptly; and then, seeing that her mother had gone to the end of the drawing-room, to fetch something or other, she added quickly: "I should be more sorry than I can tell you to find you accepting this money. You do not wish to have it. You do not need it. And if you did take it, it would prove a source of continual embarrassment and regret to you; and no assurances on the part of Mr. Mackenzie would be able to convince you that you had acted rightly by his daughter. Now, if you simply hand over your responsibilities to him, he cannot refuse them, for the sake of his own child, and you are left with the sense of having acted nobly and generously. But, after all, that is only advice. I have no right to ask you to do anything like that. You ask me for my opinion about it; well, that is it. But I should not have asked you to act on it."

"But I will," he said, in a low voice; and then he went to the other end of the room, for Mrs. Kavanagh was calling him to help her in finding something she had lost.

Before he left, that evening, Mrs. Lorraine said to him,—

"We go by the mail to Paris to-morrow night; and we shall dine here at five. Would you have the courage to come up and join us in that melancholy ceremony?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "if I may go down to the station to see you away afterwards."

"I think if we got you so far, we should persuade you to go with us," Mrs. Kavanagh said, with a smile.

He sat silent for a minute. Of course, she could not seriously mean such a thing. But at all events she would not be displeased if he crossed their path while they were actually abroad.

"It is getting too late in the year to go to Scotland now," he said, with some hesitation.

"Oh, most certainly," Mrs. Lorraine said.

"Cecilia," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "you must not persuade Mr. Ingram against his will. He may have other duties—other friends to see perhaps."

"Oh, I have no other friends whom I am bound to see," Ingram said, with some hesitation; "and I should like to go to the Tyrol. But—the fact is—I am afraid—"

"May I interrupt you?" said Mrs. Lorraine. "You do not like to leave London so long as your friend Sheila is in trouble. Is not that the case? And yet she has her father to look after her. And it is clear you cannot do much for her when you do not even know where Mr. Lavender is. On the whole, I think you should consider yourself a little bit now, and not get cheated out of your holidays for the year."

"Very well," Ingram said, "I shall be able to tell you to-morrow."

To be so phlegmatic and matter-of-fact a person, Mr. Ingram was sorely disturbed on going home that evening, nor did he sleep much during the night. For the more that he speculated on all the possibilities that might arise from his meeting those people in the Tyrol, the more pertinaciously did this refrain follow these excursive fancies—"*If I go to the Tyrol, I shall fall in love with that girl and ask her to marry me. And if I do, what position should I hold with regard to her, as a penniless man with a rich wife?*"

He went down to his office in the morning with no plans formed. The forenoon passed; and he had decided on nothing. At mid-day he suddenly bethought him that it would be very pleasant if Sheila would go and see Mrs. Lorraine; and forthwith he telegraphed to Mrs. Lorraine for permission to bring Sheila and her father to dinner at five. He certainly knew that such a request was a trifle cool; but he had discovered that Mrs. Lorraine was not easily shocked by such audacious experiments on her good-nature. When he received the telegram in reply, he knew it granted what he asked. The words were merely, "Certainly—by all means—but not later than five."

Then he hastened down to the house in which Sheila lived, and found that she and her father had just returned from visiting some exhibition. Mr. Mackenzie was not in the room.

"Shelia," Ingram said, "what would you think of my getting married?"

Sheila looked up with a bright smile and said,—

"It would please me very much—it would be a great pleasure to me; and I have expected it for some time."

"You have expected it?" he repeated, with a stare.

"Yes," she said, quietly.

"Then you fancy you know—" he said.

"Oh, yes, I think I know. When you came down every evening to tell me all the praises of Mrs. Lorraine, and how clever she was, and kind, I expected you would come some day with another message; and now I am very glad to hear it; you have changed all my opinions about her, and—"

Then she rose and took both his hands, and looked frankly into his face.

"—And I do hope most sincerely you will be happy my dear friend.

Ingram was fairly taken aback at the consequences of his own imprudence.

"Oh, Sheila," he said, "this is all a mistake. It was a joke of mine—if I had known you would think of Mrs. Lorraine, I should not have said a word about it—"

"But it is Mrs. Lorraine?" Sheila said.

"Well, but I have never mentioned such a thing to her—never hinted it in the remotest manner. I dare say if I had, she might laugh the matter aside as too absurd."

"She will not do that," Sheila said; "if you ask her to marry you, she will marry you. I am sure of that from what I have heard, and she would be very foolish if she was not proud and glad to do that. And you—what doubt can you have, after all that you have been saying of late?"

"And am I to go to the Tyrol and ask her to marry me?" he said, with the air of a meek scholar.

"I should like to see you married—very, very much indeed," Sheila said.

"And to her?"

"Yes, to her," the girl said, frankly. "For I am sure she has a great regard for you, and she is clever enough to put value on—on—but I cannot flatter you, Mr. Ingram."

"Shall I send you word about what happens in the Tyrol?" he said, still with the humble air of one receiving instructions.

"Yes."

"And if she rejects me, what shall I do?"

"She will not reject you."

"Shall I come to you for consolation, and ask you what you meant by driving me on such a blunder?"

"If she rejects you," Sheila said, with a smile, "it will be your own fault, and you will deserve it. For you are a little too harsh with her, and you have too much authority, and I am surprised that she will be so amiable under it. Because, you know, a woman expects to be treated with much gentleness and deference before she has said she will marry—she likes to be entreated, and coaxed, and made much of; but instead of that, you are very overbearing with Mrs. Lorraine."

"I did not mean to be, Sheila," he said, honestly enough. "If anything of the kind happened, it must have been in a joke."

So the subject was discreetly dropped, Ingram reluctantly promising to pay some attention to Sheila's precepts of politeness.

Altogether, it was a pleasant evening they had; but when Ingram had left, Mr. Mackenzie said to his daughter,—

"Now, look at this, Sheila. When Mr. Ingram goes away from London, you hef no friend at all then in the place, and you are quite alone. Why will you not come to the Lewis, Sheila? It is no one there will know anything of what has happened here; and Mairi she is a good girl, and she will hold her tongue."

"They will ask me why I come back with-

out my husband," Sheila said, looking down.

"Oh, you will leave that all to me," said her father, who knew he had surely sufficient skill to thwart the curiosity of a few simple creatures in Borva. And, Sheila, you are a good lass, and you know that I hef many things to attend to that is not easy to write about—"

"I do know that, papa," the girl said, "and many a time have I wished you would go back to the Lewis."

"And leave you here by yourself? Why, you are talking foolishly, Sheila. But now, Sheila, you will see how you could go back with me, and it would be a ferry different thing for you running about in the fresh air than shut up in a room in the middle of a town. And you are not looking ferry well, my lass, and Scarlett she will hef to take the charge of you."

"I will go to the Lewis with you, papa, when you please," she said; and he was glad and proud to hear her decision; but there was no happy light of anticipation in her eyes, such as ought to have been awakened by this projected journey to the far island which she had known as her home.

And so it was that one rough and blustering afternoon the *Clansman* steamed into Stornoway harbor; and Sheila, casting timid and furtive glances towards the quay, saw Duncan standing there, with the wagonette some little distance back, under charge of a boy.

"It is a good afternoon you will be getting to see Borva again," her father said to her; but all the answer she made was to ask him not to stop at Garra-na-hina, but to drive straight on to Callernish. She would visit the people at Garra-na-hina some other day.

The boat was waiting for them at Callernish, and the boat was the *Maighdean-mhara*.

"How pretty she is! How have you kept her so well, Duncan?" said Sheila, her face lighting up for the first time, as she went down the path to the bright-painted little vessel that scarcely rocked in the water below.

"Bekass we neffer knew but that it was this week, or the week before, or the next week you come back, Miss Sheila, and you would want your boat; but it wass Mr. Mackenzie himself, it wass he that did all the pentin of the boat; and it iss as well done as Mr. McNicol could have done it, and a great deal better than that mirover."

"Won't you steer her yourself, Sheila?" her father said, glad to see that she was at last being interested and pleased.

"Oh, yes; I will steer her, if I have not forgotten all the points that Duncan taught me."

"And I am sure you hef not done that, Miss Sheila," Duncan said; "for there wass no one knew Loch Roag better as you, not one, and you hef not been so long away; and when you tek the tiller in your hand, it will all come back to you just as if you wass going away from Borva the day before yesterday."

She certainly had not forgotten; and she was proud and pleased to see how well the shapely little craft performed its duties. They had a favorable wind, and ran rapidly along the opening channels, until, in due course, they glided into the well-known bay over which, and shining in the yellow light from the sunset, they saw Sheila's house.

Chapter XXV

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PHOEBE"

It was a cold morning in January, and up here among the Jura hills the clouds had melted into a small and chilling rain that fell ceaselessly. In a rude little sheiling, built on one of the plateaus of rock, Frank Lavender sat alone, listening to the plashing of the rain without. It was, indeed, a cold and damp morning and the little hut was pervaded with a smell of wet wood, and also of peat-ashes, for one of the gillies had tried to light a fire, but the peats had gone out.

It was Lavender who had let the fire go out. He had forgotten it. He was thinking of other things—of a song, mostly, that Sheila used to sing and lines of it went hither and thither through his brain, as he recalled the sound of her voice:—

"Haste to thy barque,
Coastwise steer not;
Sail wide of Mull,
Jura near not!

" 'Farewell,' she said,
Her last pang subduing,
'Brave MacIntyre,
Costly thy wooing!' "

There came into the sheiling a little wiry old keeper, with shaggy gray hair and keen black eyes.

"Cosh bless me!" he said, petulantly, as he wrung the wet out of his bonnet, "you hef let the peats go out, Mr. Lavender, and who will tell when the rain will go off?"

"It can't last long, Neil. It came on too suddenly for that. I thought we were going to get one fine day when we started this morning; but you don't often manage that here, Neil."

"Indeed no, sir," said Neil, who was not a native of Jura, and was as eager as any one to abuse the weather prevailing there; "it is a ferry bad place for the weather. If the Almichty were to tek the sun away a' tagether, it would be days and weeks and weeks before you would find it oot."

"That is true enough, Neil; but I fancy the clouds are beginning to lift. And there they come with the pony."

Neil directed his glass towards a small group that appeared to be coming up the side of the valley below them, and that was still at some considerable distance.

"Cosh bless me!" he cried, "what is that? There iss two strangers—oh, yes, indeed, and there is one of them on the pony."

Lavender's heart leaped within him. If they were strangers, they were coming to see him; and how long was it since he had seen the face of any one of his old friends and companions? It seemed to him years.

"Is it a man or woman on the pony, Neil?" he asked, hurriedly, with some wild fancy

flashing through his brain. "Give me the glass!"

"Oh, it is a man," said Neil, handing over the glass. "What would a woman be doing up sa hills on a morning like this?"

The small party below came up out of the gray mist; and Lavender in the distance heard a long view-halloo.

"I am going to meet them on chance," Lavender said; and he set off along the side of the deep valley.

"Hillo, Johnny!" he cried, in amazement, when he came upon the advancing group. "And you, Mosenberg! By Jove, how did you ever get here?"

There was an abundance of hand-shaking and incoherent questions when young Mosenberg jumped down on the wet heather, and the three friends had actually met.

"I can't believe my eyes yet, Johnny. Why did you bring him here? Don't you know what you will have to put up with in this place? Well, this does do a fellow's heart good. I am awfully pleased to see you, and it is very kind of you—"

"But I am very cold," the handsome Jew-boy said, swinging his arms and stamping his feet. "Wet boots, wet carts, wet roads, wet saddles, and everywhere cold, cold, cold—"

"Come along up to a little hut here," Lavender said, "and we'll try to get a fire lit.

"Very good," said the boy. "Let us have the fire and the warm drink; and then, you know the story of the music that was frozen in the trumpet, and that all came out when it was thawed at a fire? When we get warm we have very great news to tell you—oh, very great news indeed."

"I don't want any news—I want your company. Come along, like good fellows, and leave the news for afterwards."

For months back he had almost cut himself off from the civilized world. His address was known to one or two persons; and sometimes they sent him a letter; but he was a bad correspondent. The news of his aunt's death did not reach him till a fortnight after the funeral; and then it was by a singular chance that he noticed it in the columns of an old newspaper.

"That is the only thing I regret about coming away," he was saying to these two friends of his; "I should like to have seen the old woman before she died. She was very kind to me."

"Well," said Johnny Eyre, with a shake of the head, "that is all very well; but to an outsider like myself—you see it looks to me a little unnatural that she should go and leave her money to a mere friend, and not to her own relations—"

"I am very glad she did," Lavender said. "I had as good as asked her to do it long before. And Ted Ingram will make a better use of it than I ever did."

"It is all very well for you to say so now, after all the fuss about those two pictures; but suppose she had left you to starve?"

"Never mind suppositions," Lavender said. "Tell me, Mosenberg, how is that overture of yours gettin on?"

"It is nearly finished," said the lad, with a flush of pleasure, "and I have shown it in rough to two or three good friends, and—shall I tell you?—it may be performed at the Crystal Palace. But you—you have succeeded all at once, and brilliantly, and all the world is talking of you; and yet you go away among mountains, and live in the cold and wet, and you might as well be dead."

"What an ungrateful boy it is!" Lavender cried. "Here you have a comfortable fire, nd you talk about people wishing to leave these things and die! Don't you know that in half an hour's time you will see a pony come back with a deer—a fine great fat hind—slung across it?"

"And have you people to talk to?" said Mosenberg, looking at Lavender with a vague wonder, for he could not understand why any man should choose such a life.

"Not many."

"What do you do on the long evenings hen you are by yourself?"

"Well, it isn't very cheerful; but it does a man good service sometimes to be alone for a time; it lets him find himself out."

"You ought to be up in London, to hear all the praise of the people about your two pictures. Every one is talking of them; the newspapers, too—have you seen the newspapers?"

"One or two. But all I know of these two pictures is derived from offers forwarded me by the Secretary at the Exhibition Rooms. I was surprised when I got them at first. But never mind that. Tell me more about the people one used to know. What about Ingram now? Is he still in his rooms in Sloane Street?"

"Then you have had no letters from him?" Mosenberg said, with some surprise.

"No. Probably he does not know where I am.

"But he is going to be married!" Mosenberg cried. "You did not know that? And to Mrs. Lorraine?"

"You don't say so! Why, he used to hate her—but that was before he knew her. To Mrs. Lorraine?"

"Yes. And it is amusing. She is so proud of him. And if he speaks at the table, she will turn away from you, as if you were not worth listening to, and have all her attention for him."

"It is an odd thing," Lavender said; "but many a time, long before Ingram ever saw Mrs. Lorraine, I used to imagine these two married. I knew she was just the sort of clever, independent, clear-headed woman to see Ingram's strong points, and rate them at their proper value. I must write and congratulate him."

"I met him on the day I went to see your pictures," Mosenberg said. "Mrs. Lorraine was looking at the bigger one a long time, and at last she came back and said, 'The sea in that picture makes me feel cold.' That was a compliment, was it not? Only you

cannot get a good view very often; for the people will not stand back from the pictures. But every one asks why you did not keep these two over for the Academy."

"I shall have other two for the Academy, I hope."

"Commissions?" Johnny asked, with a practical air.

"No. I have had some offers; but I prefer to leave the thing open. But you have not told me how you got here yet."

"In the *Phoebe*," Eyre said.

"Is she in the bay?"

"Oh, no. We had to leave her at Port Ellen to get a few small repairs done, and Mosenberg and I came on by road to Port Ascaig. Mind you, she was quite small enough to come round the Mull at this time of the year."

"I should think so. What's your crew?"

"Two men and a lad, besides Mosenberg and myself, and I can tell you we had our hands full sometimes."

At this moment, sounds of the approaching party were heard, and when Lavender and his friends went to the door, the pony, with the deer slung on to him, was just coming up. Lavender informed Neil that he would make no further effort that day; he gave the men a glass of whiskey all round; and then, with his friends, he proceeded to make his way down to the small white cottage fronting the Sound of Islay, which had been his home for months back.

Just before setting off, however, he managed to take young Mosenberg aside for a moment.

"I suppose," he said, with his eyes cast down,—"I suppose you heard something from Ingram of—of Sheila?"

"Yes," said the lad, rather bashfully. "Ingram had heard from her. She was still in Lewis."

"And well?"

"I think so; yes," said Mosenberg; and then he added, with some hesitation, "I should like to speak to you about it when we have the opportunity. There were some things that Mr. Ingram said—I am sure he would like you to know them."

"There was no message to me?" Lavender asked in a low voice.

"From her? No. But it was the opinion of Mr. Ingram—"

"Oh, never mind that, Mosenberg," said the other, turning away wearily. "I suppose you won't find it too fatiguing to walk from here back? It will warm you, you know; and the old woman down there will get you something to eat. You may make it luncheon or dinner, as you like, for it will be nearly two by the time you get down. Then you can go for a prowl round the coast; if it does not rain, I shall be working as long as there is daylight."

"Look here, Lavender," the lad said, with considerable confusion, "the fact is—Eyre and I—we brought you a few things in the *Phoebe*—a little wine, you know, and some such things. To-morrow, if you could get a messenger to go down to Port Ellen—but no, I suppose we must go and work the boat up the Sound."

"If you do that, I must go with you," Lavender said, "for the chances are that your skipper doesn't know the currents in the Sound, and they are rather peculiar, I can tell you.

The old Highland woman who had charge of the odd little cottage in which Lavender lived was put into a state of violent consternation by the arrival of these two strangers; but as Lavender said he would sleep on a couple of chairs, and give his bed to Mosenberg, and the sofa to Eyre, and as Mosenberg declared that the house was a marvel of neatness and comfort, and as Johnny assured her that he had frequently slept in a herring-barrel, she grew gradually pacified.

Tam i' the Kirk

BY VIOLET JACOB

Oh, Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',
When a' body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the buik o' the Word afore ye
That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,
But the lad that pu'ed yon flower i' the mornin's glory
He canna pray.

He canna pray; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed him
Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa,'
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gied him—
It an' us twa!

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,
He canna see for the mist that's afore his een,
And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the paraphrases,
Cryin', "Jean, Jean, Jean!"

William M'Combie of Tillyfour

Out of the northeastern counties of Scotland the chief beef-producing center of the British Isles, came the famous Aberdeen-Angus breed of cattle, now recognized as supreme the world over by the raisers of beef stock. Foremost in the development of this noble strain, which has been characterized as "the finest achievement of Scottish agriculture," was William M'Combie of Tillyfour.

Mr. Robert C. Auld, now of New York city, who is a nephew of the Laird of Tillyfour and spent a portion of his younger days in the close companionship of the noted breeder assisting him in his work, has recently prepared a series of interesting articles on M'Combie and the "Doddies" from first hand observations, family records, and other notes and data, which have attracted wide attention both in Scotland and America. On Mr. Auld's part this is primarily a labor of loving affection; and, in addition, he is to be commended unreservedly for giving to the world what will without doubt remain the definitive history of this splendid breed of animals and the man whose foresight, skill and devotion gave it to humanity.

Space in THE CALEDONIAN will not permit of extensive quotation, and much that Mr. Auld has written is of interest solely to special readers; however, the following intimate glimpses into the life and surroundings of the period will never fail to warm the Scottish heart.

First a glimpse of Tillyfour: Sometimes it was designated "Tillyfour Mansion" and "Tillyfour House," it could not very well be thought of as one or the other. It was a three-part structure at the time I am writing of, and up until after the visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to Tillyfour in 1868. Perhaps the most appropriate description of it, found in Black's Highland Society Essay, is "Mr. M'Combie's farm mansion."

In the middle stood the older part of the structure, to the right the oldest, to the left the "new wing." The middle portion consisted of the old, original house of four main rooms, an attic and a cellar. It was in the room to the left on the second floor or storey in which William was born, which he used as his living room until the latest wing was built. William's room contained the safe built into the wall, protected behind by the new wing, and that safe was latterly taxed beyond its limits and the excess plate had to be stowed away in other secret places. On this same floor was the guest chamber of the old house. Below William's room was the parlor, used as a dining-room for ordinary occasions until later years when the main dining-room became the family assemblage place.

It was in this parlor that William assembled every Sunday evening the "servants" from the farm for a service of catechising, psalm singing, scripture reading, a chapter from Henry's Commentary, or Doddridge, and a prayer which he read from a prayer book. Doddridge was that terror-striking declamant of the agonies of hell-fire in which William then absolutely believed and used to quote authorities to impress his hearers with the belief that "these bodies of ours would be made to endure agonies the like of which in life they could not thole," and the manner in which he emphasised this, by swinging out his right hand, a pinch of snuff between his thumb and forefinger, accompanying each word with a movement of the hand, speaking in a deep hollow monotone, as became such an awful pronouncement, always was received with bated breath, staring gaze, and tense attitude, until the last word of the sentence was spoken and the hand raised to transfer the snuff to its accustomed repository, with the usual sigh of satisfaction. There would be a sudden relaxation in the tension, a general nudging from one to another, and an escape of pent up breath. Then he would proceed, though this generally was the climax to his exhortation. The service would be concluded by the reading of a prayer—the Master preferred that more modest form. After that, Jeems, the grieve, would remain for a conference on the week's work.

It was not, however, all religion, sulphurous as it sometimes was, and exhortation to be good, that were his themes at these Sunday evening meetings. Even in the midst of them, the Master would relax, and enter into friendly, confidential talks with his men. He would tell them anecdotes, and give them advice. A chapter, indeed, might be devoted to his "advisings," which cost nothing, as would a lawyer's, but one piece of wisdom I may recall. He would often get around to the subject of carefulness in money matters, in saving and loaning, and then he would suddenly and with unction declare, "Take my advice, boys, and never lend money to a freen (i. e., a relative); if you do, you'll never get it back." And just this one more, on the occasion of the death of some local "body," perhaps, he would comment on deaths generally and conclude always, "A man dies as he lives"; from which his "men" could draw the inference natural in each case. And in these allusions to others, he always spoke of himself as "A standing moniment to God's sparing mercy," and "The sympathies of this world are wi' th' strong, an' no' wi' th' weak." All these sayings came to have the weight of proverbial philosophy, and I have been often told that they "stuck" in the memories of his hearers and served as guidance in many a critical situation. Also that much of the noblest portions of the Scriptures were similiarly recalled, because of having been

impressed on them by his solemn rendering of them.

The old kitchen was the homeliest place in the old house at that time. There many a youngster had learned to lift his feet to the strains of an itinerant or other violin. And its great low hearth, with its huge crane, presented a great problem for the deviser of the creature entertainment that was lavished on the guests in the big dining-room when these were present. Roasting and toasting and basting and broiling were not so easy there as they were after the old kitchen had been demolished, and in the new a modern range had been installed. It was at one of these windows that our scholarly literature-consuming friend, "Willie" Smith, when coachman for the Master used to take his meals with Hogg set up in front of him as he devoured his porridge or broth, spoonful by spoonful. And it was there, outside, in front of these windows, that were gathered the few guests who were present the day the Queen arrived—James Boyne M'Combie, Ann M'Combie Alexander (wife of Henry of the "Free Press"), and a few others. And it was in front of the older house of the low narrow door that William, bare-headed, and his sister stood to welcome Her Majesty, who, when she arrived with Miss MacGregor, her lady in attendance, was escorted "upstairs" by the mistress of the house. The first words Her Majesty spoke to Mr. M'Combie, after acknowledging his greeting and taking his arm as he helped her to alight were: "How glad I chose to-day, instead of yesterday. Mr. M'Combie, for my visit." She referred to the beautiful sunny day, real Queen's weather, as usual. And that was the way she spoke to her host while he was escorting her around the "premises."

The new room of the Master was plainly furnished, with its bed, centre table, big easy high-backed horsehair-covered chair, an old fashioned secretaire, another desk and cabinet, and chairs, and a portrait of Barclay of Ury. The big chair and the centre round table were the settings that made the picture. There, sitting in that big chair, before the grate, with his arm resting on the high side of the chair, by the table, would the Master read or dictate, and take his meals, as he had done in the old room in the old house. Latterly he took breakfast in bed—a "luxury" his cousin, William of Easter Skene, had remarked, "I have not yet indulged in."

Though William of Tillyfour had discarded the "wholesome porridge," he yet loved some of the other simple Scottish dishes, the smooth, gullet-drifting sowens being one that he would respond to, sometimes, for supper. He loved game when in season; and there is one tragedy of a grouse that is still remembered. Whether he was particularly grateful for the provision on the occasion to which this refers or not, it is recorded in the mental tablets that he clasped his hands and made a particularly fervent and lengthy grace. He had at the time a favorite dog, a big Newfoundland, which he had as a watch dog, that he would often release and have follow him. On this occasion the faithful brute dogged his steps to his room and lay down. The supper arriving and being placed on the table, William must have closed his eyes, for when the grace was said and he opened his eyes and turned to his plate, the bird had fairly "taken wing." The dog had snatched it, and decamped, for the door had been left ajar. The face of the Master must have been "a picture to make a statue of." But all he is recorded to have said was "'Od tak it—but that bird was good." Bacon and eggs used to be his breakfast with toast; or "finnan haddie" from "Bonnie" Eppie's at the foot of the stairs in the New Market, Aberdeen, or other variation. He drank no tea or coffee—he "washed down his meal" with Schweppes soda water, plain in the morning, with whisky, perhaps, for supper. At dinner he used to drink a glass of spirits. But latterly on the recommendation of Sir Henry Thompson, his surgeon in London, he "eschewed" the spirits entirely and took tea for breakfast and a light claret for dinner instead. A whole-meal biscuit, specially prepared, took the place of toast and bread. At dinner after the substantials had been disposed of, a joint, a chicken, or "a bird," whatever it might be, he would inquire with a twinkle, "What else?" which, as he would explain, was the remark always made by one of his old business friends when dining "out." He had always, biblically, abhorred pork, but on one occasion on being invited to dinner over to the cottage that had been built for William's mother, after the death of his father, there was served by Mrs. Thomas M'Combie, the widow of his brother "the Honorable Thomas," as he was called, a joint from which he asked a second helping. Mrs. Thomas was chuckling the while, seeing how he enjoyed it, and after he had been satisfied, she remarked, "If you had known what it was, William, I suppose you would have refused it?" And he had to admit that she could cook a piece of pork that had fooled him. On these occasions he sometimes told of the tremendous appetites of some of his cattle-dealing acquaintances, as told in "Cattle and Cattle Breeders," that used to astonish his younger hearers. After dinner or supper, of course, he would find solace in his tobacco. But he did not make of it such a constant solace as his snuff box, which was almost always in hand. And what pinches he did take—and what waste compared with the economical spoonfuls of James Whyte, his Tillyfour grieve, for instance. On one occasion seeing that his smoking—it was in the carriage one cold night, the windows being closed—annoyed his sister, he threw the pipe out of the window, and said, "There, I'll no smoke again, when you are riding wi' me." Thus on every occasion of the kind did he show his concern and consideration for others.

Then he would, in the evenings, or mornings, as the case might be, according to the

weather, settle down to his dictation. And much of his correspondence—and, of course, his speeches, which had to be "printed" out—gave him great concern. Particular communications he would devote much time to, exhausting every argument possible, to support his point of view. He would become restless and, searching for some word, would rise from his chair, slippered and in dressing gown, snuff box and handerkerchief in hand (as told in "Mr. M'Combie at Home," in "The World"), and pace around the room. On such occasions he would be in the condition of "In the yark o't," as he would characterize it, when he felt equal to the task. After that, at night, he would again settle down before the grate and read. Then he would retire, pull the long nightcap over his head, and we would leave him, but not to immediate slumber; for from his place of repose a voice would be heard, at first low and tender, but gradually rising in power and intensity. It was his usual nightly prayer. As my mother often told me and as I knew myself, he poured forth his whole soul in these prayers in words of great eloquence. Sometimes he would pause, as if pondering—perhaps he would reach out for his snuff-box and take a pinch of snuff, and then we would imagine him reclasping his hands, as he resumed his appeal at the altar.

William M'Combie was born at Tillyfour, the son of Charles, son of William of the farm of Mains of Lynturk. He came of a sturdy line of farmers and cattle breeders. He was a student at Marischal College, Aberdeen, 1819-21; and in 1830 took up finally the work of his father at Tillyfour.

A few extracts from William's diary of 1824 throw an intimate light upon the routine activities of farm life in the early part of the nineteenth century:

June 24. We began the Fold dike, it came on as terrible a rain as ever I saw. I was at the Smiddy in the afternoon.

Month of July.

July 2. I was at Charleston market. I bought three Stots, the day was somewhat rainy.

June 2. Charles M'Kenzie was here a great stranger.

July 4. there were a number of people helping with the fold.

July 5. we finished it.

July 6. Donald M'Leod & I went away to the Hill to clip Sheep it came on as terrible a day of rain as ever I saw we lost our way, we went down to Ben.(?) and their boy come to the hill with us and got a wedder and clipped him.

July 11. I was at Lewick Fair of Tarland and I bought 2 Scots & my Father bought 4. I saw W. Burgess there.

11. We did drive home 2 load of Peats, and Saturday 2 but it came on such a rain that we were obliged to stop.

July 14. We had Mr. Youngson and 2 Miss Milnes here along with the *Caravan and Flunkey*, also William came from Aberdeen, and he stopped or next day. William went away on Wednesday we had great leaping. Donald was King.

July 15. I went down the road with William and then went and saw the cattle at Invers & Cluny.

18. I went and brought home four Stots from Meikle Endovie.

July 20. I was at the Scrament at Lochell a very fine day.

July 21. there was at Tea two Allardices from London and S. Atlar and Chas. Chandler who stopped some time.

July 24. We began to Hoe our Turnips.

July 27. Mrs. Garn and daughters were at the Church of Tough.

July 31. They along with Geo. Garn were here for dinner.

31. We finished the cutting of our Hay.

The Month of August.

August 1, 2. Mrs. Garn and daughters went home.

Aug. 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15 & always rainy weather.

Aug. 10. I exchanged Guns with G. Mackie.

11. Charles & I went up to the Hill and killed 3½ brace of Moorhens.

12. Donald was with us we killed only 3½ owing to the wind, and in the afternoon I killed 1 Brace and a Brace of Partridges.

Aug. 13. We killed 8½ Brace of Moorhens; the day was fine.

Aug. 14. Charles killed 3 Brace.

Aug 15. .... 1 .....

Aug. 16. Charles & I killed 7½ Brace.

Aug. 18. I killed ½ Brace and lost the dog.

Aug. 18. We took in part of our Hay—in to tramp Cooks.

Aug. 19. Uncle & Auntie ..... Peter and his wife were here at dinner.

Aug. 24. I went off with the Cattle to Falkirk and went to Cuttishollock 1 night, 2nd night Slateford, 3rd Kirriemuir, 4th Redstone—and sold the 5 heifers that day to Mr. Inches, 5th Smiddyhaugh, 6th Auchterarder, 7th & 8th Sherrimuir, 9th & 10th Other side of Stirling, 11th Falkirk, 12th and 13th Market a very bad one sold the 1 day 14; came to Stirling on the road home, 15th to Supar Angus, 16th to Know Greens, 17th Tillyfour Home.

Septem. the 20. We began the Harvest.

Septem. 22. the beasts went off for Falkirk, 400 in number.

October 10. news from Falkirk the worst market in remembrance.

Octob. 10. I was at Charlestown Market and bought 5 Beasts.

October 22. we ended the Harvest, and had only 2 Stacks in the yard.

November the 14. We got in the remainder of the Crop 21 stacks in the yard and 3 on the land, 24 in all, the first Quar. of the moon (represented by its symbol) was the worst ever I saw but the 2nd Quar. (Symbol) saved us being Martinmas.

Nov. 14. My Father came home from Hallow fair a bad market for large Cattle but brisk for little Stots.

(*Continued on page 187*)

Our Glasgow Letter

Great interest has been aroused in the world of Labour in Scotland generally and Glasgow particularly over the marriage of "Bob" Williams, the General Secretary of the National Transport Workers Federation, to a young concert singer named Miss Iris Maxwell. They had arranged to be married very quietly at a London Register Office, but somehow the information leaked out a little too soon, and the happy pair were filmed and photographed most thoroughly. Miss Maxwell, (whose real name is Pearlmann) belongs to Glasgow, her people having a photographic business in the city for many years. Her career on the concert platform had so far been a very successful one, and she had just returned from a professional visit to Rome when her marriage took place. Mrs. Williams is small and very pretty, and only 23, while "Bob" is 39, and of the big and burly type.

June 9th will be a memorable date on the Island of Iona, as they will then celebrate the fourteen hundredth anniversary of the birth of St. Columba. The celebration will take place in the Abbey of Iona, where a special service will be held. As the date coincides with the Conference of Presbyterian Churches at Oban, from the 6th to the 10th June, there will be celebrations in connection with this also at Iona.

Mr. Jones, a Timber Merchant of Larbert, has, we hear, purchased Invergordon Castle and Estate. No doubt the fact that there is a large amount of timber on the estate had something to do with Mr. Jones' purchase, but quite apart from that it is a very beautiful residence, picturesquely situated in the Highlands of Ross-shire. We are glad to see that in this instance at least the Castle has fallen into the hands of one of our own countrymen, as too many of our historic residences have recently passed into the hands of outsiders of one country or another. We don't pride ourselves on our Cosmopolitanism, but rather on our Clannishness, and we always regret to hear of a well known or old family giving up residences that have been in the family for generations.

One of the most interesting deals of recent times has just been completed in Forfarshire. Mr. James Duncan of Kinnettles having purchased about 2,000 acres of the Glamis Estates from the Earl of Strathmore. The purchaser is the sun of a crofter in the district, and attended the village school at Douglaston, the houses in which, belonging to the Earl, are included in the sale. There are ten farms included in the 2,000 acres purchased and the price paid is said to be £100,000. Mr. Duncan, at one time a bank clerk in Douglaston, made his pile as an East India merchant, being now managing director of one of the best known companies.

A very interesting volume has just been completed, due to the labours of Major J. E. Mackenzie, Officer Commanding the Artillery Unit of Edinburgh University O. T. C., which is composed of a Roll of Honor of over 7,600 names, and runs to nearly 800 pages. Among those mentioned are five V. C.'s—whose portraits are given—and also photographs of about 944 others—as many as could be obtained. The compilation of this book has undoubtedly meant a great deal of both time and labour to Major Mackenzie, and while it has no doubt been to him a labour of love, it is none the less a splendid achievement, and a monument for all time to the University boys who gave their lives for their country. No doubt the grateful thanks of many parents and friends will be extended to the compiler. In civil life the Major is a University Lecturer in Chemistry.

We scarcely notice, in the bustle of everyday life, the passing of the years, and it may therefore be a surprise to many to learn that on the 9th May, J. M. Barrie celebrated his 61st year. When one reflects what he has contributed to literature in these years it is not so surprising, but somehow or other we think of Barrie as the living presentment of his "Peter Pan" the boy who never grew up. Perhaps it is his wonderful spirit, permeating his writings, that makes one forget that the years roll on in spite of us. We wish him many happy returns, for we could "ill spare him."

Mr. Robert Wilson, chairman of the *Edinburgh Evening News* who died recently, left gross estate in the United Kingdom to the value of £87,398. Out of this very substantial sum he left a paltry £1,000 each to the Institute of Journalists' Orphan Fund, and the Edinburgh Industrial Boys' Brigade Home. Surely a little more might have been spared to the Institute of Journalists' Orphan Fund, so closely connected with his own

business. Some of us think we would know just how to distribute our wealth to the best advantage if we had it, but perchance circumstances might alter cases, so we will not be too critical.

We are very proud indeed to be able to report that the Amateur Golf Championship, played at Hoylake, in England, has been won by a Scotsman. Mr. W. I. Hunter, the gentleman in question, not only won the championship, but won it by the largest margin on record, namely 12 up and 11 to play. He is the first artisan to gain the title of champion, and is very happy about it. It is just about time Scotland had picked herself up in the realm of sport, and taken her accustomed place in the front line, and we hope this is just another of many victories in store. Our men are now getting into form, after the strain of five years of war, and we are looking forward now to a record season.

Surely a compliment to Mr. George Ross—and to Scotland—that he has just been appointed to an important post in India, by a large engineering firm, to open up and carry on a granite quarry in Baroda, one of the big industrial centres of the East. Mr. Ross is at present manager at Tomsforest Granite Quarry, Kemnay, Aberdeen, so that his work in India will not be new to him. Although granite cutting is probably not now an important industry in the East, the Indian workmen were at one time the finest artists in stone in the world. Mr. Ross has here a great opportunity, which he will doubtless take advantage of.

The Crown Prince of Japan, who is doing a tour of Britain at present, paid a visit to Edinburgh on May 20th, and expressed himself as delighted with our Scottish Capital. On his visit to the Castle he was deeply interested in the Scottish Regalia, and especially in the fact that the Crown was partly constructed of gold from Wanlockhead, in Lanarkshire, and that there were Scottish pearls among the jewels. A large pearl, from the River Ythan, in Aberdeenshire, was a special attraction to him. The Prince knew about Mary Queen of Scots, and was greatly interested in her bedroom and in the Scottish National symbols on the woodwork there.

From Edinburgh the Prince paid an informal visit to the Duke of Atholl, at Blair Atholl. During his stay in Scotland he also spent nearly a whole day at Rosyth Naval Dock, under ideal weather conditions. When crossing the Forth Bridge the train was stopped to afford the Prince an opportunity of inspecting the famous structure. The concluding event of his Edinburgh day was a dinner in the Banqueting Hall of the Castle, when he was the guest of the Scottish Command Headquarters, and regiments stationed in Edinburgh.

He was especially interested in the game of golf, and was never tired being instructed in the rules of the game, and in watching it being played.

GRACE D. WILSON.
64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Current Events

Domestic

The University of Michigan conferred the degree of LL. D., on Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, on June 30.

Nearly 6,000 persons suffered as a result of the great flood in Colorado, according to an official statement issued by the Red Cross. That number includes dead, injured, homeless and persons who lost property; 600 houses were destroyed. Among the number were 800 foreigners. Up to June 20, 1,702 families registered as needing assistance. In addition 383 homeless men applied for aid.

The famous old British convict ship *Success*, now a travelling museum, is now in New York. Its last visit was in 1912. She was built in 1790, and was scuttled in Sydney Harbor in 1885, but was raised five years later and has since been exhibited to more than 15,000,000 people.

At the close of 1920, there was invested in farm lands and buildings in the United States, $67,795,965,000. This compares with $34,801,125,000 at the close of 1910. These figures show an increase of almost 100 per cent. in the past decade.

W. E. Barton, in his recent book *The Soul of Abraham Lincoln*, gives much information regarding the books that influenced the great President. Lincoln was not a great reader; indeed Herndon, who was his law-partner for twenty years, says that Lincoln "read less and thought more than any man prominent in public life in his generation." But among the few books that did have a formative influence upon his thought three are connected with Scotland. First, the works of Burns, who is said to have been his favorite poet. The rollicking humour of "Tam o' Shanter," the withering scorn—an element which had a considerable place in Lincoln's nature—of "Holy Willie's Prayer," and the manly democracy of "A Man's a Man" appealed to him strongly. The other two books which are said to have influenced him deeply were "The Christian's Defence" and "The Vestiges of Creation." Some of us have heard of the latter, which was written by Robert Chambers (a native of Peebles), the well known Edinburgh publisher, although his name did not appear on the title page till forty years after its first publication and thirteen years after his death. From these books, we are assured, Lincoln learned not only the essential theory of Evolution, but that such a view of creation is consistent with faith in God and the Bible.

George A. Morrison, aged eighty-three, pioneer fur trader and participant in Indian fights and peace negotiations of frontier days, died in Minneapolis June 25. He was born in 1839 in St. Hyacinth, Quebec, Canada.

A handsome memorial, the gift of William H. Todd, shipbuilder, commemorating the services of 2,800 men and women of the Borough of Brooklyn, who died in the World War, was unveiled in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 26.

The estate of Andrew Carnegie, the appraisal of which was announced recently, amounted at his death to $25,933,014 gross and $22,881,575 net. Previously he had given away $350,000,000. His private pension roll has 400 beneficiaries, 300 of whom are past sixty, and the majority women—this fund is now $4,250,000.

The Rev. James Deans, Scottish poet-preacher, late of Grafton, Neb., has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church, of Oakland, Florida.

British

An effort is being made in London by the Shetland Agency to revive the Shetland industries. Before the war the Duchess of Sutherland took a great interest in the Shetland cottagers, whose beautiful work is well known. Owing to the war and general trade depression many of the Shetland cottagers have fallen upon evil times, and the Shetland Agency is endeavouring to revive the interest formerly taken in Shetland wear.

Flight Lieutenant Proctor, one of the most famous of British air fighters, who won the Victoria Cross in the war, bringing down sixty enemy airplanes and twenty-eight balloons, was killed on June 22, when his airplane crashed while he was practising over Salisbury Plain.

Cold weather prevailed throughout Scotland the early part of June and the higher peaks of the Grampians and of Ben Wyvis were covered with fresh snow.

The late Rev. John Mackay, Crombagh, Inverness, was so well known throughout the Highlands and elsewhere that it is considered that some record of his life and work should be given to the public, and such a volume is to be published shortly from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Mackenzie, Alvie U. F. Church, Kincraig.

Mr. Andrew Blackward, B.A., B. Sc., headmaster of Butterburn School, Dundee, has been elected president of the Educational Institute of Scotland. Mr. Blackwood was at one time an assistant teacher in Cromarty Public School.

Bemersyde, the ancestral home of Earl Haig, of Bemersyde, from which the Field Marshal takes his title, has been purchased by public subscription and was formally handed over to him on June 22. The Earl, in his letter of thanks, says: "An old dream of mine, rather than a hope, has been realized in this gift."

The body of another victim of the Cromarty fishing-boat disaster, which occurred on the 16th March, resulting in the death of four fishermen, has been found. The body was washed ashore at the North Sutor, and was found on the beach. It was taken to Cromarty, identified and buried.

Mr. David Young, the well known, popular, and highly respected agent of the branch of the Bank of Scotland in High street, Inverness, has just retired from active service. A native of the Black Isle, he entered the Fortrose branch of the old Caledonian Bank in April, 1871, and had held his present position for twenty-eight years.

A recent Scottish guest at Buckingham Palace is responsible for the statement that there is no musical instrument more often and more regularly played at Court than the bagpipes. Every morning at eight o'clock punctually the strains of a pibroch begin in the courtyard, and continue for precisely ten minutes, during which the King and members of the Royal Family invariably set out for their morning ride. His Majesty is fond of bagpipe music, and the Queen's appreciation is even greater, inasmuch as her Majesty knows each tune by name. The selections each morning are left to the personal discretion of the piper, who is Pipe-Major H. Forsyth, late of the Scots Guards. He has been fifteen years piper to his Majesty, and has taught all the members of the Royal Family the popular Scottish dances.

The etymology of Highland place names provokes much discussion among the few experts who are equipped for its investigation. Much of the difficulty arises from the intermixture of Norse and Gaelic words and the tracing of the components of the names. Among the few authorities on this abstruse matter was the late Dr. Alexander MacBain, whose *Highland Place Names* is nearing publication by Mr. Mackay, of Stirling. Part of the book will deal with the early history and names of Sutherland, and the remainder with the place names of Skye, Lochaber, Badenoch, Lochalsh, and the Hebrides. The work has been edited by that competent Highland scholar, Professor Watson, of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University, himself the author of a book on the place names of Ross and Cromarty, and a friend and co-worker of Dr. MacBain.

The first meeting of the Conference of Empire Premiers was held on Monday, June 20, at 10 Downing street, when an address on foreign policy was delivered by Mr. Lloyd George.

General J. C. Smuts

Colonel C. E. Heath, D.S.O., has been appointed general secretary, and Mr. John R. Griffin, assistant general secretary, of the British Legion, the new body which has been formed out of the four principal organizations of ex-service men, with nearly two million members.

His Majesty in Council has appointed Mr. James Cameron Stewart, M.A., of Edinburgh University, M. A., of Oxford University, to be one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Mr. Stewart is at present senior classical master in the Royal High School, Edinburgh, of which he is also a former pupil.

The death occurred on June 20, of the Very Rev. Michael Balfour Hutchison, D.D., formerly Dean of the Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Dr. Hutchison, who was 78 years of age, was for more than half a century a prominent figure in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland.

The coal strike has hastened the closing down of many large shipbuilding plants in Great Britain. The lack of demand for new ships has been causing many yards to close as they finish the work in hand, and the coal strike has caused many to shut down even before they would have otherwise. Reports from yards all the way from Scotland down to the south of England are that men are being discharged by the thousands.

The death has occurred, after a long illness, of Mr. Peter L. Morrison, solicitor, Wick. Mr. Morrison was for many years partner in the firm of Messrs. Nimmo and Morrison, solicitors, Wick. He was a Justice

of the Peace Clerk for Caithness, Burgh Prosecutor for the town of Wick, for a time Conservative agent in Caithness, and factor for the estate of Forse, Latheron. He was fifty-six years of age.

On the traditional site of the first Columban Church in Kintyre, the fourteenth century of Saint Columba was appropriately celebrated at Southend, under the auspices of the Presbytery of Kintyre, on June 8th. There was a great gathering on the hillside overlooking Columba's first landing place on Scottish soil, after crossing from Ireland, where, on a flat stone on an eminence west of the present churchyard, are carved what are known as Columba's footprints, the Holy Well bearing the Saint's name being in the immediate vicinity.

Viscount Bryce, in inaugurating the Sir George Watson Chair of American History at the Mansion House, declared the United States Constitution was 'the greatest single contribution made to government as an applied science." Englishmen, Viscount Bryce asserted, studied American history too little, and he hoped the Watson Foundation would bear abundant fruit in a better understanding between the two peoples. J. Balfour presided and in the audience were Lord Aberdeen, Lady Bryce, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and a large contingent of Americans. The Prince of Wales sent a cordial letter.

A portrait by Raeburn was discovered recently under surprising circumstances at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire. The local art club borrowed two canvas scenes from a neighboring village for use at a dramatic entertainment. On their arrival they were thickly covered with dust. While being cleaned it was discovered that one had been painted on the back of a picture which ultimately was revealed as a portrait of a Highlander. Further investigation established it as the work of Raeburn.

The Clyde trustees have announced the purchase of 140 acres of land at Shieldhall and Renfrew for the enlargement of the docking facilities for the Glasgow Harbor. It is estimated that the scheme will cost $1,362,620, and when completed will add approximately two miles of docks to the present harbor facilities. It is thought the completion of this work will take five years.

An interesting incident is related in connection with the victory in the open golf championship at St. Andrew's of Jock Hutchison, the little Scotch caddy boy, who went far across the seas and came back with a good deal of the American method of playing golf, and complete kindness and simplicity. The caddies at St. Andrew's range up to seventy years of age, and many of them knew him when he was a boy. As he went out in his triumphant round his father came in carrying the bag of another player. As the two passed neither spoke, for no one ever speaks to a golfer when he is playing in a big match in Scotland.

The Court will leave for the Highlands about the middle of August, and will remain there for a couple of months, unless something unforeseen should arise to necessitate His Majesty's earlier return to London. It will be recalled that both last year and the year before that the King had to curtail his stay at Balmoral owing to industrial trouble.

A bronze copy of Houdon's marble statue of George Washington, the original of which stands in the rotunda of the State Capitol of Virginia at Richmond, was unveiled in Trafalgar Square, London, June 30. The statue was presented to Great Britain by Virginia as an expression of its friendly feeling for the country whose sons were among the first settlers of the State.

Sir Malcolm Smith, Coalition Liberal, has been returned unopposed for Orkney and Shetland. A native of Shetland, he is engaged in business at Leith. As a Liberal he unsuccessfully contested the Leith Burghs at a by-election in 1914.

The Northern Parliament was opened in Belfast, Ireland, June 22, by King George and Queen Mary. The King's speech was a plea for the two factions to end their strife and forgive and forget, and their Majesties left amid cheering thousands with no untoward incident to mar the historic ceremony. The Southern Parliament was opened at Dublin, June 28. Gill Fitzgibbon was elected chairman of the House of Commons and Sir Nugent Everard, former Lord Lieutenant of County Meath, chairman of the Senate. After the inauguration Parliament adjourned to July 13.

Having obtained the consent of surviving members of the House of Hamilton, the ducal trustees have been granted their petition by the Sheriff to remove the bodies of the Dukes of Hamilton and others interred in the mausoleum to Arran and the Bent Cemetery at Hamilton.

It Pays to

Advertise in

The Caledonian

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Bonnie Noranside

BY JAMES KENNEDY

When joyfu' June wi' gladsome grace
Comes deck'd wi' blossoms fair,
An' twines round Nature's bonnie face
Her garlands rich and rare,
How swift my fancy wings awa'
Out owre yon foaming tide,
And fondly paints each leafy shaw
On bonnie Noranside!

O sweetly there the wild flow'rs spring
Beside the gowany lea!
O blithely there the wild bird sing
On ilka bush and tree!
While purple hills an' valleys green,
Array'd in Simmer's pride,
Spread lavish to the longing een
By bonnie Noranside.

Ye Powers wha shape our varied track
On life's uncertain sea,
As bright there comes in fancy back
Youth's fairy scenes to me,
Sae bring me back, I fondly pray,
To where my auld freends bide,
To spend ae lee lang Simmer's day
By bonnie Noranside.

New York Caledonian Club

The regular monthly meeting of the New York Caledonian Club was held Tuesday evening, June 7th, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. Three new members, John Brown, James H. Millar and Thomas McCall were added to the roll and ten propositions were received. The final report of the Saturday evening sociable committee showed that the season just finished had been the most successful in the club's history. The committee was discharged with a hearty vote of thanks. The games committee reported progress was being made with the arrangements for the annual Labor Day gathering to be held this year at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn. Invitations were accepted to attend the annual games of the Yonkers Caledonian Club, June 25th, and the excursion of the Paterson Caledonian Club to Bear Mountain, July 16th. An interesting part of the call for the club meetings for several months has been "Klub Klippings" made up of brief, but pointed references to various happenings around the club. "Ye Editor" got the idea that the column was not appreciated and sent out a black bordered notice of its demise. However, Editor Jack, at the unanimous request of the club, with the aid of a powerful pulmotor has restored the column to life and proposes to have it bigger, brighter and better than ever. Ex-Chiefs can send in what they consider first class matter, but the editor has got to think so also or it does not go.

PERSONAL

Among the passengers on the *S. S. Columbia* landing at New York, June 13th, were Mrs. Margaret Tasker, the Misses Margaret M. Tasker, Jean Kelvin Tasker and Master James M. Tasker, until recently residing at 38 Roxburgh Circus, Cardonald, Glasgow. Mrs. Tasker and the weans came out to join the head of the family, Captain James Tasker of the *S. S. Grace Dollar* loading in New York for her home port Vancouver, B. C. They will make the trip in the *Grace Dollar* to Vancouver, where they expect to make their future home. It was a great pleasure for many of her old New York friends to meet Mrs. Tasker again and get acquainted with her interesting family. They carry with them hearty wishes for a happy life in their new home on the Pacific.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The last regular monthly meeting of the ladies until fall was held in the club parlors Monday evening, June 13th, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell presiding. Invitations to attend the excursion of the Paterson Caledonians, July 16th, and the Yonkers Caledonian Club games June 25th, were received and accepted. For years the ladies have held their beach party on the third Saturday in July, but this year they put it off until the 23rd of the month so as not to clash with the Paterson folk. Krueger's Pavilion between Seaside and Rockaway Park, L. I., will be the Rockaway Beach headquarters for the day. With good weather an enjoyable day is assured to all attending. Mrs. Margaret Tasker who had arrived that morning from Glasgow was present at the meeting and enjoyed the evening with her countrywomen.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Royal Tanist Scott Receives a Royal Welcome in the Northwest

It is safe to say that Royal Tanist Walter Scott will never forget his visit to Minneapolis and St. Paul, and that he will answer the song, "Will ye no come back again" by a return visit.

While his visit was occasioned by a business trip to Butler Brothers' mammoth establishment in Minneapolis, yet outside of business hours the Scotch men and women of the Clans and Ladies' Auxiliaries made him feel that he was an officer in the largest organization of Scotsmen in the world, and through him demonstrated their deep loyalty to the Order of Scottish Clans, and their earnest belief in its future.

It would seem that our Tanist thought he would surprise the Clans in Minneapolis and St. Paul by paying them a fraternal visit on their regular meeting nights, but the old saying "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," is true, as the L. C. B. Club of Butler Brothers, Minneapolis, had planned a banquet for Mr. Scott, who is their senior vice-president, at the Automobile Club the day of his arrival, Tuesday, May 31st. They gave it a Scottish flavor, with menus tied with tartan ribbon, Scottish and American flags, heather, oatmeal cakes, and shortbread. In having their menus printed they called on Mr. Stuart Ballantine, who is the Royal Deputy for that section, and when he learned that "Walter" was coming he sent forth the Fiery Cross and called Clans Gordon and MacDonald for dinner, and a mass meeting, Wednesday night, June 1st. On that night, therefore, the Royal Deputy, accompanied by the chiefs of the two clans, called at the Hotel Radisson for the Tanist and escorted him to the Minneapolis Athletic Club, where he found awaiting him many members of both clans, also ladies of the Auxiliary. Royal Deputy Stuart Ballantine was in the chair.

A very fine repast was enjoyed by all, and chief among the guests was Granny Cochran, who is ninety-one years young, an enthusiastic member of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and a staunch admirer of the Order of Scottish Clans.

When coffee was served the Royal Deputy with a few words of welcome presented the Royal Tanist, who gave a short talk, expressing his delight at being with them, and congratulating them on their enthusiasm, stating that he accepted all these courtesies in behalf of the Order, which he loved so well.

After dinner automobiles were taken for the Arch Temple Hall, where a mass meeting was held, an interesting program of song, story and dancing having been arranged for the Tanist. There was singing by Mrs. J. H. McGuffie and Chief Alexander Hamilton of Clan Gordon, a violin solo by Mr. W. S. MacPhail, and dancing by the Blake Family of Highland Dancers. The Kiltie Band was also in evidence.

Royal Deputy Ballantine introduced Colonel Scott with all his titles, but he stated that they really wanted to present him in the manner in which they loved to think of him—as "Walter Scott of the Order of Scottish Clans." Mr. Scott received a very hearty welcome from the large assembly of both men and women which filled the hall, and spoke at some length on the question of loyalty to this country, stating that our Scottish people are known as American Scottish men and women, and not as Scottish Americans. He recalled to them that Scotsmen had always been loyal in every just cause, and the story of the old Seventy-Ninth Highlanders, the first body of men to respond to Abraham Lincoln's call during the Civil War, was received with great enthusiasm, as was mention of the part the Scottish people played in the recent World War, particularly the part played by the pipers. He then gave a short synopsis of the Clans, paying high tribute to James McCash, the founder of the order. He spoke of the standing, numerically and financially, of the Clans, and there was great applause when he informed them that both funds had approached the half million mark.

He also paid high tribute to Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInnes, whose name was received with great acclamation, and there was much laughter when Mr. Scott claimed he was the *smallest-largest* man in the O. S. C. He complimented the Royal Treasurer on the efficient manner in which the funds of the Order are handled, and the books kept.

Mr. Scott dwelt on the wonders of Minneapolis, speaking particularly of the fact that the city is still in its swaddling clothes, and that, therefore, no one could predict what its size and greatness would be when it had attained its full growth. Speaking further on the subject of the infancy of the city he stated that the first two white women born in Minneapolis were still alive and that they had held a reception that very afternoon, also that an association of men and women were to meet in a few days, many of whose members fought the Indians in their early life in Minneapolis, etc.

At the close of Mr. Scott's address he presented each of the Clans with a set of 5x8 flags, consisting of the Lion Rampant, St. Andrews Cross, and the Stars and Stripes. They were received by a standing audience, and were then accepted formally by the chiefs of both Clans.

After Mr. Scott shook hands with a large part of the audience, dancing was indulged in until the wee sma' hours of the morning.

On Thursday evening, June 2nd, Clan Campbell of St. Paul, and the Ladies Auxiliary, received the Royal Tanist at the St. Paul Athletic Club, Royal Deputy Ballantine and several of the clansmen escorting him from Minneapolis to St. Paul.

After an informal reception in the beautiful club house, dinner was partaken of by a very large number, Judge Fred N. Dickson presiding. After a delightful dinner, Judge

62nd Annual Scottish Games

CALEDONIAN CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

MAPLE GROVE, FOX CHASE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1921

(Take Car 50, on Fifth Street, Direct to Grove)

SPECIAL EVENT

Highland Fling for Championship of America—Open to all. Prizes of $20, $15 and $10, the winner of first prize will receive in addition a valuable championship gold medal.

Twenty other events—with valuable prizes and handsome gold, silver and bronze medals.

NOTE—All entries should be sent to 3rd Chieftain Alexander Tulloch, 5719 Malcolm Street, Philadelphia.

A. A. U. EVENTS

100 yard dash—Putting the shot—440 yards—Half mile—220 yard hurdle—One mile—Running high jump.

(Sanctioned by the A. A. U., all handicapped)

Handsome Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals will be awarded 1, 2, 3 in each event.

Association Foot Ball Between Two Best Teams Available.

Dickson was introduced by the Chief as the toastmaster, and gave a talk on Scotland and its people that will never be forgotten, dwelling on the proud Scottish race, and what they had to be proud of, etc. He then introduced the guest of the evening, Royal Tanist Walter Scott, who received a very cordial greeting by those present.

Mr. Scott thanked them in the name of the Order of Scottish Clans for the banquet, their enthusiasm, etc., accepting it all in behalf of the Order, and telling them he was very proud to be among them. He alluded to his fine reception in Minneapolis, and to their wonderful enthusiasm and optimism; spoke of the remarkable growth of the twin cities, their co-operative spirit, their prairies, and the open arms of welcome, etc. He also dwelt on the loyalty of the Scottish people, stating that the ring of kinsmanship had been placed on their finger, that they were adopted children of this great country, and, having all its rights and privileges, that was all they asked—that they did not believe in license. He said that Scots were ever building, but never tearing down.

He gave great credit to the women of the Ladies' Auxiliaries and the Daughters of Scotia for what they had done in building the Order of Scottish Clans, and again spoke of the loyalty of the officers of the Clans, of its finances, its number of members, and also of James McCash, who lighted the first candle of the Order.

The diners were then transported in automobiles to the Odd Fellows' Temple, where they found an audience awaiting them. The Royal Tanist was greeted by the Pipe Band of the Balmoral Highlanders, who looked and played well. There was also dancing by Miss Bright and Miss Shearer, a violin solo by the juvenile wonder, Miss Hannah Webb (12 years of age), character sketches by Jack McGilp, and singing by Mrs. W. E. Fitzimmons and Mrs. W. B. Dixon, all of which was heartily enjoyed by the audience and the guest of the evening.

Chief R. H. Purcell presided. The Royal Tanist was presented to the audience by Royal Deputy Ballantine, who spoke of Mr. Scott's love and work for the Order, and again introduced him as "our Walter."

Mr. Scott was very happy in his general talk regarding affairs of the Order, the great part played in it by the ladies, and the coming convention. He stated he felt that the Order of Scottish Clans was still in its infancy, that our Order did not grow, but had to be built, and spoke of what it would mean to the Order if each one should appoint himself a committee of one to work for it. He stated that somehow we have allowed similar societies of other nationalities, not so modest as we are, to get ahead in many matters, such as the publicity received by inviting General Foch here, whereas we do not even take advantage of our local press.

He dwelt particularly on the fact that we have something to sell to our fellow Scottish

men and women throughout the country, but that we must sell it to ourselves before we can sell it to others. He also gave many reminiscences, etc.

At the close of Mr. Scott's talk he presented the Clan with a set of flags comprising the Lion Rampant, St. Andrews Cross and the Stars and Stripes, which were received with great applause, the entire audience standing while they were formally accepted by Chief Purcell.

One of the outstanding pleasures of the evening, which caused great enthusiasm, was the arrival of Chief John McMurchy of Clan Stewart, No. 50, of Duluth, Minn., and several members of this Clan, who made the long trip to greet the Royal Tanist because it was impossible for him to accept their invitation to be with them the next evening in Duluth.

A very pleasant surprise which brought smiles to the face of the Royal Tanist took place just before the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in the rendering by Mrs. Dixon of "Will Ye No Come Back Again," the words of which she had changed to suit the occasion:

"Royal Tanist you are welcome here
To Campbell Clansmen of St. Paul
Long blessed your days and full o' cheer
The wish to you from one and all."

After the audience had rendered the popular chorus, "Will Ye No," etc., Mrs. Dixon sang the second verse:

"Although your visit here's been brief,
We hope sweet mem'ries you'll recall
Of all your visits this the chief
T'will bring you back soon to St. Paul."

Mr. Scott shook hands with the audience, after which the hall was cleared for dancing.

The Royal Deputy, Clansman Alexander Murray, and Clansman Carmichael, took Mr. Scott on a ride through their parks to Fort Snelling. Mr. Scott was also entertained at luncheon at various clubs, and he tendered a luncheon to his business associates on Saturday at the Hotel Radisson. His visit of four days was brought to a close by a dinner given at the home of Mr. Louis C. Burr, one of Mr. Scott's partners. Mr. Scott put in four strenuous business days and three extremely busy nights—perhaps the busiest of his entire career. He is very enthusiastic over the twin cities, fell in love with their people, admires their optimism, feels that they are wonderfully co-operative, being on tip-toe for better things, and he looks with great faith to the growth of the Order of Scottish Clans and the Ladies' Auxiliaries of these cities.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:

Enclosed please find check for three dollars, subscription for myself and a new subscriber. . . . I enjoy THE CALEDONIAN very much, and it can be found on the library table in my office at all times. Here's to your success. W. J. G.

Philadelphia Letter

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club gave their annual Map Hop at Clayton's Academy, which was well attended. The dance was preceded by a musicale, several ladies rendering songs most acceptably, Miss Carmichael being the accompanist. Alec. Cairns, an excellent exponent of Harry Lauder's songs, gave several of Sir Harry's favorites, and created much laughter at the 'Wiggle Waggle o' His Kilt." Peter Miller, our veteran elocutionist, recited "The Heights of Darglie" and "Fix Bayonets," which brought forth well-earned applause from an appreciative audience. After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the audience, the customary dance followed, conducted by Chief Fisher and his Chieftains in Highland costume. We must not omit reporting that the Caledonian Juvenile Troupe danced a foursome reel and a dual broadsword dance, which were well received.

On Saturday, June 4th, the United Scottish Societies set the pace for field sports and Scottish games at Maple Grove; the weather was propitious for a day's outing, picnic and open air recreation, and the Scots of the mill district of Kensington with their wives and weans turned out in goodly numbers. The foot races were keenly contested, some of the entrants being pretty well used up, the grass track and the high temperature handicapping not a few. The Juvenile Highland dancers were out in full force, the competition in Highland Fling and Sword dances occupying most of the afternoon, but the extended program was completed by having two events going on at the same time.

The sports finished with a five-a-side football exhibition game; then a run for trolley cars to reach "Home Sweet Home," young and old well pleased with the day's outing, which is expected to yield a goodly sum in aid of the funds of the Scottish Hall Association.

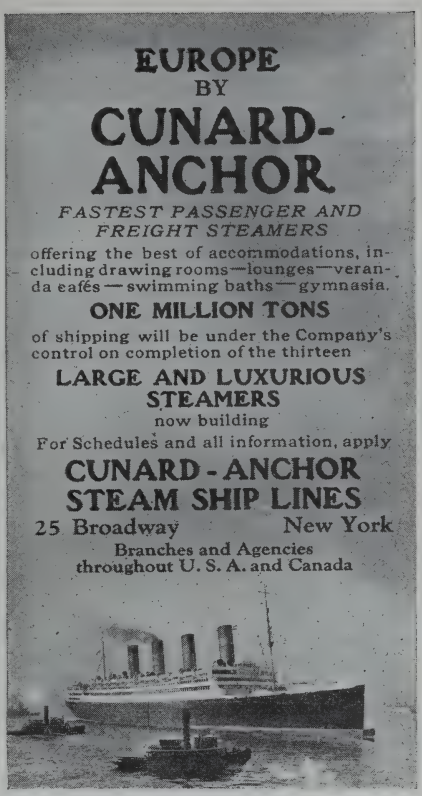
The Annual Games and Picnic of the Caledonian Club will be held at Maple Grove the first Saturday in August, the 6th. An excellent program of events is arranged; the first event will take place at noon. (See advertising column of THE CALEDONIAN.) Note the date.

On June 7th the I. O. O. F. assembled in Philadelphia to commemorate the One Hundredth Anniversary of Odd Fellowship in the State of Pennsylvania. There was a grand parade, in which lodges from all over the state participated, nearly all in uniforms, many of which were unique and novel. None received more recognition, and raptures of applause from the onlookers lined along the curbs by thousands, than did the Caledonian Lodge, No. 700. A hundred of the brothers wore the Highland costume, and the Caledonian Pipe and Drum Band headed the column. Past Grand McG. Call had every reason to feel proud o' the day. No. 700 is an offshoot of the old Enterprise, No. 201, a lodge that had a glorious history, but finally died of inanition, surrendering

her charter in 1898. Fifty years ago a cluster of Scots, members of said lodge, and over thirty in number, withdrew to institute Caledonia, No. 700; in numbers and finance they are scarcely second to any in the state, but run a close second.

The Cameron men and Lady Cameron Lodge united to hold their annual day's outing on Saturday, June 18th. Hunting Park was the mecca this year, having been crowded out of their stamping ground, Burholm Park, so to speak. Hunting Park is of easy access from any north-east part of the city, possesses beautiful lawns and stately old trees with abundant shade. The committee selected and staked out an admirable spot close by the music pavilion, and had the advantage of listening to the splendid music discoursed by the band of the Fireman's Brigade. At periods, Pipers Bird and MacClay furnished the real Scots an unadulterated article, and the young Scots indulged in the irrepressible Highland Schottische. Games were played, and foot-races run, in competition for prizes consisting of useful articles and as the gloaming approached, the tables were spread with inviting "eats," tea and coffee were served by the ladies of the committee, and ice cream was also much in demand. Chief Lightbody and Miss Margaret Cooper, Chief Daughter of the Lady Camerons are deserving of much credit for the strenuous time they had seeing to everyone's comfort and enjoyment.

ST. MUNGO.



Rhode Island Letter

Having once tested the Rev. A. D. Martin's qualities as a preacher to Scotsmen, it was not a difficult task to get Clan Fraser of Pawtucket to accept an invitation issued to them by the British War Veterans' Association to accompany the latter to Mr. Martin's church, on their annual Church Parade. Certainly the accommodation of the United Presbyterian Church of Central Falls, R. I., was never more taxed than on that occasion, for besides the local vets there were delegations from Boston, Fall River, New Bedford and Providence. In addition, Clansmen from Providence and also representatives from the Caledonians helped to swell the throng, and Mr. Martin's face beamed with joy as he looked around before commencing the service. No doubt it was an inspiration to him. Without doubt the skirl of the pipes are a great drawing card and accounted in a large measure for the crowds on the sidewalks of the streets through which the parade wended its way from the Field Naturalist's hall, where the procession was formed, to the church in Cross street.

The service was very impressive, as befitted the occasion. It commenced with the National anthems of America and Britain, and included the singing of portions of "Onward Christian Soldiers," and "For All the Saints Who From Their Labours Rest." The choir also rendered the anthem, "Lift Up Your Hearts." "The sermon, however, was the principal item. Taking as his text the Apostle Paul's words, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price," the preacher showed how each individual in the human family was dependent on some one else. How nations also were dependent upon each other. Wars were generally the outcome of jealousies between nations and often had been proved to have been great blunders. The Russian War was an endeavour to keep the Russian fleet out of the Mediterranean Sea and although Russia was defeated, within fifteen years the Russian ships were sailing there. The Napoleonic wars were in the same category and yet it was at such times that the church's missionary spirit was born in the interests of peace and that nations should learn that righteousness was of God. The taking over of India and Egypt by Britain was shown to have been done in the same spirit of necessity and for the good of the natives as was the case of the United States in its action towards the Phillipines. So it was with the small nations in the recent war who had received their freedom they had been bought with a price represented by a million small crosses in Flanders Field, Messpotamia and Gallipoli.

The service concluded with the reading of the names of veterans passed during the year, followed by the sounding of the "Last Post."

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

The Blind Man

BY JOHN HAY

In addition to being the private secretary and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, the late Secretary of State was a gifted poet. This poem, quoted here in part, is less well known than others, but is well worthy of remembrance.

He stood before the Sanhedrim
The scowling rabbis gazed at him.
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.

But still they questioned: Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way.

He told the story o'er and o'er
It was his full heart's only lore.
A prophet on the Sabbath-day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their word passed by him like the wind,
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride,
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Homeless and harmless in the land;
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or Saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

The wisdom of the East was theirs
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they,
What came to him that Sabbath-day.
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

What Our Readers Say

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

I enjoy THE CALEDONIAN very much, and long each month to get it. D. F.

Mount Kisco, N. Y.

I am sending you six subscribers for your magazine. We have quite a few Scotch and North of Ireland people around here, and I hope to get every one to take it. I am greatly taken up with it myself, and enjoy reading it very much. H. B.

Chicago, Ill.

I will do all in my power to get subscribers among my Scottish friends here, as I greatly enjoy THE CALEDONIAN and look forward each month with pleasure for its arrival. Yours very truly,

R. F.

Newport News, Va.

There are always some Scots who as each summer comes round take a trip to the "Homeland" to have their lungs inflated with the fresh air that floats through the glens between the heath clad mountains of "Bonnie Scotland."

This year Mrs. Jenny F. Scott caught the travelling fever and sailed from New York on May 14th, and arrived safe on the other side. The last information I have of her ongoings over there, was that she was visiting "Auld Reekie." She may have become a "Rotarian" seeing the convention was in session about the time she was there. She was a regular attendant at the D. O. S. meetings here and her familiar figure is missed at the regular meetings of the Daughters of Scotia since she sailed. She was made the recipient of some very useful and handsome presents before her departure, which is evidence of the esteem in which she is held. We wish her a safe return to the land of her adoption.

The "Grim Reaper" has been at work in the Clan MacDonald, No. 168, and has removed from among us our esteemed associate member, Brother William McCallum. About three years ago, Brother McCallum was suddenly seized with a very severe illness and had to be operated upon. After sufficiently recovering to be able to go around, he returned to his office in the plumbing department of which he was foreman in the Newport News shipyard, and continued in that position until he was retired about two years ago. Though somewhat feeble he was in the habit of taking long walks every day when the weather permitted, and on Saturday, 28th May, he was in his garden among the flowers he delighted to cultivate. He appeared to be in much better spirits that day than he had been for some time and retired to bed shortly after ten o'clock, after having spent a pleasant evening with his family. Next morning, Sunday, the 29th, about six o'clock, some of the family heard him moving about and got him back to bed, where he passed away to the great unknown about 6:40 same morning.

Whenever the Clan met he was a regular attendant and took a keen interest in a game of "Carpet Bowls," when time permitted after the meeting was over. His presence in the moot room was missed after we moved to our present location. The funeral took place on Tuesday, 31st May, and was one of the largest seen in Newport News for some time. The floral tributes were many and occupied a great portion of the room in which the body of our late clansman lay among the flowers he loved so much. The sympathy of all the clansmen goes out to the widow and family who were devoted to each other.

Mr. McCallum was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, June 4, 1855, and was educated there. At the age of fourteen years he went to serve his apprenticeship of six years to the engineering trade. In the evening he attended the

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'Watt School of Art," studying mechanics and chemistry, with a view to becoming efficient in the occupation he proposed following.

After working for twelve years at his trade, he learned of a vacancy for the position of mechanician in the Physical Laboratory of the Edinburgh University. He offered himself as a candidate and was successful. He continued in this position until, like many other Scotsmen, he conceived the idea that he would like to see the country he had heard of and read so much about—America. He procured his ticket and arrived in the U. S. A. on the 4th of April, 1887, during the first presidential term of Grover Cleveland. He secured a position in Messrs. Cramps Shipyard as a machinist, where he worked until, about the end of the year 1890, he came to the Newport News Shipyard.

The Clan MacDonald and Daughters of Scotia had their Annual Church Parade, on Sunday June 26th, to the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Wellford, pastor of the church, preached an eloquent sermon, his subject being, "The Conqueror." He dwelt largely on what Scotland had done to obtain "Religious Liberty" and gave a vivid and discriptive word picture of "The Battle of Bannockburn." He said in the course of his remarks, "Bannockburn is to Scotland as Yorktown is to America." His address was very instructive and interesting, and I regret that so few turned out to hear it. The members of the Pipe Band in costume were present and the chaplain in Highland costume was on the pulpit platform and read the Scripture lesson.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON, Representative.
118 35th Street, Newport News, Va.

The Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

After playing for several weeks on the temporary green at Broadway and 245th street, this organization finally opened the regular season on their own green near the curler's pond at Van Cortlandt Park, Saturday afternoon, June 11th. The annual match of the President vs. the Vice President was made the curtain raiser. Play was close and the excitement intense until after the last ball was rolled when a casting up of the different scores showed that Vice President Crawford and his supporters had won by a single shot. The score:

Rink No. 1

President	Vice President
Thomas Wigley	Peter Groves
Robert Archibald	David Winton
Wm. M. Moore	John Broatch
John A. Rennie, Skip 16	Wm. Crawford, Skip 20

Rink No. 2

V. Ogden	T. Barker
L. Irvine	C. Schultz
Wm. Moncur	J. M. Eadie
D. Templeman, Skip 22	A. Aitken, Skip 21

J. DONALD MacKAY

(*Late of Philadelphia*)

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	Rink No. 3		
J. Smellie		T. Chalmers	
Alex. Tasker		W. R. Wigley	
Wm. H. Don		David Dewar	
T. T. Archibald,	Skip 19	Wm. Cuthbertson,	Skip 27
	Rink No. 4		
George Reid		Wm. Archibald	
Francis Dykes		W. F. Ridley	
Alex. Philp		D. E. Smith	
T. Paterson,	Skip 26	Jas. V. Francis,	Skip 16
Total.....	83	Total.....	84

Play will continue every Saturday and visitors will be cordially welcomed.

The Walter Scott Valor Medal For Firemen

The Walter Scott Valor Medal for Firemen in New York city has just been awarded for the first time. The man who will receive it is Matthew J. Crawley, of Engine Company 72. He is the son of Deputy Chief Joseph Crawley of the Fire Department and was on the staff of Major General O'Ryan overseas. This medal with others is provided in perpetuity for meritorious service in the New York Fire Department (which department is second to none) and is awarded annually.

Flora Macdonald College

Following his election as president of the Scottish Society of America at the annual meeting held here recently, Governor Cameron Morrison of North Carolina said, "Bless their hearts for I had rather be president of the Scottish Society of America than almost anything I know of. I am indeed grateful, and I want every Scotchman to know it." The society voted to co-operate with the college in producing next year on the campus the pageant of Flora Macdonald, written by F. H. Koch of the University of North Carolina.

Quincy, Mass.

The Burns Memorial Association of Quincy, Mass., held its regular monthly meeting in the Thistle Hall, Bradford Buildings, June 1, President Mrs. Mary A. Smith in the chair. It was decided to omit the July and August regular meetings. The next regular meeting will be held on September 7.

The social program was in the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, and was contributed by Mr. Thomas Melrose, with "Hame o' Mine" and "Mona"; Mrs. Wardwell, "Mary o' Argyle" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"; Mr. Lang, "Lassie o' Mine" and "The Laddies Who Fought and Won"; Mr. Wardwell recited "We Gloucester Fishermen"—this was a particularly appropriate selection on the evening of the arrival of the good news of the safety of the crew of the illfated *Esperanto*. Miss Miller sang "My ain Folks" and "Bonnie Bonnie Scotland"; Mr. George Robertson rendered "When I Get Back Again to Bonnie Scotland" and "The Burns Club," a parody by himself on Harry Lauder's song "When I Was Twenty-one." Mrs. Walter Robertson and Mr. J. Davidson gave a piano and violin selection and played for the dancing that followed the concert. All the artistes' efforts were heartily applauded.

On Friday, June 24, the association held a special meeting and surprise party for two of its active young men members, Mr. W. Soudan, Jr., and Mr. Andrew Lang, to celebrate the occasion of their marriages, and welcome the new brides, two pretty Scottish lassies just newly arrived from the homeland, the land of the inspirer of the association. Mrs. Soudan comes from Aberdeenshire, and Mrs. Lang from Cathcart, near Glasgow. During the evening, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, the genial president of the association, presented a testimonial in gold to Mr. Soudan and Mr. Lang, on behalf of the members as an appreciation of their efforts in the past for the association and as a memento of the happy occasion, Mr. Alex Clark, vice president, presented each bride with a beautiful bouquet of June roses.

Mrs. Stebbins sang "The Laddies Who Fought and Won," in costume; and afterwards contributed "Jock o' Hazeldeen" and "Will Ye No' Come Back Again," each of which was very pleasingly sung and applauded by the audience.

Miss J. Steinbrennan, a young miss, danced the Highland Fling and the Sword Dance very neatly and with good execution; she was accompanied on the bagpipes by her teacher, Mr. James Reid. Mr. Thomas Melrose favored with "Hame o' Mine" and "Sweet Seventeen." Both songs were sung with fine taste and effect, and were highly appreciated. In spite of the strenuous times Mr. Lang has passed through lately, he was in good voice and sang "Lassie o' Mine" (very appropriate) and "Ain Wee House" and "Pal o' Mine." Of course, he got a rousing reception. Mr. George Robertson offered, "I'll Get Wed in the Summer Time," (Mr. Editor does it not look to you as if the marriage bug was around pretty strong in Quincy?) and his own parody, "The Burns Club," which he has dedicated to the association.

Mr. Charles Ross, the genial president of Quincey's City Council, in a short pithy little speech welcomed with some fatherly advice, the two new members. Ice cream and cake, ambrosial refreshments for such a hot night, were served; but in spite of the warm evening, dancing including the Highland Schottische was engaged in, such was the enthusiasm of a very happy party who adjourned after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Through the courtesy of Mr. Dulcivere King of the Granite Trust Company of Quincy, the association will hold an outing at his bungalow "Camp Cliff," Adams Shore, kindly lent for the purpose, on Saturday, August 6th.

The Loyal Ladies of Clan MacGregor and the Clan MacGregor, No. 5, will hold a field day at Merrymount park on Saturday, July 23. The committee in charge are arranging an elaborate program of sports and amusements.

CLAN MACGREGOR, NO. 5, O. S. C.

The clan has decided to join the Boston clans and other Scottish societies in the proposed "Scottish Day" trip to Plymouth, to participate in the Ter-centenary celebrations on August 13th.

Always deliberate in her movements, Clan MacGregor is considering the pros and cons of the "Publicity Drive," their membership demands deliberation; meantime the matter has been placed in the hands of the Royal delegates, so that definite action may not be taken until after the convention.

The social part of the meeting of the clan on Wednesday, June 22, was taken in hand by our associate member, Mr. Clarence Sanborn, treasurer of the Granite Trust Company, Quincy. The result was like everything Mr. Sanborn undertakes, a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Wardwell sang in her usual pleasing manner. She has a rich, well trained voice and her contribution of two songs was highly appreciated.

Miss Brown, a tiny little miss, danced the Fling and Sword Dance. Miss Brown is a very neat little dancer, her time and precision were remarkably good, and her efforts were warmly applauded. Mr. Adam McGhie sang "A Hundred Pipers," which is a song well adapted to his voice and he was in splendid form. Mr. G. Webster sang two old time songs and was well received. Mr. Merton McLeod, the Lauder impersonator of the clan, was right in his glory as usual, contributing two of his favorites with "Roamin' in the Gloomin'" by special request.

The feature of the evening was the singing and dancing of a young lady, Miss Ruth McCurdy. The naivety of her singing, and her voice which she uses with ability that shows good training was particularly sweet; but her dancing was remarkable, the ease and agility of her movements, her exquisite toe dancing, and graceful carriage, shows great promise of a finished artiste. It is needless to say she was roundly applauded.

Amid all the pleasure of life of enjoyment we are once in a while reminded there is a serious side to life.

OBITUARY

We are sorry to report the passing of an old clansman, Alexander Booth, who died at his home on Owens place, on June 23, aged 67, after a few weeks' illness. In the earliest days Brother Booth took an active interest in the dramatic club of Clan MacGregor, his great part being the "Dugal" in Rob Roy, which he played with marked success. He was a member of the Executive Board of The Granite Cutters' Association. He leaves a widow, five daughters and two sons. Brother Booth was a native of Aberdeenshire.

WILLIAM GRAY.

Utica, N. Y.

I would not miss THE CALEDONIAN for twice the price.

Wishing it every success,

F. C.

San Francisco, Calif.

My CALEDONIAN for the month of January has not come to hand. I am very sorry to miss the same. I prize it more than any magazine coming to the home.

D. R. F.

Durango, Colo.

. . . Each number is too good to miss.

Yours truly,

D. MACL.

Huguenot Park, S. I., N. Y.

Your magazine is certainly very interesting, and I enjoy it at my years, born in 1841, married fifty-eight years and both of us here yet.

Yours most respectfully,

W. P.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
Representative.
118 35th Street,
Newport News, Va.

The Duke of Sutherland has been asked by the Government to represent the Colonial Office in the House of Lords—a duty which has hitherto been discharged by Lord Londonderry.

AMERICA'S MAKING

Under Auspices of the New York State and City Departments of Education

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Organizations Associated with St. Andrew's Society in the SCOTTISH SECTION OF AMERICA'S MAKING

Saint Andrew's Society (*Organized* 1756)
Burns Society
British Schools and Universities Club
Caledonian Club
Cameron Post
Celtic Society
Kilwinning Lodge, A. F. & A. M.
Scotia Lodge of Freemasons
Lewis Association of New York
New York Scottish Society
New York Skye Association
79th Regiment Highlanders, N. Y. Volunteers, Veteran Association
Order of Scottish Clans
Clan Bruce
Clan Cameron
Clan Campbell
Clan Chisholm
Clan Forbes
Clan Gordon
Clan Graham
Clan MacGregor
Clan MacDuff
Clan MacDonald
Clan MacKenzie
Clan Scott
MacMaster Clan in America
Bonnie Doon Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia
Lady Bruce Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia
Lady Chisholm Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia
Lady Hamilton Graham Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia
Lady MacDuff Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia
Lady MacKenzie Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia
Lady Scott Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia
Daughters of the British Empire
Sir John French Chapter, I. O. D. B. E.

America's Making

Plans for "America's Making," the great festival and exhibit to be held in New York city, October 29 to November 12, under the auspices of the State and City Departments of Education are progressing enthusiastically. The affair will take place in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, Manhattan. Related celebrations will be held in the various school buildings and elsewhere before and during the period and the children will play an important part in the armory pageantry.

The purpose of the enterprise, which is of a highly patriotic nature, is to show in popular form, by means of exhibits and pageantry, the historical, economic and cultural contributions that Americans of various lines of descent from the original colonists down to the present have made to the building up of the American nation. In this way it is hoped to give each racial group a fuller sense of appreciation of his adopted country and point the way by which we may further enrich our national life. The "immigrant contributions" to the settlement embrace the expansion and defense of the country, its agriculture and industry, arts and crafts, architecture, drama, music and education, literature and folk lore.

There are about thirty-five racial groups making active preparations for the festival.

The exhibits of each group will be arranged around the sides of the Armory, under the balcony, each group being assigned about thirty feet of space. There is to be a commodious stage at the end of the Armory hall on which the pageantry will be displayed. Each group will be given one hour and a quarter to make its display, so that every night there will be a varied spectacle. Great efforts are being made to have as interesting exhibits around the Armory and spectacles on the stage as possible, and some striking effects are promised. There will also be massed pageants, folk dances, Maypole twining by school children and so on on the floor of the Armory and a pageant-parade at the opening and at the closing ceremonies. Choral singing will be one of the most interesting features. Historical characters in America's making will be represented in the pageants.

THE SCOTTISH SECTION

An invitation has been accepted by the Scottish Organizations of New York, to take part in this movement, and committees have been chosen to provide, under the leadership of Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York, a worthy demonstration of Scotland's part in the making and development of this nation. The organization, printed on another page, is now practically complete; however, the door is open to any societies which may have been overlooked or from other reasons may have failed to appoint delegates, who may wish to co-operate, and a cordial invitation is extended to all Scots, and to those of Scottish descent, who desire to join in this patriotic demonstration.

The Clan Convention—Order of Scottish Clans

The Order of Scottish Clans stands in the front rank of organizations of its kind; it has stood the test, and while drawn upon heavily by the war, both in numbers and funds, is in a thriving condition. The forty-second annual convention of the Order is to be held in the Masonic Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y., August 16, 17, 18 and 19. Sixteen subordinate clans of the Order, located in the metropolitan district, have joined to welcome the royal clan, consisting of the royal officers and delegates from 175 clans.

Among the royal officers none is so well known nationally as Colonel Walter Scott, father of Clan MacDonald, of Brooklyn, and he has issued a ringing appeal on behalf of the Order. He calls on everyone of Scottish birth or ancestry to "join in making the O. S. C. stronger numerically, financially and co-operatively; in fact, to surround its cornerstone of principle and solidity with every protection possible, that it may stand, as it has done, like the rock off Gibraltar." If you will make the order your working partner," he says, "and the other 20,000 members will follow your example, we can feel doubly assured of the permanency of our great Order, which has accomplished so much in the past, and which will accomplish so much in the future if it has the support of every member."

William M'Combie of Tillyfour

(*Continued from page 171*)

Nov. 14. Father grew uncommonly ill after Supper went to bed with a bowel Complaint. Charles and I were awoke at a Quarter before 1 o'clock was very ill I went to Samuel Milner's for a horse rode for the Doctor and was home by a Quarter past 3 he had been very bad.

Nov. 15. He was a great deal relieved.

January 2, 1824. We had a sad work with the mart a flacked ox which came from Aboyne but we got him slain. No appearance of snow yet.

24. The term day John Duncan went off and W. Todd stopped. Joseph Knight was feed in his place—all the ricks thatched and the most (of the) lime put out.

December.

Dec. 5. The sheep taken down from the hill. I was at Bruack Fair. We bought 12 Stots, which along with the Sheep went to Whiteside; a snowy day good for the hares—I also took in the Stots, . . . in one B(yre?) 9(?) in the other, 11 in one and, 6—& 2—& 6 4 Horse.

13. Robert and Mr. Innes(?) Grave Stone set which came from Aberdeen—a bad snowy day.

Obituary

MRS. CARRIE LEE AULD

Much sympathy has been expressed by the many friends of Mr. Robert C. Auld, of the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Citizen*, on the death of his wife, Mrs. Carrie A. Auld, who died on June 9th, and who had endeared herself to a large circle of friends, particularly among the members of the Scottish Societies with whom her husband is prominently identified. In her early years Miss Lee was very much esteemed among the residents of Flint, Michigan, where she was engaged in church work, and also as Deputy Register of Deeds in Genessee County. As an accomplished elocutionist, she gave early promise of fine histrionic ability, and her frequent appearances, particularly in patriotic characters, were warmly appreciated. To an engaging presence and a finely modulated voice was added a charm of dramatic expression. Her work in this direction, however, was entirely confined to furthering charitable and social enterprises of a deserving kind. In the early nineties, Mr. Auld was engaged in journalistic work in Chicago, and as dramatic critic was attracted by Miss Lee's ability. An acquaintance followed and they were married in 1895. Shortly afterward Mr. Auld was called to New York and became associated with the late Prof. Henry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, in literary work. Mrs. Auld continued her activity in church and charitable work, but confined her appearances to readings and recitations in select circles, their home at Central Park West and 106th street, being the center of a literary coterie, which increased when Mr. Auld became editor of *The Scottish-American*, which position he occupied until joining the staff of the *Brooklyn Citizen*. Mrs. Auld showed signs of failing health some years ago, and while the best skill at various resorts was tried, she gradually failed, culminating in paralysis. The sad event occurred at the House of the Holy Comforter, New York. The funeral services were held on June 11th, and were largely attended by members of the Scottish and other societies, Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Trinity Episcopal Church, officiating. Miss Mulholland sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Lead Kindly Light." Services were also held in Flint, Mich., and the interment in the Lee family plot, Glenwood Cemetery, Flint, took place on June 13th.

To Advertisers

The August (Special Convention) Number of THE CALEDONIAN—the official program of the National Convention of the great Order of Scottish Clans—offers an unequaled opportunity for reaching the largest organized body of Scots in America. Don't miss it. Send copy at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Connal in Texas

Mr. John T. Connal, Past Chief, Clan Graham, No. 142, O. S. C., Bronx, New York city, and Mrs. Connal, Past Chief Daughter, Lady MacKenzie Lodge, No. 31, D. of S., New York, left several weeks ago for Houston, Texas, for an indefinite stay. Mr. Connal has a responsible position as superintending engineer of a line of boats in the banana trade, running from Houston to Mexico and Nicaragua. Mrs. Connal writes that they are disappointed at finding so few Scots in Houston. They attended the picnic and games of the Caledonian Club, and only about twenty-five people were present, and they were told that all the Scottish people of the city were there. There are very few Scottish women, as many of the men have German or Swedish wives. Mrs. Connal is especially disappointed, as she had hoped to be able to start a D. of S. Lodge, but she finds that it will be impossible to do so, for there is not even a Clan, and no prospect of one.

A Princess of Thule

(*Continued from page 168*)

In the evening they had dinner in a small parlor, which was pretty well filled with a chest of drawers, a sofa, and a series of large canvases. There was a peat-fire burning in the grate, and two candles on the table; but the small room did not get oppressively hot, for each time the door was opened a draught of cold sea-air rushed in from the passage, sometimes blowing out one of the candles, but always sweetening the atmosphere.

"Well, it *is* good of you to come and see a fellow like this," Lavender said, with a very apparent and hearty gratitude in his face; "I can scarcely believe my eyes that it is true. And can you make any stay, Johnny? Have you brought your colors with you?"

"Oh no, I don't mean to work," Johnny said. "I have always had a fancy for a mid-winter cruise. It's a hardening sort of thing, you know. You soon get used to it, don't you, Mosenberg?"

And Johnny grinned.

"Not yet—I may afterwards," said the lad. "But at present this is more comfortable than being on deck at night when it rains and you know not where you are going."

"And where do you propose to go after leaving Jura?" Lavender asked.

"Well, you know, the main object of our cruise was to come and see you. But if you care to join us for a few days, we will go wherever you like."

"If you are going farther north I must go with you," Lavender said, "for you are bound to drown yourself some day, Johnny, if some one doesn't take care of you."

There was no deep design in this project of Johnny's; but he had had a vague impression that Lavender might like to go north, if only to have a passing glimpse at the island he used to know.

"One of my fellows is well acquainted with the Hebrides," he said; "if you don't think it too much of a risk, I should like it myself; for those northern islands must look uncommonly wild and savage in winter; and one likes to have new experiences.

Two or three days thereafter the *Phoebe* was brought up the Sound from Port Ellen, and such things as were meant as a present to Lavender were landed. Then the three friends embarked; for the weather had cleared considerably; and there was, indeed, when they set out, a pale, wintry sunshine gleaming on the sea, and on the white deck and spars of the handsome little cutter which Johnny commanded. Lavender never said that he wished to go near Lewis; but there was a sort of tacit understanding that their voyage should tend in that direction.

They had some roughish weather on reaching Skye, and, in consequence, remained in harbor a couple of days. At the end of that time a happy opportunity presented itself of cutting across the Little Minch—the Great Minch was considered a trifle risky—to Loch Maddy in North Uist. They remained in Loch Maddy but a single day, and then, favored by a brisk northeast breeze, made their way through the Sound of Harris, and got to leeward of the conjoint island of Harris and Lewis. The days were brief at this time, and they were glad to put into Loch Resort, which Lavender had once visited in company with old Mackenzie, when they had come into the neighborhood on a salmon-fishing excursion.

The *Phoebe* was at her anchorage; the clatter on deck over; and Johnny came below to see what sort of repast could be got for the evening. It was not a very grand meal, but he said,—

"I propose that we have a bottle of champagne to celebrate our arrival at the island of Lewis. Did you ever see anything more successfully done? And now, if this wind continues, we can creep up to-morrow to Loch Roag, Lavender, if you would like to have a look at it."

For a moment the color forsook Lavender's face.

"No, thank you, Johnny," he was about to say, when his friend interrupted him.

"Look here, Lavender; I know you would like to see the place, and you can do it easily without being recognized. No one knows me. When we anchor in the bay, I suppose Mr. Mackenzie—as is the hospitable and praiseworthy custom of these parts—will send a message to the yacht and ask us to dine with him. I, at any rate, can go up and call on him, and make excuses for you, without mentioning your name; and then I could tell you, you know—"

Johnny hesitated.

"Would you do that for me, Johnny?" Lavender said. "Well, you are a good fellow."

"Oh," Johnny said, lightly, "it's a capital adventure for me; and perhaps I could ask Mackenzie—Mr. Mackenzie, I beg your pardon—to let me have two or three clay pipes, for this brier root is rapidly going to the devil."

"He will give you anything he has in the house; you never saw such a hospitable fellow, Johnny. But you must take great care what you do."

"You trust to me. In the mean time, let's see what Pate knows about Loch Roag."

Johnny called down his skipper, a bluff, short, red-faced man, who presently appeared, his cap in his hand.

"Tell me, do you know loch Roag?"

"Oh, ay, fine. Many's the time I hiv been in to Borvabost."

"But," said Lavender, "do you know the loch itself? Do you know the bay on which Mackenzie's house stands?"

"Weel, I'm no sae sure about that, sir. But if ye want to gang there, we can pick up some bit body at Borvobost that will tak' us round."

"Well," Lavender said, "I think I can tell you how to go. I know the channel is quite simple; and once you are round the point you will see your anchorage."

With what a strange feeling Lavender beheld, the following afternoon, the opening

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to the winding Loch that he knew so well. Somehow, as the yacht dipped to the waves, and slowly made her way into the loch, it seemed to him that he was coming home—that he was returning to the old and quiet joys he had experienced there—that all the past time that had darkened his life was now to be removed. But when, at last, he saw Mackenzie's house high up there over the tiny bay, a strange thrill of excitement passed through him; and that was followed by a cold feeling of despair, which he did not seek to remove.

He stood in the companion, his head only being visible, and directed Pate until the *Phoebe* had arrived at her anchorage; and then he went below. He had looked wistfully for a time towards the square, dark house, with its scarlet coping, in the vague hope of seeing some figure he knew; but now, sick at heart, and fearing that Mackenzie might make him out with a telescope, he sat down in the cabin, alone and silent.

He was startled by the sound of oars, and got up and listened. Presently Mosenberg came down and said,—

"Mr. Mackenzie has sent a tall, thin man—do you know him?—to see who we are, and whether we will go up to his house."

"What did Eyre say?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is going."

Then Johnny himself came below. He was a sensitive young fellow; and at this moment he was very confused, excited, and nervous.

"Lavender," he said, stammering somewhat, "I am going up now to Mackenzie's house. You know whom I shall see. Shall I take any message—if I see a chance—if your name is mentioned—a hint, you know—"

"Tell her," Lavender said, with a sudden pallor of determination in his face: but he stopped, and said, abruptly, "Never mind, Johnny. Don't say anything about me."

"Not to-night, anyway," Johnny said to himself.

Johnny had had a good deal of knocking about the Western Highlands, and was familiar with the frank and ready hospitality which the local lairds granted to all comers who bore with them the credentials of owning a yacht. But never before had he gone up to a strange house with such perturbation of spirit. He had been so anxious, too, that he had left no time for preparation. When he started up the hill, he could see, in the gathering dusk, that the tall keeper had just entered the house; and when he arrived there, he found absolutely nobody about the place.

In ordinary circumstances he would simply have walked in, and called some one from the kitchen. But he now felt himself somewhat of a spy, and was not a little afraid of meeting the handsome Mrs. Lavender, of whom he had heard so much. There was no light in the passage; but there was a bright-red glow in one of the windows; and, almost inadvertently, he glanced in there. What was this strange picture he saw? A beautiful young girl, clad in a simple blue dress, had just risen from beside the fire to light two candles that were on the table; and then she went back to her seat, and took up her sewing, but not to sew. For Johnny saw her gently kneel down beside a little bassinet that was a mass of wonderful pink and white; and he supposed the door in the passage was open, for he could hear a low voice humming some lullaby-song, sung by the young mother to her child. He went back a step, bewildered by what he had seen. Could he fly down to the shore, and bring Lavender up to look at this picture through the window, and beg of him to go in and throw himself on her forgiveness and mercy? He had not time to think twice. At this moment Mairi appeared in the dusky passage, looking out from it a little scared, although she did not drop the plates she carried.

"Oh, sir, and are you the gentleman that hass come in the yat? And, Mr. Mackenzie, he is up-stairs just now, but he will be down ferry soon; and will you come in and speak to Miss Sheila?

"*Miss Sheila?*" he repeated to himself, with amazement; and the next moment he found himself before this beautiful young girl, apologizing to her, stammering, and wishing that he had never undertaken such a task, while he knew that all the time she was regarding him with her large, calm, and gentle eyes, and that there was no trace of embarrassment in her manner.

"Will you take a seat by the fire until my papa comes down?" she said. We are very glad to have any one come to see us; we do not have many visitors in the winter."

"But I am afraid," he stammered, "I am putting you to trouble—" And he glanced at the swinging pink and white couch.

"Oh, no," Sheila said, with a smile, "I was just about to send my little boy to bed."

She lifted the sleeping child and rolled it in some enormous covering of white and silken-haired fur, and gave the small bundle to Mairi to carry to Scarlett.

Mackenzie came in, and found the two conversing together.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, with a grave courtesy. "You are ferry welcome to the island, and if there is anything you want for the boat, you will hef it from us. She is a little thing to hef come so far."

"She's not very big," Johnny said, "but she's a thorough good sailer; and then we watch our time, you know. But I don't think we shall go farther north than Lewis."

"Hef you no friends on board with you?" Mackenzie asked.

"Oh yes," Johnny answered; "two. But we did not wish to invade your house in a body. To-morrow—"

"To-morrow!" said Mackenzie, impatiently. "No, but to-night! Duncan, come here! Duncan, go down to the boat that has just come in and tell the gentlemen—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," Johnny cried, "but my two friends are regularly done up—tired—they were just going to turn in when I left the yacht. To-morrow, now, you will see them—"

"Oh, ferry well, ferry well," said Mac-

kenzie, who had hoped to have a big dinner-party for Sheila's amusement. "In any way, you will stop and hef some dinner? It is just ready—oh, yes—and it is not a very fine dinner; but it will be different from your cabin for you to sit ashore."

"Well, if you will excuse me," Johnny was about to say, for he was so full of the news that he had to tell that he would have sacrified twenty dinners to have got off at this moment. But Mr. Mackenzie would take no denial. An additional cover was laid for the stranger, and Johnny sat down to stare at Sheila in a furtive way, and to talk to her father about everything that was happening in the great world.

"And what now is this," said Mackenzie, with a lofty and careless air, "what is this I see in the papers about pictures painted by a gentleman called Lavender? I hef a great interest in these exhibitions: perhaps you hef seen the pictures?"

Johnny blushed very red; but he hid his face over his plate; and presently he answered, without daring to look at Sheila,—

"I should think I have seen them! Why, if you care for coast landscapes, I can tell you you never saw such thorough good work all your life! Why, everybody's talking of them—you never heard of a man making such a name for himself in so short a time."

He ventured to look up. There was a strange, glad light in the girl's face; and the effect of it on this bearer of good tidings was to make him launch into such praises of these pictures as considerably astonished old Mackenzie. As for Sheila, she was proud and happy, but not surprised.

"I know some people who know him," said Johnny, "and what a shame it is he should go away from all his friends and almost cease to have any communication with them. And then, of all the places in the world to spend a winter in, Jura is about the very—"

"Jura!" said Sheila, quickly, and he fancied that her face paled somewhat.

"I believe so," he said; "somewhere on the western coast, you know, over the Sound of Islay."

Sheila was obviously very much agitated; but her father said in a careless way, "Oh, yes, Jura is not a ferry good place in the winter. And the west side you said? Ay, there are not many houses on the west side; it is not a ferry good place to live in. But it will be ferry cheap, whatever."

"I don't think that is the reason of his living there," said Johnny, with a laugh.

"But," Mackenzie urged, rather anxiously, "you wass not saying he would get much for these pictures? Oh, no, who will give much money for pictures of rocks and seaweed? Oh, no!"

"Oh, won't they, though?" Johnny cried. "The public is beginning to learn what real good work is, and, by Jove, don't they pay for it, too! Lavender got £800 for the smaller of the two pictures I told you about."

Johnny was beginning to forget that the knowledge he was showing of Frank Lavender's affairs was suspiciously minute.

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"Oh, no, sir," Mackenzie said, with a frown. "It is all nonsense the stories that you hear. I hef had great experience of these exhibitions. I hef been to London several times, and every time I wass in the exhibitions."

"But I should know something of it, too; for I am an artist myself."

"And do you get £800 for a small picture?" Mackenzie asked, severely.

"Well, no," Johnny said, with a laugh. "But then I am a duffer."

After dinner, Sheila left the room; Johnny fancied he knew where she was going. He pulled in a chair to the fire, lit his pipe, and said he would have but one glass of toddy,

which Mackenzie proceeded to make for him. And then he said to the old King of Borva,—

"I beg your pardon, sir; but will you allow me to suggest that that young girl who was in here before dinner should not call your daughter Miss Sheila before strangers?"

"Oh, it is very foolish!" said Mackenzie, "but it is an old habit, and they will not stop it. And Duncan, he is worse than any one."

Johnny's ingenious bit of stratagem had failed. He wanted to have old Mackenzie call his daughter Mrs. Lavender, so that he might have had occasion to open the question and plead for his friend. But the old man resolutely ignored the relationship between Lavender and his daughter, so far as this stranger was concerned; and so Johnny had to go away partly disappointed.

When he stepped on deck, he paused, in considerable doubt as to what he should do. He wished to have a word with Lavender alone; how could he go down with such a message as he had to deliver to a couple of fellows probably smoking and playing chess?

"Pate," he said, "tell Mr. Lavender I want him to come on deck for a minute."

"He's by himsel,' sir," Pate said. "He's been sitting by himsel' for the last hour. The young gentleman's lain doon."

Johnny went down into the little cabin; Lavender, who had neither book, nor cigar, nor any other sign of occupation near him, seemed in his painful anxiety almost incapable of asking the question that rose to his lips.

"Have you seen her, Johnny?" he said, at length, with his face looking strangely careworn.

Johnny was an impressionable young fellow. There were tears running freely down his cheeks, as he said,—

"Yes, I have, Lavender; and she was rocking a child in a cradle."

(To be Continued)

The August Caledonian

The August CALEDONIAN, in addition to its usual literary features, will be a Special Convention Number, published in conjunction with the Forty-second Annual Convention of the Order of Scottish Clans, in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 16—19, and will be the Official Program of the convention.

The tinkers of Scotland are believed to be of gipsy origin, going farther back than the Romany invasion of our country in the early sixteenth century. In Caithness they are most numerous. An official report, issued during the war, estimated that of the 80 or so tinker families, fully half were in Caithness, and a dozen of them were found houses in Thurso—probably the first time in their lives that they had slept under a roof. A plan has been mooted, says the *Morning Post*, for settling Crown lands in the county with these tinkers—or "tinklers," as they are also called.

"Doon the Water"

(Continued from page 152)

Though oft, in pensive mood, when far away
'Mid city's multitudes, my thoughts will stray
To Ascog's lake, blue, sleeping in the morn,
And to the happy homesteads that adorn
Thy Rothesay's lonely bay.

From Barone Hill you look out on a magnificent vista. Before you lies the open Firth, with its numerous islands and dark green hills. Ailsa Craig stands out boldly in the distance; the Arran peaks are conspicuous against the sky-line; at your feet are the Cambrays, with historic Largs dimly visible; while nearest of all is the majestic range of Cowal, in an alcove of which nestles the trim little place of Innellan, in whose manse the late Dr. Matheson wrote that beautiful hymn, "O Love That Will Not Let me go"—surely a scene to inspire the feeblest of bards.

LOCH FAD

Descending the other side of Barone, it is but a stroll to the sylvan beauties of Loch Fad and the picturesque little summer house on the wooded height above, over whose doorway Edmund Kean, the tragedian, wrote:

"How pleasant from the loopholes of retreat
To gaze on such a world."

Kean knew well the charm of the landscape he so accurately describes, for though many years have fled since the actor's day, it is still "a loophole of retreat." Here you may enjoy to the full the picture of quietude. Lingering here, undisturbed for hours, it is a pleasant pastime to dwell on the varied career of the player upon whom the curtain has fallen and on his equally celebrated colleague, Sheridan Knowles, the playwright, who oft-times strayed by the sparkling water of this storied lake. And the best way to think of them is of their great success in the old Dunlop Street Theatre, Glasgow, where, like "that voice" in the closing lines of "Virginius," "it minds you of their halcyon days—

"Enough to make them ever after be
Remembered!"

The island of Malta, already overcrowded, is increasing its population by 2,000 to 3,000 per annum, this being the gain of the birth rate over the death rate, and there are not sufficient industries to furnish adequate employment for the present population.

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NEW YORK
AUGUST 1921

The Caledonian

Special Convention Number

WITH

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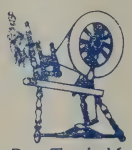

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NOTICE

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Forty-Second Annual Convention

Order of Scottish Clans

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK—AUGUST 16-19
Masonic Temple, Clermont and Lafayette Avenues

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(Organized St. Louis, Mo., November 30, 1878)

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Organized November 30, 1878

Events Program Forty-second Annual Convention

Masonic Temple, Clermont and Lafayette Avenues,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., AUGUST 16—19, 1921

"MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY"

GREETINGS

"Make Everybody Happy"

Clan MacDonald and the Clans of the Metropolitan District extend a hearty greeting to you, the Royal Officers and Clan, of the Order of Scottish Clans, on the occasion of the Forty-second Annual Convention of the Order.

It is believed you will find the Masonic Temple, on Clermont and Lafayette avenues, an agreeable place in which to hold your Convention, and that you will find in Brooklyn and New York all that will conduce to your comfort and entertainment. Your hosts are desirous of doing all possible to "Make Everybody Happy" during their sojourn. We hope for and anticipate a joyous visit, and that you will not stint yourselves in this opportunity, but will take every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the metropolis.

To Make Good the Slogan

The business of the Convention will take care of itself. Strenuous as it may prove, you will have time for relaxation, during which the Entertainment Committee will endeavor to make good the slogan, "Make Everybody Happy." The entertainment provided is instructive and pleasureable, with plenty of amusement at Coney Island and Luna Park, as well as at the Grand Concert and the Banquet. From the surging whirl of Manhattan to the heaving billows of Coney's shores and the often giddy whirl found on its foreshore, you will be piloted with care. Big as you will find New York and Brooklyn, you will not lose yourselves, for there will be those who will "watch your steps" for you and you will find it easy to get around. In these outings you will surely catch some of the spirit of the Metropolitan Center, and go home with lasting impressions, and, it is hoped, happy memories. The badges will glint and glisten on your breasts and be a reminder of the happier promise of 1921. They will serve as symbols of your renewed allegiance to the great Order which all love and which will be cherished more tenderly as the years go by.

Information

Headquarters have been established at Hotel MacAlpin, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, in the heart of Manhattan, in the great show and shopping district, and convenient to all surface, subway and elevated transportation.

Mr. W. Ready, assistant-manager, at the hotel, who has recently returned from a trip to Scotland, will be found a sympathetic resource, and he will gladly give every possible help to the clansmen seeking his aid.

"At the Sign of the Highlander"

An art poster, suggested by the heroic poster in oils of the Highlanders at Vimy Ridge, and by the artist of the same, will be found set up conspicuously in the Hotel MacAlpin, and will become the rallying point for the delegates while coming to or going from the hotel during their sojourn.

At Masonic Temple

Information can be obtained at the Temple from any member of the committee, who will be recognized by his badge. Extra tickets for friends of visiting or local clansmen for the Grand Excursion and also the Grand Reception or Banquet will be available at the Temple.

Transportation

Surface, subway and elevated car fares are 5 cents. On the surface lines there are certain transfers, so that clansmen should make inquiry as to the line and transfers, before starting on any individual adventure.

Admission to the Temple will be to those only wearing the Convention badge.

(Continued on following pages)

The Joint Convention Committee, 42nd Annual Conventionn, O. S. C.

First Row (*left to right*) seated: (1) Robert C. Auld, Publicity Committee, Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn. (2) George A. Wotherspoon, Publicity Committee, Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn. (3) Peter Robertson, Chairman Entertainment Committee, Clan Chisholm, Brooklyn. (4) William Bone, Chairman Publicity Committee, Chief Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn. (5) Past Chief William McCree, Secretary Joint Clan Convention Committee, Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn. (6) J. McL. Johnston, Chairman Joint Clan Convention Committee, Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn. (7) Bryce Martin, Treasurer Joint Clan Convention Committee, Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn. (8) F. Falconer, Vice-Chairman Joint Clan Convention Committee, Clan Chisholm, Brooklyn. (9) John Haddow, Chairman Entertainment and Reception Committee, Clan MacLeod, Jersey City. (10) William Louden, Clan Mackenzie, New York. (11) David Wyllie, Clan Drummond, Orange, N. J. (12) M. D. Murchison, Clan Gordon, Glen Cove, Long Island.

Second Row (*left to right*) standing: (13) John C. Mulholland, Clan Scott, Passaic, N. J. (14) James H. Galletly, Clan Scott, Passaic, N. J. (15) Alex. G. Forbes, Clan MacGregor, Yonkers, N. Y. (16) Alex. Craighead, Clan MacGregor, Yonkers, N. Y. (17) Robert Mathieson, Clan Campbell, Station Island, N. Y. (18) David Gibb, Clan MacLean, Passaic, N. J. (19) Past Chief Stewart Thompson, Clan Drummond, Orange, N. J. (20) Frank McCulloch, Clan Scott, Woodhaven, Long Island. (21) F. W. Ritchie, Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Third Row (*left to right*) standing: (22) W. H. Brown, Chief Clan Campbell, Staten Island, N. Y. (23) David Laird, Clan Campbell, Staten Island, N. Y. (24) Past Chief Henry Scott, Clan MacGregor, Yonkers, N. Y. (25) Past Chief G. W. Horne, Clan MacDuff, New York. (26) Past Chief James Duff, Clan MacLeod, Jersey City, N. J. (27) John Gordon, Clan Gordon, Glen Cove, Long Island.

Thumbnail Program

Reception and Entertainment

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 15—Reception and initiation. Clan Chisholm, Parkway Assembly Rooms.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16—Civic welcome by Mayor Hylan, Borough President Riegelmann, etc., 9:30 A. M.
Grand Parade, 2:30 P. M.
Grand Motor Outing (3:20 P. M.), through New York to Coney Island.
Dinner at Stauch's (Coney Island), 6 P. M. Evening at Luna Park.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17—8:00 P. M., Grand reception, concert and dance at Masonic Temple.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18—7:30 P. M., Grand Banquet at Hotel Bossert.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19—Delegates' Free Day.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20—Guests of Brooklyn Bowling Green Club, on its green in Prospect Park.

Order of Business

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 10 A. M.—Convention called to order. Roll call of officers.
Appointment of Junior Royal Officers.
Opening ode and prayer.
Presentation of credentials by Delegates and initiation of Delegates who have not previously attended the Royal Clan Convention.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17—Convention in session. Consideration of amendments and action on Committee reports.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, P. M.—Election of Officers.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, A. M.—Open installation of Officers.

The New York Caledonian Club, 846 Seventh avenue, New York, will keep open house to visiting Scots throughout the Convention.

CONVENTION EVE HOSPITALITY

Clan Chisholm Extends Welcome to Royal Clan, Monday Evening

Clan Chisholm, No. 217, O. S. C., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has its moot room at Parkway Assembly Rooms, 51st street and 4th avenue, Brooklyn, and on Monday evening, August 15th, the Clan will have the honor of entertaining Royal Chief A. G. Findlay, together with the Royal Executive and the visiting Delegates and Clansmen, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts.

A hearty welcome is extended to all neighboring Clansmen and Daughters of Scotia to be present and help make this a memorable event.

The Royal Executive will be escorted into the moot room by Clan Chisholm Degree Team, who will also carry out the special initiation ceremonies. They promise to make a spectacular showing in the initiatory work, as well as in their exhibition drill, in full Highland regalia. The team will be headed by Past Chief James W. Stirling.

The Chief, Past Chiefs, officers and members of Clan Chisholm, with the generous assistance of the Chief Daughter, Past Chief Daughters, officers and sisters of Lady Chisholm Lodge, No. 51, D. O. S., have worked hard to make this meeting a memorable one, which the Royal Chief, with his Executive, will have reason to remember.

The officers and members of Lady Chisholm Lodge will provide an excellent program in the way of entertainment and refreshments, and as the ladies are noted for their cordiality and hospitality, everybody will surely be happy, and visitors will think themselves, for the while, back in dear old Scotland.

How To Get There—Parkway Assembly Rooms can be reached by taking the Brooklyn 4th Avenue subway trains, in Manhattan or Brooklyn, to 53rd street. Take Sea Beach or West End Express train to 36th street, and a Local train from 36th street to 53rd street. Then walk back along 4th avenue to the corner of 51st street, where the Parkway Assembly Rooms are located.

F. FALCONER.

CONVENTION EVENTS

Entertainment

Past Chief P. Robertson, of Clan Chisholm, Chairman of the Committee

F. Falconer, Vice-Chairman

Tuesday, August 16

CIVIC WELCOME—9:30 A. M.

Receiving of Mayor Hylan and Borough President Riegelmann by the Joint Convention Committee at the Masonic Temple. The Mayor and Borough President will be received by J. MacLean Johnston, Chairman of the Joint Reception Committee, and, headed by the pipers, will be escorted to the dais, where they will be introduced to Royal Chief A. G. Findlay, the Royal Officers and Delegates.

The Mayor will then extend the formal welcome of New York to the visitors, and Borough President Riegelmann will welcome them on behalf of the Borough of Brooklyn.

The Mayor and Borough President retiring, the Convention will be called to order and after a brief session will adjourn.

LUNCH HOUR—1 to 2 P. M.

GRAND PARADE—2:30 P. M.

From Ashland Avenue to Masonic Temple. Past Chief P. Robertson, of Clan Chisholm, Chairman of the Committee.

The Grand Parade will form on Ashland Avenue, at Hanson Place, and will proceed along Fulton street and march up Lafayette Avenue to the Masonic Temple.

It will be led by Pipe Major Angus Fraser and his Lovat Pipe Band. Next in line will be the Royal Officers, escorted by representatives from all the participating Clans, in full Highland costume, headed by the Chief of Clan Macdonald, the Royal Officers following. The escort will be augmented by the Joint Convention Committee. Following will come the Delegates and their ladies. The local Clansmen will next fall in line, the host, Clan Macdonald, first, followed by the other participating Clans, led by their Chiefs and other officers.

N. B.—It has been arranged to take pictures of the parade in motion, so that the spectacle can be shown in the regular movie services throughout the country. So "Watch Your Step."

GRAND CITY TOUR AND TRIP TO CONEY ISLAND—3:30 P. M.

Following the parade will come an interesting motor tour of New York and Brooklyn, starting from the Masonic Temple, accompanied by the pipers. It will go by Manhattan Bridge to Broadway, Manhattan, proceed up Broadway to Ninth street and turning into Fifth avenue will move along that thoroughfare to Seventy-second street, and thence by way of Central Park and Riverside Drive to Grant's Tomb. The return will be over another route along Riverside Drive, striking Broadway and moving along to Ninth street, and again by Manhattan Bridge, and thence by way of Flatbush to the Plaza and Prospect Park, on the way to

CONEY ISLAND

"Duck Dinner" at Stauch's, Coney Island—6:00 P. M. Arriving at Coney Island about six o'clock, a "Duck Dinner" will be served in relays at Stauch's famous

MASONIC TEMPLE
Clermont and Lafayette Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

restaurant, under the personal direction of Mr. Stauch. The menu will be liberal and will meet with the approval of the diners. Miss Jeanie Lindsay, of Edinburgh, the interesting midget of Dreamland Circus, will extend an invitation from S. Gumpertz to the visitors to enjoy the circus and other attractions owned by him. Mr. Gumpertz formerly had charge of the exhibits in Waverly Gardens, Edinburgh, and is enthusiastically interested in the success of this Scottish Night at Coney.

LUNA PARK—8:00 P. M. At 8 o'clock the skirl of the pipes will be heard. Emerging from Stauch's, the pipers will lead the way to Luna Park, the Scottish host following close behind. Here the various exhibits and shows will offer their many lures to the visitors. Arthur Pryor's Band will play at eight and ten p. m., and during the evening there will be Highland piping and Highland dancing. The tartans will have a most picturesque and stunning effect, and the piping and dancing will be spectacular.

The visitors can stay until the "wee sma' 'oors" in Luna if they desire, or return early if they prefer. City cars are available every few minutes, so that crowding can be avoided. The return can be made direct to New York, to within a few steps of Hotel MacAlpin, or any of the other hotels at which the delegates may be staying.

GRAND RECEPTION

BY

ROYAL CLAN, ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS

TO

SUBORDINATE CLANS AND AUXILIARIES

Masonic Temple, Clermont and Lafayette Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wednesday, August 17, 1921, Beginning at 8:00 p. m. Prompt

Royal Deputy John Haddow, Chairman of Committee

Never pass a brither Scot: Stop Him, Meet Him;
Clasp his hand, entwine the knot o' welcome: Greet Him;
Remember, freens, we're faur frae hame,
A' roads seem lang when a' yer lane,
Sae bring him in amang yer ain, Yer Brither: Keep Him.

—JOHN HADDOW.

The Grand Entertainment by the Royal Chief, Staff and Royal Clan to the visiting Clansmen, the Clans of the Metropolitan District, with the Clan Auxiliaries and Daughters of Scotia, will be held in Assembly Hall, Masonic Temple, on Wednesday evening, beginning at eight o'clock *sharp.*

The Royal Chief, Staff and Royal Clan will be escorted into the hall by the pipers and a detail of Clan MacLeod Kilties.

The Clans and Auxiliaries of New York and New Jersey will form in the banquet hall below, and then will be called and escorted by the pipers into the hall, according to their number. Promptly at 8:00 p. m., the first to be called will be the lowest in numerical order, which is Clan Mackenzie, No. 29, of New York city. If ready, No. 29 will be led into the hall, followed by their Auxiliary; if not ready, the next Clan on the roll will be taken and No. 29 will have to wait. This order will be strictly observed throughout.

Program of Concert by Brooklyn Select Choir

Part Song—Hail to the Chief.....CHOIR
Address of Welcome.....ROYAL CHIEF A. G. FINDLAY
Part Song—Scotland Yet.....CHOIR
Baritone Solo—Standard On the Braes o' Mar.....A. KNOX
Soprano Solo—Angus MacDonald.....MISS L. H. KNOX
Reading.....AGNES BARTHOLOMEW
Highland Dancing.....LOVAT TROUPE
Soprano Solo—Success to Bonnie Scotland.....MRS. J. STIRLING
Star-Spangled Banner.....ASSEMBLY
Part Song—Awake Aeolian Lyre.....CHOIR
Mezzo Soprano Solo—Hame o' Mine.....MISS M. MONCRIEFFE
Trio—March o' the Cameron Men.....N. Y. SCOTTISH TRIO
Part Song—Scots Wha Hae.....CHOIR
Part Song—Will Ye No' Come Back Again?.....CHOIR
Finale—Auld Lang Syne.....ASSEMBLY

Piano Accompanist—MISS A. M. MONCRIEFFE

ROYAL TANIST WALTER SCOTT

ROYAL CHIEF A. G. FINDLAY

DANCE AT 10:00 P. M.

Dance Program

GRAND MARCH—Led by Royal Chief A. G. Findlay and Executive, followed by Clansmen in Highland garb.

Waltz	One Step	Waltz
Patronella	Fox Trot	Fox Trot
One Step	Caledonian Quadrille	Scottish Reel
Waltz	One Step	One Step
Highland Schottische		Waltz

Music by Professor J. F. Knox's Orchestra

Past Chief Robert M. Preston, of Clan McLeod, No. 70, O. S. C., Jersey City, N. J., will act as Senior Henchman in introducing the visitors. The Royal Staff assisting will consist of thirty Clansmen in Highland costume, members of Clan McLeod, No. 70.

FLOOR MANAGERS—Past Chief Robert M. Preston, Past Chief A. McKinnon, Clansmen J. Nicol, D. M. Stewart, J. McCaig, G. Milne.

INTRODUCING STAFF—Past Chief John Shaw, Clansmen D. M. Sargent, William McOwan, J. W. Blair, J. Donal, William McKenzie.

PIPER—Angus Fraser, of Clan Chisholm.

REFRESHMENTS will be served in the banquet hall during the evening.

Each clansman and lady will be supplied with a ticket through their clan. These tickets are not transferable, and must be presented at the door to obtain admission.

Committee of Arrangements

The committee in charge consists of: Chairman:, Royal Deputy, John Haddow; Secretary, Alex. Fairweather, Tanist; Treasurer, Past Chief, James Duff; Chaplain, Donald Cameron; Past Chief Robert Hamilton, Peter Murray, George Milne.

Grand Banquet

Hotel Bossert, Hicks and Montague Streets
Thursday, August 18, at 7:30 P. M.

Royal Deputy Bryce Martin, Chairman of Committee
Vice-Chairman James Mills

The banquet is tendered to the Royal Chief and Executive and Royal Clan Delegates to the Convention by the Clans of the Metropolitan District, New York and New Jersey.

Promptly at eight p. m., the pipers will rally the clansmen and guests. The Royal Officers and invited guests will be escorted to their places with Highland honors, headed by the pipers.

Royal Tanist Colonel Walter Scott, as "Father of Clan Macdonald," will preside and act as toastmaster. Among the speakers and guests will be Mayor John F. Hylan and Borough President Riegelmann, Hon. Andrew McLean, Editor of the *Brooklyn Citizen*; Comptroller Charles L. Craig, a Scot; Colonel Andrew Baird, of the 79th New York Highlanders' Veterans, and representatives of the various New York Scottish Societies. Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, of the Central Presbyterian Church, will offer the Invocation.

The Heather

The heather is presented by William Anderson, a MacDonald Clansman, of South Lancaster, Mass.

"A night among the heather wad caller our bloods."—*Sir Walter Scott, "Rob Roy."*

The Denner

"Sit ye doon an' welcome."

"Some hae meat an' canna eat,
An' some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat an' we can eat,
An' sae the Lord be thankit."

Drookit wilks frae Musselburgh
Celery an' ither orra vegetables
Het Kail
Caller Ou, wi' tatties an' trimmin's

O' a' the waters that can hobble,
A fishin' yawl or sa'mon cobble,
An' can reward the fishers' trouble,
O' south or north,
There's nane sae spacious an' sae noble,
As Firth o' Forth.

'Tis here the skate an' codlin sail,
The eel, fu' souple, wags her tail,
Wi' herrin', flouch an' mackerel,
An whitins dainty
Their spindle shanks the lobsters trail,
Wi' partans plenty.

Tappit Hen roastit

Carse o' Gowrie Beans Chappit Tatties
Salad frae the East Neuk o' Fife
Dockens an' sic like
Cookies an' Wee Bakes
Coffee

"Man, indeed, has a digestive faculty which must be kept working."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE TOAST LIST

ROYAL TANIST COLONEL WALTER SCOTT

Invocation ..... REV. DR. JOHN F. CARSON

"The Star-Spangled Banner"—THE COMPANY

1 HON. ANDREW MCLEAN ..... "The Land We Live In"

Solo—MME. TOZIER—"A Hundred Pipers an' a' an' a' "

Piping—ANGUS FRASER

2 MAYOR JOHN F. HYLAN ..... "New York City"

Solo—J. MCLEAN JOHNSTON—"O' a' the Airts"

Piping—MURDOCH MACKENZIE

3 BOROUGH PRESIDENT EDWARD RIEGELMANN . . "Brooklyn—The Convention City"

Solo—MISS MABEL J. ANDREWS—"My Ain Folk"

"The Royal Chief"

5 Response by ROYAL CHIEF ALEX. G. FINDLAY

Solo—MME. TOZIER—"Blue Bells o' Scotland"

"Our Ladies"

7 Responses by MRS. J. R. SPENCE, President of the Flora MacDonald Society

MRS. MARGARET SPENCE, Grand Chief Daughter, Daughters of Scotia

Solo—MISS MABEL J. ANDREWS—"Charlie is My Darling"

Piping—ANGUS FRASER and MURDOCH MACKENZIE

"The Land of Our Birth"

Response by PAST ROYAL CHIEF JOHN HILL

"The Joint Convention Committee"

Response by J. MCLEAN JOHNSTON, Chairman of Committee

Duet—"Barcarolle" (*from Tales of Hoffman*)

MME. TOZIER and MISS ANDREWS

Piping

"The Clans of the Metropolitan District"

Response by WILLIAM BONE, Chief of Clan Macdonald

Incidental Music—Brooklyn Hebrew Orphan Home Band

Courtesy of A. Jacobi

March—"Scotland's Pride" ..... *Knox*
Overture—"Poet and Peasant" ..... *Suppe*
Patrol—"The Blue and the Gray" ..... *Dalby*
Grand Fantasia—"Amang the Heather" ..... *Halle*
Selections—"Gems of the Opera" ..... *Lake*

"Star Spangled Banner"

FINALE

"Everybody Happy"

"Auld Lang Syne"

Other Hospitalities

The New York Caledonian Club, 846 Seventh avenue, telephone Circle 2424, has issued a cordial invitation to all participating in the great Convention to visit the Club House and make themselves at home. An old time Scottish welcome awaits all who desire to get acquainted with the grand old organization of New York Scots.

The Brooklyn Bowling Green Club has extended an invitation to visiting clansmen to visit their green in Prospect Park and engage in a game of "Bowling on the Green" on Saturday afternoon.

The office of THE CALEDONIAN is centrally located in the Bible House, 4th avenue and 9th street, Manhattan (telephone 5331 Stuyvesant), opposite the great Wanamaker store. A cordial invitation is extended to all visiting Scots and their friends to call and make themselves at home, and to avail themselves of any information the editors may be able to furnish.

Greetings From Royal Officers

From the Royal Chief

OFFICE OF ROYAL CHIEF
Order of Scottish Clans
A. G. FINDLAY, Royal Chief,
Royal Building.

Portland, Oregon, July 20th, 1921.

The Caledonian Publishing Co.

GENTLEMEN:

Answering your favor of the 14th inst., would state that the message I would like to convey to the delegates attending our coming convention is as follows:

"I am sure we are all glad to be together again after a lapse of four years. It is at gatherings like this that friendships are formed, that we come to know one another better, and, above all, that we should realize the needs of our great Order in a larger degree.

"Important legislation will be presented to you for consideration. I hope the best thoughts and energies of our delegates will be given to such matters as may come up, to the end that nothing may be done that will in any way hinder the progress and upbuilding of the Order of Scottish Clans."

Thanking you for the opportunity of presenting same, I remain,

Yours truly,
A. G. FINDLAY,
Royal Chief.

Past Royal Chief Hill

JOHN HILL CONSTRUCTION CO.
1413 Syndicate Trust Building
915 Olive Street

St. Louis, July 21, 1921.

MR. CHARLES C. STODDARD,
THE CALEDONIAN,
New York City, New York.

My dear Mr. Stoddard:

I have your letter of the 15th in which you say you plan to devote a large part of the August issue of THE CALEDONIAN to the interests of the O. S. C. and the work of the convention to be held in Brooklyn. We heartily welcome the co-operation of THE CALEDONIAN.

The O. S. C. will be greatly benefitted by the publicity of the work of this convention through THE CALEDONIAN. a journal devoted to Scottish affairs, and greatly appreciated by all who read it, and highly deserving the support of the Scottish people.

The coming convention will have problems to solve and plans to make for the future guidance of our Order, and although we have accomplished such in the past, still the future calls on us to continue to put forth our best combined efforts in making such laws that will benefit all and insure the pledges made in our name.

Our organization is based on all its members having equal rights, its policy on publicity of all its actions, its motto is economy, Scottish integrity its bulwark and steadfastness its guide.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN HILL,
Past Royal Chief.

Royal Tanist Walter Scott

WALTER SCOTT
495 Broadway, New York

July 15th, 1921.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

In reference to your kind letter of July 14, informing me that the August number of your valuable magaine—THE CALEDONIAN—will contain the official program of the 42nd Convention of the Order of Scottish Clans, and asking me, as one of the Executives of the O. S. C., to send you a short message of welcome, it goes without saying that I join my fellow-clansmen of New York and vicinity in extending a fraternal and personal greeting to the delegates who are coming from all parts of the United States for the purpose of working out problems concerning the welfare of the Order that we all love so well.

May I state again that we should at once commence to see the great good in our Order, forgetting past mistakes, and re-consecrating ourselves to the task that is ours as fellow-stockholders in the greatest fraternal organization in the United States. We should believe that we have something beyond price to sell to our kith and kin in this country. We must remember that we have no high-priced officers, no mahogany-trimmed offices, and none of the extravagant expenses such as are generally to be found in organizations of this kind, and that, therefore, virtually every dollar is available for use in carrying out the beneficent purpose of our Order, only enough being expended to transact its business.

We must bring these thoughts home to ourselves with a full realization of the truth that real and enduring success can not be attained without the true co-operative spirit. With you all, however, I am very optimistic in reference to the future of the Order of Scottish Clans, believing that all will do their full duty toward making the Order one that will stand the test of time.

Cordially yours,
WALTER SCOTT,
Royal Tanist.

A Few "Memories" From James Mac Cash

FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS

Every Clansman will prize these latest words from Mr. MacCash, as the editor prizes the manuscript copy, sent him bit by bit, from day to day, during the past month, sometimes only a single sheet at a time. Mr. MacCash writes: "I can't leave my room and do very little correspondence, but I must try to comply with your request for an article on the O. S. C."

I was born August 16, 1834, in Glasgow, Scotland, and came to the United States in 1865, with my wife and four children. I settled in Philadelphia for the first four years, and while following my trade as an iron moulder, a shop mate asked me to join a new lodge of a new inexpensive fraternal Order, as I could be admitted for three dollars. I was received and passed through the three ranks of the Knights of Pythias, Aurora Lodge, No. 40, on October 12th, 1868 at Philadelphia. I had seen the drama of Damon and Pythias, founded on a Greek story, played in a penny booth in Glasgow; in thinking over the ceremonies I passed through safely, a thought came to me that was the seed and cause of the present Order of Scottish Clans.

I was a steady reader of the *Scottish American*, and took interest in the reports of different Scottish societies from all over the United States, but all were separate and independent of each other. I had a fair knowledge of the history and traditions of Scotland, and thought there were noble parts in Scottish history to form ceremonies to bind Scotchmen together; the thoughts kept growing in my mind, and I kept noting them down. I joined Odd Fellows, I. O. O. F., and was past officer of my lodge, Pride of the West, St. Louis, past officer of the Encampment; past officer of the Foresters and of the Knights of Pythias.

I was still thinking and writing the ritualistic ceremonies for the Scottish Clans; the Subordinate Clan had three ranks, the Rank of the Thistle—the Lion—and the Plaid; the Grand Clan Rank was based on King Robert the Bruce, and the Royal Clan Rank on the Patron Saint Andrew, and the Royalty of Scotland. Very often these papers were laid aside, as I did not see how the Order could be brought before the Scottish people, and how they could be persuaded to take hold of it, for they are canny. When it was explained to Scotchmen they approved of the ideas, but would not take hold, as other Orders had done, beginning at the bottom and working up; but I had no money and no backing, and so it died.

One evening I took out the Bible—the Book of Faith—to start at the beginning. I commenced at the first chapter of Genesis, and read of God creating the heavens, the earth and all therein, and a thought came to me: "Why not create the Order of Scottish Clans, establish a seat of power and authority to begin with?" I thanked God for the thought and slept little that night; then I thought it all over and wrote the Creative Ceremony. I met two friends, John Bruce and John Parritt, and stated my plans and explained all to them; neither of them had been a member of any fraternal order, but were willing to go ahead, and we elected ourselves into office; James MacCash, president; John Bruce, secretary; John Parritt, treasurer, and we held our first meetings at my home. We began to invite Scotchmen to come on Friday evenings; as they came everything was explained to them, and that by paying one dollar they could become members of the Royal Clan, one dollar for the Grand (or State) Clan, and one dollar for the Subordinate Clan; nearly all that called enrolled as members.

At the quarterly meeting of the Caledonian Society of St. Louis, held in October, 1878, it was stated that a new Scottish society was being formed at 1317 North Broadway; it was talked over and the president, George Bain, said: "If the Scotch will not come to us, let us go to them." At the next meeting there was a good number present, and it was agreed to meet in a public hall. As it had been arranged to create the Order on November 30, 1878, we had only about a month's time. A number of committees were appointed to make arrangements, but as the Caledonian Society held its annual banquet on the evening of St. Andrew's Day, it was agreed to create the Order on Thursday the 28th, but date it the 30th. A concert and ball was held on the 29th, the banquet on Saturday the 30th, and we rested on Sunday.

On Thursday evening the members assembled. I called the meeting to order; then Archibald Hutton, the Creative Chaplain, requested that all present rise, and said: "You will raise your right hand heavenward, and repeat after me, 'I (with your name), in the presence of God and the Scotchmen here assembled, do promise to create, perpetuate and disseminate a fraternal order to be known as the Order of Scottish Clans for the following objects'—" (the objects are printed in the Constitution). All were then initiated in the secret work, and the officers were elected. George Bain was elected the first Royal Chief; he was president of the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis, president of a flour-milling company and well-known. Dougall Crawford, vice president, was an extensive dry-goods merchant; Alexander Liggett, treasurer, was a tobacco manufacturer in St. Louis, and other prominent men were present. The officers were installed and proceeded to business. I was elected Past Royal Chief.

A Grand Clan was instituted in Missouri; then a Subordinate Clan, Campbell No. 1, December 20, 1878; thus within about three months was the Order put in full working order. The advertising in Scottish papers brought a correspondence inquiring about the Order. Massachusetts was the first to act; a number of Scots in Boston said that they would pay one-half of the expense of sending a delegate from St. Louis to start the Order. I was chosen, and went and instituted the Grand Clan of Massachusetts; it has been a great success and a help to all the Eastern States. Missouri allowed her Grand Clan to die out, she went backward, and has not recovered even up to date, 1921. It was intended that the Grand Clan be the first in any State or territory, with the authority and power to establish subordinate clans; this makes a Home Rule government under a Royal government. The Grand Clan meets once a year, and brings together members from the different parts of the State. They become acquainted with each other, state their ideas of how and where to start a new Clan, and how to add and hold the members together.

The Order expanded very well in states and membership. At a session of the Royal Clan, a resolution was passed granting to the Royal Secretary, John Bruce, and myself the privilege of attending all Royal Clan Conventions with railroad fare paid, but I went only once, to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1903. I have not tried to keep to the front, because of my position as an iron moulder, also my lack of education, while Scotchmen of high standing throughout the country were managing the Order successfully.

In answer to a letter from Past Royal Chief, Walter Scott, of November 30th, 1919, I wrote: "Often I have thanked God that Scotchmen of great ability and good standing in the community have willingly given their valuable services for the welfare of their kins-people. God's blessing be with them and yourself."

Lately there appeared in the public press a cablegram from London, dated June 27th, 1921, to Walter Scott, Royal Tanist, Order of Scottish Clans, New York city: "The Prince of Wales desires to thank you very much for your kind message of congratulation on

the occasion of his birthday.—Private Secretary." This does not make the Scotch more loyal to Britain and less to the United States of America. The Scottish Clans were among the first to offer their assistance to President Wilson after he declared war on Germany. The Scottish Highlanders' Regiment of New York was among the first to volunteer to protect the Union and free the slaves in the Civil War. In the Constitution of the Order of Scottish Clans, which is in the possession of every member, there has been printed in the *objects* of the Order for the past forty-three years: 1st, To be free from political and theological sectarianism 2nd, Subject to the laws of God, and the land we live in." The Scottish Clans and the Scottish people are loyal to the United States of America.

The Clansmen and women have not neglected the founder. Through the energy and influence of Past Chief John W. Dick, of Clan Campbell, No. 1, of St. Louis, at a banquet held at the Southern Hotel to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Order, presented the founder, James MacCash, with a photograph taken at that time, 1898, when he was sixty-four years of age, also a brief history of him from his birth, and twenty 20-dollar gold pieces ($400), subscribed by the members of the Order at large, were laid on the table before me. I was ashamed to touch them, and did not, but I received a check later from J. W. Dick. On the twenty-fifth anniversary, in 1903, Past Royal Chief, John Hill, member of Clan Douglas, No. 3, presented me with five hundred dollars and a gold medal from the Clansmen. The metal is seen on my left breast in the late photographs with Colonel Walter Scott. (See June CALEDONIAN). Again a few years ago, a delegation of Clansmen from Campbell, No. 1 and Douglas, No. 3, headed by John Hill, presented me with a good sum of dollars from the members, and the female element of the Order were good subscribers. I am very well pleased at the way the O. S. C. has recognized me as the founder. From my first thoughts in 1868, it has been a pleasure to me to do a service to the Scottish people at large. Through all my labors I never thought of Fame or Fortune, and I consider they have come to me, and thank God for it all.

"Who's Who" in the Convention

ROYAL CHIEF ALEXANDER G. FINLAY

Royal Chief Findlay is a born Scot and the Pacific Coast manager Columbia Mills, Inc., with headquarters at Portland, Oregon. He is a successful and genial man of affairs and in his many years of devoted service to the Order has won the love and esteem of all. He is a charter member of Clan MacKenzie, No. 164, of Seattle, Washington, and was Royal Deputy for State of Washington. Mr. Findlay was elected Royal Tanist, August 17, 1911, at Boston; and Royal Chief, August 22, 1913, at Philadelphia.

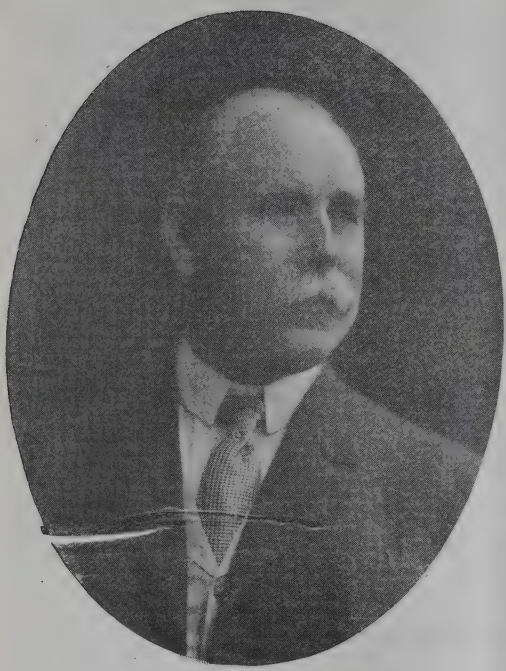
ROYAL TANIST WALTER SCOTT

Colonel Walter Scott, Royal Tanist and Past Royal Chief, is so well known to clansmen generally, that he needs no introduction. But it is interesting to remind ourselves that he is vice-president and managing director of Butler Brothers, the greatest supply house in the country, with branch houses in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities. He is constantly visiting these headquarters, and possessed of an abounding energy, and interest in the Order whose interests are perhaps closer to his heart than any other with which he is connected, he has managed to get acquainted with most of the clans and endeared himself to the members. It would be an endless task to ennumerate all that he has done and continues to do, not only for the Order, but for other Scottish interests. A Scottish gathering might be said never to be complete without his presence.

Colonel Scott was born in Montreal, and his father, a native of Berwick-on-Tweed, and his uncle, Provost of Dumfries, belonged to the great Border clan of the name. Colonel Scott's career has been one of uninterrupted success and progress. Besides now bearing the great burden of conducting a great mercantile enterprise through many years, he is connected with a host of other societies and bodies in which he figures prominently. But the Order of Scottish Clans is undoubtedly his first love, as it will undoubtedly be his last and to him every member of the Order looks as their great standard bearer and champion.

PAST ROYAL CHIEF JOHN HILL

Past Chief Hill was born in Perthshire, Scotland, and has devoted almost a lifetime to the good of the Order. He served as Royal Treasurer for many years; and was elected Royal Chief, August 22, 1907 at Halifax, N. S., and held that office until August 22, 1913. Past Chief Hill is a member of Clan Douglas, No. 3, St. Louis, Missouri. He is president of John Hill Construction Company of St. Louis, Missouri, and is recognized as one of the most prominent contractors and builders in the Middle West.



PAST ROYAL CHIEF JOHN HILL

ROYAL SECRETARY THOMAS R. P. GIBB

Secretary Gibb was born in Fife Keith, Banffshire, Scotland, November 25, 1880. When quite young his family moved to Almonte, Ontario, Canada, where they resided eight years, and then came to Massachusetts.

Mr. Gibb was graduated from the Law School of Boston University in 1906 with the degree of LL. B. Has been engaged in the general practice of law, and for eight years was a lecturer on law subjects in two law schools. He has always been active in organizations of those of British birth residing in this country and has held the following offices: President of The American British Federation, a federation of over fifty organizations; honorary secretary of the Overseas Club; honorary president of the British Empire Day Committee; secretary of the Scots Charitable Society and secretary of the Intercolonial Club.

In the Order of Scottish Clans Mr. Gibb has always been active. He has been Grand Chief of the Grand Clan of Massachusetts, and in 1915 was elected Royal Secretary of the Royal Clan, which office he still holds.

In general Fraternal Insurance matters he has been a leader. For two years he was president of the Beneficiaries Societies Union, a federation of all fraternal societies in Massachusetts, and for several years has been the representative of the fraternal societies on the Executive Committee and Board of Directors of the Insurance Federation of Massachusetts.

Mr. Gibb has never been active in politics, although he is a member of the Executive Committee of the Republican Club of Massachusetts and was honored by Governor Coolidge by appointment as Trustee of the Gardner State Colony, one of the big state institutions.

Mr. Gibb is a member of A. F. & A. M. Lodge of Belmont, and of Belmont Royal Arch Chapter. He resides in Belmont, Mass., is married and has one son.

ROYAL COUNSELLOR THOMAS W. FORSYTH

Mr. Forsythe was born in Mexico, Missouri, of Scottish parents, December 27, 1882, and thereafter moved to San Francisco. He studied law at the University of California and Stanford University, and has been a practicing attorney in San Francisco since.

He has always taken a keen interest in the affairs of the Scottish societies and served as Chief of Clan Fraser, No. 78, upon two different occasions, besides being the president of the St. Andrew's Society of San Francisco, the oldest Scottish organization on the Pacific Coast, which position he has held for the past two years.

Mr. Forsythe was appointed Royal Counsellor of the O. S. C. by Royal Chief Findlay in June, 1917, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Royal Counsellor A. G. McKnight, and was elected to the office at the convention of the Order in the same year.

(*Continued on page 225*)

ROYAL SECRETARY THOMAS R. P. GIBB

THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

"ABBOTSFORD"

Border Romance

Here, 'mid the flow of streams
Whose rippling melodies green valleys fill,
Romance still weaves her witchery of dreams,
Her brooding spell still throws its elfin gleams
O'er Border keep and hill.

'Mid dales that dreaming lie,
Once clamorous in ruthless Border frays,
A questing Wizard heard her feeble cry,
And gave her utterance, and set her high,
To thrill toil-laden days.

Though Tweed still tribute brings,
In stately tomb now sleeps her sovereign lord;
But still round Dryburgh she softly sings;
Her witching presence mystically clings
To far-famed Abbotsford.

JOHN W. WALKER.

'Mid the various haunts and wanderings of literature in Scotland, there are few pilgrimages to surpass those redolent of Sir Walter Scott. Few spots are more popular and no part of the country is more resplendent of poetry and romance than that associated with his memory. What a wonderful land it all is, breathing of the traditional and picturesque—a real country loved and understood for its own natural sweetness, as well as for the literary charm with which it is indissolubly connected! What region is there but has been touched by the sphere of the Wizard's imagination? Every part of Scotland in some way or other, is embraced in the marvelous

genius of the great romancer. From Sumburgh Crags and Fitful Head, those savagely picturesque northern promontories intimate to readers of *The Pirate,* the Scott pilgrim must travel far. Past the little Isle of Mousa, the historic homestead of Iona and "lone Colonsay," he may journey to majestic Arran and the Rob Roy haunts around Glasgow, thence down to the arena of "Castle Dangerous" and "Old Mortality," and from here through Lanarkshire and Dumfries to the west Borders, the theme of many a loved romance. Then there is the region comprising Edinburgh and Lasswade, and the romantic valley of the wandering Tweed, with the Lammermuirs and the Eildons, and the brown waters of the Quair and Yarrow. Here he is in the true Scott country. In Edinburgh and along the Borders center the chief associations of the poet novelist, the scenes of his trials and successes, of his joys, his sorrows, and the spots best beloved of him as poet and master of romance. From the haunting neighborhood of his early days to the sweet little nook wherein he rests,

"With the noble dead
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Amid the peer and warrior bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Who sleep in sculptured aisle."

we wander through one of the most beautiful districts in Scotland, rich in literary lore, and pulsating with memories which can never be forgotten while the rivers and mountains of our native heath continue to exist.

Cradling Haunts

Scott's early days passed in rather picturesque surroundings. 'Mid the quiet scenery of Sandyknowe and Smailholm, he played and wandered as a child. It was here, too, that he listened to the endless stories of Border raids told him by his grandmother and his "kind and affectionate Aunt Janet," who taught him to "read brawly," and to spout Hardyknute by heart. He absorbed every ballad and legend of bygone days and ancient memories that the country people knew—

And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms,
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace Wight and Bruce the Bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er;
Pebbles and shells in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scattered southron fled before.

The environment of romance-haunted Smailholm was truly "meet nurse for a poetic child," an ideal spot for the nurture of a youthful poet, for he lived and moved in an atmosphere scintillating with romance. It lingers on the hills and dales around, on the site of his long since demolished boyhood home of Sandyknowe—the "thatched mansion" of yester years—round the weather-beaten walls of Smailholm Tower, and

Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

A Classic Panorama

The historic old Tower still stands tall and gaunt, a lightless beacon showing clear against the summer sky. From its ancient summit a magnificent view opens out, and the eye wanders over one of the most classical panoramas in all broad Scotland. Not a rood of ground but is sacred to the memory of the Scottish bard. To the west you may trace the flowing lines of dark green hills; to the east is Berwick, with the glimmer of the North Sea beyond. Near at hand are Mertoun's Halls and the interesting old place of Lesudden. Further distant are Dryburgh, where the Minstrel sleeps, embowered 'mid leafy yew trees; fair Melrose, "like some tall rock with lichens gay"; poetic Ereildoune and the broomy Cowdenknowes; the sweet pastoral haughs of the Leader, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermuir; while away on the ridge of hill-land looms in desolate grandeur the crags of Hume's ancient castle, the Covenant-haunted Laws of Duns, and the song-enchanted vales of Ettrick and Yarrow. "Such," says Lockhart, were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels." Nor must we forget the happy companionships of Sandyknowe—his grandparents, Robert Scott and Barbara Haliburton; his Aunt Jenny, who told him stories of Border lore; old Macdougal of Makerstoun, and that veritable Tom Purdie of early times, auld Sandy Ormiston, the shepherd of "cowbailie." The memory of those early days ever remained with Scott, and is

enshrined by him for all time in a sweet and tender passage in the Introduction to the Third Canto of "Marmion."

Kelso Associations

Linked with the happy recollection of those early days in Kelso, "the most beautiful, if not the most romantic, village in Scotland." Round the meeting-spot of its two rivers—Tweed and Teviot; by the venerable ruins of the ancient Abbey; 'neath the lone and silent sentinel of Roxburgh, and in and about the wooded policies of historic Floors lie the scenes of many of the bard's boyhood musings. At Kelso awakened that "love of natural beauty and delightful feeling for ancient ruins" which became with him an insatiable passion, and never deserted him all through life. From this fine old town on the banks of the Tweed must also be dated the first of the excursions across the Border to Norham, Flodden and Otterburn. The old grammar school, reminiscent of the Ballantynes, Lancelot Whale, the prototype of Dominie Sampson, and his son, Andrew, has long since passed into the limbo of things that were. Vanished, too, is the grand old garden which surrounded his Aunt Jenny's cottage, that veritable paradise of summer days, where in the shade of a great spreading plane tree he was wont to devour the pages of "Percy's Reliques."

"I remember well the spot," he tells us, "where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old fashioned arbor. The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner and was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet."

The features of this old world garden remained deeply imprinted in the mind of Scott, as did also the sweet winding banks of Tweed, along whose sylvan pathways he had oft-times strolled with James Ballantyne, reciting poetry and pouring forth story after story. These and minor associations made Kelso a household name to all true lovers of the land of Scott. Its old-fashioned town, with its quiet gentility and atmosphere of peace redolent of the stillness which comes with sunset and the rustle of evening winds, has changed but little since the days when it charmed the poetry-absorbing youth of tender years.

Branxholm Tower

Early seat of the Scotts of Buccleuch, made the scene of "The Lay of the Minstrel," by Sir Walter Scott

It is still a cloister for literary inspirations; a dreamland for poets made.

A Forgotten Shrine

It is by his first Border home, however, the elusive old-world place of Ashestiel, that the happiest memories of the "Wizard" linger. Round this somewhat forgotten shrine—for we fear that Ashestiel, like Sandyknowe, is not known as it deserves to be—Scott has woven a halo of romance. His spell has cast its glamor o'er every scene and neuk, and we needs must follow in his footsteps through this delightful district. Along the wooded banks of the river, we are off the beaten track; we are in the most peaceful of sylvan retreats. Sweet in truth flows the classic Tweed, and the hills which everywhere surround us are those purply-tinted summits over which he had "grand gallops" when he was thinking of "Marmion." In this secluded abode passed some of the poet's most halcyon days. Here his fame as a poet was established, for was it not from Ashestiel that those great masterpieces, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," with its splendid Homeric passages, and the "Lady of the Lake," were first given to the world? Then the summer pilgrimages to Ettrick or "amid the green and melancholy wildernesses where Yarrow creeps from her fountains," and by lone St. Mary's Loch and Newark Tower, and into the wilds of Moffatdale. Truly, indeed, Ashestiel marks the joyous period of Scott's life. It was graven deep on his heart, and in this sweetest of Border homes we see him thrice happy in his work, his family and his recreations. It was at this time that these most faithful of followers, Peter Matheson, his coachman, and Tom Purdie, came into the arena for the first time. Purdie was perhaps the most notable character among Scott's humbler friends, and what reader is there—man or woman—who has read "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in Tweed," but has chuckled over the stories that Scrope tells of him, and felt a secret admiration for this most accomplished of poachers?

Other Associations

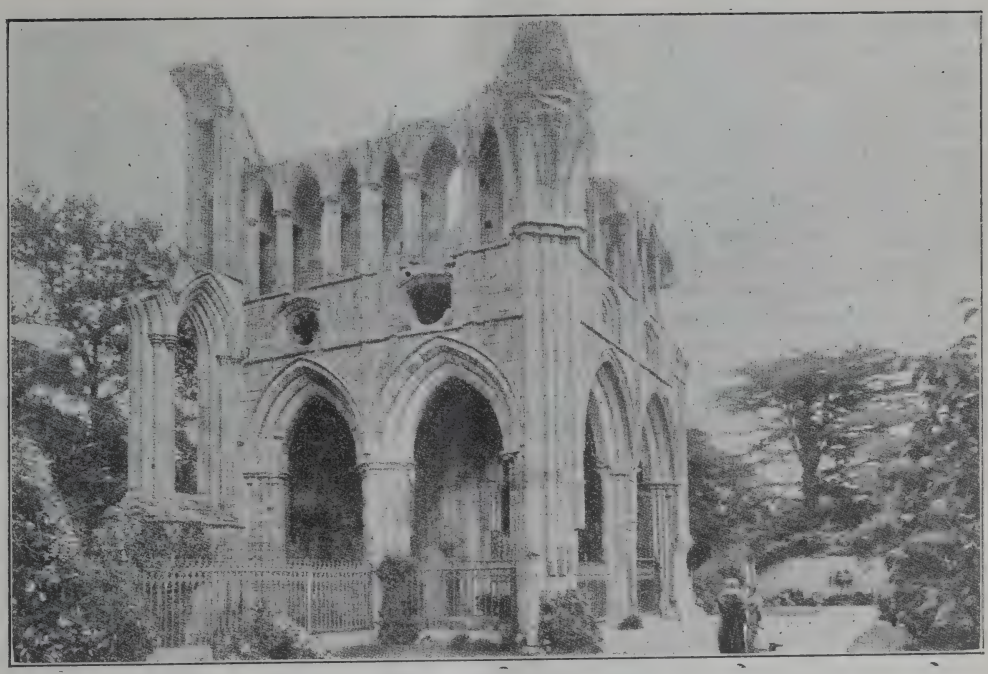
Many well known haunts lie near Ashestiel rich in literary lore. The picturesque little hamlet of Clovenfords and its hospitable tavern is reminiscent of the poet of the Lakes as well as of the great romancer. Close by is the ruined manor house of Fairnalee, where Alison Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn, wrote her immortal version of the "Flowers of the Forest"; while at Williamhope Ridge, a wild, solitary spot on the Glenkinnon Burn, Scott took his last farewell of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveler and writer. Sweetest of all, perhaps, is the venerable mansion house, considerably changed since the days when he wrote in its old-fashioned dining room, yet still a silent sentinel brooding over the past, a pathetic link with times long since passed away.

Border Wanderings

How intimate the Border was to Scott must ever be a fascination to all who follow in his footsteps. Throughout this legend-haunted district are scenes redolent of his wanderings. Nowhere was he more at home; nowhere do we find so many associations of him. At every step we are in some part of his country, for linked forever with his name are the salient features of its storied soil. What memories cluster round such spots as Jedburgh, Selkirk, the scene of his later legal life; poetic Earlston, the romantic vales of Ettrick and Yarrow, and many others! And who has not heard of that most favored of haunts in the long hill-girt hollow "by the babbling Tweed"? Scott's love for picturesque Melrose and its ancient Abbey ruins is too well known to occasion further comment. No one knew the little townlet better, or cared more lovingly for its ideal situation than he. Next to Abbotsford it was the region of his heart's desire. Oftimes did he visit this fair capital and linger in the enchanting environment of the "green Eildon Hills."

"I can stand," he said, "on the Eildon Hills and point out forty-three places famous in war and verse." And it was to these lofty bulwarks, with their entrancing view, that he conducted Washington Irving in 1817.

"I have brought you," he told him, "like the pilgrim in *Pilgrim's Progress,* to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts. Yonder is Lammermuir and Smailholm, and there you have Galashiels and Torwodlee and Galawater; and in that direction you see Teviotdale and the Braes of Yarrow; and Ettrick stream winding along like a silver thread, to throw itself



St. Mary's Aisle, Dryburgh Abbey, Burial Place of Sir Walter Scott

into the Tweed. It may be pertinacity, but to my eye these grey hills and all this wild Border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die."

Fair Melrose

But the glamourie of Scott's charm rests most prominently upon the ancient abbey. Melrose's venerable ruin fired his imagination. Over its every crevice he cast his magician's wand, and in the unforgetable lines of the "Lay," its beauty will live forever.

Deserted Melrose! oft, with holy dread,
I trace thy ruins mouldering o'er the dead;
While, as the fragments fall, wild fancy hears
The solemn steps of old departed years,
When beamed young Science in these cells forlorn,
Beauteous and lonely as the star of morn.
Where gorgeous panes a rainbow lustre threw,
The rank, green grass is cobwebbed o'er with dew;
Where pealing organs, through the pillared fane,
Swelled, clear to heaven, devotion's sweetest strain,
The bird of midnight hoots with dreary tone,
And sullen echoes through the cloisters moan.

Listening to these haunting lines, one may linger in the silent and deserted aisles of the noble fane, dreaming out the summer day in the sad, sweet music of the long ago, weaving fanciful pictures of the visions and happenings of the past which once reigned supreme, where all now is hushed and still. To-day the Abbey of Melrose is still a pleasant retreat. It is an abode of silence, a revered landmark in the literature of Scotland.

Hallowed Ground

Other scenes worthy of note loom in the near vicinity. Drygrange,

With the milk-white yowes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing;

song-haunted Cowdenknowes; Leaderfoot's arcadian vale; Bemersyde with its "wizard spell"; poetic Ereildoune; and silent Cauldshiels Loch, where Scott wrote his most pathetic poem, are all here. But these shady groves of literature apart, it is

in the last haunts of all that the most lasting associations abound. By classic Abbotsford, or when the radiance of the summer sun sheds its mellow lustre on Dryburgh's noble pile, we remember the great romancer best. To the literary pilgrim, Abbotsford is full of tender remembrances. It was the home of the poet's dreams, the scene of his latest joys and greatest misfortune. What reminiscences cling to the ancient building; what ghosts of long dead and departed visitants—the fair, the famous and the noble—are enshrined within its weather beaten walls! Here are gathered all that is redolent of Sir Walter's later years. Here are his family pictures and the portrait of John Graham of Claverhouse; here is his desk, at which he wrote most of the Waverleys. Here, in the old-fashioned dining-room, in sight of those "honest grey hills," the sun-kissed Eildons, and within the sound of his "ever dear Tweed," he breathed his last. Dryburgh, where he sleeps, is little distant from Abbotsford. And as we stroll at leisure to this sweet hollow of monastic seclusion, the gentle ripple of the silvery Tweed comes to us like the venerable wail of a funeral dirge, a softly mourning murmur for him whose spirit still hovers within the solitary shades of that hallowed and historic shrine.—*K., in Inverness Courier.*

The Highland Clans

An interesting resume of the early history of the Scottish Highlands and the origin of the Clan System, the use of the Tartans, etc.

It is now well understood that the Celts originally came out of the east. Guest, in his *Origines Celticae* has described the routes by which they streamed across Europe and along the north coast of Africa in a bygone century. The migration did not stop till it had reached the shores of the Atlantic. The Celtic flood was followed within the Christian era by the migrations of succeeding races—Huns, Goths, Vandals, Franks, these variously called themselves—and before the successive waves the Celts were driven against the western coast, like the fringe of foam driven up by wind and tide upon a beach. This process was seen in our own islands when the British inhabitants were driven westward by the oncoming waves of Saxons, Angles and Danes, in the fifth and following centuries. Thus driven against the western shores, these Celts were known, down to the Norman Conquest, as the Britons or Welsh of Strathclyde, of Wales, and of West Wales or Cornwall.

In the north, beyond the Forth, and among the mountain fastnesses, as well as in the south of Galloway, the Celtic race continued to hold its own. By the Roman chroniclers the tribes there were known as the Caledonians or Picts. Between the Forth and the Grampians were the Southern Picts, north of the Grampians were the Northern Picts, and in Galloway were the Niduarian Picts. To which branch of the Celtic race, British or Gaelic, or a separate branch by themselves, the Picts belonged, is not now known. From the fact that after the Roman legions were withdrawn they made fierce war upon the British tribes south of the Forth, it seems likely that they were not British. Dr. W. F. Skene, in his *Highlanders of Scotland*, took elaborate pains to prove that the Picts were Gaelic, an earlier wave of the same race as the Gaels or Scots who then peopled Ireland, at that time known as Scotia.

Exactly how these Scots came to the sister isle is not now known. According to their own tradition, they derived their name from Scota, daughter of one of the

Pharaohs, whom one of their leaders married as they passed westward through Egypt, and it is possible they may be identified with the division of the Celtic tribes which passed along the north coast of Africa. According to Gaelic tradition, the Scots migrated from Spain to the south of Ireland. According to the same tradition, they brought with them the flat brown stone, about nine inches thick, known as the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, on which their kings were crowned, and which was said to have been Jacob's pillow at Bethel on the plain of Luz. From Ireland they began to cross into Kintyre—the "Headland"—in the sixth century. Their three leaders were Fergus, Lorn and Angus, sons of Erc, and their progress was not always a matter of peaceful settlement. Fergus, for instance, made a landing in Ayrshire, and defeated and slew Coyle, the British king of the district, whose tumulus is still to be seen at Coylesfield, and whose name is still commemorated as that of the region, Kyle, and in popular rhymes about "Old King Cole."

In Kintyre and the adjoining neighborhood, the invaders established the little Dalriadic kingdom, so called from their place of origin in the northeast of Ireland, Dal-Riada, the "Portion of Riada," conquered in the third century by Fergus's ancestor, Cairbre-Riada, brother of Cormac, an Irish King. They had their first capital at Dun-add, near the present Crinan Canal, and from their possession the district about Loch Awe took the name of Errha-Gael, or Argyll,, the "Land of the Gael."

These settlers were Christian, and the name of their patron saint, Kiaran, remains in Kilkiaran, the old name of Campbeltown, Kil-kiaran in Islay, Kilkiaran in Lismore, and Kilkerran in Carrick, which last, curiously enough, is a possession of the Fergusons at the present hour. The invasion, however, received one of its strongest impulses from a later missionary. Columba crossed from Ireland and settled in Iona in the year 563, and very soon, with his followers, began a great campaign of Christian conversion among the Northern Picts. The Picts and early Britons, as is shown by their monuments and the folk-customs they have handed down to us, were worshippers of Baal and Ashtaroth. Columba's conversion of Brud, king of the Northern Picts, at his stronghold at Inverness, opened up the whole country to the Gaelic influence. By and by marriages took place between the Pictish and the Gaelic royal houses, and these led, in the ninth century, to disputes over the succession to the Pictish crown. In the struggle which followed Alpin, king of the Scots, was beheaded by the Picts on Dundee Law, in sight of his own host. But the whole matter was finally decided by the victory of Alpin's son, Kenneth II, over the last Pictish army, in the year 838, at the spot called Cambuskenneth after the event, on the bank of the Forth near Stirling. Six years later Kenneth succeeded to the Pictish throne.

The history of these early centuries is to be gathered from Adamnan's *Life of Columba,* the *Annals of Tighernac,* the *Annals of Ulster,* the *Albanach Duan, Bede's Chronicle* and other works.

By that time another war-like race had made its appearance on the western coasts. At their first coming, the Dalriads or Scots from Ireland had been known as Gallgael —Gaelic strangers. The new piratical visitors who now appeared from the eastern shores of the North Sea, received the name of Fion-gall, or "fair-haired strangers." Worshippers of Woden and Thor, they proved at first fierce and bitter enemies to the Christian Picts and Gaels, slaying the monks of Iona on their own altar, and even penetrating as far as to burn Dunbarton, the capital of the Britons of Strathclyde, in the year 780. In the face of this menace, Kenneth, in the year of his victory over the Picts, removed the Lia Fail from his own stronghold of Dunstaffnage on Loch Etive, to Scone on the Tay, transferred the bones of Columba from Iona to Dunkeld, and fixed his own royal seat at the ancient capital of the Southern Picts, Forteviot on the Earn. This remained the capital of the Scoto-Pictish kings for two centutries, till in 1057 Malcolm Canmore, son of "the gracious Duncan," and the miller's daughter of Forteviot, overthrew Macbeth, and set up the capital of his new dynasty at Dunfermline.

Meanwhile the Norsemen overran not only the Western Isles, but much of the northern part of the country. For a time it was an even chance whether ancient Caledonia should become Norseland or Scot-

land. Under Malcolm Canmore and his sons, however, the Scots pushed their conquests south of the Forth, annexed Strathclyde, Northumberland and Westmoreland, and became a formidable power in the land. David I fortified his dynasty against attack by planting the country with Norman and English barons, and introducing the feudal system, and the final issue with the Norsemen was fought out by the last of his race, the last of the Celtic line of kings, Alexander III, at the battle of Largs in 1263.

It is about this period that the traditional history of most of the Highland clans makes a beginning. It was long the custom to attribute the origin of these clans to a Gaelic source. The late Dr. W. F. Skene wrote his book, *The Highlanders of Scotland*, to show that many of the clans, particularly in the more eastern and northern parts of the Highlands, must have been of Pictish origin. Without going into the somewhat elaborate details of his evidence and argument, with later modifications in his *Celtic Scotland*, it may simply be said that the proposition appears reasonable. Nor would it appear less honorable to be descended from the Pictish race of Caledonia than from the Scottish race which crossed the narrow seas from Ireland. The record of the Picts includes their magnificent and victorious struggle against the Roman legions, their defeat of the British Arthur himself at Camelon in 537, and the overthrow of Egcfrith of Northumbria at Nectansmere in Fife in the year 835. But it must be remembered that the Norse race has also contributed to the origin of the clans. The names of the ancient MacLeod chiefs—Torquil, Tormod and the like—would of themselves be enough to point this out; and it must be remembered that the wife of the mighty Somerled, from whom all the Macdonald and several other clans are descended, was sister of Godred, the Norwegian King of Man. It is equally certain that several clans are of Anglian and Norman origin. The Murrays claim descent from Freskin the Fleming. The Gordons, whether Gordon or Seton, are Norman from the Scottish Border. And the Macfarlanes, cadets of the older Earls of Lennox, are of Northumbrian or Anglian source. Nothing could be more interesting than the process by which families of such various origin in the course, of a few generations, became so impregnated with the spirit of their surroundings as to be practically indistinguishable in instinct and characteristics. Sir Walter Scott had the Highlanders as a whole in view when he framed his famous and apt description of "Gentlemen of the north, men of the south, people of the west, and folk of Fife."

The clan system no doubt took its origin largely from the mountainous nature of the country in which the people found themselves, each family or tribe living in its own glen, separate from the rest of the world, and too remote from any capital to be interfered with by any central government. In these circumstances, as in similar circumstances elsewhere, Afghanistan and Arabia, for instance, the father of the family naturally became the ruler, and when the family grew into a tribe he became its chief. In later days, when great combinations of related clans were formed, the chief of the strongest branch might become captain of the confederacy, like the Captain of Clanranald and the Captain of Clan Chattan. The chiefship was inherited by the eldest legitimate son, but it must be remembered that in the Highlands the son of a "handfast" union was considered legitimate, whether his parents were afterwards married or not. Handfasting was a form of trial marriage lasting for a year and a day. If it proved unfruitful, it could be terminated at the end of that time, but sometimes a chief might die or be slain before his handfast union could be regularized, and in this case his son was still recognized as his heir. The system arose from the urgent desirability of carrying on the direct line of the chiefs.

Another outcome of a state of society in which the rights and property of the tribe had constantly to be defended by the sword, was the custom of tanistry. If the heir of a chief happened to be too young to rule the clan, or lead it in battle, the nearest able-bodied relative might succeed for the time to the chiefship. This individual was known as the tanist. A conspicuous example of the working of the law of tanistry was the succession of Macbeth to the crown of his uncle, King Duncan, notwithstanding the fact that Duncan left several sons, legitimate and illegitimate. By his right as tanist, Macbeth ruled Scot-

land ably and justly for seventeen years.

A good deal has been made by writers on the customs of the clans of the so called law of gavel. It is supposed that under this "law" the whole property of a chief was divided among his family at this death, and Brown, in his *History of the Highlands*, accounts by the action of this "law" for the impoverishment and loss of influence which overtook some of the clan chiefs. By this process, he says, the line of the chiefs gradually became impoverished while the senior cadet became the most powerful member of the clan and assumed command as captain. There seems, however, some misunderstanding here, for the law of gavel would apply equally to the possessions of the senior cadet. The "law" of gavel probably meant no more than this. A chief portioned out his lands to his sons as tenants. When his eldest son succeeded as chief, as these tenancies fell in, he portioned out the lands in turn to his own sons in the same way. Thus the nearest relatives of the chief were always the men of highest rank and most influence in the clan, while the oldest cadets, unless they had secured their position in time by their own exertions, were apt to find their way to the ranks of the ordinary clansmen. As all, however, claimed descent from the house of the chief, all prided themselves upon the rank of gentlemen, and behaved accordingly. To this fact are owed the high and chivalrous ideas of personal honor which have always characterized the Scottish Highlander.

As an acknowledgement of his authority all the clansmen paid calpe or tribute to the chief, and when outsiders—sometimes inhabitants of a conquered district, or members of a "broken" clan, a clan without a head—attached themselves to a tribe, they usually came under a bond of manrent for offence and defence, and agreed to pay the calpe to their adopted chief. If a clansman occupied more than an eighth part of a davach of land, he also paid the chief a further duty, known as herezeld. The fundamental difference between the clan system of society and the feudal system, which was destined to supersede it, was that the authority of the clan chief was based on personal and blood relationship, while that of the feudal superior is based upon tenure of land.

Of the origin of the Highland costume not much is known. The kilt is one of the primitive garments of the world; it is one of the healthiest, and probably the handsomest, and there can be no question that for the active pursuits of the mountaineer it is without a rival. In its original form, as the belted plaid, it afforded ample protection in all weathers, while leaving the limbs absolutely free for the most arduous exertions. As for the tartan, in Miss Donaldson's *Wanderings in the Highlands and Islands*, a proposition is made that the numbers of colors employed had a relation to the rank of the wearer—that eight colors were accorded to the service of the altar, seven to the king, and so on in diminishing number to the single dyed garment of the cumerlach or serf. In view, however, that all the members of a clan wear the same tartan, and that the tartans of some of the greatest clans contain but a small number of colors, such a theory obviously will not bear examination. The earliest costumes of the clansmen appear to have been not of tartan at all, but of plain color, preferably saffron. As variety came to be desired, each clan would use the natural dyes most easily procured in its district, and the easiest pattern to weave was one of simple warp and woof. By and by a clansman would come to be identified by the local pattern he wore, and before long that pattern would come to be known as the tartan of his clan. Whether or not this describes the actual origin of the Highland tartans, there can be no question as to their suitability for the purposes of the hunter and the warrior, to whom it was important to be as little conspicuous as possible on a moor or mountainside. It was also of value to the clansmen in battle, who required readily to distinguish between friend and foe. After the last great Highland conflict at Culloden, it is said, the dead were identified by their tartans, the clansmen being buried, each with his own tribe, in the long sad trenches among the heather. To the Highlander the garb of his forefathers has always justly counted for much. Sir Walter Scott gave immortal expression to the feeling when he made the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich exclaim to Jeanie Deans, "The heart of MacCailean More will be as cold as death can make it when it does not warm to the tartan."—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

The Old Flag

BY H. C. BUNNER (1883)

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips—
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose,
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If Death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with Death has lain
This twenty years and more;—
He died that the work should not be vain
Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray,—
But look at his eye fire young and bold,
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes right in to the heart;—
If ever it calls for *you*, boy, be there!
Be there, and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of its sacred dead.

Our Glasgow Letter

A Scotsman, Mr. Macdonald Watson, is the author of a new three act play just recently produced in London entitled "Hunky Dory." The criticisms have been most favorable, and we anticipate that there is a future before this promising dramatist. He had previously written and produced several music hall sketches, but this is his most ambitious effort so far, and we hope it will be followed by others equally attractive.

Professor William McCallum Clow's appointment to the Principalship of Glasgow U. F. College, is a very satisfactory one. He was born in Glasgow sixty-eight years ago, and later emigrated with his parents to New Zealand, where he received part of his education. He afterwards graduated M. A. at Glasgow University, and as B. D. at the Glasgow U. F. College, of which he is now the principal. Professor Clow got his appointment by a vote of 452 over 333.

The Blythswood Shipbuilding Yard at Scotstoun has been purchased by Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, Messrs. Sperling & Company, who has purchased the entire ordinary share capital. Messrs. Sperling recently made an offer for taking up their £1. ordinary shares at a price of 50 per cent. above the amount subscribed and paid up at April 28th, payment to be made in cash on or before July 30th of this year.

The Blythswood Shipping Company, is a fairly new one, having been formed in 1919, and the yard is recognized as a model one. It contains five building berths, each 500 feet in length, and at the present time three of these are occupied by oil tank steamers of 10,000 tons deadweight each.

Another Scottish woman has distinguished herself in the world of commerce in the person of Miss Sangster, who has just attained the position of director in the firm of Crawford, Ltd., London, the Advertising Experts. Miss Sangster is the youngest lady director in London (and she is young) and her ability is well known. She joined this firm early in its history as secretary, and has always been responsible for its finance. She belongs to Glasgow, and is just another example of what women these days are capable of attaining to, and their undoubted cleverness and capacity when opportunity offers.

Speculation is rife as to the ultimate fate of Hamilton Palace and the famous Mausoleum, both of which appear at present to be doomed to disappear from the landscape. The Hamilton people are hopeful of finding a way to retain these famous structures, but the price will be the stumbling block. We understand the Mausoleum alone cost £150,000 to build, and it contains varieties of

marble which are now extinct and could not be purchased at any price. However, we hope a way out will be found, as we can hardly imagine Hamilton lacking the attraction of the Palace, which is quite a land mark. At the present time amateur photographers interested in the building are flocking out in their thousands to secure photographs of the historic structure, so that they may have the photographs to hand down to their children and their children's children when perhaps the buildings themselves are no more.

Dr. Kenneth Hayens, the distinguished young literateur, and lecturer in German in the United College, Dundee, has just had bestowed upon him the D. Litt. Degree, for his critical study of the German novelist, Theodore Fontane. Dr. Hayens is a graduate of Glasgow University, where he held first class honors in 1913. His favorite sport is hockey, and he is a member of the Newport team, which so distinguished itself last winter.

The General Assembly Meetings of the Churches in Edinburgh have come and gone, without any undue excitement or unexpected happenings. The CHURCH OF SCOTLAND commenced with the usual ceremonial of a Levee at Holyrood Palace, by the Lord High Commissioner, the Duke of Sutherland. At the Assembly Hall the proceedings were opened by the retiral of the present Moderator, and the nomination of the new one, this being the Rev. Dr. McClymont of Edinburgh. During the proceedings intimation was made of the continuance of the grant of £2,000 for the propagation of the Church in the Highlands, and it was indicated that a part of the sum should be set aside to aid and encourage young men to preach the gospel in the Highlands and Islands in the Gaelic language. There was some discussion on the subject of national unrest, and the existence of a secret international propaganda to undermine our British moral stability, but confidence was felt in the fact that evil seeds do not easily take root in this country of ours.

In connection with the UNITED FREE CHURCH, the Rev. Adam Philip, D.D., Minister of Longforgan, was nominated as successor to the Rev. Principal Martin, retired. On taking the chair the new Moderator struck the right note of hope and cheer on saying, on drawing a picture of the religious situation of to-day as compared with that of 1821—"The good old times were a fallacy. The golden age was like the Will o' the Wisp, you could not catch it. Life is a thousand fold more interesting than it was a century ago. The map of life is crowded where before were empty spaces. We see vistas to-day that were hid to the people of 1821. The notes of hope in the outlook are many." Surely that is the right spirit, and we applaud the new Moderator's optimistic outlook.

At the opening of the FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY the Rev. Roderick McLeod, Knock, Lewis, was appointed to the Moderator's Chair. He spoke of industrial conditions, and the suicidal methods of the Trade Unionists of recent times, and expressed the hope that Capital and Labor would in future have a better understanding of each other.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Dr. George Macdonald described one of the biggest hoards of coins ever found, which were discovered last autumn at the foundation of a new picture house in Perth. The hoard had apparently been buried early in the reign of James IV, and included coins of James the III and several English silver groats of Edward III, Henry V and Edward IV. Five gold coins and 122 silver ones have been retained for the museums in Edinburgh, and the balance of 1,001 have been returned to the finders.

Regarding the much talked of and so called heart of Robert the Bruce, found in Melrose Abbey, it appears that the supposed lead casket was a flagon, another flagon of the same kind having since been found, and it seems hardly probable that the heart of a king should have been thrust into such a vessel, as tradition has it that Bruce's heart was contained in a silver casket.

There was so much heated controversy about the heart, as to whether it should be placed in a museum or sent to Jerusalem, that it is a relief to know it is not the heart of Bruce at all, as this will settle a question which might have caused a great deal of ill-will and useless argument.

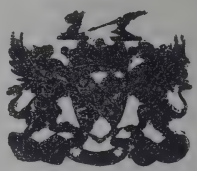
Sir James Barrie has sent a letter to Councillor J. Wilson McLaren, of Edinburgh, who recently produced a play (in support of a Stevensonian Fund) adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston." J. M. Barrie says in his letter that Stevenson himself wrote a long play on the subject, called "The Hanging Judge," but that it was never published, and that he—Barrie—had read the MSS. long ago. This is indeed an interesting little bit of information.

There are prospects of a big political fight, when Parliament reassembles, over the Highland electricity schemes. The Banff and Moray County Councils have decided to oppose the Lochaber and the Grampian water power schemes, and other local bodies are also looking askance at the proposal to appropriate the waters of the Spey for the purpose of manufacturing electricity for commercial purposes.

Mr. John Dewar Dallas, who has been appointed Sheriff Substitute at Aberdeen, is an Edinburgh man. His father, now deceased, was a well known advocate in Edinburgh. Mr. Dallas joined the Royal Scots at the outbreak of war, and was, during a good period of his time in the army, serving in German East Africa. He is a keen sportsman, and played for Scotland against England in the Rugby International in 1903.

GRACE D. WILSON.
64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

"The Gathering of the Clans"

BY CLANSMAN R. K. YOUNG, MACDONALD 33

(From *The Fiery Cross*)

The gathering of the clans has been a picturesque feature in Scottish life and history, whether it has been in the hours of pleasure, such as the great gatherings at Braemar celebrated in song and story; where the royalties of the Empire rejoiced in the entertainment tendered by loyal subjects; where good queen Victoria, laying aside all the cares of the mighty empire, relaxed among her beloved people, as she did nowhere else; or these gatherings may have been held on the bloodstained battlefields of the world where the Scot has sternly fought and died for right and truth and the weal of humanity; where times without number, it has been the intrepid valor of the Scot that has snatched victory from defeat and turned the tide on many a hard-fought battlefield. Bruce, Wellington and Haig have each put their valor to the test, and the stern sons of the northland have never been found wanting.

A gathering of the Clans has ever been the forerunner of victory. Their leaders knew in whom they trusted, and their trust has never been misplaced. Nor will the response of the Clansmen of MacDonald, No. 33, when the Fiery Cross goes round calling them to service in the gathering of the Clans in Brooklyn in August, be any less prompt.

There has never been a greater opportunity or service, either individually or collectively offered to the Clansmen than this gathering of the Clans. It will be an opportunity to build up the Order in the Metropolitan district such as we have never had before, with an equipment of young virile Clansmen, ambitious for the success of the Order. There are tremendous possibilities at our hand. United and continuous effort on the part of every Clansman will bring startling results. There is no question as to the success of the convention socially. The Convention Committee, composed of delegates from all the metropolitan and Jersey Clans, is working indefatigably, under John McLean Johnston, Chairman, and Past Chief William McCree, Secretary.

In many ways this will be the most notable convention of the Order ever held. When the convention adjourned in Hartford to meet in two years in Brooklyn, the world was drenched with blood. Every Clan had its representatives on the battlefield of Europe. Hardly was there in that Scottish gathering a heart that was not aching for some loved one. All uncertain the future lay, as the world was being swept on to destruction as by mighty flood, and by reason of the prompt response of the Clansmen to the call of the empire, the Order was face to face with disaster, and only the ability and strong faith of the executives, as they took upon them the tremendous responsibility of these trying days, saved the Order. Vaccilations or delay in applying the necessary legislation would have wrecked the Order, but in the providence of God, we had men at the helm to steer us through the wreck of an old world into the brightness of the new, and it was an achievement Clansmen are very proud of.

While we morn the loss of many gallant clansmen, and our hearts are sad over many a desolate home, we can be exceedingly proud of the fact that there was no shirking on the part of the Clansmen. Their lives and everything they had was freely given. They died to keep men free, and the Order of Scottish Clans has come through that awful ordeal, stronger and better, with higher ideals of service, due to the leadership of an executive that foresaw and prepared for the future, even in the darkest hours of that terrible time.

I have met Clansmen who have said conventions are unnecessary expense to the Order, and an excuse to give some favorite Clansman a good time at the expense of his Clan, and there are so many new members who may not know that, according to law, conventions must be held not less than four years apart, so that this gathering of the Clans is not only a delightful function, but also a legal requirement that we cannot evade. Therefore, let us magnify this opportunity and build up the Order from among the fifty thousand Scots in the Metropolitan district.

This gathering, used to its fullest extent, ought to give the Clans an impetus that will bring a tremendous increase in membership and deepen Scottish sentiment in the East.

THE WILLIAM H. DAVIS
Free Industrial School for Crippled Children
and its Summer Quarters

THE LULU THORLEY
Home for Crippled and Delicate Children
Claverack, N. Y.

is soliciting contributions for its Permanent Fund to make the Society self-supporting. Life memberships costing $100 swell this Fund. This well known School and Home is endeavoring to assist the little crippled children of New York by educating them and teaching them trades, thus fitting them to take care of themselves later in life.

Contributions—large or small—may be sent to

WALTER SCOTT, President, 495 Broadway,

OR TO

MRS. EDWARD DAVIS JONE Treas., 18W. 68th St.

(This space donated by Mr. Walter Scott)

A Business Letter From Royal Tanist Walter Scott Regarding YOUR Certificate of Insurance in the Order of Scottish Clans

If you would assure your certificate in the Order of Scottish Clans, you should endeavor in every way possible to assist in making the O. S. C. stronger numerically, financially and co-operatively; in fact, to surround its cornerstone of principles and solidity with every protection in your power, that it may stand like the famous rock of Gibraltar. If *you* will make the Order your working partner, and the other twenty thousand members will follow your example, we can feel doubly assured of the permanency of our great Order which has accomplished so much in the past, and which will accomplish so much in the future if it has the support of every member.

An Order such as ours does not grow. It must be built and the building can only be done by honest service and earnest personal work. This is true of business, and it must of necessity be the same with fraternal orders such as ours; for after all is said and done our organization is a co-operative business organization, toward the upbuilding of which every member should use all the talents he possesses.

It has been said that one lighted candle may light thousands of others. Little did the founder of our Order, Past Royal Chief James McCash, think that the candle lighted by him so many years ago would reflect so much brightness into the lives of others. He little realized the amount of good that would be accomplished by this one candle, and none of us will know, until we see the great Book on high, all the wonders—in fact, we might say miracles—that have been performed by that one lighted candle.

If *you* would doubly insure your policy in the O. S. C., you as a committee of one, and as a partner and fellow-stockholder in the Order, should send at once to Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer, your share in the great drive for $100,000 to be used for advertising purposes. This for one year would amount to less than two cents (about 1 3-8c) per day, or about 10c per week, or $5.00 for the whole year.

This is the maximum amount asked. If each of us, every man in the Order, will do his share, the amount aimed for can be realized, when the writer will gladly fulfill his promise to contribute five per cent. of the total amount raised. Certainly *your interest in the Order is such that you will cheerfully give this amount*, even if sacrifice is necessary, because you will be doing it for yourself and your heirs.

As an Order we are very little known outside of our own members and their families. All other organizations are ever kept before the public, but we do not even take full advantage of our local papers for advertising. Far less have we to date taken an interest in this great campaign for the upbuiding of our Order.

In the first place, we have something to sell our fellow-Scotsmen and their descendants; namely, a certificate in the best Fraternal Order in the United States—one that has stood the test of upwards of forty years. Before presenting it to them, however, we must of necessity sell it to ourselves, and the question naturally arises: Are we so full of enthusiasm and interest in the Order of Scottish Clans that we can present it in the right way to others? Could anyone for a moment think of a business succeeding, even with articles of merit, if it did not advertise these articles, and very liberally, throughout the country? For instance: Gillett Razors, Pears Soap, Hanan Shoes, Ingersoll Watches, Bayer's Aspirin, Victor Talking Machines, Ford Cars, Waterman Pens, Huyler's Candy, Quaker Oats, Camel Cigarettes, Onyx Hosiery, Railroads, Steamboats, Churches, Writers, Theatres, Harry Lauder, Mary Pickford, Jordan March Company, John Wanamaker, Marshall Field, *and the firm of which the writer is a member.* It is absolutely necessary to keep even these articles of merit, long-established houses, and well-known authors and celebrites before the public daily.

Why then should we not make it known that the O. S. C. is the largest organization of men of Scottish blood in the new world; that it has bound together in solid fraternity more than twenty thousand men born in Scotland, or born here of Scottish lineage; that while we cherish the fame of Auld Scotia and ever delight in keeping alive the traditions of the motherland, we are true hundred per cent. citizens of the land of our adoption; that our Order is conducted on sound business principles; that we have paid out to date an enormous amount in death claims alone; that we have in reserve nearly a third of a million dollars well invested; that we have the finest Old Age Benefit provision that exists, and acquaint people with the fact that our Order offers many other splendid advantages.

Let us begin at once to see the good in our Order, forgetting everything else, and pledge ourselves to co-operate as partners and fellow-stockholders. We must bring ourselves to a full realization of the fact that unless we do our share of the building, lasting success can not be attained.

As before stated, we ask only a small amount from each member, and we do not ask it for the use of any one Clan, but for the benefit of the organization as a whole, to be used in divers ways to spread the gospel of the Order of Scottish Clans from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the endeavor to obtain members who will prove an addition, and who in turn will help in the building, in order that the O. S. C. may stand for all times as one of the best fraternal organizations of its kind in the world. Personally I believe you *will* do your share, and this is to again ask every member, if he has not already done so, to send his five dollars direct to the Royal Treasurer. Or a Clan may send the entire amount for its mem-

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bership and collect from the individuals.

Please do this at once and thus give me the opportunity to contribute my share of five per cent. or five hundred dollars on each ten thousand dollars paid in to the Royal Treasurer.

With best wishes to you all, and the greatest desire for the assured future success of our Order and its beneficient purpose, I am, in faith,

Yours sincerely,

WALTER SCOTT,
Royal Tanist.

New York Caledonian Club

Although it was the night after a holiday, there was a good attendance when Chief Donaldson called the meeting to order on the evening of July 5th. Three new names, Samuel D. Barr, John Baird and Alexander J. McCulloch, were added to the roll and four propositions received. The sick and visiting committee reported that Ex-Chieftain Richard Grant had had a close call by falling from a street car which resulted in a fractured shoulder. Clansman Thomas McCall was a patient in a hospital with a fractured jaw. The games committee announced that arrangements for the Labor Day gathering at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn, were progressing satisfactorily. The club directed that Forbes Military Band and the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, Pipe-major Angus M. Fraser, he engaged for the annual games, assuring the highest class of Scottish music for the outing. Invitations to attend the annual games of the Boston, Philadelphia and Providence Caledonian Clubs were received and accepted. Chief Donaldson and two other officers will represent the club at Philadelphia. First Chieftain Marshall, accompanied by the rest of the officers, will go to Boston. Club Piper Angus M. Fraser will accompany one of the delegations. Ex-Chieftain Alexander Tasker was appointed to represent the club at the Providence games. Ex-Chief Foulis announced that the convention of the Order of Scottish Clans was to be held in Brooklyn, N. Y., at an early date. A motion to tender the privileges of the club house to the delegates was carried unanimously.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN

A special meeting of the ladies was held in the club parlors on the evening of July 18th, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell presiding. An invitation to act as hostesses to visitors in the city for the Sir Walter Scott memorial exercises, August 14th, was received and accepted. The ladies delight in assisting the club to make visitors comfortable. On Saturday, July 23d the annual seaside party was held at Kruger's Pavilion, Rockaway Beach, L. I. The weather was delightful and a refreshing breeze blew all day from the ocean. The attendance was large, keeping

Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Innes, president and vice-president respectively, busy to see that all enjoyed the outing. After a "jook" dinner was served and received close attention as appetites had been greatly sharpened by the salt air. Prizes for races on the beach had been provided and were eagerly contested for. The fortunate winners were: Boys—James Donaldson, Jr., Edmund Helmlinger, Kenneth Donaldson, Douglas Scott Baird. Girls—Agnes Baird, Jean Donaldson. Ladies—Mrs. Lemmon, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Lauder, Miss M. Gray and Mrs. J. K. Donaldson. Men—Robert Lauder, James Hoey, David Scott. There was intense excitement during the ladies' race as Mrs. Caldwell thundered down the beach in a gallant, but unavailing attempt to catch the cwt-lighter adversary, Mrs. Lemmon. Bob Lauder, who used to put on a pair of spikes at the Jones' Woods games in the 80's and show his heels to other runners, engineered a sure enough comeback by making a runaway race of the men's event. Davie Scott also did well when one remembers that two of his grandchildren, Agnes and Douglas Baird, were prize winners. Chief Donaldson was the starter, and only got a tender of thanks from Mrs. Caldwell, but every other member of the family carried a prize back to their summer home at Sheepshead Bay.

Expressions of regret were heard on every hand at the enforced absence of Mrs. Robert Foulis, one of the organizers of the society and president in 1907-1908 and 1909. On the evening of July 6th, Mrs. Foulis descending the stairs of her residence was tripped by a nail and thrown. She sustained several sprains, was severely shocked, suffered concussion of the brain, all of which kept her confined to her bed for weeks. However, she is looking forward to the Saturday before Labor Day when she hopes to be able to assist in receiving the visitors in for the games. PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Yonkers Caledonian Club Games

The annual picnic and games of the Yonkers Caledonian Club at Farragut Park, Saturday, June 25th, provided an enjoyable afternoon and evening for a large crowd of the residents of the Terrace City and many visitors from New York. Chief Donaldson was in attendance with a good delegation of New York Caledonians, while Mrs. Alexander Caldwell had the support of a large number of the ladies. Chief Buchanan, of Yonkers, had a warm welcome for all from the Metropolis, and saw to it that they were properly refreshed, but strictly in accordance with the law of the land as recently amended. It was quite evident, however, that the worthy chief felt he could have made his guests at least just as comfortable under the old law. When darkness fell the spacious dancing platform was filled to capacity. Old country quadrilles, reels and hielant schottisches of course took the lead. Before leaving for home, Chief Donaldson distributed the prizes, giving each winner some good advice as to his or her future conduct, which he said later had been the custom in Ayrshire for centuries. As Mrs. Caldwell had room in her car she invited Chief Donaldson and an ex-chief to ride back to New York with her party. The ex-chief being a native New Yorker, the party considered themselves fortunate in having him for a pilot until an obliging policeman informed them that they were in Dobbs Ferry, headed north and getting further away from Times Square with every turn of the wheels. Getting a proper idea as to the road the party soon found itself rolling south on Warburton avenue with the Hudson rolling along in plain view as a guide. The auto trip home was a fitting windup to a day of pleasure.

Scholarship Given by Walter Scott of the Saint Andrew's Society

The following is from the annual catalogue of the Stevens Institute of Technology: "In 1920 the trustees established the St. Andrew's Scholarship under the endowment of Mr. Walter Scott of New York for the benefit of worthy young men who may be able to meet all the requirements of the institute, but who are unable to meet the expenses of a college education; the award to be made annually, but preferably to the same student from year to year until the recipient shall have completed his college course."

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"Who's Who" in the Convention

(*Continued from page 208*)

ROYAL COUNSELLOR T. W. FORSYTHE

ROYAL PHYSICIAN GEORGE A. JOHNSON, M. D.

Dr. Johnson is a native of Canada, but his professional life has centered in Massachusetts. He is a practising physician in Everett, Mass.; a member of Clan Campbell, No. 34, and was elected Royal Physician at Boston, August 17, 1911.

BRYCE MARTIN

Bryce Martin, Royal Deputy, Chairman Banquet Committee, was born in Bute, Argyllshire; and arrived in this country in 1882. He was a machinist at home and now owns perhaps the oldest machine and experimental work-shop in lower Manhattan, still occupying his original location, No. 8 Reade street, abutting on the great Municipal Building, where Royal Treasurer MacInnes has his office. Mr. Martin after joining Clan MacDonald has been thrice Tanist, twice chief and has been treasurer for seventeen years, resigning on assuming the duties of Royal Deputy.

JOHN HADDOW

John Haddow, Royal Deputy and Chairman of the Reception Committee, is a native of Glasgow, where he served his apprenticeship as a carpenter and joiner. Coming to this country in 1887, he pursued the same business and is at present with the T. & L. Dry Dock Company, Hoboken, N. J. Mr. Haddow joined Clan McLeod, No. 70, Jersey City, in 1900, and has held most of the clan offices, having been chief in 1914 and 1915. He was appointed Royal Deputy in 1917.

He has a family of three sons and three daughters, his sons are all members of Clan McLeod; and his wife and daughters all members of Blue Bell Lodge, No. 6, D. O. S.

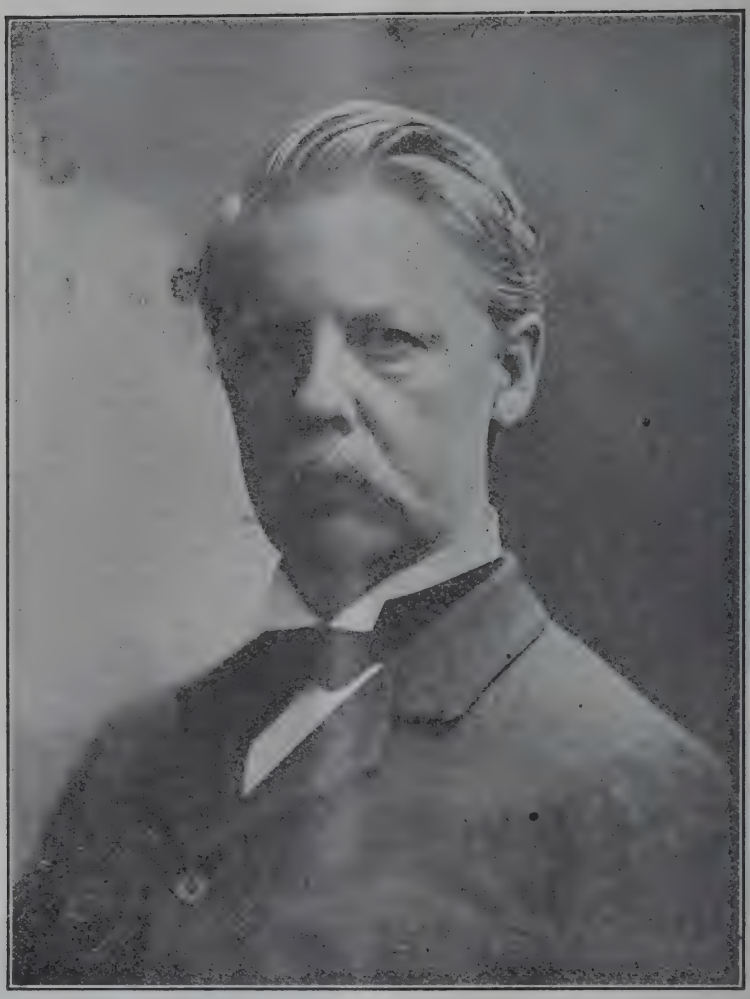
Mr. Haddow represented his clan at two conventions, Boston in 1911, and Philadelphia in 1913. He has been instrumental during his present incumbency of the office of Royal Deputy, in instituting two new clans in New Jersey, viz., Clan Douglas, No. 246, Ridgefield Park, and Clan McGregor, No. 247, New Brunswick.

WILLIAM BONE

William Bone, Chief of Clan MacDonald, hails from Kilwinning, Scotland. He attended Ayr Academy, and studied art in Kilmarnock, obtaining the art-master's certificate from South Kensington, London, a coveted distinction. He was enabled to do this by having gained two scholarships in Kilmarnock School of Science and Art. He was art master in that school for seven years. Coming to this country about fourteen years ago, he became associated with J. Saarsfield Kennedy, the architect. He is an A. R. I. B. A. and A. R. C. A., London.

He joined Clan MacDonald twelve years ago and became chief in 1921. He has held many offices in other organizations; is a great worker for the good of his Order, and has added many members to Clan MacDonald since he attained the chief's chair. He secured the presence of the Mayor, Borough President Riegelmann and other leading citizens at the Convention.

ROYAL PHYSICIAN GEO. A. JOHNSON, M. D.



HON. ANDREW MCLEAN

Mr. McLean was born in Renton, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. He came to the United States in 1863, and immediately joined the U. S. Navy. His life since the Civil War has been devoted largely to journalism. He has been the Chief Editor of the *Brooklyn Citizen* since 1886.—*Scots and Scots Descendants in America.*

ROYAL TREASURER DUNCAN MACINNES

Duncan MacInnes, C. P. A., Royal Treasurer of the Order of Scottish Clans, is a native of Scotland, his family belonging to the famed West Highland Clan, MacInnes. The Royal Treasurer is an expert accountant and has been head of the finance department of the City of New York for twenty-seven years. As a scientific accountant he has few equals. He has been a member of Clan Macdonald, No. 33. Brooklyn, for thirty-four years, and has been its Chief. As Royal Treasurer of the Order, Clansmen are indebted to him for the sound basis upon which its finances rest. So markedly successful has he been in reorganizing the whole financial system of the Order that it now "stands in the front rank of fraternal insurance organizations."

Mr. MacInnes has rendered, besides; highly valuable services to the Order at its recent Conventions. He and Royal Tanist Scott being members of Clan Macdonald, the Clans of the Metropolitan District have the benefit of their frequent presence.

P. ROBERTSON

P. Robertson, Chairman Entertainment Committee, Past Chief of Clan Chisholm, is a native of Dundee, where his father was extensively engaged in the building-lumber business. Mr. Robertson came to this country in 1906, engaged in the building material business and is now president of the Robertson Werther Company, which manu-

factures magensite stucco metal lath. Mr. Robertson joined Clan Chisholm in 1912, and became chief a few years later. His residence is at 532 East Eighth street, Brooklyn.

Francis Falconer

Francis Falconer, Vice-Chairman Entertainment Committee, Past Chief Clan Chisholm, is a native of Inverness. In this country he secured a position in the Adjustment and Hospital Department of the Morse Dry Dock Company. He joined Clan MacLeod, of Jersey City, and transferred to Clan Chisholm, becoming chief in 1919. He belonged to the 79th Cameronians, the great Inverness-shire Regiment.

Pipe-major Angus Fraser

Angus Fraser is the cock of the walk on every occasion where Scots gather, for he always leads them. At this convention he will have a severe strain put upon him, as his band will furnish the pipe music for the great parade, concert and banquet. He will have pipers from six of the local clans including McKenzie and MacDuff, of New York; MacDonald and Chisholm, of Brooklyn; Campbell, of Staten Island, and McKenzie, of Plainfield, N. J. All will wear the Lovat Fraser Tartan, which will be recognized by its red field and blue, green and white stripes, feather bonnets as worn by the Black Watch, coats of the old Waterloo pattern, hose of Seaforth red and white, and Black Watch sporans.

Angus has been piping in Canada and the States so long it would be difficult to recall when we first heard him. He belonged to the old Canadian Kiltie Band, Toronto. He was with the Fifth Highlanders of Montreal, and also the Forty-eighth. Then he was pipe-major of the Highland Cadets of Montreal, and the 59th Glengarry Regiment. He was engaged for J. Stoddard's production of "The Bonnie Brier Bush"; had a band at the Seattle Yukon Expedition, 1909; and at the Hippodrome in "Under Many Flags," 1912. He put in a season with Reginald DeKoven's Rob Roy Opera Company, 1913. His latest engagement has been with Sir Harry Lauder since 1913. He is a member of Clan Chisholm, Brooklyn.

In 1911, he visited Scotland and entered the dancing competition at the Highland games there, and gained two first out of three at the national Inverness games; gained the only prizes for dress at Aboyne and Braemar, the one for the "best dressed gentleman in full Highland costume," and the other for "the neatest dressed gentleman." The Braemar gathering is the one patronized by the King.

George A. Wotherspoon

George A. Wotherspoon, secretary of the Publicity Committee, is the artist of the "What Sort of Scot Are You?" poster and of the armorials of the sixteen Clans participating in the welcome to the Royal Clan—its officers and delegates. The heroic poster, a Highlander challenging you, has attracted great attention. With a background reminding us of the Scots at Vimy Ridge, it teaches a lesson of patriotism and devotion. After being exhibited in the Masonic Temple, it went on a tour in Manhattan, and has won admiration. The armorials also by him of the sixteen participating Clans will be presented to the Clans they represent for preservation in their moot rooms. His cartoon, "Gowf th' Noo," is excruciatingly—to some exasperatingly funny.

Mr. Wotherspoon is vice-president of the New York Scottish Society, and an officer in many other organizations. He is president of the Wotherspoon Plaster Mills, Inc., one of the oldest concerns in the country. As his name implies he belongs to the old established family of which Dr. Witherspoon of Princeton was a member, the two families being branches of the same stock which hailed from Glasgow and Paisley early in the eighteenth century.

J. McLean Johnston

Chairman of the Joint-Convention Committee. Mr. Johnston was born in Glasgow. He settled in the United States ten years ago, and joined Clan Macdonald three months after landing. Although employed as consulting engineer in New York city, he still finds time to take a keen interest in the promotion of Scottish song and music.

Past Chief William McCree

Secretary of the Joint-Convention Committee. Mr. McCree was born in Oban, Argyllshire, and settled in the United States thirty-three years ago. He joined Clan Macdonald in 1890, and became its chief in 1894. He has represented Clan Macdonald in Royal Clan Conventions. Mr. McCree has been in the interior decorating business in the Flatbush section for many years.

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BREAKFASTS DINNERS LUNCHEONS
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Unconventionalities

"Dinna Forget"

To-day, August 16, the opening day of the convention, is the 87th birthday of the founder of the Order of Scottish Clans. On another page he tells you how the great idea grew and fruited in his brain. A gentle, simple, modest, kindly old man, rich in years and memories and good deeds, the things that are really worth while. To-day he will have few thoughts but for you and this great gathering of his kinsmen. Let us all remember to send him messages of good cheer. His address is 366 Pope avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Hotels

The headquarters of the Executive Council of the Royal Clan during the convention will be Hotel McAlpin, Broadway and 34th street, New York city. The hotel management will furnish committee rooms and in every way will strive to meet our needs, and we strongly recommend this hotel to our delegates. Other excellent hotels nearby are the Martinique, Grand, Breslin, Latham and Broztell.

How to Reach the Convention Hall

These hotels are "adjacent to the three subway lines, which all converge at Flatbush avenue and Fulton street (Brooklyn), and further on at Atlantic avenue and Fulton street. A walk-through from the latter station to the Masonic Temple on an August morning won't be a hardship. In fact, it would be good morning exercise, but those who desire to pay another five cents could leave the subway trains at the Nevins street station, Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, and ride up by the Gates avenue surface cars to Clermont avenue, walking through one long block to the Masonic Temple, where the convention meetings will be held.

MacAlpin a Royal House

MacAlpin is an appropriate name for the hostelry that will be the headquarters of the delegates to the convention. MacAlpin is the name of the first Scottish king that united the contending Scots and Picts in the Ninth Century. Kenneth MacAlpin united the two royal houses, and thus put an end to the strife of succession. In this way the line of Scottish kings were indebted for its succession to the fact that Kenneth MacAlpin had a Pictish princess for his mother. From this "Royal Race," the Pictish, which had ruled solely in what was to become known as Scotland, the present House of Windsor, of course can trace its ancestry.

Hotel MacAlpin, then, is a right royal name that will make the members of the Royal Clan of the Order feel at home.

Caledonian Club's Hospitality

At a late meeting of the New York Caledonian Club a motion was made, seconded and unanimously carried, that the club extend a most cordial invitation to the visiting delegates to the Convention of the Order of Scottish Clans to avail themselves of the privilege and facilities of our clubhouse. I can assure you that any of the visitors who take advantage of this courtesy will receive a hearty welcome.

Great Civic Reception

The appearance of Mayor Hylan and Borough President Riegelmann before the delegates will no doubt cause a gloriously noisy welcome and put the convention in great humor, for the Mayor in thus honoring the occasion realized the importance of the Order of Scottish Clans as an international organization and deemed it incumbent upon himself to extend the welcome of the City of New York to the Order in conjunction with the Borough President, who will extend the welcome of Brooklyn.

The Clansmen may then be ready to mark the memorable event by dancing a Hylan Fling and a Riegelmann Reel.

"The Sign of the Highlander"

"The Sign of the Highlander" in the Hotel MacAlpin will be the rallying point for the delegates when they are arriving at or departing from the hotel. It is the work of George A. Wotherspoon, who produced the heroic poster in oil which suggested it. It has been an object of great interest and has served its purpose well of heralding the coming of the Scots from East and West and North and South to their great convention, and has led to many inquiries as to the Order of Scottish Clans.

"Ready Aye Ready"

This will be recognized as a familiar motto. It is the name also of a figure that will become familiar to the delegates who make Hotel MacAlpin their staying place while in New York; for Brother W. Ready, who fills the position of assistant-manager of the hotel, will be found to be in full sympathy with all brither Scots who might need first aid in their visit to the Metropolis. He has just returned from Scotland, where as a Rotarian he enjoyed the hospitality everywhere there extended to that organization's representatives on its trip. Do not be backward in calling upon Mr. Ready. By doing so he, too, will be glad to help make you happy.

There's Nae Folk Like Oor Folk

Margaret Lyons Moodie, aptly named the Prima donna Scottish Soprano, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, the picturesque home of Bobby Burns' early life. She lends to her interpretation of Scottish lyrics the inimitable charm of Auld Scotland.

Mrs. Moodie has won her way into the hearts of her many admirers among the Scots in America, and her appearance at any social function is always a source of pleasure for those who hold the old Scottish sonnets near and dear.

Mrs. Moodie is now arranging her program for the seasons of 1921 and 1922, and we suggest to her Scottish friends that they communicate with her directly in anticipation of their very next entertainment.

MARGARET LYONS MOODIE

Scottish Soprano

820 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clan MacDonald's Sacred Gavel

Clan MacDonald, No. 33, O. S. C., possesses a rare relic doubtless coveted by all the other clans of the order—a gavel made from an oak sapling that grew at the head of the grave of the last chief of the original clan in Scotland, the most ancient of them all, whose chiefs boasted the title of Lords of the Isles and for long held independent sway over the west of Scotland, receiving equal recognition with the kings on the Scottish throne.

This most precious relic is preserved with religious care by the Brooklyn clan, and is seldom used, so sacred is it deemed. But on certain great occasions it is reverently brought forth and handled with awe by the chief. It will be seen and handled when the great convention of the order meets this month. Then Royal Chief Alexander G. Findlay will be its wielder and it will emphasize his rulings with decisive effect.

It is fitting that the Clan MacDonald should possess such a relic, as it is one of the most distinguished clans of the order. Clan MacDonald has many honorary members, including Mr. Andrew McLean, editor of the *Citizen;* Dr. J. F. Carson, Rev. John Deans, Ph.D.; James Kennedy, "the Burns of America"; Rev. W. J. MacDonald, Springfield, L. I.; V. A. Robertson, M.D.; John D. Ross, LLD; Captain Alex. S. Sim, M.D., Base Hospital Camp, Columbia, S. C.; Rev. John Tagg, Rodman, N. Y.; George A. Wotherspoon, of the N. Y. N. G., the MacNeil of Barra, forty-fifth hereditary chief of Clan MacNeil, Scotland; R. C. Auld, Duncan MacInnes, C. P. A., chief accountant of the City of New York; Colonel Walter Scott, vice-president and managing director of Butler Brothers, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, etc., and others.

The membership of the clan is rapidly reaching the 600 mark, which will place it second in clan ranks numerically. At the coming convention 175 clans from all over the country will be represented and the gavel, carved from the stump of the oak sapling secured in the romantic fashion to be now related, will be gazed upon with awed reverence.

Clan MacDuff, No. 81

The first appearance of the MacDuffs of New York occurred on Thanksgiving Day, 1890. They were mostly from the North East countries of old Scotland, and were soon known as the "Mighty MacDuffs." They were great in athletic games and stood alone at hammer, stone and caber, while today they are champion football players. Their social gatherings have always been highly enjoyable.

Beginning with thirty-three members, they approach the 400 mark hopefully. They have almost invariably shown good sense in their choice of officers, and the parliamentary conduct of the meetings has been the subject of warm commendation by visitors.

In the recent war period between sixty and seventy of the members answered the call to arms, and were peculiarly fortunate in most of them coming back. Those who made the supreme sacrifice are truly honored.

The meetings are well attended, and the good of the order has been well sustained by the rendition of Scottish songs, with the occasional reading of original papers on Scottish subjects.

The Clan has been particularly happy in its social work by having the valuable assistance of the Lady MacDuff Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia, especially during the war period when the Daughters fairly excelled the Clan members in the good work of providing many comforts for those who were in the ranks. The past is full of good work and the future is full of hope.

Brooklyn Scottish Choir

The Brooklyn Scottish Select Choir, which has been engaged to furnish the vocal entertainment, is under the leadership of Clansman James F. Knox. The choir has had splendid success from its start, and is now fully established. "No fees, no salarys, everybody gives voluntarily because of love of Scottish music. Always looking for new members. And as long as one can sing they are welcome." Such is the message it sends to those musically inclined Brooklynites, who are invited to join.

The Caledonian Hospital

The Caledonian Hospital of the City of New York is an extremely busy institution. For the past five years, since it has been opened to the public, thousands of people have been turned away for lack of accommodation—this is now a daily occurrence. *New York* is the gateway to the *Western World*, consequently many demands are made upon it to care for the sick. It is a pleasure to visit this institute and observe the cordial business-like atmosphere which prevails within and the hearty praise given it by the people who are confined there and the people who have occasion to visit it.

Additional accommodations have been added this year to the extent of three beds, due to the fact that the hospital purchased the adjoining property for a Nurses' Home, and some of the employees who had to be housed in the institution were moved there, thus making it possible for more patients to be admitted. The Caledonian Hospital differs from any institute that we know of in America, inasmuch as that every dollar contributed to it has been used for the purchase of ground, improvement of property, or the reduction of mortgage, thereby it can be truthfuly said that this organization's expenses for the past thirteen years have been willingly borne by the officers and directors. There is a plot of ground now owned, facing beautiful Prospect Park, which is ample in size to build there one of the largest hospitals in the city.

Several people during the past year have remembered the institute in their wills, and new friends to the cause of the Caledonian are continually being made, consequently the directors are now seriously considering the advisability of erecting the first wing of the new hospital. The financial condition of the organization is in excellent shape. A drive is contemplated in the fall of the year, so that the first wing may be built free and clear of any debt. The Nurses' Home purchased last December was paid for in cash.

There is in connection with the Caledonian Hospital a wonderful body of enthusiastic women who hold concerts, dances and a fair yearly with untold success. The sum last year turned over to the institute amounted to $6,400. We expect the assets at the close of this year to be in the vicinity of $200,00.

To the Order of Scottish Clans who hold their annual convention in Brooklyn during this month, the President and Board of Directors extend a hearty welcome and allow them to view over the results so far accomplished, and to gaze upon the nucleus of the first Scottish Hospital in America. The Clans—"Flora MacDonalds" and other Scottish Societies have shown their interest in the past by contributing to the hospital and we ask your opinion now as to our *Stewardship*.

Clan McLeod, No. 70

Clan McLeod, No. 70, Jersey City, was instituted June, 1890, and thus has just completed its 31st anniversary. Of the original twenty-eight names appended to the charter of that clan, there are but four names left, Clansmen Robert Hogg, William McOwan, George Brighton and John Blelloch, and all are still active to-day. Like the majority of clans, Clan McLeod has had its ups and downs, but it can be said with safety, that never at any period of its existence, can real danger be said to have threatened. The present membership is 245, and is a real membership, leal and true. Guided by twelve still active Past Chief's, the clan seems to make great progress under a still more active membership, the younger members taking to the work with great spirit. With a powerful Auxiliary, in the Blue Bell Lodge, No. 6, D. O. S., at their back they will continue to advance, rivals of none, friends of all.

And the Ladies?

Forgetting or Forgotten?—Not at all!

Ladies accompanying delegates will be entertained by Flora Macdonald Society at a luncheon at the Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, August 17th, at 1:00 p. m. Invitations have also been issued to the Chief Daughters of the Daughters of Scotia in Brooklyn, New York, Long Island and New Jersey.

During the Convention, members of the Flora Macdonald Society will be at the Masonic Temple to take care of those ladies desiring information or attention.

REMEMBER! Our Next Big Event

OPEN TO THE WORLD

65th Annual Scottish Games

—OF—

The New York Caledonian Club

ULMER PARK, 25th AVENUE, BROOKLYN

LABOR DAY

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1921

Programme will consist of

SCOTTISH EVENTS A. A. U. EVENTS

Handsome Point Trophy and Cash Prizes donated by Honorary Member Colonel Walter Scott

SIX A SIDE FOOTBALL COMPETITION

MUSIC and DANCING FOR EVERYBODY

Admission (Federal Tax included), 75c., Children under 12 Free

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JAMES R. DONALDSON.....Chief
SAMUEL S. MARSHALL.....1st Chieftain
WILLIAM VANCE.....2nd Chieftain
GEORGE K. MacDONALD.....3rd Chieftain
JOHN H. WHITEFORD.....4th Chieftain
JOHN COYLE.....5th Chieftain
ANGUS MacM. FRASER.....Club Piper

GAMES COMMITTEE –

Chief James R. Donaldson, Chairman

William Vance, Treasurer	George K. MacDonald, Secretary
William Taylor	Alexander Rettie
Thomas Aitken	Hugh MacLean
James Young	James S. Elder
James Kemp	John A. McLeod

Samuel S. Marshall

How to Reach the Park—Take B. R. T. Subway (West End Line) to 25th Avenue Station.

GET YOUR TICKETS NOW !

Address all communications to the Club House, 846 Seventh Avenue New York City. Telephone Circle 2424

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(*Late of Philadelphia*)

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HIGHLAND COSTUMES FOR HIRE, individual or by the dozen, for parades and Scottish functions.

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Great Bargain—$200.00

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Also a prize winner Tweed Walking Costume, Sporran, etc.—$40.00. Property of a well known Philadelphia ex-Chief.

For Particulars Communicate With

Joseph Ferguson

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Hopes It Will be the "Best Ever"

Bertram R. E. Glencross, Past Grand Chief of the Grand Clan of Massachusetts, delegate from Clan Campell, No. 34, Chelsea, Mass., will be accompanied by his wife. P. G. C. Glencross has been appointed by the Royal Chief on the Committee to consider the proposed amendments to the Constitution and Bequeathment Laws. He will commence his duties at Hotel McAlpin on Monday, August 15, at 10:00 a. m. He "hopes the Brooklyn Convention will go down in history as 'The Best Ever'."

Don't Forget to Make a Call on "Polly" Bain

Delegates, their wives and friends visiting Brooklyn during Convention Week will be pleased to learn of a place where they can enjoy Scottish dainties, home-made shortbread, scones, pies, tarts, cookies, buns, and cake such as they used to get at home. Of course, New York has such a place.

Mrs. Bain's Scottish Tea Room is now quite one of New York's institutions. It is the Scots "hameowre" resort, "The Howf," indeed. It has now a far-flung fame. It was visited by the popular Prince of Wales, who, in appreciation of Mrs. Bain's hospitality to Scots soldier laddies during and after the war, sent her an autographed photograph of himself.

It is a place everyone attending the Convention should visit. They will receive there a genuinely hearty welcome. Look for the sign at No. 21 East 47th street (opposite the Ritz-Carlton Hotel), between Fifth and Madison avenues.

The Brooklyn Hebrew Home Band

A novelty that will appeal to all present at the Banquet, will be the playing of the Scottish marches and other pieces by the band of the Hebrew Orphan Home, Ralph avenue and Dean street.

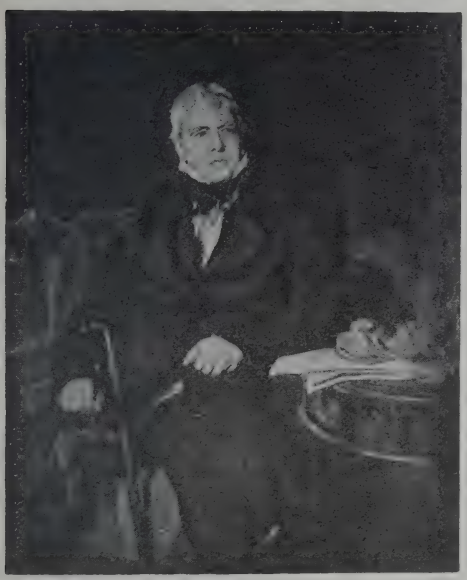
The band will consist of twenty-five boys, the eldest of whom is only fourteen years. They are chosen from a band of fifty. It comprises both brass and wood wind instruments, saxophones and drums. The Scottish music the boys will play has been specially prepared for this occasion by their director and drill master, J. F. Knox, who promises a big treat.

The Colonial Quartette

All will feel proud of the work of the members of the Colonial Quartette. Theodore Martin says that Louise Tozier is one of the finest artists and musicians it has been his fortune to meet. John McGhie, with whom she travelled and sung from coast to coast in the Henry Savage Opera Company, expressed the same opinion. Her father, Elijah Spears, was for many years first tenor of the famous Temple Quartette, of Boston; and is very

(*Continued on page 326*)

150th ANNIVERSARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT



SIR WALTER SCOTT

B. Aug. 15, 1771—D. Sept. 21, 1832

The anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott will be fittingly celebrated in Central Park, New York (at the Scott statue), Sunday afternoon, August 14, under the auspices of the New York Caledonian Club. Participating in the event will be about a score of clans, societies, lodges of the Daughters of Scotia, and other organizations. The officers of the Royal Clan, Order of Scottish Clans, in attendance upon their national convention, in Brooklyn, will be present.

The Caledonian Club will keep "open house" Sunday afternoon, and the guests and visitors will be received and cared for by the Lady Caledonians. The parade will form at the clubhouse about three o'clock, and will proceed to Central Park, headed by Angus Fraser and his pipers; officers of the club, escorted by the Highland Guard, under Captain William G. Reid; delegates from Cameron Post Associates G. A. R., and others in Highland costume.

The exercises at the park will consist of "wreath offerings" at the statue by delegates from various organizations. The wreaths will be received by Colonel Walter Scott. The oration will be delivered by Dr. John H. Finley, of the *New York Times,* former New York State Commissioner of Education, who will be introduced by Chief James R. Donaldson, of the Caledonian Club.

There will be solo singing and a musical program by the Park Band appropriate to the occasion, through the courtesy of Park Commissioner Gallatin, who has co-operated enthusiastically in making the memorial celebration a worthy one.

DETROIT'S GREAT DAY

Dedication of Burns Monument, July 23, 1921, a Truly Historic Occasion.*

Thousands of Detroit citizens attended the unveiling exercises of the new Burns monument in Cass Park, July 23, and gathered in the streets to view the impressive parade that preceded the ceremonies. The monument is a replica in bronze of the beautiful memorial at the poet's birthplace, Ayr, the work of the late George A. Lawson, R. S. A. -William Livingstone, president of the Dime Savings Bank, presided at the unveiling exercises. Edward Goodwillie, of Detroit, president of the Detroit Burns Club, presented the statue to the city. Mayor James Couzens accepted. Rev. Dr. Hugh Jack, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, gave the invocation. The Scottish Choral Union, under the leadership of J. Cameron McLean, sang "There Was a Lad Born in Klye," and "Land of Hope and Glory."

Messages were read from the Order of Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada, the largest body of Scotsmen and their descendants in the world, and from the Daughters of Scotia.

Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, Royal Tanist, Order of Scottish Clans, who unveiled the statue, read messages he had received from Vice-President Calvin Coolidge; John McBurnie, Secretary Dumfries, Burns Club; Jean Armour Burns Brown, great granddaughter of the Bard; and Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer, Order of Scottish Clans.

Dr. W. A. Neilson, President of Smith College, delivered the dedictory address.

BANQUET IN THE EVENING

At the Hotel Tuller a banquet was tendered a distinguished gathering of Burns lovers. Dr. J. B. Kennedy was toastmaster, and Dr. Jack presented Colonel Walter Scott with a small replica of Robert Burns, the miniature of that dedicated in Cass Park.

The speakers were: Dr. Robert M. Wenley, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan, a native Scot, and a graduate of Edinburgh University; Robert P. Anderson of Port Huron, grandmaster of the Masonic Order in Michigan; and Colonel Walter Scott of New York.

Colonel Scott's address, in full, follows:

*NOTE—Owing to lack of adequate space, Dr. Neilson's splendid address and many other important matters are omitted from this issue. They will be printed in full in the September CALEDONIAN.

MR. SCOTT'S ADDRESS

Mr. Toastmaster, Dr. Neilson, and you, my fellow admirers and lovers of Burns:

I would not be following the dictates of my heart if I did not express my thanks to the committee at this time for making possible this gathering to-day, and if I did not congratulate one and all who fostered the idea of erecting this statue, upon the realization of their dream; and I do extend the heartiest kind of congratulations to the Detroit Burns Club and to its genial president, Mr. Goodwillie.

I also thank the committee for the opportunity to bring you to-night a message of good cheer and congratulation from the largest organization of Scotsmen and their descendants in the world; and may I add, from the hundreds of American Scottish Societies—composed of both men and women—throughout the United States. They, too, are with us in spirit, and participate in the events of this history-making day. And would it not be quite proper to say that the brother memorial statues which have been erected all over the country also send greetings, for I know, could they but speak, that they would join us in congratulating this fair city of Detroit upon adding one more member to the family of Robert Burns' statues.

In gathering here to-day to pay this high tribute to the memory of our beloved poet, we are but once more saying to the world that Robert Burns still lives; in fact, that he never died, because as Campbell said, "To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die." The Queen of Roumania wrote at the centenary of Burns' death:

"Scots' your Burns is not yet dead,
His wondrous song has never fled:
Scots, your Burns is never dead,
He's your heart and life and head."

To-day we are echoing that sentiment. By the erection of this statue we bear witness to the undying fame of one born in a wee "but an' ben" in Ayr, who to-day lives in Castle Heart, situated in the breasts of the peoples of the earth; and they thank God that he was given to the world, and for the great truth contained in his beautiful song—that *all* were born equal and should have the same opportunity for life and liberty (which, however, should not be mistaken for license.)

I am grateful to be allowed the opportunity to add even a word to all that has been said in praise of Burns, from the time of his birth to the present. It can still be safely predicted that the half has not been told, for the theme of the poet of mankind grows greater and greater with the passing of the years. He draws closer to the people, for he was of the people. He stood for them as perhaps no other poet has done. His words ring out for them. As he once said:

"But while we sing 'God Love the King,'
We'll nae forget the people."

From boyhood there throbbed within the breast of Robert Burns a big, loving, sympathetic heart, and he was gifted with a vivid imagination of the beautiful in country, song and story. His musings early found an outlet in song, and soon after he had read the life of Wallace (at the age of about sixteen), he wrote his first verse to "Handsome Nell":

"O once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still!
And whilst that honour warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell!"

From that period he devoted much of his time to writing, and gradually became the great poet and prophet. Unappreciated and unhappy as he was in life, we find that when his earthly pilgrimage was about to end, and he knew his soul would soon be in flight, he could see the future as in a vision, and therefore could prophesy; for as you will remember, he said to his heart's real love—his Bonnie Jean—"A hundred years hence they will think more of me than they do now." And so it was, and is, and will be as the years pass. It is safe to say tonight that a century from now Robert Burns will be even better loved than he is to-day.

Uppermost in the mind of the poet throughout life was Bonnie Scotland—his native land—the wondrous beauty of her mountains and glens, her hills and dales, her lakes, her rivers, her wealth of purple heather, her modest bluebells, her castles, her legends, her heroes and her heroines. One can fully realize his ambition for the land of Bruce and of Wallace upon reading those well-known lines:

"E'en then a wish (I mind its pow'r)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

And so the seed he planted so many years ago will continue to grow and flourish through the millions who have worshiped at his shrine, and the millions who will follow.

His vision made plain to him all this, and yet how sad it is that now, as then, we save our kind words and our flowers till the loved one has fled. Just think what it would have meant to Burns in those last troubled hours if he could have heard a few of the kind words that came so soon after he had gone; or if the loan of a few pounds for his family had been forthcoming at that sad time, his anguish might have been softened and he might have said "goodbye" with a lighter heart. And yet to-day we pay six thousand dollars for one of those first books of his! Oh, that we could learn that great lesson of lessons—to give the roses when one is alive and can enjoy their beauty and inhale their fragrance!

Still, perhaps it was God's way of having Burns reborn for humanity, for it was only a matter of hours until Dumfries knew, and only a few days until Scotland and the world knew that a great and new star was in the heavens, and that its name was Robert Burns. When the world began to realize what it had really lost in the passing of the

poet, it straightway forgot all that was unworthy in his life and strove to make him one of the immortals; and ever since men have been endeavoring to honor and perpetuate his name. To the Scottish people his works come next to the Book of Books. His natal day is celebrated the world over, as is that of no other writer or poet. As Lord Curzon said a few days ago at the unveiling of the statue of George Washington in London: "More speeches about him have been delivered than about anyone, with the possible exception of Robert Burns." Nowhere are there greater or more of these Burns celebrations than in the United States, and no country—not even Scotland—can boast of more Scottish Societies that bear his name, or more statues of the poet than can we here in America.

Let us repeat, then, that Burns was not only a poet, but a prophet. The great tie that binds all of Scottish blood together, both at home and abroad, is cemented by his words and memory. Particularly here in America do we believe he would have been a great American, therefore with other lands we adopted him, placing the ring of kinship on his finger and making him a beloved member of the family.

Burns believed in liberty, as do we, and we can rejoice that we of this generation have witnessed the fulfillment of the God-given Vision which disclosed to him the fact that in the future the Anglo-Saxon race would speak as one in all that stood for humanity, love of country, and democracy. And who shall gainsay that perchance, down the long vista of the years, he beheld the splendid manhood of Great Britain, and that of her kith and kin in the United States, marching to battle with banners side by side —saw them standing shoulder to shoulder as a stone wall to assist France and the Allies in defense of the truth that "might" does not make "right," and that the peoples of the earth have the right to live as God, and not man, shall decree. We pray tonight that this international marriage will never be severed by man. We know it will not be by the One who reigns on high.

The sayings of Burns remain with the reader. I am reminded of an incident that took place many years ago on one of my visits to Chicago. I was anxious to view the statue of Burns that had been erected in that city, and upon riding through the parks asked the chauffeur if he knew of such a statue. He replied that he had seen many statues thereabouts, but that the only one he could remember was one bearing the inscription, "A Man's a Man For a' That." And so once more we behold the fruit of the seed sown by Burns so many years ago when he wrote those remarkable words that have swept the world:

"Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the good for a' that."

In this verse Burns proclaimed the democracy of the world, the doctrine of equality and patriotism, and of religious liberty.

Burns wrote for the love of writing and not for the "bawbees." Things might have been different if he had, and yet he was like the Scottish race—he wanted to be independent, to live honestly before all men, and to pay his just dues. With all his pride he wanted kindness, and would have returned it tenfold.

As did many in the times in which he lived, Burns enjoyed society and all that went with it. At the same time he was

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keenly sensitive, and who will not agree with the statement that if the kirk had given him the kind word instead of the reprimand, a certain portion of his history might never have been written?

Burns knew the frailty of man; indeed no one better knew it, for his own life was a sad example of it. He realized that he needed help from the Father above, and he truly believed in God. One can almost see his very soul in that sublime sermon of sermons given to the world when death hovered near:

"O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear;
In whose dread presence, ere an hour
Perhaps I must appear,—

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done,

Thou knowest that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
Do Thou, All Good,—for such Thou art—
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred.
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive."

Burns was the poet of Nature as well. He saw its grandeur and beauty—from the heather-clad mountains to the lowly daisy—as only a child of Nature *could* see it. We know that his great loving heart for humanity and Nature went home in glory to the Creator of all things, because in all of Nature's realm he saw Truth—in the heavens and on the earth, and in all there was on the earth, from the wee mouse and the tiny flower to the giant mountain. How could it be otherwise of one who, standing in the open field, could gather inspiration from the modest daisy leveled to the ground by his plow, and breathe the such words—beautiful in their very simplicity—as

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonie gem."

And can we not all truly appreciate the reverence in his heart for home, family, and all it meant to humanity and country, when he described so understandingly the family life of Scotland in those never-to-be-forgotten lines of "The Cotter's Saturday Night":

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God'."

Would that we had more of such home life to-day in all lands.

And what can we not say in praise of that patriotic, soul-stirring, battle hymn of Scotland? Burns must have lived over the period that gave birth to that great hero—Wallace—and how his blood must have leaped! Indeed his soul must have taken fancy-flights to Bannockburn—that Gettysburg of Scotland. And what an exalted vision of Wallace and Bruce, and the independence of Scotland (which she retains to-day) must have been his when he wrote those immortal lines:

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!"

We speak from the heart when we say that we can never be thankful enough for the "World's Doctrine"—that "Creed of Nations" penned by Burns—which if heeded, would have meant no war. We hope that it will soon be as he wrote:

"Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that."

And last, but not least, the poet gave to us that friendship bond—that get-together as well as parting song—that reads:

"And there's a hand, my trusty friend
And gi'e's a hand o' thine."

Thus we have the "World's Doxology," sung in all languages the world over:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne."

Had Robert Burns written only the verses just quoted he would have been entitled to all the homage that is paid his memory to-day, for they stand for Brotherhood, Democracy, Liberty, the People, Happiness, and the worship of God.

And so now before that shrine in our hearts we can say we thank God that Robert Burns was born, and that he died to be reborn. The world owes his memory a debt on which even the interest can never be paid, and a large part of that debt is because of his great love for Scotland, her race and her tongue; and while the world concedes that he was born in Scotland, and that his dust is there, yet he is a citizen of the world.

In illustration of this, may I quote the famous verses penned by that well-known thinker and speaker of the English language, Robert Ingersoll, as he stood—inspired—beneath the roof of Burns' birthplace in Ayr—that shrine of shrines:

"Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of prophet, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was born and cradled here;
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The loving cotter king,
Compared with whom the greater lord
Is but a titled thing.

Within this hallowed hut I feel,
Like one who clasps a shrine
When the glad lips at last have touched
That something dreamed divine.
From here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns
The tribute of its loving tears
Will pay to Robert Burns."

Once more, then, in song and story we rekindle a flood of Burns memories. We scatter seed for future generations when we honor this beautiful city of Detroit, and ourselves, by erecting here another statue of our greatly beloved poet—a monument that will stand for all time to proclaim that the world is richer because Robert Burns lived in it.

Robert C. Auld, Publicity Committee

Hey Brither Scots:

"There's a chiel amang ye takin' notes."

But his motives are unimpugnable and his friendly activities have contributed more than anything else to the successful completion of the work of the Convention Committee. We refer to Mr. Auld, who is known, of course, to a host of Scots as the Editor of the *Scottish-American*. He has taken the keenest interest in the Convention, and by the aid of his versatile pen has made it known far and wide as an event of more than usual importance. It was Mr. Auld who conceived the idea of making THE CALEDONIAN the Convention Number with Official Program, and in conjunction with the Editor assembled and arranged the matter contained in this Convention souvenir.

To Mr. Auld we express our gratitude for his disinterested journalistic work on our behalf. J. McL. J.

Charles C. Stoddard, Editor of The Caledonian

The literary traditions and distinction of "Caledonia stern and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child" are worthily upheld in this country by her sons, and by none more brilliantly than by Mr. Stoddard, Editor of THE CALEDONIAN. Scotsmen otherwise separated, and mayhaps isolated by the wide expenses and diverse conditions of this mighty continent, are, thanks to his literary activities, once more united and brought under the influence of that spirit which is their treasured birthright, the spirit that permeates and distinguishes Scottish literature and has led to its occupying such an honorable place in the world's classics. It is truly said that "The pen is mightier than the sword," and

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in Mr. Stoddard we have an able exponent of its power.

To him we owe a debt of gratitude for his interest and for the tremendous work involved in compiling this Souvenir Program of our Convention. J. McL. J.

Philadelphia Letter

The Quaker City Scots lately have been taking plenty of out-door exercise! On July 16th, the Ladies' Auxillary of the Caledonian Club had their annual outing at Hunting Park, and, Scot-like, brought numerous bairns along to make the welkin ring, as they competed for prizes in foot-races and other sports. The attendance of the men was somewhat meagre, doubtless owing to the fact that a well-heralded Soccer game was to take place on the Diston Ball Field at Tacony, between the famous Third Lanark Team and the Pick of All Philadelphia, the same day. We may here add that when the game took place that "the Glasca Kellies" had conferred upon them that other title—"The Invincibles."

On Saturday morning, August 6th, it was the wonder of the vicinity of 18th street and Spring Garden, what was going to happen. Sturdy lads in kilts, bag-pipes sending forth their peculiar resonant musical notes to the early morning air, bonnie lasses frae Banff to Edinboro', and thence to Stranraar, wending their way to Carpenter's Headquarters for assembly to participate in the parade of the Caledonian Club, the 62nd Annual Games, Field Sports and Picnic, which was to take place at Maple Grove, Fox Chase. At 9:30 o'clock ranks were formed, headed by the Caledonian Pipe Band, Chief Fisher and his contingent of costumed Clansmen, accompanied by Chief Donaldson and his large delegation in Highland dress from New York, and their popular piper, Angus Fraser, to whose music they marched with true military precision. Then followed games competitors in kilt and feather, and other delegations from Trenton, Newark and Atlantic City, N. J., Chester and Wilmington, Del.

When the column stepped off a platoon of mounted police in command of a sergeant, acting as vanguard proceeded down Broad street to the City Hall, cheered by the thousands of eager spectators that lined the curb; encircling the municipal buildings, they marched into Market street, the great business centre, and came to a halt at the Reading Terminal. When 12th street was reached they broke ranks, and took steam cars, a special train awaiting the braw lads frae Caledonia, conveyed them to Crescentville, adjacent to the Grove. Upon arrival there, appetites were appeased before proceeding with the program of events.

The day which had been threatened with rain, turned out to be most propitious, and before the program was well started, over three thousand spectators surrounded the arena. The Highland dancing had quite a bevy of juvenile aspirants for honors and medals. The adults were keen in their competitions and a genuine surprise was sprung when the judges awarded first prize of $20.00 and a handsome and valuable championship gold medal for Highland Fling to a young lady, Miss Isabella MacKinnon, of Philadelphia.

The foot-races, which were under the sanction and management of the A. A. U., brought out an army of competitors the handicapping of which must have been an arduous task for Dr. Shell, the official handicapper. Mingling with the throng in the grove, recounting former gatherings and swapping incidents and anecdotes, we observed Ex-Chief A. R. Gunn, the oldest surviving club mem-

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ber; Ex-Chief Wiliam M. McCall, an ardent and much-respected Caledonian by extraction; Charles C. Stoddard, Editor of THE CALEDONIAN, and his friend William P. Schoonmaker, an artist whose studio is in Philadelphia; the veteran elocutionist, Peter Miller, and a host of well known Scots who are too seldom seen outside these annual gatherings. ST. MUNGO.

Macneil of Barra

Macneal of Barra, 45th Chief of Clan Macneil and Honorary President of the Clan Macneil Association of America, will march in the parade and be present at the Convention. MacNeil came to New York after the World War, in which he proudly did his bit, and has made many friends by his sincere and pleasing personality. He is an honorary member of Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn.

STATE OF THE ORDER
Excerpts From Report of Royal Treasurer (July 30, 1921)

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE, JANUARY 4,—JULY 14, 1921

During the six-months' period from January 4 to July 14, 1921, I received from assessments, $103,835.85 and from interest on investments and bank balances $9,472.40—all payable into the Bequeathment Fund. There were one hundred and seven bequeathment claims paid, amounting to $76,250, and there were thirty-two payments of Old Age Benefits, aggregating $4,750. We were also enabled to make new investments of $50,000 in six per cent. short-term securities of the City of New York; that is, securities maturing on or before one year from their date of issue.

I think it would not be amiss to give a brief summary of the Order's financial activities during the past four years, that is practically from the time we met in Hartford, Conn., in 1917, down to July 14th of this year:

From Assessments (Nos. 487 to 544)	$824,997 45
From Revenues from Investments, Interest on Old Age Benefits, and Interest on Bank Balances	61,815 36
Bequest from Estate of A. M. Stewart, deceased	4,800 00
Transferred from General Fund	12,500 00
Total Receipts to Bequeathment Fund	$904,112 81

PAYMENTS FROM BEQUEATHMENT FUND

960 Bequeathment Claims paid	$663,550
182 Payments of Old Age Benefits	26,400
Total Payments from Bequeathment Fund	$691,950 00
The Net Cash Gain therefore during these four years was..	$212,162 81

This gain of $212,162.81, together with the cash balance of $50,581.28 which we had on July 7, 1917, has been made fruitful by investing $240,000 in United States Government Liberty Bonds and in New York city short-term securities and other municipal bonds.

I consider that the gain of fully twenty-three per cent. of the assessment and interest receipts of the Bequeathment Fund during the past four years, that is, $212,162 out of $891,712, is very gratifying considering that we had the aftermath of the World War and the influenza to contend with (from July, 1918 to July, 1919, we paid 357 bequeathment claims aggregating $235,100—the greatest mortality drain of any year's experience of the Order.) This fact should not be lost sight of in spreading a knowledge of our Order and what is is accomplishing.

The Order now holds investments of an aggregate par value of $477,000, which with the cash in banks give resources of fully $500,000.

CANADIAN QUESTION

The only cloud on our horizon at the present time is the drastic requirements of the new Canadian Insurance Act, and the facing and determination of that question is in my judgment the most important matter to be decided at the forthcoming Convention, at which I hope to have the pleasure of meeting many old friends and of seeing one of the largest gatherings of our Order to enjoy the hospitality of the Brooklyn, New York, and New Jersey Clans, all of which are heartily co-operating to make the visit of all those attending the Convention a most enjoyable and memorable one.

Yours fraternally,
(Signed) DUNCAN MACINNES,
Royal Treasurer, O. S. C.

Cameron Post, No. 79, Will Appear in Parade

The Associated Society of Cameron Post, No. 79, G. A. R., had a meeting the other night at No. 21 East 47th street, at which it was arranged for a detail of the Post to attend the opening ceremonies and march in the parade of the Order of Scottish Clans Convention meeting, on Tuesday, August 16, as referred to elsewhere. The Post will appear in Highland costume, wearing the Mackenzie tartan.

The Post as at present constituted was organized September 1, 1920, and is a reorganization of an older body which originated in 1912. There are seventy-five members, and they meet every second Tuesday of the month at the Scot's Tea Room. The officers are: Commander, Donald Macadie; Vice-commander, John Forrest; Junior Vice-commander, George MacCready; Quartermaster, James S. Bain; Officer of the Day, Adam Gunn; Lieutenant of the Guard, D. G. Cooper; Adjutant, P. Whelan, 4585 Park avenue, Manhattan.

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9 Richmond, Va.
10 Newport News, Va.
11-12 Norfolk, Va.
14 Trenton, N. J.
15 Reading, Pa.
16 Harrisburgh, Pa.
17 Syracuse, N. Y.
18 Rochester, N. Y.
19 Auburn, N. Y.
Week 21 Toronto, Ont.
28-29-30 Montreal, Que.
December
1 Kingston, Ont.
2 London, Ont.
3 Hamilton, Ont.
Week 5 Pittsburgh, Pa.
12 Parkersburg, W. Va.
13 Marietta, O.
14 Zanesville, O.
15 Columbus, O.

December
16-17 Indianapolis, Ind.
Week 19 Detroit, Mich.
26 Bay City, Mich.
27 Saginaw, Mich.
28 Flint, Mich.
29 Lansing, Mich.
30-31 Toledo, O.
January
Week 2 Cleveland, O.
9 Terra Haute, Ind.
10-11 St. Louis, Mo.
12-13-14 Kansas City, Mo.
16 Topeka, Kan.
17 Lawrence, Kan.
18 St. Joe, Mo.
19 Sioux City, Ia.
20-21 Omaha, Neb.
Week 23 Chicago, Ill.
30 Minneapolis, Minn.
31 St. Paul, Minn.
February
1 Madison, Wis.
2 Milwaukee, Wis.
3 Streator, Ill.
4 Peoria, Ill.
6 Galesburg, Ill.

February
7 Springfield, Ill.
8 Decatur, Ill.
9 Bloomington, Ill.
10 Danville, Ill.
11 So. Bend, Ind.
13 Kalamazoo, Mich.
14-15 Grand Rapids, Mich.
16 Battle Creek, Mich.
17 Jackson, Mich.
18 Ann Arbor, Mich.
20 Lima, O.
21 Springfield, O.
22-23 Louisville, Ky.
24-25 Cincinnati, O.
27-28 Buffalo, N. Y.
March
1 Utica, N. Y.
2 Springfield, Mass.
3 Worcester, Mass.
4 Portland, Me.
Week 6 Boston, Mass.
13 Providence, R. I.
14 Hartford, Conn.
15-16 Brooklyn, N. Y.
17 Stamford, Conn.
18 New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK
SEPT. 1921

The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

The Capital of the Highlands

Inverness has taken on new distinction this season, not alone as "Capital of the Highlands," but also as the temporary "Cap tal of the Empire." The eyes of the world are directed upon the momentous conferences that are taking place in the old city by the Ness. 'Twas here that Columba came to convert the Pictish king and pave the way for the building of the Scottish nation. Perhaps it is a good omen that out of the old Caledonian capital may come the final settlement of the bitterest controversy that ever divided the Empire.

Singularly pleasant is the literary charm that clings to the Capital of the Highlands. Steeped in the languors of well-nigh forgotten years, it takes you back to the dim gleamings and long rush-lit evenings of days gone by. It lingers in the narrow streets, on the Castle Hill, in the highways and by-ways, in the far-away reaches of sunlight stretches, and wide expanses of hill and dale. It lingers on the banks of the river, by whose dreamy solitudes you may sit in pensive mood and catch fleeting glimpses of familiar figures of a time long dead. You find it in the quiet country lanes, where the peace of the eighteenth century still reigns undisturbed—lanes which Hazlitt would have gone into raptures over and babbled about in one of his delicious essays, and in which Richard Jefferies would have spent a day singing pæans to the beauties of its charming environs. It traverses the meads and commons, takes possession of the neuks and corners, and climbs the uplands. You look through lattice-works of branches in shadowed places, tinged with the red and gold of the sunset of the year on scenes consecrated by the magic of the muse and the footprints of many distinguished lives past. There is scarcely a ripple of the water that does not recall a distant memory; scarce a rustle among the leaves in the trees but conjures up some gentle reminiscence. The wanderings of the literary stroller shed a radiant lustre over Inverness and its neighborhood. Viewed through the haze of the gathered years, they lend enchantment to familiar pathways and other haunts of storied fact and picturesque tradition. And in these days, when summer still lingers in the lap of autumn, it is a delightful pilgrimage to follow in the track of the tangled web of associations that has woven itself round this beautiful city of ancient lineage.

DOWN THE YEARS

The interest which hangs over the bygones of Inverness to-day is born of fascinating story. Tinged with romance, it leads you into the quiet bends of reverie and reminiscense, and of all reveries there is none to compare with that which greets

you on the open road. It draws you into friendly relations with what has gone before. As you stand silently in some intimate spot, or stroll along a sylvan path, watching the flickering sunbeams through green-laced branches, and listening to the gentle music of the river as it flows tranquilly between its legend-haunted banks, it initiates you to those fanciful patterns that are ever the campanions of the wayfarer. You see another day and generation with its brooding mantle of remembrance, another array of passers-by, famous ghosts who have gladdened you through the years by the charm of their pens. Or the scene changes, and you are by the phantom home of a notable visitor, or in the shadow of some ruined shrine. Each step brings you into territory saturated with literary lore; every curve opens up new vistas in which you can dream dreams and see visions. Landmarks are all about you. If a particular building has disappeared, its site is still there to freshen the memory. Hence, in perspective, you may sit in the cosy parlors of famous inns and in the humble abode of illustrious guests, and listen to their whispered tales of a vanished time. Such things make a little world all by itself, recalling from its ancient thoroughfares the shadowy characters who made it their very own.

Fleeting Glimpses

From the days when the saintly Columba came awandering to the valley of the Ness, a goodly company have followed in his footsteps. Looking down the passage of the years, how lively and processional is the throng! You can visualize them jogging along in their old-world garb towards the town, jovial and austere, leisurely and in grim haste. And the quaint little village of Culcabock would be there to see them pass and cheer them on their way. Whether Shakespeare ever rested by the "loved mansionary" over which he has cast so immortal a halo must always remain a debatable point. But it is a point that stirs the imagination and dwells lovingly in the fancy of the litterateur. True, you may sit no longer in the shadow of the ancient keep, weaving those sweet, illusive visions such places conjure forth. Equally true, the march of civic progress has considerably changed the hallowed spot. Yet, despite the growth of this so called modern advancement, the air is as delicate and the heaven's breath swells as wooingly as it did in earlier years. The dreamfulness of the past broods among the trees of this fair region of pleasant sights and sounds. Like the witching lines in "Macbeth," it has come down through the flight of ages and communicates itself to you. The mind dwells on its peaceful opulence, and you become imbued with a tranquil restoration. It is centuries ago since the ruin of the old keep lingered in its historic eminence. Where "Auldcastlehill" now stands, it kept in its silent interior its secrets of the great ones who loitered by its weather-beaten walls, just as the neighborhood must always keep its secret regarding the master bard who, as tradition has it, mused by its site when Mary Stuart was queen. And now nothing is left but fancies that bring back the poetry of the long ago, as if the spirit of the minstrel hovered round.

There is an all abiding charm about those haunts of ancient peace, where daydreams for the leisure hours come to you in the restfulness and calm of delectable surroundings—a fascinatioon, if you will, which makes them specially endeared. In their solitude, on the long, grey road that takes you to them, or stretches away into the quiet distance, in the silence that seems ever to envelope them, you get a flickering gleam of days gone by. They keep the echoes of backward time, a pensive after-grace of the distinctive personalities whose notable footfalls are heard no more. Across the shadows you can watch the dim apparitions of those who have made these paths beloved glide shadily on. And in their diaries you may follow them through the pages of literary renown with that indescribable delight which old diaries never fail to arouse. You go down the vista of the years as you watch them pass—Johnson, Faujas de Saint Fond, Defoe, Pennant, Bishop Forbes, Leyden and the rest—and fancy them revelling in the "nature and the genius of the place" by "rich green slope and brown empurpled brae." One figure after another links the centuries together, and as you stroll haphazardly along, their memory lends an added lustre to the neighborhood.

An Early Visitor

Many are the years that have passed since the first of these came a-visiting to the town. You have to go back to the

far-away days when Charles I was king, when the city was but a mild weather hamlet, with the rude huts of the villagers by the edge of the water and the grim old castle towering high above on its commanding site, for a note of him. Whither Johnson came, we know not, but we know that he viewed the country from a knoll of vantage, that he tarried by the castle, and wended his way by the river. If you love the quiet byways of far-off time, you will dip into his curious pages with a tender enthusiasm, for to those who are versed in Latin he offers the neatest, if somewhat embellished, portrait of the town of that distant period. He seats you on the knoll beside him and offers you the sweetest old-world pictures. He takes you past the "palaces of kings" to the "lakes with blood of Pechts oft-coloured." He tells you of the "ships" that floated on the Ness, where its waters to the sea flow uncontrolled, and of the harvests in the immediate environs. But list for a moment to his own quaint lines as he reviews the scene:

A town not far from sea in fertile land
Even near unto our northmost coast doth stand;
With palaces of kings thou'rt garnished,
And lakes with blood of Pechts oft-coloured.
With Ness pure stream thy borders watered be,
Where ships float and approach for serving thee;
This river freezeth not by winter cold,
Its waters to the sea flow uncontrol'ed.
The earth doth plenteous harvests here dispense,
In spite of Northern stars' cold influence;
Thule and Iernie which thy neighbours be,
And all the Northern Isles, send wealth to thee.
Forth long ago the chief command doth claim,
And Edinburgh yields not to thee the name
Of the chief city; yet they ever shall
Thee an Emporium of this Kingdom call.
Both nature and the genius of the place
Have with this honour joyned thee to grace.

Defoe and Others

It must have been a scene something similar to this that Daniel Defoe looked out upon. Little more than fifty years had come and gone since Johnson's wanderjahre, when the casual pedestrian might have seen the famous pamphleteer and captivating author of *Robinson Crusoe*, a "middle-sized, spare man with a hooked nose, sharp chin and little grey eyes," posting along the Great North Road. Had he followed him, he would have seen him go past the little clachan of Culcabock to Kingsmills, then adown market brae to the centre of the town, where he put up. And though his stay was brief, Defoe has many pleasant things to say of Inverness. He also came in contact with many of the most influential inhabitants, who spoke "perfect English, even much better than in the most southerly provinces of Scotland; nay, some will say that they speak it as well as at London, though I do not grant that neither." The stately Pennant is equally complimentary, and speaks of the landscape as being "most romantic and beautiful," while John Wesley, of *Journal* fame, another figure of bygone Inverness, who paid more turnpikes, says Mr. Birrel, than any traveller who ever bestrode a beast, thought the neighborhood of the Capital of the Highlands one of the pleasantest countries he had ever seen—

> It is the largest town in Scotland after Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. . . . It stands in a pleasant and fruitful country, and has all things needful for life and Godliness. The people in general speak remarkably good English and are of a friendly, courteous behaviour.

And so on. With the possible exceptions of Faujas de Saint Fond, who found the Highlands—he passed through Inverness in 1780—wild, barren and sad, and caught the first glimpse of the south with "as sweet a joy as is given by the first breath of spring," and of an English literary gentleman who found the Horns Inn, kept by Mrs. Mackenzie, "dirty and ill-managed," the long succession of visitors have been generous in their praise. Even that grumbling and portly celebrity who went ajourneying from Fleet Street in 1773, with his elegant satellite, and whose wraith you encounter at almost every turn, growled approval. One's thoughts take a warmer color at mention of his name, and as you look down the princely pageantry of yore, you half expect to see him come stumping along.

The story of Dr. Johnson's sojourn in Inverness is but a half-told tale. Only fragments remain to guide the literary rambler in the footsteps of the great Sage of Fleet Street—fragments so full of poignant suggestions as to make them especially endeared. The Inverness that Johnson saw in the sunsets of 1773 was not the busy little town of to-day. It was still

much the same sweet village of antique beauty that greeted Arthur Johnston more than a hundred years before, a hallowed picture in the lingering rays of the setting sun. Yet, despite the devastation which time has made amongst the old and the picturesque, the Capital of the Highlands, as you know it now, keeps what it can of that famous visit. Visions of the portly old lexicographer have been preserved through the changes of the years, and the cameos that remain of his stay, and brief pilgrimages, have a nack of finding their way to the heart and staying there.

Cherished Recollections

His name as you utter it, conjures up many cherished recollections—the old inn in Church street, where the distinguished travellers put up, the Sunday morning breakfast with Mr. Keith, the collector of excise, and friend of Boswell, the visit to the English chapel, the walk down to the quay, and the talk in the shadow of the Castle, where Boswell had "a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it," and in repeating the lines—

> . . . The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements.

It was quiet in those days beside the Castle's ancient walls, with the Ness, a silver streak of water, down below, rippling softly along its winding channel to the sea, and the distant hills limned clearly against the far horizon. Little wonder that Johnson was pleased with all he saw. You treasure such things for the stray leaves of association they bring to light. And if you can forget the present and pierce through the dimly fading mists of vanished time, it is but the play of fancy to carry the mind back and dwell on visionary views. In such moods you are sauntering silently beside him, taking note of his slovenly dress and listening to the conversation of his elegant and gossipy companion. You follow him on his peregrination from Mackenzie's tavern, carving his way along High Street to the little book shop, where he bought "Cocker's Arithmetic," and was "much pleased" at being shown a copy of "The Rambler." Or you peep into the hospitable interior of the old inn on that memorable Sunday evening when he entertained the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Daviot, to supper, and chuckle heartily at the incongruous picture he makes jumping about the room in imitation of the kangaroo.

> The company stared; nothing could be more ludicrous than the appearance of a tall, heavy, grave looking man, like Dr. Johnson, standing up to mimic the shape and motions of a kangaroo. He stood erect, put out his hands like feelers, and gathering up the tails of his huge brown coat, so as to resemble the poch of the animal, made two or three vigorous bounds across the room.

How Johnson must have prowled about the old town; how his deep, gruff, grumbling voice must have echoed through the ruins of the venerable Castle as he discoursed on Shakespeare or reproved Boswell for some trivial offence! And of James Boswell himself, is there not the equally delightful picture of him stravaiging through the streets, visiting his numerous friends, and in the enjoyment of the quest forgetting his "momentary impatience to be at home."

Cameos

As you dream on these fleeting cameos, other pictures appear and float fascinatingly before the vision. They open out before you a series of charming silhouettes, with all their whispers and shadows, stirring the sweetest recollections and tuning the mind to remembrance. They take you through the chapters of literary story, and, as you view them entrancingly through "the inward eye that is the bliss of solitude," you half expect to see the figures they so vividly portray a-promenading to and fro. Thus, the Aumonier sketches the beauties of the Thames, as Pisano painted Verona, so memory paints for you what it can of the gentle vistas of the men of peace who came a-sight-seeing in the quiet days of the eighteenth century. Would that the page of reminiscence had more to tell. But of all Johnson pictures in Inverness the one that arrests the fancy most is surely that of the great man on horseback taking leave of the town. One can imagine the quaint spectacle of the little procession making its way over the old bridge enroute for Fort Augustus—Dr. Johnson, then Boswell, then Joseph, all on horseback, with a fourth horse laden with the portmanteaus bringing up the rear, while on either side of the Doctor walked a sturdy Highlander acting as guide—a luscious caravan indeed. So picturesque a note breathes the very spirit of old-world times, and takes you into the very heart of romantic bygones.

(*Continued on page 288*)

1620—1920

BY EDITH SCOTT MAGNA
Regent Mercy Warren Chapter, Daughters of American Revoluton

We stand, the ghosts of bye-gone days,
Upon your Plymouth shore;
We hold your thoughts in sacred trust,
As in the days of yore.

So as you celebrate our day,
And stand where we have trod,
Remember that our spirits live,
To lead you up to God.

History is usually conceded to be statements of facts regarding past events, but history is more; it is the revelation of acts of the past in relation to our present consciousness. It is vital, in proportion to the force it enacts on the present, that very force making, as we like to say, "red letter days." So our holidays, our celebration days, make us conscious of what happened long ago, and thus mindful we make our bow to history.

It is three hundred years since the Pilgrim Fathers came to our shores. It seems a long time, yet considered retrospectively it is indeed a brief period into which to crowd the events which have made for this youthful nation a history interesting in the extreme, vital in the annals of the world, and enviable, too. We are still young, and with the ardor and first flush of youth brilliantly alive, wonderfully awake, and with what a future! Could we stand on the shore and look three hundred years hence—ah! what a dream! So it is with awe and a sense of privilege that we do honor to those who really stood for the big vision—the New World, and it is their *due* that we hold them in sincere reverence.

As one thinks of Plymouth and the landing of the Pilgrims, there is apt to come a somewhat hazy picture of a group of men and women standing on a huge rock about which we have heard so much, and someone in the foreground exclaiming, "This is the New World"—in some such manner as Columbus had done before, only the dress was different. Another popular idea is that of three distinct periods of discovery—Columbus, Ponce de Leon and the Pilgrims, with this differentiation, that the first two were paid to come, and the last group came to worship God in their own way. All of these notions are formulated on truisms, and make a fairly good basic argument of history from the standpoint of the sight-seers, but in really grasping this Pilgrim movement, let us review some of the real facts which laid the foundation of their pilgrimage and destination.

Instead of just these three groups of discoveries, there were many: Magellan in 1520, Champlain in 1599 in Panama, and to show how numerous was the population on these shores at that time, when England granted Sir Humphrey Gilbert a charter for colonization, he entered the Harbor of St. John in 1583 and found there more than thirty-six vessels of different nations. He himself had seven ships, and took possession of Newfoundland, but was lost on the return voyage. Another illuminating fact is that each year two hundred ships went to the Grand Banks by 1600, and employed ten thousand men and boys one way or another.

England and France were the two countries who had discussions as to the rights of the fisheries and fishing grounds, Spain claiming no real rights concerning them at that time. England's claim was based on the discoveries of Cabot and the occupation of Gilbert. There were early French settlements in Canada, about 1534, but they proved failures, due to lack of funds and severe sickness. Florida proved to be unsuccessful, too. One reads of De Soto traveling to the Mississippi and there dying. There are names such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville and Philip Amada, all reporting interesting facts concerning the coast, but the Spanish explorers were jealous and treacherous and greatly feared by those from the other nations.

NOTE—The author has used freely the following books for reference and is indebted to the respective authors: "The Women Who Came in the Mayflower," by Annie Russell Warble; "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," by Arthur Lord; "The Fathers of New England," by Charles M. Andrews; "The Story of New England," by Edward Oliver Skelton.

We look upon the sixteenth century as one of discovery in the New World, and we may well call that of the seventeenth the period of occupation. In 1606, King James granted a charter to Sir Thomas Gates, the land granted being not then possessed by any other Christian prince or people, but the outcome of many of these early grants was decided by the man who knew best how to wield his sword.

There were two companies—the London or Southern and the Plymouth or Northern, made up of citizens of Bristol, Exeter and Plymouth. The grants of these stipulated that they could not be planted less than one hundred miles from each other, and a council, called the Council of Virginia, ruled them both. Two provisions are worthy of note—that they and their children should be as though born under the English crown, and that their land was free and clear without necessary military service. This lack of obligation concerning the land was a very important factor. By inheritance the land went from father to eldest son, and in case there were all daughters, they each held alike. This individual interest developed the personal cultivation of the soil and made each one feel independent.

A new charter was given by the King to the Southern, or first colony, for lands extending two hundred miles along the seacoast north of Point Comfort and the same distance to the south. The Duke of Lenox obtained a charter in 1620, with others, and this was called the Plymouth Company. So we have the French along the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Dutch at New Netherland, and 1609 brought Hendrick Hudson, who really discovered Cape Cod and died at sea. The Netherlands claim was from the Delaware River to Cape Cod, including Long Island, up the Hudson to Albany. Of course, it was on account of the abundance of fish that Cape Cod received its name, the first English name to be given to any part of New England.

The Jamestown settlement, comprising about one hundred and five, was formed under James 1, while the Plymouth Colony had two very distinct differences. The first was made up solely of men, while the latter was the transplanting of families, the removal of homes and all they meant as well. Out of the total of 14,000 immigrants from 1607 to 1622, only 911 survived.

It is known that the Virginia Colony was, in many respects, less democratic than the Plymouth, and although they had not the privilege of electing their own governors, still their was the first representative legislature in America, and their first meeting of this kind was held July 30, 1619, when each of the eleven boroughs, making up the Virginia Colony, was represented by two delegates.

This seems like a long preamble, but shows that long before the Pilgrims had determined to seek new homes on this side of the Atlantic, representative government was firmly established, so, prior to the departure from Leyden, there were, north the Spanish settlement in St. Augustine, the English Colony on the Chesepeake Bay and the James River, the Dutch trading post at Manhattan, and the French on the St. Lawrence—natural points of vantage for trade, commerce and business for the future years. But when the Pilgrims came from England there was only one other harbor which had been mapped, explored and sounded. The countries of England, France and Holland had sent visitors to what is now Plymouth between 1600 and 1620, respectively, Captain Martin Pring, Samuel de Champlain and Adrian Block, the last in 1614, when he traveled the Cape and the maps he made are now among the archives of the Hague.

In April, 1614, Captain John Smith sailed from London with two ships, with the purpose in view to engage in whale fishery, and also to search for mines of gold and copper. He was unsuccessful, but taking one of the smaller boats, he sailed the coast and landed at Plymouth, calling it "Accomack." His maps were not as complete or as valuable as those of Block, but his documents relating to Virginia and New England are full of interest as descriptive narratives. Captain Thomas Dermer made a voyage to Plymouth, and wrote accounts of his travels in what is known as "Purchas's Pilgrims." He was considered by the Council at Plymouth as the original discoverer of the coast lying between the Hudson and the shore of Massachusetts. He wrote of Plymouth that it was the best locality for a permanent English settlement.

The early histories contain many stories

of treacherous dealings—among them the carrying off of many Indians by the whites, to be sold into slavery—shameful return for their kindness, but many times the explorers were guided solely by love of conquest and gain. An example of this was the betrayal of Tisquantum or Squanto, who was sent to Spain as a slave, rescued, and was in England with Dermer, and when he (Squanto) returned to Plymouth he proved invaluable as guide and interpreter.

All this shows that the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620 was not all chance, not a discovery alone, but a spot chosen for their pilgrimage, which in very truth it was, where there seemed to be waiting for them Squanto, the Indian, the last of his own tribe, friendly, knowing English well, and ready to help them. The relating of all these journeyings and settlings shows that contrary to the popular idea, the New World was considered a point of vantage for some time before our little company planned to come. Its coast had been explored, its harbors mapped out, and after careful consideration it was a deliberate decision on their part. Perhaps, too, it was psychological. No land as rich and promising as this could sink again into obscurity after hearing the glowing tales of those who had been here. Call it Divine Providence, if you like, but it is a fact that the successful pilgrimage was made by a people urged by religious belief, instead of simply the worldly gain coveted by other explorers, and it is a good thought that a Higher Power helped to make this particular expedition permanent and successful.

In considering these historical events prior to the coming of the Pilgrims, it is pertinent to the subject to see where they wanted to go, their reasons, and consider the "why" of the matter. Again one has a popular argument and sentiment, but there were underlying reasons, fundamental arguments, which made the pilgrimage a conclusion, not just a haphazard chance.

Mr. Lord calls it the "independent movement," and it came as an almost inevitable result of the translation into English of the Bible, for general circulation in that language, for up to this time, being published only in a dead language, it was a book for the very learned, or the priestly class. That it might be universally read was the hope of Erasmus, but wise thinkers of the times differed on this point, for many deemed it wise to hold copies of the English Bible, such as the translations by Tyndall, at the discretion of the bishop, and that it should be given only to those whom he should determine to be "honest and sad and virtuous." It is necessary to lay stress on the publication at that time, for it was distributed into the hands of English-speaking men and women, and led to differences of opinion, based on different interpretations, with the inevitable result of forming an "Independent Church," or as they liked to call it, a "free corporation spiritual," instead of separatists.

They were watched and criticised, and even "clapt into prison," with the resultant feeling that they must worship elsewhere than under the English flag. So the Pilgrims, mostly from Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, went to Holland, where they lived about one year.

It would be difficult to estimate the debt they owed Holland; they asked little—to ply their own trades, preach their gospel as they saw it, and being able to, created a state of happiness for them, appreciated the more after their cares and disappointments, which must of necessity be passed over hurriedly.

In Holland they received the benefits of a system of free public schools, supported at the public's expense. Think for a moment what this meant—a land where almost every man and woman could read and write, where the middle classes were efficient in both mathematics and the classics. Here, too, was freedom of the press (absolutely denied in England) and Brewster was able to have his religious pamphlets printed without censor. Other things of educational value were—the registry of deeds and mortgages, the value of public records in political and religious organizations, the freedom of religion for all men. Think what these things meant as guiding them in their new life. We feel inclined to think of women without advantages in those days, but these things opened up viewpoints, standards, ambitions, and a life which might have been far different for us to-day had they never been through their Holland experiences.

But with all these advantages, discontent began to creep in, aided by unhappiness, for they were away from England, their homeland, everything was different,

they wanted their mother tongue, their English life, their own customs, they wanted to be English through and through, so gradually the inspiration came, and the desire to settle in a new country, set up their own laws and speak their own language, the mother tongue of home.

Is it to be wondered at that with their very strong characteristics, their fixed ideals, to which they adhered through every adversity, they have handed down through the generations the fundamental characteristics of New England, for though we hear it said that New England of the books is in the past, a fanciful idea, to which some of us cling, it is nevertheless an inborn factor, and whether we go into other lands, penetrate the north, south or west, at heart we have by right of inheritance the gifts of our forefathers and the influence of those mothers of a far-off yesterday.

Spain and the Netherlands were nearly at the end of a twelve years' truce, and in case of war the band of worshippers saw only dark days ahead. After many wearisome negotiations, it was finally decided that the merchants who purchased shares in the Companay were to stay in England and the colonists, who contributed their personal services, were to go to America. Passing by the hapless plight of the *Speedwell,* one hundred and two paassengers sailed on the *Mayflower.*

One might suppose that these people, one in fixity of purpose and religion, would be harmonious, but all the Pilgrims of the Independent Church could not go at once. Also it was deemed necessary to keep the church intact in Leyden, and to have some follow later. With the turning back of the *Speedwell* and one unsuccessful starting of the *Mayflower*, they re-organized in Plymouth, England. Thirst for adventure and love of gain had brought many into the ship's company who were practically strangers—hence differences of opinion arose as time went on. Not long after landing, it became evident that some law and control must be used to govern these people in order to maintain unity and an effective organization.

Through their experience, their observations in Holland and their wisdom, we find them choosing a Governor, by name Carver. Among our hazy ideas of the times, too, we are prone to think of the famous compact as having been easily thought of, sketchily drawn up and quickly written in the cabin of that famous ship just before the landing. In point of fact, their purpose and policy had been clearly defined in a letter which Pastor Robinson had sent them to Southampton, planning for them civil government and necessary laws and ordinances as seemed fit by consent of the majority.

As far back as this was expressed the doctrine, "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people" (which Lincoln later made famous), and the Compact was the first necessary document of state control to be drawn up through the exigency of circumstances and embodied the facts stated in Robinson's letter and in the Patent.

By April, in 1621, the little Company had dwindled to fifty in number, and it must have taken great strength of purpose, real religious conviction, and unbounded faith to have witnessed the departure of the *Mayflower* on her return to the homeland, leaving them to stand or fall, as fate and their courage should decree.

Previous to this, as has been formerly stated, all the expeditions were made up of men, and here we find a few men, women and children upon whom the future of the New World rested. That their characters were of such mold that they did endure—that they lived to build up a town, establish and carry out their laws, and keep alive a race sturdy, steadfast and courageous, is the greatest gift we could have.

Besides the Compact, there are two documents great in value—the Bradford Patent in 1629, and the "New England Confederacy," the union of four larger colonies.

A writer of to-day states that the settlement of Plymouth is conspicuous in New England history because of the qualities just stated—for their congregational form of worship, etc., and then states that their intellectual and material poverty, their lack of literature and education kept them from being uppermost—to quote exactly: "No great movement can be traced to their initiative, no great leader to birth within their borders, no great work of art, literature or scholarship to those who belonged to this unpretending company." This

is taken from a book supposedly of a high standard, and no doubt expresses the individual opinion as the author sees it, but any reader with New England blood throbbing in his veins will rise at once to refute any such argument. Their very being was the greatest movement of its kind recorded. Granted, they were "middle class" in terms of society, and not artists, poets or geniuses. Had they been so, what of the types of to-day? It was their all-around tenacity of purpose, courage of conviction and faith in God which has made New England famous for its sturdy stock ever since. The Constitution of the great *States* and *greater Union* of which *they* laid the corner-stone now expresses that fundamental principle of the right of individual judgment in matters of conscience and of duty to the State to recognize and enforce that right whenever challenged.

Some may ask, with their love of England, why did they leave their homes; true, but deep in their hearts was the love of England, the tender ties of the homeland and the memories, too, and because they had this sentiment for home, love of country, and joyous family life, they put the best feelings of man and woman into the new land, to upbuild it, to make the home the permanent, lasting thing, and set the best examples to the young.

Can you not picture the women of that little colony? Can't you see the difference between those ships, with men only, inspired with hope of fame and fortune, and ever with the hope of gold and gain—was it not indeed different to these Pilgrim Fathers to have wives and children with them, to have the benefit of their judgment and intuitions—for who can say that a woman's heart was different in its fundamental feelings three hundred years ago? The men had their women folks, their family, to work and strive for, and a truly better ideal than worldly wealth. This idea of the home or family as the unit in the State has been of far-reaching influence in the development of New England.

It is true that new occasions teach new duties, but it is also true that time does not always make ancient good not good. Their wisdom in apportioning the land made for better work, greater results, and some competition, and the development of personality and initiative.

To-day our world is large, our peoples many and various, our problems seemingly tremendous. What of the conditions in a colony of from fifty to two hundred men? In a very small way, conditions of life for them were as now—as history shows, they too had their citizens who were unruly and undesirable, and deportation was then in vogue as now, and it is quaintly recorded that when one of the ships departed, "they bid him go and mend his manners." This was the result only after a fair trial, before an impartial jury, and one of their great rules, wise for all time, was, "the penalty may well be tempered with mercy according to the wise" and approved rule of the pastor, and in his letter to the Governor, "the punishment to a few and the fear to many."

How can anyone say they handed no greatness down to the ages?

The example of the Pilgrim Church, Congregationalism, finds its earliest exponent in New England, in that first meeting-house on the slope of Burial Hill. Their chance at education in Holland has been referred to; their three great documents which gave so much to the world, and their philosophy of mind which led them to make proper application of this education. The very fact that they were not of the so called nobility made them more fitted for an all-around life with a wider scope of activities, practical and business.

It is not necessarily the startling things which are the lasting qualities, the carrying out of theories resultant from a hysterical mind, but the plodding steadfastness of their daily life, their very commonplaceness, if you will, which is our precious heritage.

Mr. Coolidge, in his first campaign speech in Philadelphia, said: "When my countrymen turn their attention and efforts again to the commonplace, we shall know that American institutions are secure. Industry, self-reliance, frugality and humility, these are the commonplaces of life. There is nothing sensational in hard work, nor in attention to one's business, nor in saving the results of labor, nor in humility. Yet it is upon these things that the foundation of civilization rests. It is upon such a foundation that all the

great religions of the world have been built. It is by the pursuit of such virtues that nations have become great.

The sane and true idealism of progressive civilization has the devotion of this country, but always at the base stand the commonplaces of industry, self-reliance, frugality and humility. If these sound the keynote of a Presidential campaign in the year 1920, are they not the very rock foundation of life in the Plymouth Colony? We will do well to follow the lead of our forefathers, dear, simple Pilgrim souls! It has taken us just that number of years to respond as women, to women, and we stand to-day ready to dedicate a monument to the Pilgrim mothers—and why? Just because they lived and died? Hardly, but because they lived and died and lived, and the monument will stand always our tribute in reverence to our foremothers, and in this year when we are celebrating the 300th anniversary of their landing, who knows but what our country is still on its great pilgrmage for the love of God?

Draw back the veil that hides three hundred years.
Let us behold, and seeing let us learn,—
That through the toil of anguish and of tears,
They caught a vision which we can't discern.

Oh, God above, who guided them aright,
Whose Pilgrimage they took upon Thy call,
Guide us aright, who need to see the Light,
Toward Liberty and Justice for us all.

Impressive Celebration

SIR WALTER SCOTT 150th ANNIVERSARY

It was the happy thought of the Literary Committee of the New York Caledonian Club which prompted ceremonies at once unique and impressive in front of the statue of Sir Walter Scott, on the Mall in Central Park, New York, on Sunday afternoon, August 14th. Much credit is due the club for carrying out the event with so much dignity and distinction.

The afternoon was lowering and broken by several heavy downpours, but despite this there were more than two thousand men and women in the parade which was led by Angus Fraser and his pipe band. Chief Donaldson, accompanied by Colonel Walter Scott, was escorted by the Highland Guard, under Captain William H. Reid, and the Cameron Post, G.A. R. Associates. The parade to the park attracted much attention.

In front of the statue, Colonel Walter Scott received wreaths and floral offerings from about thirty-five clans, clubs, lodges of the D. O. S. and individuals, including the Dumfries Burns Club, Sir Harry Lauder, Mr. William Morris, British Schools and Universities Club, Boston Caledonian Club, Clan MacDonald of Brooklyn. The wreath from Clan MacDonald attracted everyone and aroused much admiring comment. It was composed almost wholly of heather in bloom with roses interspersed and was about five feet in diameter, and was presented in behalf of the Clan by Chief William Bone and Robert C. Auld. There were wreaths also for the statue of Burns, which stands directly opposite the Scott statue. Colonel Scott in a few happy opening remarks called attention to the unique character of the occasion and read cable messages from Dumfries Burns Club and Sir Harry Lauder and telegrams from a number of Caledonian Clubs and Clans. Chief Donaldson then briefly introduced Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times*, who was the orator of the day.

Dr. Finley, in the course of a most interesting and able address, stated that a canvass of the Public Libraries within the area of Greater New York had disclosed the fact that Scott's novels are still in great and constant demand, *Ivanhoe*, of course, being the predominant favorite. He recalled Sir Walter's prediction to Tom Purdie,—"My oaks will outlive my laurels," and said there was but little chance of its being fulfilled and that after the last of the oaks at Abbotsford had gone the way of all things, the Waverley Novels would still fire the imagination of youth.

The closing feature of the program was a concert by the Park Band, and the singing of a number of Scottish songs by Edith Hallett Frank, which were much applauded by the audience.

It is of much interest to note that in the ranks of the Highland Guard upon this occasion was ex-Chief Foulis, probably the only Caledonian living who marched in Highland Dress in the parade of fifty years ago when the Scott monument was unveiled.

Piper MacPhee

BY JAMES KENNEDY

MacPhee plays the bagpipe as clear as a mavis
That wakes the sweet echoes the woodlands amang;
It seems that his spirit gaes back to Ben Nevis
Where his wild-warbling war-pipe melodiously rang.
His mind aye engages the airs o' the ages,—
The martial, the waesome, the blythe blasts o' glee;
'Twould be grand to gang roamin' at hame i' the gloamin'
An' list to the numbers o' Donald MacPhee.

But here owre the sea in a far, foreign country
Wi' Slovaks an' Huns an' lang-whiskered Kykes,—
Offscourings o' Europe,—a down-trodden gentry,—
Ye might as weel mingle wi' wasps in their bykes.
The black-hearted vipers hae nae ear for pipers,
There's a scowl on the face an' a fire in the ee;
They've nae sense to hearken, their dull dials darken
At the soul-stirring music o' Donald MacPhee.

He played on the roofs an' he played in the back yards,
He played in the cellars sae darksome an' damp.
He was jeered at an' laughed at by ill-spoken blackguards,
An' treated far waur than some ne'er-do-weel tramp.
The fowk keepit lodgers an' fiercely as sodgers
They swore at his pipes; but fu' patient was he,
An' sought for seclusion where nae rude intrusion
Would mar the grand piping o' Donald MacPhee.

Ae day in the springtime I wandered out wi' him,
Awa' where the forest spread shady and green,
To hae a day's piping,—'twas rapture to see him,—
The high-minded minstrel alone and serene;
But, sadness to say it, as ill luck would hae it,
The birds an' the beasties made ready to flee,
An' din-making neibors roused up the game-keepers
Wha swore out a summons for Donald MacPhee.

But ae cheery gloamin' a keen, clever showman
Made offers to Donald if Donald would come;
A big-bearded lady,—he had her already—,—
A dwarf an' a giant that beat on a drum,—
A Hindoo in curtains wha' tauld fowk their fortunes,
An' ither queer ferlies fu' unco to see;
But the hale segregation made sma' agitation
Compared to the piping o' Donald MacPhee.

At market or fair aye the piper was there aye
When dawn's rosy streamers illumined his face,
Till the stars they were gleaming his chanter was screaming,
Nae sentry mair faithfu' e'er keepit his place
A bite o' a sausage in some gloomy passage
An' whiles a bit cupfu' o' coffee or tea;
His wants they were simple, his funds they were ample
An' grand as the piping o' Donald MacPhee.

To greet the engagements the fowk thranged in regiments,
Through the lang simmer days there was piping galore,—
He cheered up the quorum wi' blythe "Tullochgorum,"
An' saftened their hearts wi' "Lochaber No More."
Nae jeering nor curses but weel-opened purses
An' joy rich in revels an' innocent glee;
The tunes o' "Prince Charlie," the gay "Rigs o' Barley"
Enchanted the hearers o' Donald MacPhee.

But,—spirits fraternal,—ae day an auld Colonel
Wi' his head in the air an' a visage fu' keen

Came mantled in tartan an' bold as a Spartan,
He louped like an athlete at play on the green;
His een they were star-like, his aspect was war-like,
His voice a deep basso, an' bauldly says he,—
"Come give me a trial, I'll take no denial,"
An' he grippit the bagpipe frae Donald MacPhee.

Then he hotched an' he jerkit, his elbows he workit,
Wi' cyclonic fury he blew an' he blew;
His feet they kept beating, repeating—repeating,—
The ribbons they twisted, they fluttered, they flew;
The notes they kept coming, the drones they were humming,
The short anes on E aye, the lang ane on G;
The welkin was buzzin' while shakes by the dozen
Rang true frae the bagpipe of Donald MacPhee.

But ending the racket,—the wind-bag it crackit,
An' sad as the sough o' a storm-beaten sea,
A lang eerie moaning, the last waefu' droning,--
A harsh note o' discord to muffle the glee;
The bag, like a blether, it shrank in thegither
An' then the grand Colonel fu' bauldly spak' he,—
"Ne'er heed the disaster, take me for your master,"—
An' awa' he gaed linking wi' Donald MacPhee.

But nae need o' pity,—in country or city,—
A big man the Colonel, a rich man an' a',—
The noble Clanronald got new pipes for Donald
Wi' lang ells o' ribbons an' banners fu' braw.
An' closing my drama in fair Alabama
In evergreen gardens o' grandeur to see,
I'll lay you a wager there's no a pipe-major
That pipes in the splendor o' Donald MacPhee.

Now freends within hearing, be slow in your jeering,
When a douce man's in earnest juist let him abee;
There's hope in persistance an whiles in the distance
He'll come to big things like a stream to the sea;
It needs guts an' girsle fu' lonely to warsie,
But the bravest aye get to the tap o' the tree.
Awa' wi' back-turning, keep hope ever burning
An' think o' the triumphs o' Donald MacPhee.

Clan Cameron and Its Chiefs

(Reprinted by Request)

Clan Badge: Oak (*Darag*); Crowberry (*Dearca fithich*).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Cameron Tartan are: Cameron, Chalmers, Clark, Clerk, Kennedy, MacKail, Maclerie, MacMartin, MacOnie, MacOurlic, MacPhail, MacSorley, MacUlric, MacVail, MacWaldrick, Paul, Sorley, Taylor.

The Arms of the Clan is: Red, two gold bars.

Crest: A sheaf of five arrows tied with a gold band.

Motto: *Pro rege et patria.*

In all the Highlands there is no clan more famous at once for valour and chivalry than Clan Cameron. Their deeds of bravery in the Great Glen and out of it are not marked by the bloody ruthlessness which characterizes so much West Highland story, and alike for the chivalry with which he took up the cause of Prince Charles Edward when it seemed a forlorn hope, and for the influence which he exercised on the Highlanders during the entire rebellion, the Gentle Lochiel, as he was called, of that time, remains on the page of history a type of his family and race.

The name Cameron signifies Crooked Nose, and the story of the founder of the race remains embedded in the traditions of the West Highlands. In a corrupted form that story may be found in the opening chapters of James Ray's *Compleat History of the Rebellion of 1745*, and the present writer has heard it direct from the shepherds' firesides in Lochaber. The tradition runs that the first of the Camerons was not a Gael, but of British or Cymric race, and came originally from Dumbartonshire. Being a "bonnie fechtor," he was engaged in many quarrels, and in one of them suffered the disfigurement which gave him the name which he handed on to his descendants. Dumbartonshire having become too hot for him, he made his way to far Lochaber. There the Chief of the MacFheargaises was at the time in danger of being overcome by a neighboring clan with which he was at feud. He welcomed the stranger, and made him the offer of his daughter's hand and a fair estate for his assistance. This offer Cameron accepted, and having vanquished his host's enemies, found a settlement in the neighborhood, which his descendants have retained to the present day. A quaint part of the tradition as detailed by Ray is that, at a critical stage of his adventure, Cameron betook himself to his old nurse at Dumbarton. This dame, who was a noted witch, furnished her foster-son with a parcel of thongs, which she told him to tie to a fox's tail. This fox he was to let loose, and all the land it should run over on its escape should become his. Further, it would be converted to the same sort of territory as the last which the thongs touched on his father-in-law's estate. The sequel may be given in Ray's own words: "That Cameron might have a good estate as well as a large one, he let the fox loose upon a fine meadow just bordering upon MacDonald of Glengarry's estate, expecting to have all the promised land, and that it would consist of fine meadows. The charms were performed with great ceremony, and the fox turned out as the old woman directed; and that he might travel the faster and take the course they desired, they set dogs after him. The creature, glad of his liberty, and willing to preserve his life, endeavored to elude their chase by running into a little brook which passed through the meadow where he was set at liberty. The dogs then entirely lost him, and he kept along the channel till he came to the estate of Glengarry. Water being the last thing the enchanted thongs touched, as fast as the fox ran the land was overflowed, so that in the space of a few hours all the country for several miles together became one continued loch. The MacDonalds, affrighted at this sudden inundation, such of them as had time to escape, removed their habitation higher up into the mountains and left the lake and the adjacent hills to be peaceably enjoyed by Cameron and his followers. What became of the fox, or where he stopped, history does not relate, but from this loch it is called Lochiel, or the Lake of Thongs, from which the Chief of the Camerons takes his name.

According to Ray, the founder of the name was Sir Hugh Cameron, and the chronicler is good enough, notwithstanding

his strong prejudice against everything Jacobite, to say that there had been "a constant succession of great men, down from Sir Hugh, Knight of the Wry Nose, to the present Lochiel, famous in the late Rebellion." From a later warrior, Donald Dhu, who flourished in the end of the fifteenth century, the clan has also been known as the Race of Donald the Black, and it is from this ancestor that the unusual Christian name of the chiefs of the present day is derived. There is also a tradition that Lochiel is not the oldest branch of the family, this having been known as the Clan MacGilleau Obhi, a heroic tribe mentioned in some of the early poetic fragments ascribed to Ossian. According to this tradition, Lochiel acquired the family property in Lochaber by marriage with the MacMartins of Letterfinlay. The family genealogies assert that the actual ancestor of the Cameron chiefs was Angus, who married a sister of Banquo, Thane of Lochaber, slain by Macbeth in the eleventh century, and present a long line of chiefs descended from this worthy, who distinguished themselves highly in the wars and other history of the country.

One of the most famous and desperate of the feuds in which the Camerons were engaged was that with Clan Chattan, in the end of the fourteenth century, concerning the lands of Glenluie and Loch Arkaig, to which Mackintosh, the chief of the Clan Chattan laid claim. In the course of this feud the Camerons penetrated as far as Invernhaven, at the junction of the Truim and the Spey. There they were met by Mackintosh at the head of a force of Mackintoshes, MacPhersons and Davidsons. Just before the battle, a dispute took place between the Davidsons and the MacPhersons, who each claimed the post of honor, the right to lead the host. Mackintosh decided the delicate question in favor of the Davidsons, and as a result Cluny MacPherson in indignation withdrew his men. Thus weakened, Clan Chattan was defeated by the Camerons. That night, however, Mackintosh sent to the camp of the MacPhersons one of his bards, who treated the sullen clansmen to a poem in which their conduct in retiring from the fight was attributed, not to their sense of honor, but to their cowardice. This so infuriated the MacPhersons that they made a surprise attack upon the Camerons, whom they defeated and pursued with great slaughter to the confines of Lochaber. One of the results of this encounter remains among the most famous episodes in Scottish history. The MacPhersons and the Davidsons proceeded to fight out their claims to precedence with cold steel, and presently the uproar among the clans became so great that the King sent the earls of Crawford and Dunbar to quell it. In the end it was agreed that the matter should be decided by a combat between thirty men on each side, and the upshot was the famous battle within barriers on the North Inch of Perth, fought before King Robert III in 1396.

Among those who fought on the side of Donald, Lord of the Isles, at the Battle of Harlaw, in 1411, was John Cameron of Lochiel. The Camerons, however, afterwards found themselves at feud with the Island Lords, and in this feud suffered most severely, and were brought almost to extinction. It was in this emergency that the famous Chief, Donald Dhu, already referred to, achieved fame. Along with his son, the still more famous Allan Cameron, he restored the clan to a state of prosperity. Allan obtained from the Crown feudal charters of the lands of Loch Arkaig and Lochiel, to which the MacDonalds of Clan Ronald had laid claim, and by this means dealt a blow at these Lords of the Isles, which materially helped their downfall. The same Chief engaged in another feud with the Mackintoshes. At a later day he supported Ian Mudertach, when that warrior assumed the chieftainship of Clan Ranald, and he fought alongside the MacDonalds at Glen Lochy in 1544, when they defeated and killed Lord Lovat with nearly all his followers. In consequence of this last achievement, the Earl of Huntly was sent into Lochaber with an overwhelming force and seizing Lochiel and MacDonald of Keppoch, carried them to Elgin, where they were both beheaded.

Sixty-seven years later, still another disaster befell the Camerons. In the course of his mission to carry justice and pacification into the West Highlands, the Earl of Huntly had obtained certain rights of superiority over Lochiel's lands, and in 1594, when the Earls of Huntley and Errol, representing the Roman Catholic

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN AND LADY HERMOINE CAMERON

faction in the country, were making a stand against the Government, Lochiel's forces were ranged upon their side. The Camerons fought on that side at the Battle of Glenlivatt, where the Earl of Argyll, commanding the Protestant forces, was overthrown. For his distinguished share in this battle, Lochiel was outlawed and lost part of his estate, which was never afterwards recovered. Nine years later, Lochiel having agreed to become his vassal, Argyle attempted to wrest the superiority of the Camerons' lands in Lochaber from Huntly. On this occasion a number of the Camerons threw off their allegiance to Lochiel and entered into a plot to take his life. The Chief, however, laid an ambush for the plotters, slew twenty of them, and captured other eight. Again, for this, the Cameron Chief was outlawed, and Lord Gordon, Huntley's son, invading Lochaber, seized him and imprisoned him at Inverness.

Perhaps the most famous of all Highland chiefs was Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. Born in 1629, and brought up by the covenanting Marquis of Argyll, as a sort of hostage for his clan, he afterwards took the side of King Charles I. When Cromwell's forces overran the country, after the Battle of Dunbar, Lochiel held stoutly out against them. Twice with greatly inferior forces, he defeated the English invaders, and so continually did he harrass the garrison at Inverlochy that he kept it in a state of siege till the Governor was glad to accept peace on Lochiel's own terms. The Chief accordingly marched to Inverlochy with pipes playing and banners flying. He was received with a guard of honor, entertained to a feast, and on giving his word of honor to live in peace, was not only granted an indemnity for the crimes and depredations committed by his clan, but had all the loss sustained by his tenants made good, and received payments for the woods on his property which had been destroyed by the Inverlochy garrison.

The story is told how in one of these fights Lochiel found himself in death grips with a gigantic English officer. They lay on the ground together, neither of them able to reach his weapon. At last the Englishman saw his chance and reached out to recover his sword. As he did so, he exposed his throat, and this the Chief in his extremity seized with his teeth, and held till his opponent's life was extinct. When upbraided at a later day with the

savage act, he declared it was the sweetest bite he had ever tasted. It is this Chief who is said to have slain with his own hand the last wolf ever seen in the Highlands of Scotland; and his hardihood may be gathered from the story that on one occasion, when sleeping out in the snow, having observed that one of his sons had rolled together a snowball for a pillow, he rose and kicked away the support, exclaiming: "Are you become so woman-like that you cannot sleep without this luxury?" It is told of him that on one occasion at a later day, he attended the court of James VII to obtain pardon for one of his clan. The King received him with honor, and granted his request; then purposing to make him a knight, asked him for his own sword in order to give special distinction to the honor. But the sword was so rusted with the long rainy journey from Scotland that Lochiel found it impossible to draw it from its scabbard, whereupon, overwhelmed with shame before the courtiers, he burst into tears. The King, however, with ready tact, consoled him, "Do not regard it, my faithful friend," he said; "had the Royal cause required it, your sword would have left the scabbard promptly enough." He then gave the Chief the accolade with his own royal weapon, which he forthwith bestowed upon him as a gift. A day came when Lochiel had an opportunity of proving the King's saying true. At the Revolution, when the Royal Standard was raised in the Highlands by Viscount Dundee, he joined the Royal army with his clan and fought at Killiecrankie. He lived, however, to see great changes, and died in 1719, at the age of ninety, never, after all, having lost a drop of blood in any of the fights in which he had been engaged.

The son of this Chief joined the Earl of Mar's rising in 1715, and was forfeited for doing so, and it was his son again—the grandson of Sir Ewen—who was the Gentle Lochiel of 1745. But for him it is likely that the clans would never have risen for Prince Charles Edward. Courageous and loyal, with the highest sense of honor, he was held in the greatest esteem in the Highlands. When he went to meet the Prince at Borrodale, he was determined to have nothing to do with a rising, and it was upon a generous impulse, touched by the forlornness of the Royal adventurer, that, against his better judgment, he decided to throw in his lot with Charles. Following Lochiel's lead, the other chiefs came in, and the standard was raised at Glenfinan. Throughout the rising it was his influence which restrained the Highlanders from acts of plunder and violence. Among other things, the tradition runs, he prevented the sack of Glasgow, and for this reason the magistrates ordered that whenever Lochiel should visit the city, he should be greeted by the ringing of the bells. When the Jacobite cause was finally lost at Culloden, he was severely wounded, but he escaped to France, where his royal master gave him command of a Scottish regiment. He died abroad in 1478. The events of that time are commemorated in the well known piece of pipe music, "Lochiel's Away to France." It is pathetic to remember that the last victim of the Jacobite cause was Lochiel's brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, who was arrested on the shore of Loch Katrine during a mission to Scotland, when the Rebellion was over, and was tried and executed as a deterrent.

Another member of the clan who figures scarcely less notably in the literature of that time is Mistress Jean Cameron. This lady, as tutor for her nephew, Cameron of Glendessarie, in person brought a large body of the Camerons to join the Prince's standard at Glenfinan. The Hanoverian annalists of the time, like Ray, have taken courageous liberties with her reputation. Many writers, like Fielding, in his *Tom Jones,* make suggestive references to her career. It is certain, however, that at least one other individual traded upon and besmirched her name. This person, according to Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh,* represented herself as a cast-off mistress of the Prince, and after imposing upon the sympathies and support of Edinburgh Jacobites, died in a stair-foot of the Cannongate. She masqueraded in men's clothes and had a timber leg. The actual Mistress Jean Cameron of Glendessarie, however, had a character above reproach. She was a good deal older than the Prince. In later life she settled at Mount Cameron in East Kilbride, and according to Ure's *History* of that parish, she died and was buried there in all the odour of respectability.

The grandson of the Gentle Lochiel,

another Donald Cameron, was a Captain in the Guards, and married the Lady Vere. His descendant, again, the father of the present Chief, married a daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. And the present Chief himself, who succeeded in 1905, married Lady Hermoine Graham, daughter of the fifth Duke of Montrose. Lochiel has had a distinguished career. He served in South Africa during the war, in 1899 and 1901-2. In 1901 he was aide-de-camp to the Governor of Madras, and he was a Captain in the Grenadier Guards till his marriage in 1906. He has also essayed politics, having contested Sutherlandshire in the Unionist interest in 1910. In all matters in which the welfare of the Highlands is concerned, he takes an active part, and in the great emergency of the recent war he came forward in a fashion worthy of his ancestors, and characteristic of the Cameron clan, to raise two additional battalions of Cameron Highlanders for active service. One of these he himself commanded, and the esteem in which he was held has been proved by the fact that the men required came forward to join the colors within a few days after the announcement that Lochiel had received his commission. A notable detail of this enrollment was the rush of young men connected with Glasgow Stock Exchange to join the new battalions. Among these the name of Lochiel and the fame of the Cameron Highlanders acted like a trumpet call. It is amply evident that the present Cameron Chief is as loyal and as active in his country's service as any of his ancestors, and against his name it seems likely that there will fall to be written yet another notable chapter in the history of the clan.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

Who Are We, Any Way?

LET'S HAVE THIS QUESTION SETTLED

(The following interesting story originally appeared in a Philadelphia paper, and created so much comment, even among Scotsmen and Irishmen, that we deem it worthy the wider publicity of THE CALEDONIAN.)

WHO ARE THE IRISH?
James Macgregor Orr

The subject is a very exhaustive one, and to give detail would take up too much space. However, I shall be as brief as possible in dealing intelligently with the subject. The history of Ireland has been carefully written by Keating, Abbe MacGoeghegan, Darcy-Magee and others, but all taken from the Annals of the Four Masters, the only available source at their disposal.

I shall, however, follow the text as given by Monsignor MacGoeghegan, a distinguished cleric, who is thoroughly reliable.

In chapter III, page 54, he says: "It is probable that Ireland remained desert and uninhabited from the Creation to the Deluge, as up to that time there are no records to show any means of passing from one country to another. The ark constructed by Noah was designed by God Himself and given as a means of his (Noah's) preservation; therefore all history, from legendary sources, is utterly unreliable."

The finding some years ago of the Hittite stone, on which was engraved in the ancient Phoenician or Gaelic tongue: "We are the Canaanites who fled from the robber Joshua," would place the landing of these people about 1451 B. C., about or after the fall of the city of Jericho, which gives a possible and reliable date of first settlement. We have also the ruins of Baal temples, cromdeshs and round towers erected for Phallic worship practiced by the Canaanites and Phoenicians (see O'Brian's "Round Towers") as proof of the settlement at an early date. History mentions these people being followed by a settlement at Firbolgs and Firdomnians; but those evidently were miners in search of copper and other metals, as fir means man, and bolg a bag, and domnan one who handles a pick. The Firmorians also landed a colony and settled on the island. These were sea pirates, or men of the sea, and possibly Phoenician. Another colony came led by Nemedius, from Greece, and were known as Nemedians. History says this Nemedius was grand nephew of Partholan, who led the first colony into Ireland.

These colonies strove among themselves for many years for mastery, and traded down the Mediterranean with those of their native land, bringing copper, tin and other metals of which they made bronze swords and helmets, breastplates, etc. About 721 B. C., a race invaded the island which came from the borders of Palestine, and after conquering the previous settlers became masters of the island. They were known as the Tuatha DeDanians (otherwise the tribe of Dan),

(*Continued on page 266*)

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Who Are We, Anyway?

(*Continued from page 263*)

who had lived neighbor to the Phoenicians and Philistines, traded with them, spoke the same tongue, and were also idolators. MacGoeghegan says these last were highly skilled in magic (otherwise highly scientific), and some of them passed over to Norway and Denmark (evidently the Danes of the present day). They also brought with them a sacred stone called the Lia-Fail, used by the Irish kings at their coronation for hundreds of years, and now in Westminster Abbey, London, on which most all English kings have sat at their coronation. It was brought from Scotland by Edward V when he raided that country, and had been taken from Ireland by Fergus, the fortieth king of the Scots of Ulster, when he led a colony over to Scotland. It was deposited in the abbey of Iona for several hundred years.

These Tuatha De-Danians ruled the country for about 150 years, built a palace for their Queen Maacha, and called it Ard Maacha (now Armagh).

They also had another stronghold at Deir Calgach, now Londonderry (meaning the city in the field of oaks). They were destined, however, soon to share the fertile island with a kindred race from Spain, who came with a fleet of sixty ships of sail led by the eight sons of Milesius, with 2,000 people on board, who, after several attempts at landing and losing several of their ships, finally succeeded, and after fighting some hard battles with the DeDanians, settled in the island and ultimately divided among them the provinces as we have them in the island to this day.

We have no account of any further invasions until the coming of the Danes in the fourth century, and they continued to harass the country, finally subjugating it under their leader Turgesius about the year 838 A. D. He ruled the island for about twelve years, and finally was overcome by a stratagem and drowned in Lough Annin, County Westmeath. It was the Danes who built Dublin and many other cities in Ireland. They also built the raths and forts, which stand to this day, and many of them settled in the island.

MacGoeghegan gives no further invasion until the English came in 1170, under Richard, Earl of Pembroke, in Wales, at the request of MacMurrough, King of Leinster, to assist him in fighting his battles against O'Rourke, Prince of Brefney. Having defeated O'Rourke, Richard received the hand in marriage of Eva, MacMurrough's daughter; hence the first settlement of the English. A little later came the Normans, who also settled in the island and became largely its masters, and still so remain, especially in the south.

MacGoeghegan says, in chapter XVII, page 267: "The Irish nation has since the twelfth century been composed of two races, the ancient Irish and the English colonists who established themselves since then. He then gives a host of names of Norman and Welsh families who settled there, and where they came from in England, some of whom are boasting of their Irish ancestry when they truly were English a few generations ago.

Now I have given a synopsis of the many races who are still found in the island and can be designated by their type of countenance and shape of skull and other traits; and there are nine altogether, without the hated Ulsterites, who were but the descendants of the colony led by Fergus, King of the Scots, some hundreds of years before, and who returned at the request of King James I of Great Britain, to whom the Irish chiefs and princes swore allegiance at his accession as King of Great Britain and Ireland, being acknowledged as their rightful king. (See MacGoeghegan, chapter 51, page 561).

Having gone over the history as briefly as was possible, and also shown how the island became peopled by a series of conquests by different races, any careful student of Irish history can see how impossible it would be for a composite people, as the Irish truly are, to have any part or sect or religious community to say "we are the Irish," as all the races mentioned were pagans and phallic worshipers, besides worshiping the sun and the serpent, which St. Patrick destroyed by preaching the Gospel among them when he came in the fourth century. Many proofs can be produced to show that both the Tuathay De-Danians and Milesians were Israelites, both from the names and habits of the people and otherwise.

NOW, THEN, WHO WERE THE SCOT'SH?

That was a splendid article by J. O., entitled "Who Are the Irish?" I enjoyed it immensely. And it was instructive, as well as entertaining. That is the kind of stuff readers want. Of course, we can stand a little scrap between the farmers and the city men off and on and a set-to among the unionists and non-unionists, for variety; but, glory be! once in a while you really give us something worth while! Now, then, won't you kindly get "J. O." to tell us "who were the Scot'sh?" (Please observe that apostrophe, Mr. Printer—that's my own thought. Even Robert Louis Stevenson overlooked that when he was worrying about the C. in Scotch. I suppose "J. O." will make them out left-handed cusses. Tribe of Benjamin. What! Danes from the tribe of Dan, eh! Then who are the Corkonians, and who are the Aberdonians? PHINEAS PELEG.
Lansdowne, Pa.

WHO WERE THE SCOT'SH

Some weeks past your correspondent from Lansdowne with the patriarchal name of "Peleg" requested a history of the Scotch, and the writer, having received flattering encomiums from him for past efforts in historical research, would, after a sincere apology for lapse of time, endeavor to gratify his desire and so possibly appease his thirst for knowledge. In taking up the subject, however, I would ask the liberty to state that the history of Scotland deals only with some-

thing dear to the heart of every true Scot, and that is "facts." Legends such as found in connection with Irish history have no place, and fairy tales are taboo. The Scots don't claim to be all of royal descent and forget work to write songs and dream dreams of past glory which never existed, as in the case of poor and proud Ireland, but get down to business and build ships to carry the products of their thrifty cities to other parts of the world, stopping in an idle moment to indulge perchance in a dram of yellow whisky, which no doubt our patriarchal friend if possible would join the writer in, who is proud to have been of Scotch antecedents himself.

Our authority in giving our friend Mr. Peleg the desired information will be Buchanan, who was tutor to King James VI of Scotland and First of Great Britain and Ireland, and had in his day access to many ancient histories and genealogical books which have since been lost. Edward I in ravaging Scotland carried off not only the celebrated Coronation stone, now in Westminster Abbey, but books of pedigrees both of the Picts and Scots. In returning many of these books to the Scots in the reign of Charles II the ship in which they were sent met with disaster and the precious books disappeared. Fortunately, Buchanan had culled much information from them, which is contained in his history. He also quotes largely from Julius Caesar, Tacitus, Strabo and many other ancient writers, including Gildas, the first British author, who wrote in A. D. 560; and also Bede, who wrote contemporarily.

All these authors, says Buchanan, agree that the first settlers in Scotland occupied the east coast, and were known as Picts or Caledoni. They were Celts and came from Scythia, having first settled in Scandinavia, which has since the eleventh century been known as Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Tacitus, the Roman historian, says: "The Caledonians or North Britains were the people who fought Agricola at the foot of the Grampian Mountains." and also that they were the same stock as the South Britons has been proved to a certainty. Lucan, a celebrated poet, who died in the reign of Nero, says in one of his poems: "When the waves rage upon the Kentish coast the Caledonian Britons feel no storm." The account of the first meeting between these Picts or Caledoni and the Scots is given by Bede, who says: "Some ships mann'd by the Picts were driven on the coast of Ireland by a storm, and being destitute, having neither wives nor children with them, the Scots, who spoke the same tongue, advised them, as their country was already amply populated, to pass over to Albion, where they would find room; and having given them wives and provisions, they accordingly sailed and reached Albion, where they founded a settlement and were joined by many of the Scots from Ireland, who perceived that they were of the same lineage as themselves." Buchanan states that all the people in Ireland, which then was known as Scotia Major, were called Scots, which means free men or wanderers, the origin of the name being taken from the Hebrew "succoth," or a tent-dweller. Doubtless the Milesian and Tuath De Danin being the predominating races, the Iberian and Phoenician, who were previous settlers in the island, were made subservient and unrecognized as Scots. Albion was called Scotia Minor, and later became Scotland.

A series of quarrels now arose between the Picts and Scots for pre-eminence, and having no royal prince among the Scots, Fergus, the 40th King of the Dalriadic Scots (which is now known as County Antrim in Ulster, "Dal" meaning a dwelling place and "Reuda" the name of an ancestor of Fergus of the royal line), went over, taking with him the celebrated Stone of Destiny, on which he was crowned 330 B. C. by the Scots at Dumbarton, on the banks of the Clyde, as their lawful king, and to lead them in battle if necessary. (The original name of this place was Dun Briton, meaning the fort of the Britons, who had made a settlement there previously.)

This Fergus was thus the founder of the royal line of Scottish kings back to Heremon (the son of Melesius, King of Gaul), whose queen was Teamor, the daughter of the last king of Jerusalem, Zedekiah by name, who was carried to Babylon by Nebuchadnezar and died there. She was brought to Ireland by Jeremiah the Prophet, or Mur-Ollam of Irish history, and married to Heremon, Prince of the Scots, from whom the present royal line of Britain is descended. Her image is to be seen on an English penny. The complete pedigree of George V back to this union of Heremon and his queen, the princess royal, daughter of Zedekiah (both of the line of Judah), hangs in Buckingham Palace, London, and copies are sold by Kent & Company, of Paternoster Row, for ten cents. It has been discovered that Jeremiah died in Ireland after instituting the Royal Arch Chapter Degree of Masonry, and was buried in Devenish Island, Lough Erne, County Fermanagh; hence Jerry is a popular name in Ireland.

Scotland for a length of time had her troubles, but the Scots, under Kenneth, son of Alpin of the line of Fergus, succeeded in conquering the Picts and thus united both races into one people. Influxes of many of the same race of people came later and settled in Scotland, many of the Highlanders coming from Greece bringing the bagpipe and kilt and the names Hector and Helen. The Lowlands have a large population of Angles and Saxons, the names of cities being of Saxon origin, and the language of the Lowlander from Loughland, or banks of the Rhine, savors strongly of the German, although not German by race. Saxony in Germany received its name from being for many years the home of the Saxons, and with the incoming of the Normans, who were of the same race, many found a home in Scotland. Therefore my honored friend Phineas

Peleg, if he comes from Aberdeen, may feel proud; aye, mair prude than his Irish Corkonians, for since the day Galgacus addressed his army standing in his war chariot before his battle with the Romans, encouraging them to fight for their freedom and scorn to be slaves, they still remain the progressive and unconquered Scot'sh.

J. M. O.

All Hail to You Scotland !

BY A. MACKENZIE LAMB

(For The Caledonian)

All hail to you Scotland, ye sons of the North!
All hail to the land which gave you your birth!
From its soil came the sires of poets and preachers,
Of giants in frame, of famous world teachers;
The leaders of armies, the writers of fame—
All hail to the land from which they all came!

Far north of the Tweed lie the Grampian hills,
And on, farther north, is the race of strong wills.
Against them the Southlands long fought all in vain
And left them the masters of islands and main.
For Highland and Lowland, defending, persisting,
While seeming defeated, kept stead'ly resisting.

Then hail to *all* Scotland, ye sons of the North!
And hail to the land that gave you your birth!

The world 'cross the seas looks with pride on your sons,
Great masters in thought and in deeds of renown.
For where'er your children establish their home,
They honor the land from which they have come.
Their sons become leaders in Church and in State,
In all that contributes to make peoples great.
Then hail to these scions supplying our need
With virtues and graces from north of the Tweed!

In Flanders the lads of old Scotia were known
As "Ladies of Hell" with bagpipe and "gown."
They "didna retreat" when the onrush of Hun
Made death their sure portion and France their last home.
The World long has known of their valor O'er There:
While such heroes resist, Freedom need not despair.
We rev'rently say, "All hail to those dead,
Who fought for our freedom and died in our stead!"

The Manse, Cheswick, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Our Glasgow Letter

One of the most disastrous fires seen in Glasgow for a very long time occurred on the 2nd July, and raged continuously for three days. The area covered included a whole block of business premises and shops in East Argyle Street, near Trongate. It started in a drapery store, when it was crowded with Saturday shoppers, and great excitement ensued. Owing to the continued drought and the inflammable nature of the goods, the fire spread rapidly, and the whole block of buildings was one mass of flames in a very short time. Although the drapery warehouse of Messrs. Bowman was completely gutted, the magnificent work of the firemen prevented the fire sweeping right along Argyle street. There was, however, a very regrettable accident, when the falling of some debris buried two of the firemen beneath it, and their bodies were only recovered the following day. One of these men, Firemen Farquharson, had served during the war as a sergeant in the K. O. S. B. and had gained the D. C. M., while the other man, Fireman True, lost his wife only three months ago. The burial of these two heroes was an impressive sight, thousands of spectators lining the route.

It is roughly estimated that the loss by fire will amount to somewhere about £170,000.

The 4th of July, when the U. S. A. patriotically celebrated the Declaration of Independence, reminds us that two of the men who signed that historic document were born in Scotland. James Wilson, was born at St. Andrews in 1742, and John Witherspoon at Yester in 1722. Wilson died in 1798, and Witherspoon in 1794.

Glasgow has opened yet another public park, which some say will one day rival the incomparable Rouken Glen. Personally, we think it has a long way to go before it reaches the perfection of Rouken Glen, but that is probably a matter of opinion. In any case it is a very welcome addition to Glasgow's public playgrounds, and has the advantage of not being too far out of the city. It is called the Linn Park, and is situated in the suburb of Cathcart. It cost £10,000, and

its area extends to 180 acres. In course of time, we are informed, it will include among its attractions, an 18 hole golf course, bowling greens and tennis courts, and this we think is a step in the right direction. There is a large section of our city dwellers who long for some form of summer exercise, but who cannot afford to join the various clubs with high subscriptions and exclusive memberships. Such luxuries are the lot of the middle and upper classes, while the working classes have to go without.

Glasgow has spent altogether on the purchase of open spaces upwards of £671,591, and our Lord Provost Paxton declares we cannot have too many of these, what he terms "lungs" of the city.

The romantic marriage of Miss Mary Dykes to Prince Filippo Andrea Doria Pamphili, has caused a great deal of interest, especially in Scotland, as the lady is of that ilk. She is a nurse, and was nursing the Prince through a serious illness when the romance developed. Her careful and skilled nursing was largely responsible for the Prince's recovery, so what more natural than that his gratitude should develop into love? They were married on the 9th of July, and after the wedding, which was a very quiet one, they proceeded to Italy for their honeymoon. Miss Dykes, however, in marrying the Prince, evidently renounced her faith, as she was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

It seems that Aberdeen granite is not good enough for us these days—or perhaps too good—as we notice the Inverness Town Council has just agreed to place a contract for paving the streets with Norwegian granite. However, it is stated that the price quoted for the Aberdeen granite was over £4,000 more than the Norwegian. We do feel that the mighty have indeed fallen when Aberdeen has been turned down at her own door. There is something wrong somewhere, and it is worth looking into from the point of view of revised prices.

On July 7th the Duke of Atholl was capped LL. D., at Edinburgh University, but a rather curious position arises out of the fact that the Duchess of Atholl (renowned for her cleverness) has been for two years an LL.D. of Glasgow University, and what may not be generally known, an LL.D., of Edinburgh University has to give precedence to an LL.D., of Glasgow University, as Glasgow is the older University of the two. So that even now the Duke has not attained academic equality with his Lady. But we are quite sure this will not be a point of difference between them. The Duke and Duchess of Atholl are remarkably well suited to each other.

Talking of creating records reminds us that Mr. James Merson, Huntly, Aberdeenshire, has probably created one, in having spent 80 years on the same farm. When he was five years of age he went with his people to Craigwillie Farm, Huntly, where he worked on the holding as a youth, and then succeeded his father in the tenancy in 1865. He has just retired, and has been honored by the Strathbogie Farmers' Club. In his day Mr. Merson won distinction as a breeder of Clydesdales and Shorthorns.

Aberdeen seems always to be in the limelight for one thing or another. The latest claim to distinction fills us all with pride. Miss Alma Cook, who saved the life of a child, is the subject of our pride, and the deed that has won her honor is thus described. A child was crossing the roadway, unaware of danger, when a powerful motor car, in which were seated two wealthy people from Long Island, approached. At the critical moment the child fell, and to the onlookers it appeared she must be killed on the spot. But Miss Cook jumped into the danger zone, snatched the child from the ground, and, grasping the radiator cap of the motor as it leaped forward, vaulted on to the front part of the bonnet, the child safely locked in her arm. Then the young heroine darted off, and was only traced after much difficulty. Miss Cook has since received offers from several well known cinema companies to appear on the films, but as it is her intention to proceed to the East as a missionary, she can not be persuaded to change her mind. Her modesty is one of her greatest charms. Mr. and Mrs. Bolton Grant, the occupants of the car, succeeded after great difficulty in tracing her, and although they pressed upon her a handsome pecuniary reward, she declined to accept it. It is understood that steps are being taken to have her name submitted to the Carnegie Hero Fund Trustees, when the award is made for the bravest deed of the year. Miss Cook had a fine record during the war, having served in the South African Field Ambulance. On returning to Scotland she became a V. A. D. nurse, and has retained all her enthusiasm for her profession. The fact that she is a beautiful girl, and that such an incident would have turned the heads of most of us, speaks volumes for her strength of character. It is interesting to record that since the incident she has been married to Mr. Norman Taggart, a son of Ex-Provost Sir James Taggart, to whom she was engaged. It is understood she will shortly leave this country to take up her missionary work.

With the death of Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, which took place in London on the 11th of July, we have lost one of the finest Scotsmen and truest patriots our country has been able to boast of for a very long time. He was the champion of every cause for the betterment of Scotland, and a true son of a noble Scottish House. When one reflects that he was directly descended from King Robert the Bruce, and that more than one of his ancestors played notable parts in Scottish history, it is scarcely surprising that he was such a good patriot, but that does not always follow. Born at Kennet, Alloa, in 1849, he was educated at Loretto, Eton, and

at Oriel College, Oxford, where he was graduated M. A. About this time the family title, which had been attained in 1716 in connection with Jacobite complications was restored, and in 1876, he began his political career, having been elected a representative peer. From 1888 till 1892, he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and in 1895 he became Secretary for Scotland, with a seat on the Unionist Cabinet, and continued in this office for eight years. In 1901, he received the Freedom of Glasgow in recognition of his many services to the city. His Lordship's eldest son was killed in the war.

His funeral was a very simple affair, according to his wishes. The oak coffin was conveyed from Kennet House to the church, in an estate cart, and after a service in the church the coffin was conveyed to the family burying ground.

When, some time ago, as chairman of the Harry Lauder Fund, it was suggested that the fund should be incorporated in that of an English fund with a Royal Title, it was Lord Balfour of Burleigh whose voice was strongest against it, and it was not done at that time. This was before Sir Harry got his title of course, and we are not in a position to say what has happened since to the Harry Lauder Fund, whether it is being distributed for the benefit of Scotsmen only or not. We do know that when Sir Harry was making his appeals on behalf of the fund, one of his most telling points was the assurance that this was a Scottish fund, raised by Scottish people, for the benefit of Scottish soldiers. And yet not long after that we believe he had no objection to incorporating this purely Scottish fund with a purely English one, a question which should have been decided by the contributors to the fund and not by Harry Lauder.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh's place will never be filled. He was one of a school of Scotsmen unfortunately fast dying out, whose love of country, and staunch patriotism where Scotland was concerned will ever be affectionately remembered in the hearts of all true Scots.

We were very nearly proud of the attainment of "Jock" Hutchison of U. S. A. in winning the British Golf Championship this month, but for the fact that the said gentleman, by his tactless behaviour, to put it politely, alienated any pride we, or. anyone else, might have felt in his success. We are rather ashamed of his being a Scotsman, and we rather think our good friends of the Stars and Stripes will not appreciate any more than we do, the slur he cast on the country of his birth, when, on being asked whether he regarded himself as a Scotsman or an American, he replied: "American, of course, when I change I do it for the better." To use a well known Scottish proverb, "It's an ill bird that files its ain nest," and no one will think the more of Hutchison because of his remark. His general attitude while here was not calculated to make him popular. He complained of the lack of ceremony on the presentation of the trophy, when of course a bigger man would have been delighted. We are afraid he is suffering from swelled head, and we hope, for his own sake, he will recover and benefit from his experience. We have nothing to regret in his denial of his country, and the U. S. A. has nothing to gain. But for his early training at St. Andrew's he would probably never have reached his present mastery of the game, but let us forget him. The greatest names on the roll of history are those of patriots, but as Jock Hutchison will probably never adorn that roll, it is not a matter of importance as far as he is concerned.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The Shepherd to His Love

BY VIOLET JACOB

Abune the hill ae muckle star is burnin'
Sae saft an' still, my dear, sae far awa',
There's ne'er a wind, noo day to nicht is turnin',
To lift the branches of the whisperin' shaw;
Ay, Jess, there's nane to see,
There's just the sheep and me,
And ane's fair wastit when ther micht be twa!

Alang the knowes there's no a beast that's movin',
Thae sheep o' mine lie sleepin' in' the dew;
There's jist ae thing that's wearyin' and rovin',
An that's mysel', that wearies, wantin' you.
What ails ye, that ye bide
In-by—an' me ootside
To curse an' daunder a' the gloamin' through?

To haud my tongue an' aye hae patience wi ye
Is waur nor what a lass like you can guess;
For a' your pranks I canna but forgi'e ye,
I' fegs! there's naucht can gar me lo'e ye less;
Heaven's i' your een an', whiles,
There's heaven i' your smiles;
But oh! ye tak' a deal o' courtin', Jess!

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

A Man's a Man For a' That

(Dedicated to Walter Scott of New York, after reading his address at the unveiling of the Burns Monument, Detroit, Mich., July 23, 1921.)

The justly famous Scottish sang
"A Man's a man for a' that."
Some will insist on readin' wrang
When loudly they hurrah that.
They would obscure a fact immense,
As true as good, for a' that,
That Burns demanded *worth* and *sense*
In brotherhood for a' that.

He didna care if we were rich
Or livin' bare and a' that;
A darger delvin' in a ditch
Or millionaire and a' that.
He didna speir what bit o' earth
We micht prefer and a' that,
If we had only *sense* and *worth*
We brithers were for a' that.

Then comin' doon to ae sma' test
In Rabbie's mind for a' that,
The Honest Man was still the best
O' humankind for a' that.
Though rich or famed or kept obscure
By luck malign and a' that,
With Honesty still sterling pure
The Man would shine for a' that.

Though aft a chiel be scant o' pence,
While weel and hale and a' that
Wi' Honesty and Worth and Sense
He canna fail for a' that.
And he may pose by Wealth or Birth
In place and dress and a' that
Yet lacking *Sense* and *Honest Worth*
Be nae success for a' that.

JAMES D. LAW.

"Clovernook," Roxborough,
Philadelphia, Pa., August 2, 1921.

Boston Games Draw a Large Crowd

The annual picnic and games of the Associated Clans of Boston and vicinity, were held at Caledonian Grove, West Roxbury, on Labor Day, September 5th. More than 10,000 persons were present, coming from all parts of the State.

Mayor Peters of Boston was a guest in the afternoon and addressed the gathering. He was introduced by Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, who with Colonel Matheson of the Canadian Army, had journeyed to Boston to attend the picnic. Colonel Scott, who has attended the games in Boston for many years, is an old friend and the gathering seemed loth to divide its demonstration in his behalf with their distinguished guest. But Mayor Peters was in an exceedingly happy humor and received a notable ovation.

Many persons enjoyed dancing in the pavillion, while in the late afternoon many in addition to watching the Scottish games and track events, enjoyed also the events of members of the clans.

At the Massachusetts State Prison

Colonel Walter Scott, the friend of the inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown, on Labor Day, addressed the men who had assembled in the yard for their regular holiday observance.

The Highland Dress Band of Boston accompanied Colonel Scott to the prison where he was met by Warden Shattuck and the officers of the institution. It was the first time that the prisoners had ever met Colonel Scott and they gave him a warm welcome.

Mr. Scott was introduced by Warden Shattuck, and said in part:

"Ladies, Mr. Warden and assistant, and you, my friends: I want you to know that I use the word 'friend' advisedly, for even at a long distance from you I have tried, in a quiet way, to be your friend, and have felt from your many letters, and from those of your number I have met, that with but two exceptions you were mine.

"I appreciate that most of you are familiar with the old saying to the effect that to have a friend you must be one. And so to-day we meet eye to eye and face to face as friends, and I can guarantee on my side that as far as God and you permit, I shall remain one.

"The introduction of your Warden reminds me very forcibly of the old saying, 'Lord, save us from our traducers and our introducers,' but I should not be honest with myself, or you, or obey the dictates of my heart, if I did not take advantage of this opportunity to let you know how glad I am to be with you all to-day, so that we may

look into each other's faces and know them, and thus have a better understanding each of the other.

"And I certainly shall take advantage of this opportunity to thank you—one and all—not only those who are within the hearing of my voice, but others who have been here and have gone, for the beautiful set of resolutions that you sent me a short time ago. I have in my possession many treasures that have been presented to me from time to time, but I can assure you that none occupies a warmer place in my heart or a more prominent position in my office than this gift of yours, where it is seen and read by many.

"I also want to thank a large number of you for the fine heart letters that you have sent me, which I can assure you have been highly appreciated on account of the confidences that you have given me. Even in New York you are all nearer to me than you think, for I feel acquainted with your 'father' —the Warden—and his assistants, also with Father Murphy and Dr. Whitney. But now I shall know you all better on account of this gathering, also your friend, Mr. Prussian, who, let me tell you, should have been in Montreal this morning, but who on account of this meeting has remained over at a sacrifice. So you can see that you are thought of by those interested in you.

"Your reception of the Pipe Band and the dancers certainly gladdened my heart, for I can assure you that all with a drop of Scottish blood in their veins are proud of the Highlanders and of the Highland Bagpipes. We love the music; we love the costume; and we love the little land they hail from. They are all American-Scotsmen. I wonder how many of you men know the number of pipers who took part in the late great struggle which proved that might does not make right,—pipers similar to these men who stand before you. Let me tell you. Ten thousand of them were there to do their duty. They were not armed, as you can see, except with that short dirk by their side. Their duty was to play the pipes—to help to lead other men over the top—and the credit of many a victory achieved in the war belongs to the pipers. Among those on this platform are several who have had that experience—one in particular who was wounded several times, losing his pipes in the charge, and who now has in his arms a set presented to him, in behalf of the whole battalion, by the Prince of Wales. Every man, to his credit, did his full duty that others might do theirs; and so with you and with me—each individual has his duty to perform in this life, and if we would realize this it would be far better for all of us.

"And now, my friends, may I assure you that I am not here to give you an address or a lecture, or even to proffer advice, for I am one of those who believes in his heart that, God helping him, each man, according to his environment, is a committee of one to make of his life what he will. But I will say in passing, with the kind permission of the Warden, that I believe the legislators of this great State of Massachusetts, or of any other State that has homes similar to this, could help in a very large measure to make better citizens of those who have stumbled, and who are suffering the penalty by losing their liberty, if they would pass a law allowing each man to be paid for work done while deprived of his liberty. If wages were paid for work accomplished beyond a certain amount, then I would say that a fixed percentage of a man's earnings should be sent to his family, if he had one, and the balance reserved for him until such time as he might leave to renew his life in the larger world, when he would have enough in his pocket to keep body and soul together, to retain his self-respect, and to pay his fare to points where he could seek employment. I believe that if such a law were passed we might have fewer men paying a penalty to the State the second time than is now the case.

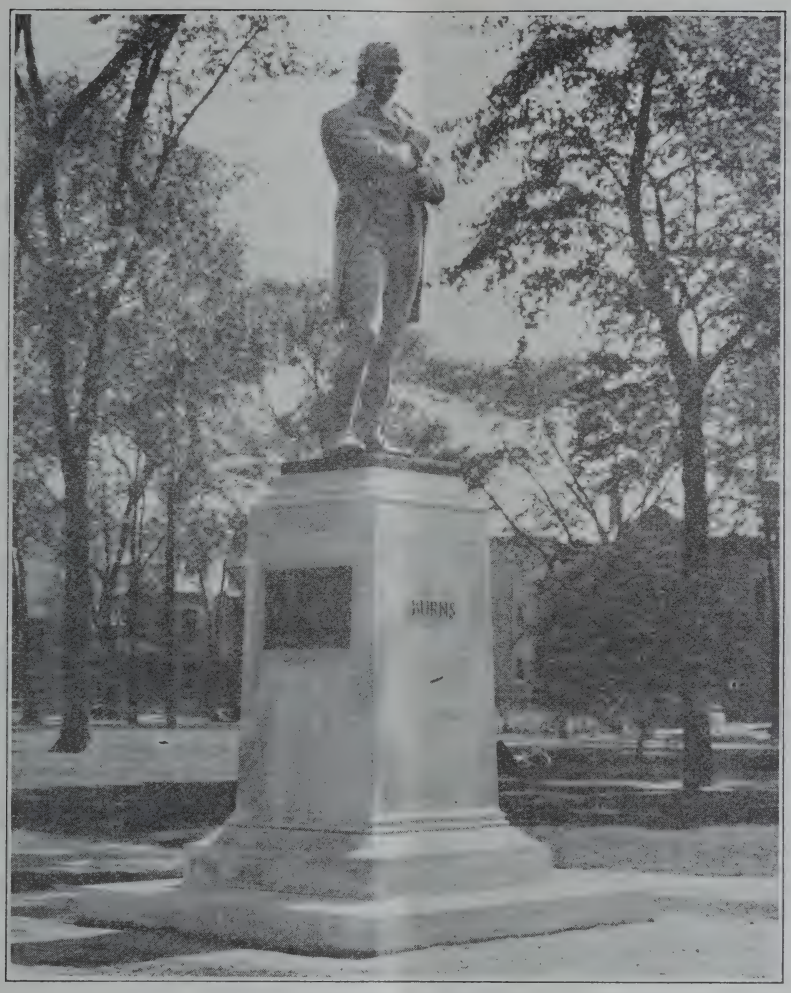
"I must confess to you that I would have been here before, but I have been a little afraid I might say something that would hurt; and yet on the train last night I said to myself, 'Walter, if you were inside the walls of this big home here (and, by the way, as a boy I lived within a thousand feet of your entrance), what would you do? And the answer was that if I were here I would try to be the best man in the place, so that when ready to go out into the world again it would be with a clean slate and the hearty endorsement of your Warden (your 'father,' as I call him). And then I would try to do the things in the big world that are right and proper, so that it would be better off because I had lived in it.' "

Before the athletic events began there was an exhibition of sword dancing by Gennie and Nellie Irving.

After a short reception, Colonel Scott left for New York, but before he left Warden Shattuck announced to the men that through the Colonel's generosity he was able to purchase enough cigars so that each man would be supplied for the remainder of the day and what was left over were to go to the winners of the athletic contests which began immediately after Colonel Scott left.

After Colonel Scott's departure the prison inmates drew up a set of resolutions in which they addressed him as "Friend-Benefactor-Altruist." The greetings read:

"The gratitude that is moved by such frequent demonstrations of kindness and philanthropy as yours have been to us is too far beyond expressing for us to make more than a feeble attempt at it. We thank you heartily and sincerely for having included us amongst the frequent recipients of your famed generosity, and we sincerely hope that it may be our good fortune to justify the faith and confidence and love you have for your fellow men. God speed your every effort to further the happiness of all, and may they come to love you as do the inmates of Massachusetts State Prison."



ROBERT BURNS' STATUE, DETROIT, MICH.

Dedication Speech of President W. A. Neilson of Smith College at the Unveiling of the Robert Burns Statue at Detroit, Mich., July 23, 1921.

A hundred and sixty years ago, the spot where we now stand lay in the midst of a wilderness through which roamed bands of savages. No European had ever seen it, save an occasional wandering Frenchman. At that date there was born in a small cottage in the southwest of Scotland a boy who never travelled as far as two hundred miles from his birthplace, and who died in middle life a petty officer in the excise. To-day, in the heart of a great cosmopolitan city, standing where once was that wilderness, a group of that obscure Scot's countrymen have met to dedicate a monument raised in his likeness. What is the meaning of this extraordinary event? Why, after so long a stretch of time, four thousand miles away, should we be standing beside this statue, cast in immortal bronze, in honor of that peasant? To attempt an answer to this question is, as I conceive it, my task this afternoon.

The emotions which find vent in such self expression as culminates in this act of ours to-day are the emotions of gratitude and admiration. Only achievements which stir us to acclaim their author as displaying extraordinary and admirable powers, only services which we feel to have done something to ennoble and enrich life, can account for a manifestation such as this. So we are led to recount once more the achievements and services accomplished by Robert Burns for Scotland and for humanity.

The performances which first made Burns known beyond his immediate family and social circle, which made him a figure to be talked about and pointed out on his country-

side, were in the field of satire. This satire dealt mainly with moral and religious conditions, and to get its point we must remind ourselves of some of these conditions. The Scotland into which Burns was born was a country still cowering under the blessings of the Protestant Reformation. The Scottish church of the Middle Ages needed reformation badly, and when it came, it came with a vengeance. From no country was Romanism expelled with more vehemence, and the pendulum swung far to the opposite extreme. To the tyranny of the priest succeeded the tyranny of the Presbyterian minister, and no corner of life was free from his domination. Not only worship and belief, but social custom and private conduct fell, to a degree hardly conceivable to-day, under the direction of the clergy. Such power as they possessed is never good for human nature, and it resulted in intolerable oppression to the community and often in stagnant dogmatism and private hypocrisy in the ministry. During the eighteenth century, however, Scotland was visited by an intellectual awakening which gradually produced a movement of resistance to the pressure of the Kirk. A group, known as the New Lichts, began to protest against the emphasis on orthodox belief as opposed to decent behavior, and their daring roused the Auld Lichts to fury. Burns grew up to manhood with an intelligent grasp of theology, and his lively temperament soon decided on which side he should fight. Private lapses of his own brought him under church discipline and naturally did not create any great friendliness towards the instruments of his punishment. Less warranted intrusions in the case of friends roused his indignation against narrow fanatics whose own way of life did not in his opinion justify their assumption of the role of mouthpieces of the Divine displeasure. Under these motives he burst into a series of satires and invectives that were read with secret glee by many who had not in themselves the courage to resist. He discovered that he possessed not only a fluency of riming and a happy gift of caricature, but a command of stinging phrase and epithet which maddened his victims. There is little question but that Burns's satires and epistles were a potent force in exposing the humbug of the Holy Willies, and in furthering the movement for greater freedom of thought and a more sincere and lofty rule of conduct in the Scotland of his day.

In all this Burns was not fighting religion. Through all the vicissitudes of his career he remained a believer in genuine religion, and his work in breaking down the bigotry and intolerance of the Auld Lichts was a service to true religion.

His satires, however, were not confined to personalities and local scandals. At times he rose above these to attack the perennial weaknesses of general human nature, and in verses like those to The Unco Guid or The Rigidly Righteous he gave utterance to protests which were valid everywhere and always. The poem, which may be taken as typical of his universal as distinct from his local satire, is on the face of it, an appeal to those who are above temptation to be merciful to their weaker brothers and sisters. But its point does not lie merely in the call to humility and charity,

> "Then at the balance let's be mute
> We never can adjust it,
> What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

finely put though that is, but in the archness and sly humor which insinuates that

> Ye what are sae guid yersel,
> Sae righteous and sae holy,
> Wha've naught to do but mark and tell
> Your neibors's fauts and folly,

are after all, if the inner truth were known, not so innocent and flawless. Here, as elsewhere in the best of Burns's satire, what keeps it from degenerating on one side into mere scolding and on the other into mere preaching, is the sense of comedy, the honest laughter which is the best antidote for the foolish pretensions of mankind.

In the course of his satire, Burns incidentally gives many vivid glimpses of the life of the country and small towns in which he spent his youth. These glimpses are enlarged into detailed pictures in the series of poems, descriptive and narrative, which have made the life of the Ayrshire peasantry in the eighteenth century familiar to thousands of readers over all the world. In "The Cotter's Saturday Night" we are brought into the intimacies of the family life which accounted for much that was most fundamental in Burns' own character; and, more than that, we are given an insight into the springs of thought and feeling which account for important elements in the Scottish character in general, the elements which have led men, wherever Scotsmen have settled, to reckon on them as solid and stable factors in the community.

But Burns does not paint the life he knew as made up solely of piety and patriotism. "The Holy Fair," with its mixture of evangelical fervour and debauchery, elaborates the view given in the ecclesiastical satires of the seamy side of Scottish religion, and its candor gives us assurance that we are being shown the life of the time through no rose colored glasses. "Hallowe'en" shows us the peasantry at play, and preserves a score of folk games and folk beliefs, now, alas, only too faintly surviving. In "Tam O' Shanter," a legend of the countryside is retold with rollicking humor, and incidentally shows us the genial inside of the public house as well as the ungenial domestic hearth. Finally, in "The Jolly Beggars," Burns reached the triumphant height of his powers in artistic portraiture. He chose as scene the lowest hovel he had ever visited, as time a Saturday night, as characters the dregs of society—a gang of tramps and deadbeats destitute of manners, morals and reputation. He displays them in the depths of their degradation, wallowing in sensuality;

and he makes no attempt to palliate or excuse. Yet in human nature reduced to such terms and displaying itself in such conditions he finds so abounding a vitality, such a capacity for asserting the joy of living, that the result is superb, exhilarating, triumphant.

I select only a few titles, but these are enough to remind us that in this field also we have ground for gratitude and admiration, gratitude that the old Scottish scene is in these narrative and descriptive poems fixed and perpetuated, admiration for the fidelity, sympathy, and unsurpassable vivacity of the record.

Yet, pungent as are the satires, graphic and lifelike as are the descriptions, had Burns produced only these, I doubt if we should have been celebrating his genius at this time and place. His supreme claim to our gratitude and admiration lies not in these, but in what he did for Scottish song.

It is a common impression that Burns's songs are chiefly the outcome of the succession of love affairs, which, according to popular legend make up his biography. Now we have Burns's word for it that—

> The sweetest hours that e'er he spent
> Were spent among the lasses, O!

and a number of his most exquisite lyrics undoubtedly give utterance to emotions roused by real women. Songs like "Mary Morison," "My Nannie's Awa'," and others addressed to Mrs. McLehose, the whole series relating to Highland Mary, and those dedicated to Jean Armour can be related to known individuals and often to special occasions. But it is a mistake to suppose that every time Burns wrote a song in terms of gallantry to a woman, either he or she thought he was in love, or that we are on the trail of another amour. The forms of politeness vary from age to age, and in Burns's day the language of polite compliment in verse was often such as, in our more literal days, would be regarded as giving ground for a breach of promise suit. Take an instance. One day when making an afternoon visit Burns met an attractive girl who was leaving next day for England. He admired her and wished to tell her so. He was not in love with her, and neither she nor anyone else at that time supposed he was. But his homage took the form of these verses:

> O, saw ye bonie Lesley,
> As she gaed o'er the Border?
> She's gane, like Alexander,
> To spread her conquests farther!
>
> To see her is to love her,
> And love but her for ever;
> For Nature made her what she is,
> And never made anither!
>
> Thou art a queen, fair Lesley—
> Thy subjects, we before thee!
> Thou art divine, fair Lesley—
> The hearts o' men adore thee.
>
> The Deil he could na skaith thee,
> Or aught that wad belang thee:
> He'd look into thy bonie face.
> And say—"I canna wrang thee!"
>
> The Powers aboon will tent thee,
> Misfortune sha'na steer thee:
> Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely,
> That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
>
> Return again, fair Lesley,
> Return to Caledonie!
> That we may brag we hae a lass
> There's nane again sae bonie.

No wonder a man who could turn off compliments like that was popular with ladies! But we make ourselves ridiculous if we treat such charming and casual effusions either as the utterance of passion or the ground for scandal.

The great majority of Burns's songs, however, have no relation to particular persons or occasions at all, but are the result of a set of curious circumstances. A knowledge of these circumstances is necessary to understand not only the origin of these songs but the nature and extent of Burns's service to his country.

I spoke a few minutes ago of the severity of the Puritanism which descended on Scotland with The Reformation. It is doubtful whether any of the Reformed countries suffered from so extreme a repression of all sides of life save the moral and religious. All forms of art underwent an eclipse, for beauty was feared and joy suspected. There had existed a large body of popular song set to folk melodies of great beauty. But the new type of godliness saw only danger in music and song, and the only vent for lyrical emotion permitted was the psalm tune. Human nature, however, is not so easily made over; and there remained times when the old songs cropped out again in spite of the minister. Such occasions were Kirns or harvest homes, fairs, and the great domestic festivities—christenings, weddings and funerals. All of these were apt to call for a considerable amount of whisky; and with the courage which this supplied, after the minister went home, the wee sinful fiddle might be brought out, and the old songs and dances indulged in once more. Inevitable as some such outlet may have been, the conditions were not favorable for preserving either the literary quality or the decency of the folk-songs. When after nearly two hundred years of this clandestine existence these popular songs reached the ears of Burns, they had become as poetry a pretty sorry lot. But the music could not be defiled and therein lay the possibility of a new birth of Scottish song.

When Burns was in Edinburgh enjoying his short blaze of social recognition, he met a certain James Johnson, an almost illiterate engraver of music, who had formed a plan for publishing a large collection of Scottish songs with music. The music he was able to gather, but, when it came to the words, he found to his dismay that, after the treatment I have described, the popular songs of Scotland were quite impossible for volumes that were meant to adorn drawing-room tables. In his dilemma he appealed to Burns and asked him to make over or rewrite the disreputable lyrics, that his

patrons might have respectable words to sing to his music. Later, a similar request came from a George Thomson who had on hand a similar undertaking, and Burns came to the aid of both men with will. He had always been fond of the native melodies, and though no great musician, could whistle a tune or pick it out on the fiddle with sufficient accuracy. Of the old words he had a wide knowledge. He had collected broadsides and chapbooks, and he knew by heart many a song picked up in the tavern or the lodge. Johnson and Thomson sent him their tunes and what words they could gather, and he sent them back altogether about 250 made-over songs.

The extent of the making over varied from song to song. Sometimes only the theme could be preserved, sometimes the chorus, sometimes a line here and there, again a group of stanzas. Whatever was worth retaining he retained, what had to be filled in he invented. But the miraculous thing was that the result in each case was not a patchwork of silk on flannel, of apparent literary artifice on naive popular tradition, but integral poems, each in its own mood and its own individual manner. In the vast majority of poems it is impossible to tell from internal evidence where the old verses end and Burns begins. I will restrict myself to one or two illustrations:

ORIGIN OF MCPHERSON'S FAREWELL

I spent my time in rioting,
Debauched my health and strength;
I pillaged, plundered, murdered,
But now, Alas! at length
I'm brought to punishment condign
Pale death draws near to me;
The end I ever did project,
To hang upon a tree.
Then wantonly and rantingly
I am resolved to die:
And with undaunted courage I
Shall mount this fatal tree.

MCPHERSON'S FAREWELL

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword,
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife:
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly, gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round
Below the gallows-tree.

Only the refrain borrows anything but the situation from the old verses.

In the following only the first four lines are old, the rest is Burns's:

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie!
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

It is difficult to emphasize the extraordinary nature of this accomplishment. It is almost without a parallel in the history of literature, and, so far as I am aware, no attempt of the kind has ever been carried out with a tithe of the success. The task required a perfect feeling for the old poetry, for the manner of folk-song, a sensitive ear for the music, and an almost incredible literary tact. The poet had to be simple without seeming to try to be simple, had to be clever yet show no sign of cleverness and had to suppress all evidence of conscious literary skill. Yet it was artistry of the most difficult and delicate sort.

The work occupied Burns's leisure for the last quarter of his life, and it was done in the spirit of patriotic service. Though the undertakings of both Thomson and Johnson were commercial, Burns, though then as always in hard straits for money, refused any financial compensation, and took his reward in doing it "for puir auld Scotland's sake."

But a greater reward than he dreamed of has been his. The magnitude of his service he could hardly have had any idea of. To a country impoverished artistically he restored the most wide-spread and universally enjoyed form of art, and gave Scotland such a body of popular song, melodious, joyous and pure, as hardly any other people possesses.

Such is the great, the unique, ground for our gratitude and admiration. Scotland has had other singers, but were all Scottish song lost save that of Burns, Scotsmen would still find in his poems utterance melodious and satisfying for the whole range of feelings which demand a lyrical outlet. The love of a lad for a lass, of a lass for a lad, of the old married couple, of mother and child, the joy of good fellowship, the exaltation of alcohol, the sentiment of loyalty to country, to the chosen leader, to old comrades, the appreciation of nature, the inconsolable grief for the lost, affection for bird and beast and flower, the sense of the brotherhood of humanity and of the fatherhood of God,—such are the themes of the songs of Robert Burns.

Many of these, it will be noted, are not local or national but universally human; and that is why Burns is not merely the proud possession of Scotsmen, but one of the poets of the world. In spite of a dialect possessing great difficulties as well as great charm, he is read and loved among all literate peoples, and his appeal knows no limit of rank and class. It is thus no impertinence that leads this body of exiled Scots to seek to erect in this alien city a memorial to the man who is at once the great glory of their people and a divine gift to all the world. We dedicate this statue to the memory of Robert Burns, in the faith that his memory will live always in the hearts of Scots and Americans alike, remembering that of all writers he is the poet of the perennial hope.

That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Cameron McLean, Baritone

Whose singing caused a

SENSATION

At the Royal Clan Banquet

Proclaimed by Press and Public as

The Greatest Interpreter of Scottish Song in America

AVAILABLE FOR CONCERTS AND RECITALS

New York Recital, Aeolian Hall October 19th

Personal Address, 3938 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

42nd Convention, Order of Scottish Clans

The forty-second convention of the Royal Order of Scottish Clans, held in the Masonic Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y., August 16-19, was the most successful on record. Programs of business and entertainment were carried out in flawless fashion, under expert supervision, and the delegates and their wives finally left for home expressing their delight at Brooklyn's overflowing bounty and hospitality. Incidentally, the picturesque features that colored the four days' session did much to give needed publicity to this great Order. The New York newspapers were very generous in reporting the many features of the Convention.

The Royal Officers and a number of the delegates arrived in New York in time to participate with the New York Scottish organizations in the impressive exercises on Sunday in Central Park in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott. However, the greater number arrived on Monday, August 15, and thronged Hotel McAlpin, where Secretary McCree of the Joint Convention Committee and others extended a cordial welcome.

RECEPTION BY CLAN CHISHOLM

The social festivities of the convention began with a reception, on Monday night, given by Clan Chisholm, of Brooklyn, at the Parkway Assembly rooms. D. W. Chisholm, founder of the clan, was in the chair and conducted the ceremonies in an impressive manner. The Royal Officers were escorted into the room by a degree team of fourteen kilted clansmen captained by Past Chief J. W. Stirling to the piping of Clansmen Angus Fraser and MacMillan. An initiation by the degree team followed; then speeches by the Royal Officers, Royal Tanist Walter Scott and Royal Chief Findlay being received with great enthusiasm and Past Royal Chief R. W. Steen, of Braidwood, Ill., giving a sympathetic talk on the aims and objects of the Order. The ladies of Clan Chisholm came in for great praise for their share of the program, which closed a most enjoyable evening.

OPENING SESSION

The convention was formally opened at 9:30 Tuesday morning at the Masonic Temple, Brooklyn. The hall presented a fine appearance, an outstanding feature of the decorations were large paintings of the armorial bearings of the sixteen clans of the Metropolitan district, the work of Mr. George A. Wotherspoon, who was also the artist of the large Highlander poster. J. McLean Johnston, chairman of the Convention Committee was in the chair and welcomed the Royal Officers and Royal Clan to New York and Brooklyn. Mayor Hylan and Commissioner Joseph A. Guider (representing Borough President Riegelmann), escorted by

pipers, then entered the hall. In the escorting party were Royal Chief Findlay, Royal Tanist Scott, William Bone, Chief of Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn, and MacNeil of Barra. Chief Bone introduced the Mayor and Commissioner to the chairman, who in turn introduced them to the Royal Officers and the Royal Clan.

Mayor Hylan was accorded a royal reception. He reviewed the work of the city and on several occasions had to refer to "wee Duncan MacInness" who knows more about the city than any man alive. The Mayor made some happy sallies and told the delegates the city was theirs. Commissioner Guider followed with a highly humorous, taking speech, which put every one in excellent humor.

Past Royal Chief Steen was called upon to thank the Mayor for his welcome, praised his work, and said it was indeed an auspicious thing for the order that the Mayor of the greatest city in the world had honored them so markedly, as he had done.

After the Mayor and guests had retired, Royal Tanist Scott read a letter from James MacCash, the venerable founder of the Order, who at the time convention was meeting was celebrating his 87th birthday in St. Louis, Mo., where he organized the first clan of the Order in 1878, Clan MacKenzie, No 1.

After the reading of the letter, the Royal Tanist put in the form of a resolution a response he proposed should be made to the communication, eulogizing the revered founder. Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInnes seconded the resolution, and it was adopted with enthusiasm.

PARADE AND OUTING

The parade of the Clans, headed by Past Chief P. Robertson, of Clan Chisholm and Pipe Major Angus Fraser, took place in the early afternoon, followed by a grand sightseeing outing in large busses, which journeyed through Manhattan to Grant's Tomb and back through Brooklyn and Prospect Park to Coney Island. There a "duck dinner" was waiting them at Stauch's, and afterward Coney Island and Luna Park were turned over to the visitors for a "real Scots nicht."

BUSINESS SESSION

On Wednesday the delegates got down strictly to business at 9:15 a. m. and spent a long, busy day.

Following were the convention committees:

Credentials and Returns—Thomas R. P. Gibb, Royal Secretary; Alexander Reaich, Clan Campbell, No. 28; George C. Hurst, Clan McClean, No. 9.

Dispensations and Charters—J. Lindsay Hoyt, Clan McKenzie No. 230; Alexander Kennedy, Clan Douglas, No. 3; John M. Findlay, Clan McLean, No. 105.

Press and Printing—Lachlan F. Blair, Clan Campbell, No. 206; D. G. Presgrave, Clan Campbell No. 116; John McLean Johnston, Clan McDonald, No. 33.

Mileage and Per Diem—John K. Gordon, Clan Gordon, No. 188; John A. Hendry, Clan McDonald, No. 198; William Miller, Clan Fraser, No 78.

State of the Order—Archibald McAllister, Clan Gordon, No. 71; the Rev. Thomas P. Haig, Clan Bruce, No. 216; Alexander Suttie, Clan McGregor, No. 66.

Committee on Proposed Laws—Thomas Forsythe, Royal Counsellor; Walter Scott, Royal Tanist; Bertram R. E. Glencross, Clan Campbell, No. 34.

Committee on Finance—Brice Martin, Clan McDonald, No. 33; James P. McDonald, Clan Stewart, No. 50; Alexander Guthrie, Clan McKenzie No. 209.

Appeals and Grievances—Sumner D. Story, Clan McMaster, No. 149; James Pringle, Clan Stewart, No. 158; John Pow, Clan McDonald, No. 79.

Appointive Officers—Royal Chaplain, John McLachlin, of Clan McDonald, No. 41; Royal Henchman, John C. Downie of Clan Stewart, No. 92; Royal Warder, John M. Steen of Clan McKenzie No. 42; Royal Sentinel, William Sowersby, of Clan McAlpine, No. 153.

FLORA MACDONALD LUNCHEON

The ladies accompanying the delegates to the convention were tendered a delightful luncheon by the Flora Macdonald Society of Brooklyn at the Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, on Wednesday. The trip to the beach was made in automobiles and the ride sharpened the appetites of the guests. There were eighty ladies present, including friends from the Daughters of Scotia and clan auxiliaries. The luncheon was served at two p. m. and ample justice was done to what was provided.

GRAND RECEPTION

It seemed that everybody worth while attended the Grand Reception to the Royal Clan, Wednesday evening, and the walls of the Temple could scarcely hold the great crowd.

The management of the affair was directly in the hands of Royal Deputy John Haddow, and Past Chief James Duff of Clan McLeod, both masters in the conduct of such events, who showed marvelous ability in bringing order out of chaos.

A magnificent choral program by the Brooklyn Select Scottish Choir, under Conductor James F. Knox, was the musical feature of the evening. Miss Agnes Bartholomew, elocutionist and actress, who sped over from Scotland to be present at the affair, took the vast audience by storm with her recitations.

The grand march brought everyone into line. The pipers, the escort, the Royal Officers, accompanied by the distinguished ladies of the auxiliaries made a pretty sight.

RESOLUTION ON "DISARMAMENT"

At the business session on Thursday, a resolution, lauding President Harding for his calling of the conference at Washington, was offered by Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInes, of Brooklyn, and adopted with acclaim.

THE BANQUET

The convention entertainments came to a close on Thursday night at the Hotel Bossert, where more than 1,000 Scotsmen and their "lassies" gathered for the "grand banquet" given by the metropolitan clans in honor of the Royal Chief and the Royal Clan.

Toastmaster Scott hit the keynote of the evening when he said: "We of Scottish birth or ancestry needs must love the customs and traditions of the mother country. It is well that we revere the famous men and women of that wonderful land. It is natural that we should love Scotland and treasure all the fine associations of the past. Yet we

are solely Americans, loyal to America alone, and better American citizens, not in spite of, but because we are Scotsmen."

Andrew MacLean, editor of the *Brooklyn Citizen*, spoke eloquently to the toast, "The Land We Live In."

City Controller Craig received a rousing welcome, although his latest Scotch ancestry dates as far back as 1635.

Royal Chief Findlay, speaking with a delightful Scotch accent, brought the message of "see America first" to the diners.

Other speakers were: Duncan MacInnes, the Royal Treasurer, who spoke of the benefits of New York city; J. McLean Johnston, chairman of the Convention Committee; Chief William Bone, of Clan MacDonald, of Brooklyn; Past Royal Chief John Hill, Royal Chaplain John McLachlan, Mrs. James R. Spence, president of the Flora MacDonald Society; Mrs. Margaret Spence, Grand Chief Daughter, D. O. S., and Past Royal Chief William H Steen, who held the active office for fourteen years.

Among those present were James R. Donaldson, of the Caledonian Club; Malcolm MacNeil, president of the New York Scottish Society; Benjamin M. Morgan, president of the Celtic Society, and Donald MacAdie, commander of the Cameron Post, No. 79, of the G. A. R.

Interspersed with the speaking were musical numbers by Pipers Fraser and MacMillian, Mme. Tozier and Miss Mabel J. Andrews and J. McLean Johnston. Miss Agnes Bartholomew again captured her hearers with her pure Scotch character recitations. Cameron MacLean, of Detroit, had the diners on their feet after his stirring song, "The Pipes of Gordon Men." Incidental numbers were supplied by the Brooklyn Hebrew Orphan Band, under Leader James F. Knox.

Bryce Martin was chairman of the committee and Alexander Mill, vice-chairman.

The decorations were solely the American flag. The banquet was one of the finest served among the many at the Bossert. The menu consisted of Scottish dishes, the names of which at least, were not in all cases intelligible even to some of the Scots.

OFFICERS RE-ELECTED

At the election of officers all the Royal Officers were re-elected. They are Royal Chief, Alexander G. Findlay; Past Royal Chief, John Hill; Royal Tanist, Colonel Walter Scott; Royal Counsellor, Thomas W. Forsyth; Royal Treasurer, Duncan MacInnes, Royal Secretary, Thomas R. P. Gibb, of Brooklyn; Royal Physician, Dr. George A. Johnson.

The installation took place in the afternoon, and was public. The initiation was performed by Past Chief Hill, who assumed the chair of the Royal Chief.

Secretary William McCree, Chairman Johnston, and the committee, and all connected with the work of the convention, deserve the greatest credit for their work. The opinion of all the delegates was that never in the history of conventions of the Order has there been such a brilliant, successful and altogether satisfying meeting than this which has now gone into history.

Detroit is to be the next meeting place of the convention, which will occur in 1923. Detroit had an active delegation, Past Chief Blair acting also as the press representative, along with J. McLean Johnston, chairman, and R. C. Auld, formerly editor of the *Scottish-American*, who was specially honored for his splendid pre-convention publicity work.

Detroit Letter

DETROIT GATHERINGS ACROSS THE BORDER

The Detroit "North o' the Grampians Club," July 30th, headed by such stalwarts as John Cameron, Edward Goodwillie, Billy Edwards, Aleck Watson and ithers, a' sharpening up their northern dialect—I almost forgot to mention the women folk, an' yin at ma lug—crossed the water to Windsor, Canada, an' took the train to their annual summer gathering grounds, beautiful Stuart Lodge, near Bell River, and fronting Lake St. Clair. Here Mine Host, and his guid wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart, awaited with generously laden tables, where over fifty sat down; and it certainly was a noble repast, an' we were a' hungry.

Mr. Stuart has a frontage of one mile along the lake with good bathing, good exploring, and the grounds were fine for sports in which every one took a hand; jumping, running, and quoits, with whiles an inspiring tunes on the pipes by Pipers Bruce Cameron and Donald Graham.

Among Mr. Stuart's stock are twenty-five wild geese, besides wild ducks and beautiful golden pheasant. Mr. Stuart, then president, and his wife were presented with a beautiful clock by the club. Songs, stories and dances closed one great holiday, a gathering we all look forward to. The officers elected for this year were as follows: James P. Broomfield, president; Alexander Watson, secretary; and James M. Inverarity, treasurer.

DETROIT ST. ANDREW'S PICNIC AND GAMES

Sunny days have favored all the out-door gatherings of Detroit Scots this year, so far, and St. Andrew's Society's day o' days was no exception. It poured in torrents August 18th, opening with a gloomy dawn, turned out a grand day. Bob-Lo Island, in Canadian waters of course, was the gathering ground, and more than eight thousand loaded down the excursion boats. Pipers, dancers and kilties o' many clans made the beautiful island even more picturesque.

The games were declared by the chief judge, Donald MacPherson, the best we had ever donned the kilt for on this side o' the Atlantic. Contestants came from near and far, Chicago, Cleveland, Toronto, Flint, etc., carrying off many handsome prizes. Bruce Cameron won most of the first in Highland dancing, while Donald Graham gained first honors in piping for the seniors; and Gilbert Grant and James MacKenzie led in the junior class of pipers. Jessie Clarkson, Frances

Harkness, Margaret McIvor, Marion Stark and the two daughters of Dan McLeod upheld the local talent for Highland dancing; but there were a host of others just as enthusiastically applauded, for they were all fine dancers.

Six teams pulled in the Tug o' War, that, seemingly to the onlooker, was just a test of weight, as each side had holes deep enough to rest their whole body in.

The Detroit Gas team won the silver cup. There were forty-six events in all, too many for space, but all were eagerly contested, many athletes and dancers leaving the grounds with fat pocket-books and sporrans. The judges of pipe music and dancing were D. MacPherson, Toronto; Alexander Duncan and Peter Grant, Detroit; J. M. Inverarity, of Windsor, Canada. The judges of athletic events were R. W. Gerrie, W. G. Findlater, Andrew Murdock and Chester Doty, M. D., all of Detroit; while John Cameron, John Henry, D. T. Rodgers and Angus MacKay led the General Committee, with President Dr. William Fowler, D. A. MacLeod, William Oliver, Alexander Watson and William Stewart supplied the heavy thinking in making the annual event of this year the greatest ever. JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

6744 Vinewood Avenue.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The twenty-seventh annual outing and reunion of the Scottish Clans of Western Pennsylvania was held Saturday, August 6, in Kennywood park, and attracted a crowd of 25,000.

Among the clans represented were Clan MacPherson, North Side; Clan Cameron, Pittsburg; Clan Douglas, Wilkinsburg; Clan Robertson, Braddock; Clan MacDonald, McKeesport; Clan MacKenzie, Greensburg, and Clan Grant, Donora. The Victory Hill team, of Black Diamond, defeated Clan MacPherson in a soccer football game by a score of 6 to 1.

Clan Robertson, for three years possessors of the tug-of-war cup, was defeated by Clan MacPherson. The victors celebrated by marching around the athletic field, led by the Pittsburg Bagpipe Band, which is composed of Clan MacPherson men.

One of the exciting events was the relay race between teams representing Clans Douglas, MacDonald and MacKenzie. The Clan Douglas team won, Clans MacDonald and MacKenzie coming in second and third, respectively.

Among the guests at the park was Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, who received an ovation.

For the first time in many years, Royal Tanist Scott did not attend the games of the Boston Caledonian Club held on the same day.

Upon his arrival in Pittsburgh he was met at the depot by Mr. W. S. MacDonald, representing the committee, and at the park by the remainder of the committee, the Pipe Band escorting him into the ring. He spent a day of real enjoyment in meeting friends and witnessing the dancing, athletic events, etc. On Sunday the Royal Tanist was shown the entire city by the committee, composed of Thomas Clark, Thomas Fraser, John Watson and W. S. MacDonald. The warm welcome extended to him by the Pennsylvania Clansmen made him feel very much at home.

Liberty Bagpipe Band

The Liberty Bagpipe Band is an active organization that meets regularly every Monday evening for practice at 216 East 120th street, Manhattan, where seldom is an absentee reported. It was organized in 1913, and is composed of all-American citizens. There are twenty-one in the band, sixteen of them being ex-Service men of the A. E. F. Rowland Beattie, the manager, was with the 1st Trench Mortar Battalion. The members wear the Royal Stuart tartan and each man pays for his own outfit. The band played for the American Red Cross on Armistice Night in a parade from 74th and Broadway to 23rd street; and for the American Legion in Jersey City, in a parade, the amounts received from these engagements being turned into the treasury. Occasionally they give a dance.

The members are John Walker, pipe-major; Robert Stinson, drum-major; Joseph MacFarlane, secretary; Ronald Beattie, manager; Eddie Glass, Charles Lang, Alfred Kingsbury, Henry MacFarline, Robert Patterson, William Gordon, Joseph Byers, J. B. Elliott, James Cameron, William MacFarlane, Samuel Dunlap, Robert Henderson, Samuel Hanna, William Young, Donald Campbell, Andrew MacIntosh and Samuel Little.

Newark, N. J.

The St. Andrew's Society of New Jersey has in the course of preparation a history of the society since its organization in 1904. It will include much valuable data relative to the work and progress of the society. It will be accompanied by short biographical sketches and portraits of its presidents and other officers and also of various prominent Scotsmen of Newark who have been identified with it.

It is hoped to have the work ready for publication in the fall. The historian is Thomas Palmer, a charter member of the society and one of its former presidents.

In addition to Sir Harry's "Ever New" old favorite characterizations, he will delight his many friends with several new selections, among which will be "The Lass O' Ardentinny," "O-HI-O," and "The Sunshine of My Bonnie Lassie's Smile." In "O-h-i-o," Sir Harry relates a love match at Coureck with a Scottish-American Lassie, and the determination of the enamoured Scot to follow her on her return to Ohio. "The Lass O' Ardentinny," explains the bonnie side of the Western Cottar's domestic life.

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New York Caledonian Club

The third quarterly meeting of the year was held in the club hall, Tuesday evening, August 2d, Chief James R. Donaldson, presiding. In the absence of Third Chieftain MacDonald, who had left that afternoon on the Colonial liner to attend the Providence and Boston Caledonian games, Fourth Chieftain Whiteford attended to the taking of the minutes. As Ex-Chief Foulis had filled the Fourth Chieftain's job back in 1893-4, Chief Donaldson was confident that he still knew enough about the office to hold down the chair for the meeting and appointed him to the vacant position. How well the duties of the office were discharged is not for the reporter to say.

George O. Borthwick, Jr., Andrew Curren, Charles E. Stewart, Robert Young and Alex. MacPherson were elected members, and four propositions were received. The Games Committee reported everything ready for the Labor Day games at Ulmer Park.

On Saturday morning, August 6th, the Pennsylvania Station was a lively spot when Chief Donaldson and his men gathered to take the seven a. m. train for Philadelphia and take part in the Caledonian parade and games in that city. The party numbered forty-three and travelled in style, having a private car. Captain Reid with many members of the Highland Guard, were by no means the quietest of the party. They all reported on return that the Caledonians in the City of Brotherly Love had given them a great day.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN

August is usually a quiet month with the ladies, but a request to help the committee in charge of the Sir Walter Scott exercises on the 14th, found them ready for duty. In spite of the rain, a large number met at the club house and were entertained by Mrs. Caldwell and her aides. Many of the ladies from the various D. O. S. lodges in the city were present and well taken care of. Refreshments were served both before and after the parade. At a special meeting arrangements were completed to look after the guests on the Saturday evening preceding Labor Day, and to take charge of the sale of programs at the park. PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Death of Mrs. Stewart

Mrs. Jessie Hamilton Stewart, wife of Thomas R. Stewart, past chief Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y., died Juy 22. Mrs. Stewart was one of the most popular members of the Lady Flora MacDonald Society, the Clan MacDonald auxiliary; was acting secretary; and gave her services freely at all entertainments, she being a finished elocutionist. She took a prominent part as well in the conduct of the business of the society and will be greatly missed.

She was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, as was her husband. They had been married eight years and had a boy, born six years ago.

J. DONALD MacKAY

(*Late of Philadelphia*)

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Kirkcaldy Picnic

The New York Kirkcaldy Association held their 10th annual picnic, June 18, at Washington Grove, near Rutherford, New Jersey, one hour's ride from New York by tube and trolley, likewise about the same time being consumed by the Kearney, N. J., folks in reaching the grounds.

The grove is beautifully situated and is an ideal spot for a family gathering such as ours is. Sufficient tables and benches for those who carried basket lunches, also refreshments served at the hostelry; swings for the children; a nice dancing pavilion and bowling alleys; a very attractive lily pond surrounded by beautiful trees which lent both charm and comfort to the occasion.

President Alex Brown, with his aides, Ed. Curry, Hugh Westwood, Pete Stewart, kindly assisted by Messrs. Francis Dykes and Sandy Tasker of the New York Caledonian Club, ran off the several events that were contested for to the satisfaction of all concerned. Keen interest as usual was in the quoiting competition. Jock Grant and W. Morgan coming to the final, which the latter won after a very close and exciting contest. The special match between the Brothers Hutchison resulted in youth succumbing to old age. Dave resting the laurels from Tam. The three legged and the thread and needle races created a good deal of laughter and merriment. After the games, all adjourned to the pavilion under the guidance of John Walker, who acted as master of ceremonies. The music was furnished by Messrs. A. and J. Wilson and James Birrell, three ex-presidents of the society, with a boy marvel at the piano. Dancing was indulged in with songs and choruses alternating until a late hour, when the company sang "Auld Lang Syne," and each member pronounced the Tenth Annual Picnic the most successful and enjoyable one in the annals of the society.

Death of James Singer

We regret to note the death, June 21, of James Singer, of Lynn, Mass., whose fine baritone voice was well known and much admired throughout the Eastern States.

With the Scotch Musical Company, he took the part of Jamie, the cotter's son in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and Tam-o-shanter in the play of the same name. He was not only known as a sweet singer, but as a man of sterling character, and his friends and admirers were legion. He was born in Inverurie, Aberdeenshire, and since coming to America has been most active in Scottish organizations. He is survived by his widow and one daughter in Lynn, and two brothers in Scotland. John E. Daniels penned the following lines which were attached to a wreath of roses sent by his musical associates.

OOR JIMMIE

Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
Oor Jimmie used tae sing thy praise,
But, noo, we'll hear his voice nae mair.

And yet, Dear Jim, yer sang sings on,
In loftier lilt and happier strain;
And tho' oor herts are unca wae,
We keen we'll a' meet yance again.

And, maybe, in His hoose ower there,
Where a' is bright, and a' is right,
He'll let us take oor pairts anew,
In The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Sir Harry Lauder's Coming Tour

Mr. William Morris has just been informed by Sir Harry Lauder, who at present is spending his summer on his estate "Clan Branter," Strechur, Scotland, that he will sail on September 24th for the United States. On Sir Harry's arrival in this country he will go direct to Mr. William Morris's summer home "Camp Intermission," Saranac Lake, N. Y., to spend ten days indulging in his favorite pastime of hunting and golfing, prior to his forthcoming tour which commences in New York city, on October 17th.

Quincy, Mass.

The members of the Quincy Burns Memorial Association held their annual picnic at "Kamp Kliff," Adams Shore, Quincy, Mass., on Saturday afternoon, August 6.

To understand how Kamp Kliff looks, one must see it and roam around the interior. Situated on a outstanding prominence on the edge of Quincy Bay; one can enjoy the broad sweep of the bay, for Quincy is not altogether a place of granite rocks, where men make tombstones, and many visitors to this locality miss part of the beauties of Quincy when they fail to visit Quincy's water front.

"Kamp Kliff" is Mr. Delavere King's playroom and playground for his friends (and his friends are just all the Quincy people), and right royally has he provided for the entertainment of his friends. Here you will find go-carts and such like for the kiddies. There are facilities for enjoying a dip in the briny, for a part of the house is fitted as a bathhouse with accommodations for both ladies and gentlemen; a piano stands in the main hall, a Victrola with records galore, a minature billiard table, and as the showman would say, other attractions too numerous to mention for children of the larger growth.

Kamp Kliff is built in quaint bungalow style, with its two wings, pergola entrance, with a little slat fence around it; funny little wind mills stuck on the roof and eaves, and a weather vane in the shape of the old *Mayflower*. Over the top of the gateway stands a huge black cat. At the top of the tail which points skywards, is an electric light bulb, and the eyes also have bulbs which twinkle and glow at night.

In the court yard stands an ancient sundial and nearby a monster highly colored "pudik-stool." Over the main entrance majestically stands a lion, and attached to the lion's tail is a rope that hangs down along the door—a small script sign tells the story. It reads:

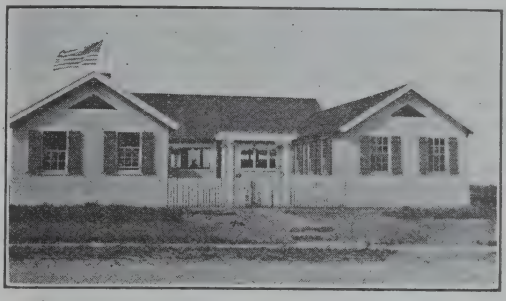
KAMP KLIFF
It takes a pull to get in here.
Pull the lion's tail—He roars.
Leave by the same way.

Wow: How that lion does roar when you pull his tail.

You enter—what a galaxy of curiosities, quaint, ancient and just funny little oddies—a veritable old curiosity; just such a place to suggest "A child's garden in verse" to R. Louis Stevenson or where Eugene Field might have found his inspiration for his "Jingles of Childhood."

A great hall with heavy stone fireplace with a picturesque settle before it at one end, with great hardwood floor space. Sun parlor windows the whole length of one side reveal a beautiful view of the sea.

Travel where you may, you will not come across another such place got up for a similar purpose, and gotten up by such a man. Who is this great playman, who has provided such an El Dorado for kids from six years to sixty years of age? Just Mr. Delavere King, the staid, keen business like vice-president of the Granite Trust Company; treasurer of The Quincy Quarries Company; proprietor of the Hitchcock Quarry, which produces the famous light Quincy granite, so largely used for monumental purposes; president of the Summit Thread Company; member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and many other organizations.



"KAMP KLIFF"

That's the one side of this hard working business man, who knows the full value of time and utilizies it to the utmost and believes in the old adage, "Work when you are working and play when you are playing"—and do both hard. On the other side, you have the big, romping boy, who believes that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—and he does not intend that he himself or anybody else if he can help will be dull.

So Mr. King has provided entirely at his own personal expense this magnificent playhouse and playground, which he loans to societies of all kinds and class. There is not a day during the summer but that some body takes advantage of the privilege of visiting Kamp Kliff.

Why should they not? There are no strings attached to the privilege of using Kamp Kliff, no rent, no fee, no rules. Mr. King absolutely trusts his visitors, for three-quarters of the time he is never seen. "There's the keys, go to it; have a good time. Leave Kamp Kliff where it is and bring back the keys, that's all."

That the members of the Burns Association enjoyed the outing goes without saying. The weather was ideal; sports and games were enjoyed on the lawn; later dancing was engaged in in the spacious hall, which is hung with electric lighted Japanese lanterns of all kinds, colors, shapes and sizes—and as Mr. Walter Scott would say, "Everybody was happy."

Much credit goes to our president, Mrs. M. A. Smith and her committee, who so valiantly worked for the success of the finest outing yet participated in by the members of the Quincy Burns Memorial Association.

WILLIAM GRAY.
174 Centre street,
Quincy, Mass.

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

M'Combie of Tillyfour

The article that appeared in our July number, dealing with William McCombie of Tillyfour" has aroused recollections in those of our readers who hail from the north-eastern section of Scotland, especially those of Forfarshire, where, in Glenisle, the ancestors of the Aberdeenshire McCombies had long been located. Among those who have been moved to such recollections is our good contributor James Kennedy, who, indeed, was a native of the district referred to and whose mother was a MacIntosh, the original clan from which the McComies of Finnygand in Glenshee, Perthshire, sprung. And Further, in Glenisla, Forfarshire, sprang as an independent branch, known in the clan rolls as McThomas or McComie.

The great ancestor of the line was John McComie, of Forter and Caenlochan, whose estate extended up and down the romantic glen ten miles in length and from one to four in breadth. He was laird of Forter, etc., and there had become established and was flourishing when suddenly his fortunes were blasted by the turn of events that occurred after he had changed sides from the Stuarts to the parliamentary party. John was out with Montrose in 1644, and became one of a number forefaulted among whom were the local earls and prominent lairds as recorded in Chambers's History of the Rebellion, in Vol. II, under date February, 1647.

This John McCombie was a man who left an enduring memory and it is of him that Mr. Kennedy writes as follows:

Macomie Mohr

It need hardly be pointed out that while the leading features of the character of McCombie Mohr and the more widely known Rob Roy though largely similar, there is a marked distinction which was altogether in favor of the McComie Mohr. He had little or none of the wild irregularities that marred the character of the outlawed MacGregor. MacComie was possessed of a rare union of virtues that fell to the lot of few men of his time. He was at all times and under all conditions instinctively and unhesitatingly the friend of the poor and the oppressed. With an undaunted courage common to the Scottish clansmen he united an almost superhuman strength that made him terrible in combat: but in the hour of his triumph he had little or none of that ferocity that distinguished his enemies. The evil times in which he lived readily explained his enforced changes of political opinion. A Royalist by descent and inheritance, his position as one of the independent landowners made him a prey to encroachments of the favored in the government—though they also had changed sides for their own benefit. All he desired was to be let alone, but in such an age among such warring factions and periodic convulsions this was not to be, and amidst it all he bore himself manfully. His friendship was loyal. His heart was warm. Under better conditions he might well have made a still more notable career for himself. As it was he was beloved and revered by those who knew him best, and in his own land and among his own people his memory is still green and his good name untarnished—an example of the manly, self-reliant, high spirited trusty Highlander ready to meet friend or foe and under all conditions to give a good account of himself

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Canton, Ohio.

A picture of Robert Burns, purchased in Edinboro, Scotland, for the occasion, was presented to Judge Krichbaum at a meeting of the Jolly Beggars club, a Scottish organization, Saturday evening, July 9.

The picture will be hung in Judge Krichbaum's private office where he has a notable collection of portraits of famous men. It was purchased on special order from the club by the sister of one of the members who lives in Scotland. Attorney J. H. Robertson was toastmaster at the meeting and William Miller made the presentation speech. John Dunbar also spoke and Mr. Miller sang.

One of the cronies of the Jolly Beggars passed away recently, Dr. A. H. Campbell, of Orrville, Ohio. Dr. Campbell, who was in his 77th year, was a native of Belmont, Ont., and graduated from Belmont University of Medicine, in 1871.

Lauder Wants No Estate

Sir Harry Lauder in a recent interview, stated that it was not owing to taxation or anything financial that he was selling his estate in Argyllshire. "The estate," he said, "was bought for my son. Now that he has gone my interest in it has gone. I have now no interest but my work." The comedian's only child, Captain John Lauder, was killed in action in France.

Burns Home Gets Its Bible

The family Bible of William Burns, father of the Scottish poet, has been bought for £450 by the Trustees of the Burns Cottage and Memorial at Ayr. The Bible will be returned to the cottage from which it came originally. "Bobbie's" own Bible, when sold at Sotheby's seventeen years ago brought $1,500. It is one of the treasures of the Ayr Cottage.

Another relic now secured for the museum was the Ms. of "The Jolly Beggars," which realized £450. For an indenture containing the very rare signature of Jean Armour, the poet's wife, £26 was paid. She was unable to write in 1788, but was later taught to do so. The writing on the indenture, in a very unformed hand, reads "Jean Omour."

Rhode Island Letter

The 51st annual field day and sports of the Providence Caledonians, was as usual a success. Although nominally a celebration of a single society it is really an annual gathering of all the Scots in Rhode Island who can break away from the daily grind of searching for that which provides food and raiment for self and family and thus afford one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five to real enjoyment of old country sport. Early in the morning the prospects of a good day were very slight and indeed as the parade started off from Columbia Hall a slight sprinkling of rain prevented some from marching. It was a false alarm, however, for the skirl of the pipes through Weybossett street drove away all fears in that direction and the day turned out favorable to the end. The streets were well lined with people who turned out to cheer the paraders as led by Highland pipers from Boston, escorted by a company of the State Guard and the Walter Scott Juvenille Pipe Band under Pipe Major Adamson. The Governor of the State, San Souci, accompanied by Mayor Gainer, of Providence and the city officials reviewed the paraders from the City Hall steps. From thence the scene was changed to Rocky Point where the procession once more was formed and a circuit of the grounds prepared the way for the sports. These were of the usual sort, Highland dancing, running, jumping, quoiting, tossing the caber and pipe playing. Competitors were present from New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, as well as Rhode Island, so the spectators had a good time. Among the most active on the field was Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, to whom the Caledonians were indebted for a number of the prizes. Quite a number of the winners were members of Clan Fraser, of Pawtucket, who were also winners in the relay race confined to the Caledonians, the Camerons and the Frasers.

Clan Cameron, No. 7, was taken completely by surprise at its regular meeting Tuesday evening, August 2, by a visit from the Royal Tanist, who was accompanied by the clan's fellow-member and ex-president of the Providence Caledonian Society, Dr. W. T. Wilson. Mr. Scott received a hearty welcome, as he was no stranger to Clan Cameron, and he therefore felt at home at once. He spoke to those assembled along the lines of what it means to be a Scot, mentioning the important part played by the Scottish people in everything that is worth while, and dwelling on the esteem in which the Scottish people are held in this country. He urged strongly that they continue to put their best foot forward, and to uphold the traditions of Scotland, which, he stated, would make them better citizens of this country which has adopted them. He also spoke of the great benefits that would be derived if the Order had an Advertising Fund. Past Chief Hutchinson delivered a stirring talk on what Clan Cameron, No. 7, has accomplished in Rhode Island, and told of some of their aims for the future. Dr. Wilson and others also spoke.

The event of the month, however, was British Day in Rhode Island. On this occasion the parade was held in Pawtucket, R. I., and the sports at Crescent Park, R. I. It has been admitted to have been one of the best demonstrations in the city, not only in point of numbers, but in decorated floats. Every society or association connected in any way with Britain was well represented in the seven divisions comprising the parade; each division having a band at its head. The mayor and city officials reviewed the parade, after which a long string of electric cars conveyed the paraders to Crescent Park, where the remainder of the day was spent either in watching the sports or the shows on the grounds. In this parade, Clan Fraser was headed by the Westerly Pipe Band, who also did good service during the sports in the afternoon. Altogether, a most enjoyable day was spent besides which the parade served to demonstrate the fact that although the British society's members do not make much noise in the State as a rule, on an occasion such as this they can figure up to a larger total than was suspected from their very quiet and orderly disposition.

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A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(*Continued from July Caledonian*)

Chapter XXVI

REDINTEGRATIO AMORIS

That same night Sheila dreamed a strange dream; and it seemed to her that an angel of God came to her, and stood before her, and looked at her with his shining face and his sad eyes. And he said, "*Are you a woman, and yet slow to forgive? Are you a mother, and have you no love for the father of your child?*" It seemed to her that she could not answer. She fell on her knees before him, and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

The sound of her sobbing in the night-time brought her father to the door. He tapped at the door, and said,—

"What is the matter, Sheila?"

She awoke with a slight cry; and he went into the room and found her in a strangely troubled state, her hands outstretched to him, her eyes wet and wild.

"Papa, I have been very cruel. I am not fit to live any more. There is no woman in the world would have done what I have done."

"Sheila!" he said, "you hef been dreaming again about all that folly and nonsense. Lie down like a good lass. You will wake the boy if you do not lie down and go to sleep."

"Papa," she said, "to-morrow I want you to take me to Jura."

"To Jura, Sheila? You cannot go to Jura! You cannot leave the baby with Mairi, Sheila."

"I will take him with me," she said.

"Oh, it is not possible at all, Sheila. But I will go to Jura. Oh, yes, I will go to Jura. Indeed, I was thinking last night that I would go to Jura."

"Oh, no, *you* must not go," she cried. "You would speak harshly—and he is very proud—and we should never see each other again. Papa, I know you will do this for me—you will let me go—"

"It is foolish of you, Sheila," her father said, "to think that I do not know how to arrange such a thing without making a quarrel of it. But you will see all about it in the morning. So good night, Sheila, and do not think of it any more till the morning."

She thought of it all the night long, however. Just as the day was coming in she fell asleep; and she dreamed that she went to the angel whom she had seen before, and knelt at his feet, and repeated in some vague way the promises she had made on her marriage morning. When she woke Mairi was in the room, silently stealing away the child; and the white daylight was clear in the windows.

She dressed with trembling hands, and yet there was a faint suffused sense of joy in her heart.

"Sheila, you are not looking well this morning," her father said; "it is foolish of you to lie awake and think of such things. And as for what you wass saying about Jura, how can you go to Jura? We hef no boat big enough for that."

"But then, papa, she said, "did not the gentleman who was here last night say they were going back by Jura? And it is a big yacht; and he has only two friends on board. He might take us down."

"You cannot ask a stranger, Sheila. Besides, the boat is too small a one for this time of the year. I should not like to see you go in her, Sheila."

"I have no fear," the girl said.

"No fear!" her father said, impatiently. "No, of course you hef no fear—that is the mischief. You will take no care of yourself whatever."

"When is the young gentleman coming up this morning?"

"Oh, he will not come up again till I go down. Will you go down to the yacht, Sheila, and go on board of her?"

Sheila assented; and some half-hour thereafter she stood at the door, clad in her tight-fitting blue serge, with the hat and sea-gull's wing over her splendid masses of hair.

"There is going to be rain, Sheila," her father said, smelling the moisture in the keen air. "Will you hef your waterproof?"

"Oh, no," she said; "if I am to meet strangers, I cannot wear a water-proof."

The sharp wind had brought back the color to her cheeks; and there was some gladness in her eyes.

"I think they are much safer in here than going round the islands just at present," Sheila said.

"Ay, you are right there, Sheila," her father said, looking at the direction of the wind. "They got in in ferry good time. And they may hef to stay here for a while before they can face the sea again."

"And we shall become very great friends with them, papa; and they will be glad to take us to Jura," she said, with a smile.

They went down the steep path to the bay, where the *Phoebe* was lurching and heaving in the rough swell, her bowsprit sometimes nearly catching the crest of a wave. No one was on deck. How were they to get on board?

"They can't hear you in this wind," Sheila said. "We will have to haul down our own boat."

And that, indeed they had to do; though

the work of getting the little thing down the beach was not very arduous for a man of Mackenzie's build.

They had almost got out indeed to the yacht before any one was aware of their approach; but Pate appeared in time to seize the rope that Mackenzie flung him, and, with a little scrambling, they were at last safely on board. The noise of their arrival, however, startled Johnny Eyre, who was lying on his back smoking a pipe after breakfast. He jumped up, and said to Mosenberg, who was his only companion,—

"Hillo! here's this old gentleman come on board. He knows you. What's to be done?"

"Done?" said the boy, with a moment's hesitation; and then a flush of resolve sprang into his face. "Ask him to come down. Yes; I will speak to him, and tell him that Lavender is on the island. Perhaps he meant to go into the house; who knows? If he did not, let us make him!"

"All right," said Johnny; "let's go a buster."

Then he called up the companion to Pate, to send the gentleman below, while he flung a few things aside, to make the place more presentable.

His visitor began to descend the narrow wooden steps; and presently Mackenzie was heard to say,—

"Tek great care, Sheila, the brass is ferry slippery."

"Oh, thunder!" Johnny said, looking to Mosenberg.

"Good morning, Mr. Eyre," said the old King of Borva, stooping to get into the cabin; "it is a rough day you are getting. Sheila, mind your head till you have passed the door."

Mackenzie came forward to shake hands, and in doing so caught sight of Mosenberg. The whole truth flashed upon him in a moment; and he instantaneously turned to Sheila, and said, quickly, "Sheila, go up on deck for a moment."

But she, too, had seen the lad; and she came forward, with a pale face, but with a perfectly self-possessed manner, and said, "How do you do? It is a surprise, your coming to the island; but you often used to talk of it."

"Yes," he stammered, as he shook hands with her and her father, "I often wished to come here. What a wild place it is! And have you lived here, Mrs. Lavender, all the time since you left London?"

"Yes, I have."

Mackenzie was getting very uneasy. Every moment he expected Lavender would enter this confined little cabin; and was this the place for these two to meet, before a lot of acquaintances?

"Sheila," he said, "it is too close for you here, and I am going to have a pipe with the gentlemen. Now if you wass a good lass, you would go ashore again, and go up to the house, and say to Mairi that we will all come for luncheon at one o'clock, and she must get some fish up from Borvabost. Mr. Eyre, he will send a man ashore with you in his own boat, that is bigger than mine, and you will show him the creek to put into.

"I am sure," Sheila said to Johnny Eyre, "we can make you more comfortable up at the house than you are here, although it is a nice little cabin." And then she turned to Mosenberg, and said, "And we have a great many things to talk about."

"Could she suspect?" Johnny asked himself, as he escorted her to the boat, and pulled her in himself to the shore. Her face was pale, and her manner a trifle formal; otherwise she showed no sign. He watched her go along the stones till she reached the

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path; then he pulled out to the *Phoebe* again, and went down below to entertain his host of the previous evening.

Sheila walked slowly up the rude little path, taking little heed of the blustering wind and the hurrying clouds. Her eyes were bent down; her face was pale. When she got to the top of the hill, she looked, in a blank sort of way, all round the bleak moorland; but probably she did not expect to see any one there. Then she went, with rather an uncertain step, into the house.

She glanced into the room, the door of which stood open. Her husband sat there, with his arms outstretched on the table, and his head buried in his hands. He did not hear her approach, her footfall was so light; and it was with the same silent step she went into the room, and knelt down beside him, and put her hands and face on his knee, and said simply,—

"I beg for your forgiveness."

He started up and looked at her as though she were some spirit, and his own face was haggard and strange.

"Sheila," he said, in a low voice, laying his hand gently on her head, "it is I who ought to be there, and you know it. But I cannot meet your eyes. I am not going to ask for your forgiveness just yet—I have no right to expect it. All I want is this—if you will let me come and see you just as before we were married—and if you will give me a chance of winning your consent over again—we can at least be friends until then—But why do you cry, Sheila? You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

She rose, and regarded him for a moment with her streaming eyes; and then, moved by the passionate entreaty of her face, and forgetting altogether the separation and time of trial he had proposed, he caught her to his bosom, and kissed her forehead and talked soothingly and caressingly to her, as if she were a child.

"I cry," she said, "because I am happy—because I believe all that time is over—because I think you will be kind to me. And I will try to be a good wife to you; and you will forgive me all that I have done."

"You are heaping coals of fire on my head, Sheila," he said, humbly. "You know I have nothing to forgive. As for you—I tell you I have no right to expect your forgiveness yet. But I think you will find out by and by that my repentance is not a mere momentary thing. I have had a long time to think over what has happened—and what I lost when I lost you, Sheila."

"But you have found me again," the girl said, pale a little, and glad to sit down on the nearest couch, while she held his hand and drew him towards her. "And now I must ask you for one thing."

He was sitting beside her; he feared no longer to meet the look of those anxious, meek, affectionate eyes.

"This is it," she said. "If we are to be together, not what we were, but something quite different from that, will you promise me never to say one word about what is past—to shut it out altogether—to forget it?"

"I cannot, Sheila," he said. "Am I to have no chance of telling you how well I know how cruel I was to you—how sorry I am for it?"

"No," she said firmly. "If you have some things to regret, so have I; and what is the use of competing with each other as to which has the most forgiveness to ask for? Frank, dear, you will do this for me! You will promise never to speak one word about that time."

How earnest the beautiful, sad face was! He could not withstand the entreaty of the piteous eyes. He said to her, abashed by the great love that she showed, and hopeless of making other reparation than obedience to her generous wish,—

"Let it be so, Sheila. I will never speak a word about it. You will see otherwise than in words whether I forget what is past, and your goodness in letting it go. But, Sheila," he added with downcast face, "Johnny Eyre was here last night—he told me—" He had to say no more. She took his hand, and led him gently and silently out of the room.

(The End)

The Capital of the Highlands

(*Continued from page 250*)

A Famous Highway

The freshest of free airs greet you as you follow in the beaten track of these kindly ghosts. It is a long tramp, but it takes you into shadowed spaces and along a road full of alluring sights and sounds. The "high and steep rocks, shaded with birch and covered with fern or heath," still look down upon you, and the "limpid waters of Loch Ness, beating their bank and waving their surface by a gentle agitation," are as pleasing to the eye to-day as they were of yore. You will look in vain, however, for the General's Hut, where Johnson had "eggs and bacon and mutton, with water"—the more thirsty Boswell had "wine, rum and whiskey"—for the little house has vanished as completely as Mackenzie's Inn in Church Street. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to know our travellers experienced "delightful" weather, and that they found the way "as sequestered and agreeably wild as could be desired, and for a time engrossed our attention." Evidently the Falls of Foyers did not engross their attention overmuch, for Boswell passes it over in silence, though Johnson comments on the rugged crags and torn channel as "exhibiting a kind of dreadful magnificence."—*K., in Inverness Courier.*

NEW YORK
OCT., 1921

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FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL. 1901-1920

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Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

Ghost Pipes

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

In Two Parts—Part I.

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"Gila" Fergus, who had been staring at the camp-fire for the best part of an hour, suddenly became rigid, save that his thin, muscular right hand tightened over the nicotine-stained clay pipe, and his jaw-muscles twitched curiously. His every sense seemed to be straining toward something vague, distant, invisible.

Immediately around him, beyond the ring of faces by the fire, circled the gray tents of the cavalry company. Beyond that was the half-desert land covered with sagebrush, greasewood and growths of cacti, grotesquely in keeping with the weird, shifting-shaped wonderland of geological delirium which is peculiarly Arizona.

"Dinna ye hear it?" muttered Fergus, addressing no one apparently.

The circle of blurred faces about the camp-fire—Indian, Mexican and American—turned toward the Scot where he sat, an archaic figure in fringed buckskin, a relic of the middle century, even to the beaded pipe-case swung from his neck. He was armed obsoletely, too. He still stuck to the long-barreled, muzzle-loading rifle of earlier Indian-fighting days. A strange figure in the year 1886, and daily becoming stranger.

Into the momentary lull came the restless movings of the hobbled mounts, the footfall of the guards about the temporary encampment, and a murmur of voices from the tent where Lieutenant Gaillard conferred with his chief scout, Leacock, over the probable whereabouts of that band which had detached itself from Geronimo, probably as a blind. It might even be that the "Tiger" himself was with the detachment,and the main band, which Crooke pursued more to the southward, a ruse to draw the general's forces from the main quarry.

Overhead the stars twinkled and snapped in an atmosphere so rare that the lungs seemed to yawn in taking hold of it. Over to the right, the moon, a little past the full, was trying to clear a cluster of inferno-like rock pinnacles which stood up in sinister blackness against a hell-lighted background.

NOTE—By special arrangement with the author, THE CALEDONIAN is able to offer its readers this stirring tale, the actual mystery behind which created considerable discussion after the story's first printing in *Adventure* magazine last summer.

"Dinna ye hear it?" repeated the Gila, his eyes straining into the fire.

The half-breed Kiowa looked toward the pinnacle-rocks, his bronze profile in sharp relief against the radiance of the coming moon. The Mexicans exchanged glances of superstitious uneasiness. An Irish teamster cursed softly, while out of the white scouts—Ringer, who knew—studied the rigid pose of the grizzled, long-haired Scot with a look of tolerance not unmixed with pity.

Presently the straining figure in buckskin relaxed. Deliberately the hot ashes were tapped from the blackened clay pipe and the latter placed carefully in the beaded pouch. The thin, sinewy hand of the Scot reached for the long-barreled rifle.

Slowly the Gila rose to his feet and stood still for a moment, the rifle-stock grounded between his moccasined feet, his hands clasped around the barrel, which reached to his chin, the lifted head seeming to add several inches to the man's six feet two.

Only his tongue betrayed his race. Nothing else. The long hair about his neck was no more lustreless and colorless than that of a score of other plainsmen of his years, experience and manner of life. He looked to be all of sixty years, but Leacock and Ringer—who knew!—said he was little over fifty.

Only a moment did he stand there, his eyes fixed with a half-insane, wholly berserk gleam on some invisible thing beyond the grotesque pinnacles. Presently he moved slowly out of the radiance of the fire, and disappeared beyond the tents, his drab figure merging with the ground hue.

Around the fire a spell was broken with the Gila's going. An icy draft had passed, and again the warmth of congeniality flowed through men's veins. Only Ringer remained looking at the fire in reverie.

"Phwut the —— ails the owld Sandy anyway?" asked the Irish teamster, who was new to the West. "That's the third time since we came out that the Heely Monsther's had the delirious trimmins an' *hairin'* things. If he's afther doin' ut too ofthen, I'll be timptid to ask him a quistion—just wan!"

"Huh!" grunted Ringer.

"Phwut! Just *phwut!* Phwut the —— is *ut* he's aaskin' us av we hair?"

"Ghost-pipes," said Ringer, without inflection, and still looking at the fire.

"Gh-ghost-pipes!" stammered the Irishman blankly. "Ph-phwut's that? Will ut be that owld dhudeen he's forivir suckin' at? Faith, an' it's no wonder he's seein' divils an' hairin' thim. 'Tis as black as me funiril hat an' smells like sulfir an' brimstun'."

"Pipes—pipes! *Bag*pipes!" snapped out Ringer, irritated by the Irishman's gabble.

"Bagpipes? Howly smoke! Div yez tell me that? An' is ut thim he's hairin' aall the time? Faith, an' that's a terrible affliction. T' be haunted by bagpipes, wakin' an' sleepin'! D'ye ivir hair the like? An' were ye afther sayin' it's a—ghost that's playin' thim in his crazy capoot?"

A voice drawled from the other side of the fire.

"Suppose you tells him the story, Dave, an' let's hev peace. Seems like every noocomer hez t' be initiated. An' there's some p'ints ez ain't clear to me either."

"Thar ain't no story," said the plainsman gruffly, "leastwise none for sartain. The main part of it ain't in no wise explainable. It's jest what some of us hez picked up in thirty-odd year, settin' around camp-fires an' hearin' the Gila talk when the spells is on him."

II.

"The Gila," said Ringer, the scout, "ain't all there in the *cabeza.* But he ain't no ways to blame for that. What the ol' bag of thistles goes through that time by Point of Rocks, east of Wagon Mound, gives him full license to think hisself half-brother to Queen Victoria or marri't to a skunk, whichever way his mind happens to be strayin'.

"But he don't have no fits like that, the Gila don't. He's jest loco about bagpipes. He hears 'em every so often—mostly in the night—an' keeps on hearin' 'em till he goes out with his ol' Sizzle-Stick an' downs an Apache. Offerin' t' bet ye, Irish, ye'll see a new notch on the Gila's gunstock afore mornin'."

"Ye do!" gasped the Irish teamster, pop-eyed.

"He don't fancy Apaches none, the Gila don't," Ringer went on deliberately, "Apaches don't lie awake nights thinkin' lovin' thoughts of him, either."

"As I pieces the song, Gila Fergus

comes into these yere parts along in the fifties, sometime between the States buyin' up New Mexico and findin' time after the Civil War to look after it. Durin' them years this ol' Santa Fe Trail is no salubrious resort; leastwise never advertised as a ha'r restorer. From Independence to Ash Fork it ain't even healthy for a bald-headed *hombre*.

"This Fergus—which we calls 'The Gila'—comes into the West with his master, the which is a Scotchy who must ha' been a *gran senor* back home. When we first takes the Gila to our bosoms—he's about twenty-six or seven then—he wears a skirt, one of them waggly things they calls a kilt, an' a war-bunnet with feathers 'twould ha' tickled a medicine-man stiff. He has silver buckles on his shoes, a bit of a stiletto stuck in his stockin-leg and some sort of h'ar apron which he says is a 'splookan'—though I don't *sabe* the animile nohow.

"Oh, he was the gay-clad young thing, that ol' fossil ye see now, when we picks him up on the prairie over thirty year ago. Silver on his war-bunnet, too, with some sort of design an' outlandish words worked in the ore—an' a red-an'-green shawl fastened with a big yaller topaz on his left shoulder. The buttons of his coat is likewise silver, with that same design cut in 'em.

"We takes him f'r at least a prince or a duke. But after, when he's able to talk an' no more afeared uv his own shadder, he tells us—Bill Comstock, Dick Curtis an' some of us that have been trappin' up on Medicine Bow and brung our pelts down to the river—tells us he ain't nothin' like that, but a plain sarvint, or valet, or butler, or what ye've a mind to.

"It seems he's all that's left of a caravan that comes out from the Missouri for Santa Fe, some months before—fifty-three or fifty-four—I disremembers exackly now.

"It ain't no Gov'mint train, but it has an escort; four or five traders j'inin' up in one caravan an' gettin' a small comp'ny of soldiers to pertect the whole out-fit. There's maybe five or six wagons in the train, besides a couple score of mules loaded in pack.

"Travelin' with one of the traders in preference to the stage-coach—which has been on the trail four or five years now—is this Scotch *senor,* who seems to have been some *hombre* if we believes what the Gila tells us afterward. This *gran senor's* name is Young, or Roy, or Arden-Keppel, or McAulay.

"I never could get it straight, excep' thet the Gila most always speaks of him as Young Roy of Arden-Keppel. I reck'n he's some young blood full of dissatisfaction an' divil an' hankerin' after adventure. An' by the great horn spoon he gets it!

"It seems he'd ruther travel with the traders' caravan so he c'n get a crack at buff'ler an' the like when there's no smell of red in the air. 'Cordin' to Fergus, —meanin' the Gila—Young Roy takes his place with the rest when it comes to fightin' off the varmints, an' when that young feller draws a bead, somethin' drops.

"Fergus, in the days when ye could believe him at least half the time—that's before he gets noises in his *cabeza*—says how this Young Roy is over six feet in his boots, strong as a young buff'ler and handsome as a blooded colt.

"Him an' his servant, Fergus, is seekin' fortune in the West, hopin' to make California an' the diggin's in time. They has all their goods and chattels with them; which ain't much more'n the clo'es they has on—the skirts an' feathers an' things, like's if maybe the young feller has a row with the duke, his father, an' comes away in a hurry.

"But if they don't have no civilized raiment, sech as britches an' the like, Young Roy has along his guns an' an old sword, which the Gila says is called a 'claimer,' and a set of them ungodly skirlers they calls bagpipes.

"The young master is some hand with the pipes hisself, but he us'ally leaves the playin' of them to Fergus. Seems this air the custom an' part of the servant's chores. Every time the caravan makes camp and everything's corralled for the night, an' the fire's goin' an' the buff'ler or venison turnin' on the spit, Fergus gets out his pipes an' blows a piece on them. Never could see much tune in them myself, but I admit they makes a man want to get up an' do something vi'lent.

"Well," Ringer continued, forgetting the Irishman in his own interest in story-telling. "Fergus useter play them pipes out in the prairies an' canons. It must ha' scared the buff'ler stiff. Maybe they didn't

have to hunt b'ar. Reck'n the critters jest laid down in their tracks an' give up. What it done to them Injuns is right queer by all accounts.

"They comes up on the gallop one day jest as Fergus is gettin' the windbag blowed up. Them reds stops their ponies dead an' sits there starin' while Young Roy's servant plays one of them tuneless tunes that makes yer scalp feel's if there was a Kiowa knife makin' the magic circle. Then them Indians turns tail an' makes a hole in the nearest sky-line. Reck'n they thinks it's medicine—big, paleface medicine, though ye never c'n tell what an Injun thinks about anything. Leastways, it ain't a safe guess.

"Anyway, the pipes seems to draw them, even if they is scared. They follows the caravan in the us'al way. Young Roy of Arden-Keppel laughs an' says it's the bagpipes they wants to hear. Maybe he's right. Leastways, it gets to be the reg'lar thing for Fergus to get out his pipes' an' serenade a hundred or more bucks who'd ride up to jest outside range, all decked up in paint an' feathers; an' there they'd set like wooden dummies on their ponies until Fegrus comes to the end of his piece an' lets the wind outen the bag.

"Thet seems the bit of the performance the Injuns likes best—when he lets the wind die out an' them pipes makes an expirin' noise like eighty-seven dyin' kiotes. Then the varmints gives a yell an' gallops away.

"Some of the traders is a'gin' the pipes, believin' it's them is keepin' the Injuns on the trail. But the others maintains the pipes is——good medicine if they keeps the reds too amoosed f'r mischief. An' as they ain't always the same reds—or the same kind o' reds—it's clear none of them follows the pipes very far, an' then always gives up without attackin'.

"But it ain't over the bagpipes the traders falls out. It's the old story.

"Maybe ye knows, Irish—which is to say ye don't!—that the arrangement them traders us'ally makes when they jines up for protection is that when they gets fifty miles from the Missouri line each trader takes control of his own men.

"Well, there's some fallin' out over the general supervision, an' the upshot is this caravan splits in two. The military escort is sorter up a'gin' a problem—which half to escort without dividin' themselves, which they ain't strong enough to do.

"They finally goes with the bigger outfit after failin' to make a patch-up between it and the smaller, among which is the trader that has Young Roy uv Arden-Keppel an' his servant along.

"Anyway with ordinary luck there warn't much to be afraid of, as there ain't more'n a few miles betwen the two caravans all the way to within fifty miles of Point of Rocks. If the smaller caravan is attacked an' c'n hold off the reds a while, the escort ahead c'n hear the shootin', even if they don't see the mess, and ride back.

"But ye know how it is gettin' within hailin' distance of trail's end. The caravan ahead makes Point of Rocks early in the day. They decides to travel on to Wagon Mound and camp there instead. They pushes ahead while the caravan behind slows up, takin' it easy so as to make camp at Point of Rocks, where there's always plenty of water and feet—an' Injuns for jest that likely reason.

"Everybody but Irish knows how Point of Rocks in them days is about the most dangerous spot on the whole Santa Fe Trail. With its big, cold spring gushin' out of the rocks, it's jest too good to be healthy. I reckon there's been more h'ar lifted there than anywheres west of the Missouri.

"But the boss of the hinder caravan is a hardhead. It's him that causes the split in the beginnin'. But Young Roy of Arden-Keppel ruther fancies the danger, an' then they've hed luck with them all the way.

"They camps at Point of Rocks—a right nice spot if ye happen to be bald or bought yer h'ar in a store. Along about daybreak them Apaches jest rises out of nowhere an' begins circlin' and shootin' an' yellin' like kiotes in moonlight.

"The trader an' Young Roy of Arden-Kepps puts up a great defense. Seems the Scot has been in some real fights in Yurrup an' is a soldier by trade. They caches the women an' children, and places every passenger that wears britches whar he'll do the most good. They fights like mad, an' would ha' beaten off three times their own strength, but they were up a'gin' worse'n that. Them Apaches seems to jump up double for every one they drops. It's as if the whole tribe is out!

"But they fights on, all the time expeckin' to hear the escort pound in from the west an' take the Injuns in the flank an' rear. They ain't dreamin' that the bigger caravan's now forty mile away, well beyond Wagon Mount an' headin' for Taos —the escort jest as keen for trail's end as the traders, they thinkin' the smaller outfit'll come through all right, anyway.

"Well, that's about all the story. Only Fergus comes out of it alive. How? He don't know hisself. He's crazy as a locoed jack-rabbit when Bill Comstock an' the rest of us picks him up wanderin' among the mesquite and catclaw. Mebbe that's why the Apaches doesn't kill him. They're plum scared of a loco. Then there's the way he's dressed. Maybe they takes him for a sperrit.

"He disremembers everything frum that p'int. When it looks like the jig's up, he useter tell me, his master calls him to his side.

" 'Fergus,' says young Roy, 'you an' me will gang oot thegither.' (I don't get the hang of their tongue, but it's something like that.) "Get on the wagon-tree there, m'lad, an' blaw the pipes for the glory of Scotland an' the McAulays of Arden-Keppel! There's two red arrows on the arms, lad. They're for us—ane for each! An' there's a red cock, spurred proper.

" 'Blaw, Fergus—*blaw!* An' by the hills o' the Gairloch, I'll teach they red devils *this cock is spurred.*'

"That's all," Ringer said after a pause, his voice dropping to a grumble, as if he were ashamed of the momentary thrill in his utterance. "'I reckon them reds thinks they're up ag'in' the original Fightin' Fiend. They still mentions him as the 'Red Death.'

"I'd like to ha' seen that an' to ha' counted the reds as he goes down before that big Scotch claimer. Fergus says his master is the last to fall, an' that's long after every other human is scattered around the shambles inside that corral of wagons.

"In the meantime the Gila keeps on playing his tune—'Cock o' the North,' he calls it—until Young Roy drops down bristlin' with arrows an' full of lead an' yellin' some Scotch war cry with his last breath. Then Fergus drops the pipes, jumps down from the wagon-tree, goes headlong through the Injuns, drops on his knees beside his young master, an'——

"He doesn't remember what happens after that. Reck'n he's out of his mind—the way we finds him near Wagon Mound.

"We takes care of him an' he stays with us. He seems to have only one idee at a time—any time; to kill Injuns. He's been doin' it ever since, an' has a special likin' for Apaches. He don't bring in no prisoners.

"Aside from that an' them spells when he thinks he hears the ghost-pipes callin', he's as good a scout as ever camped on the Ol' Trail."

There was a marked stillness around the camp-fire as Ringer ended his tale and silently began to fill his pipe. Then the Irish teamster, who had been listening with his mouth open and his eyes popping,drew a long breath and gasped——

"B' jabers!"

III

The moon surmounted the grotesque pinnacles to the east, flooding the half-desert-land with a bluish-silver radiance. Between two of the weird rocks that rose blackly against the moon, the Gila crouched in a listening attitude.

Whether the sound came from within or without, the sensitive nerves of his ears registered the ghost-pipes as clearly as if a pibroch played on a still night in some silent glen.

"Aye, maister!" he whispered. "I hear ye. I'll tak' toll!"

Despite his age—thirty-three years had passed since that massacre by Point of Rocks—the old Scot dropped almost flat and squirmed nimbly forward until he reached the saddle between the pinnacles. There he lay still, and again listened intently.

Again his ears—or the ears of imagination—caught the sound, distant, vague, ghostly. It seemed to him a little more to the north of west. Below him there was no sign of the thing he sought; nothing but a tumbled mass of boulders, and, beyond these, a clear, sandy area, reaching to another group of bluffs standing up fantastically in the moonlight.

Rising to the full erectness of his six feet two, the Gila descended rapidly from the saddle of rocks, scrambled with amazing agility between or over, the boulders

below, gained the open sand and again stopped.

The perpendicular rock "islands" about him either shut off the sound he followed or else the acoustics of that strange labyrinth played tricks with wave-lengths. For a few minutes he was at fault.

"Whaur noo, Young Roy?" he whispered.

As if in answer, a sound—a triple note like the drone of bagpipes—came faintly through the air, and, as it seemed, *from* the air. Fergus crouched low. There was plenty of time. The greater part of the night was before him. That was well, for the moonlight cried caution. Before dawn he would find his quarry, cut another notch in his gunstock, and again smoke his pipe until the ghost-pipes summoned once more.

He had perfect confidence in the upshot. When the ghost-pipes blew down the night-wind to his mental ears it meant that somewhere within swift traveling distance Indians lurked; and always they were Apaches. They might lurk anywhere when the pipes did *not* call; but maybe then the shade of Young Roy rested and cried for no toll.

But, when the summons did come—Aye, the Indians were always at hand for his rifle, or his knife, or his bare, strong fingers. The ghost-pipes had never lured him on a fool's errand.

Sometimes he wondered in his half-crazed brain if it was indeed vengeance for which the ghost of Young Roy cried. The lad had never been a whiner in life, but a fair fighter, a generous victor, a good loser. He had not fallen in fair fight; but Young Roy would have called it the fortune of war, no matter what his servant, of lesser earth, termed it.

Was it vengeance? Always the sound had led him unerringly to the spot where Apaches lurked. Ever the advantage had been his—his course directed straight to the expected savage, who took his ease in fancied security, off guard. True, there were always the Indian pickets; but these made Fergus's game the easier.

Just one! That was all that was required as toll each time—just one. In other days a shot had spurted from a bush, or a rock, or some high bluff. A savage had dropped. His fellows had sprung to arms and scored the surrounding cover. But they never found him they called the Gila.

But rarely now did Fergus shoot. Like liquor to an inebriate, his drug to an addict, the half-crazed Scot's hands thrilled to the soft, greasy resistance of a red throat. Sometimes the knife was necessary to equalize the struggle, although he strove to avoid it. But never the rifle-shot—now.

For into his warped brain a new thought had dawned that time he passed up his toll in order that a caravan might be warned. There were women in it and one little child, new-born. Fergus turned a deaf ear to the ghost-pipes that night and carried the warning.

But later, when there was none to be warned . . . . In the morning the Apache chief found his pickets dead . . . . Only their eyes told the story.

Again and again the ghost-pipes had called. They had become still not always when Fergus took toll, but surely when he brought news of danger and saved white lives from savage slaughter. There were even times when the ghost-pipes persisted even after successive nights of stalking and killing, as if the shade of Young Roy of Arden-Keppel could not rest, was not satisfied, or his living Nemesis failed to understand the true meaning of the message.

Of late years Fergus and the shade had been silent and inactive. But from the time of the Point of Rocks massacre, on through the unsettled years preceding and during the Civil War—when the West was its own law, its own protection—up to the time of the real occupation of the great Southwest territory, ever the ghost-pipes had called in the night; sometimes as far north as Montana, as far south as Old Mexico, eastward by the Missouri, and not infrequently on the outskirts of the arid Mohave Desert. Wherever most the Apaches rose in war-paint, the pipes wailed and summoned Fergus to his task of personal vengeance.

What he heard, or thought he heard, was unmistakably the voice of the pipes, and these the same reeds he had himself so lovingly fingered many a night by Gairloch, many a night on the emigrant ship, many a night on the plains, when the stars blinked in surprise and the

painted savages came out to hear the strange, barbaric pibroch.

These pipes were the same that Young Roy had loved—the pipes with the ebony chanter, the hand-carved ivory joints, the chasings of Scottish thistles on the silver mountings—the old family pipes of the McAulays which he and the young master together had learned to play, when old Aulay McAulay presented them to his younger son—for the real heir, to the McAulay's disgust, had taken to the fiddle!

Aye! They were the same pipes. Fergus knew it as surely as if he beheld them again, and his eyes looked upon the coat-of-arms graven on the silver mounting of the middle drone—the two arrows in saltire, surmounted by a fesse between three buckles and the crest a cock spurred proper.

The same pipes! Their voice had become mellow with the triumphs and sorrows of Scotland. They had hailed the bonnie Chevalier when he raised his standard in the Hebrides, shrieked his triumph at Prestonpans, piped him into Holyrood, and wailed his sorrow at Culloden.

They had been hidden away through the years of the attainder and brought to light again—and their braw chased thistles polished to brightness—when no longer was it an offense against the House of Hanover to wear the garb and chant the music of Old Gaul.

And in the end they had piped the son of a race of warrior chieftains into the Hall of the Chief of Chieftains—that day by Point of Rocks.

The same pipes; but not the same skilled touch. For nimble had been Young Roy's fingers upon the wild grace-notes. Never had a Highland love-song lilted so sweetly as when he played it. Yet the tunes that now came to the hearings of Fergus were neither sweet nor martial.

They were the cryings of some perturbed soul shrieking for vengeance—wild, sullen, fierce, implacable ghost-pipes.

IV.

Fergus started alert. A mere breath of air fanned his gray temples. But it gave him the exact direction adown which drifted the faint, droning sound.

"Aye, aye, maister," he muttered, "I hear ye. To the west there, bearin' a wee north. Just breathe on the chanter a bit mair, lad, till I hae my e'e on the heathen. Just breathe on the chanter."

He stole around the base of the bluff and found himself in a moon-lit lane. On the other side of it rose more of the rock "islands" peculiar to the region. The one nearest him was not so precipitous, although higher. He could claw his way up the face of it, and from the summit, the sound-waves less obstructed, place the exact location of the game. Already as he cleared the first "island," the voice of the pipes came more clearly.

When he reached the top of the second bluff he lay flat on his belly, his hair bristling beneath his broad sombrero. Yet nothing could he *see* that denoted a savage presence.

Before him stretched the familiar vista of bare sand-patches, areas of cactus, greasewood, mesquite, catclaw and sage-brush, mases of broken boulders, and then again the misshapen grotesquerie of bluff, pinnacle and gashed or eroded chasm.

Yet the pipes came to his mind's ears more distinctly than ever they had done out of the ghostland of his thirty-odd years' hallucination. He found it hard to believe in that moment that they were not real pipes of ebony, leather and silver, gay with tartan streamers, and played by fingers of living flesh and bone.

"Ye play wi' an urgent touch the nicht," he whispered. "I hear ye, sir. But eh, lad, ye're sair oot o' practice. Whaur be the fine grace-notes? An' hae ye forgot the auld tunes? I'd ken ye better, maister, if ye played 'Airlie,' or 'Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose.' Will ye hae forgot 'Cock o' the North'?"

The desert breeze blew again, this time stronger, though still fitful. The drone of the pipes swelled angrily with a note of summons more peremptory than usual.

Down from the bluff the sinewy old Scot wormed, muttering in his beard. As straight as the nature of the land permitted, he headed westward, bearing a point north.

And as he went, ever the drone of the ghost-pipes became louder and more insistent.

He came upon his quarry quite suddenly. After traveling about a mile and coming out on top of a bare rock-ridge, he looked down into a canon, which, hemmed in by precipitous bluffs, formed

a roomy *cul-de-sac,* with but space enough at the mouth for two mounted warriors to ride abreast through a bending tunnel under a rock-arch.

It was a natural corral, a hiding-place where half a regiment might have rested in roomy security, unless it happened to be discovered unknown to its occupants. Thereupon it would become the very opposite—a death-trap.

Fergus's trained eye took it all in at a glance. That part of him which was scout involved the situation involuntarily. That part of him which was Scot boiled in a ferment at what he saw.

His scalp crept; his beard bristled; his eyes widened and blazed with fury; and through his teeth came gritting sounds of rage.

Despite all this, the old insanity left him on the instant, as if a fog had lifted from his darkened understanding—lifted, never to return.

Now he cursed the bloodthirsty desire of vengeance which had ever clouded his mind when it came to a choice of killing or making a prisoner who might give information of his tribe's plans and movements. Many a time he had stood by and sneered when Leacock or Ringer, or any of the other scouts, had brought in a brave and tried to coerce him into speech. Fergus had needed no help from any Indian to destroy other Indians.

Yet had he listened, he might have surmised long years before what was so clearly revealed to him now. Now he recalled having heard—and scoffingly jeered as "Injun superstition"—tales of the powers of Black Kettle, the Apache wizard, who, when all others failed, could make medicine that sent forth warriors to victory, turned them into fighting fiends, insensible to pain, fearless of death, impossible of defeat in their own belief, and too often victorious through that very conviction of infallibility.

Below him in the *cul-de-sac,* there were as many as three hundred Indians. The tepees were set along the walls of the canyon and formed a long V. Down the centre there was a widening avenue between the tepees, and toward the base of it burned, in the middle, a fire.

In front of the tepees were a number of old squaws, but no old men or children or maidens. This was a war party. Around the fire pranced the bucks, hideously daubed with paint, wearing masks of animal heads, waving spears, knives, clubs, rifles, tomahawks, and chanting in a subdued pitch the story of their prowess, their invincibility against the whites, and the toll of scalps they would bring back on the morrow.

To the tune of the chant and the pad of the moccasined feet on beaten earth, the voices and hand-clapping and drum-beating of the squaws mingled with the musical chink of the dancers' trappings of silver and brass.

"Neetah! Nee-toh!" chanted the squaws in a flattened minor.

"Hay-yah! Hay-yoh!" responded the perspiring warriors in hoarse gasps.

But the eyes of Fergus of the Gairloch were fixed on one figure—that of Black Ket le, the medicine man.

The Apache wizard stood at the apex of the encampment's V. He was a frightsome apparition. His face was blackened with pot-soot. Red and white streaks painted enlargement of his mouth. Great yellow smears were about his eyes, and two horizontal lines of vermilion on his brow. His body was draped with a motley of skins, his head crowned with a pair of buffalo horns, and from each bare arm and from his scrawny neck hung living, squirming, whirring rattlesnakes.

But all this had Fergus seen and sneered at before. The thing that made his blood chill with awe and boil with rage was in the hands of Black Kettle.

(*Concluded in November*)

Mr. Chalmers' stirring story first appeared in *Adventure* Magazine, and is here published by permission. There is a real mystery behind it, one that will haunt and thrill every Scot. The *true* story, as detailed in Mr. Chalmers' letter to the Editor of *Adventure,* is as absorbing as the fiction, of which it is the inspiration.

Laguna Beach, California.

I am not sure but that the facts behind the story, "Ghost-Pipes" may prove of more interest than my fiction version of the probable happenings. Here is an unvarnished statement of the case:

Returning the other day from a hunting

trip in the Cuyamaca country of Southern California with Roy Clarkson Colman, the well-known painter of "marines," we happened to stop for a look-over at *Ramona's* marriage-place near San Diego. The lessee of this place is a Mr. Getz, who detecting the ancestral thistles that slightly garnish my tongue, offered to show me a relic which he thought might interest me, but was "of little local interest." It was something, he said, which he had bought some years before from a former scout of the old Santa Fe Trail.

STEPHEN CHALMERS
The Author, With the "Ghost Pipes."

Judge of my astonishment (to say nothing of racial feelings) when he unearthed a set of very ancient bagpipes to which the once-gay tartan streamers were still attached, although long since faded and pathetically tattered. As I say, the pipes were very ancient, belonging doubtless to the eighteenth century, at least—pipes that may have shrieked defiance of Cumberland's dragoons in many a Scottish glen. They must have been an excellent set when new. Their workmanship and material were of the finest, the chanter being of ebonywood heeled with silver, hand-chased in a beautiful design of Scottish thistles, the drones mounted with silver and ivory, the latter also hand-carved. The windbag was of cowhide (probably from Highland cattle), handsewn, one leathern bag enclosing a second. The inner bag was quite sound, although the outer had suffered from moths and rodents.

The fact that any of the cowhide was left at all at once told me that these pipes must have been more or less continuously in human hands; that is to say, they could not have been unguarded from rodents for any great length of time. "Where did you get them? Who owned them? How did they get here?" are a few of the questions I immediately fired at Mr. Getz, who was apparently much amused over my poorly suppressed excitement.

"I got them," said Getz, "about ten years ago from an old scout, named Adams, who served on the Santa Fe Trail in the wild days before the final occupation of New Mexico and Arizona. He got them—bought, took or *otherwise acquired* them—from an Indian who said they had been with his people for over thirty years, during which time they had been considered 'big medicine' and almost worshiped by the tribe, whose Medicine Man used them in his business and produced them on strenuous occasions, such as when it was necessary to break a drought or convince the warriors that all they had to do was fight the cavalry and the 'Spirit of the Groaning Voice' would bring many white scalps to the lodge-poles. Unfortunately they seem to have made one big mistake. The bagpipes were big fighting medicine right enough, but they were white man's fighting medicine. After the Apaches were all corralled the old pipes again fell into Celtic hands, for I think Adams was Scotch, or of Scotch descent."

"Yes, yes," I said, "but how did the Indians come by them?"

"Oh, in the usual way," said Mr. Getz. "Attacked a caravan on the Old Trail somewhere about '53, massacred to the last man and—well, these bagpipes were all that was left to tell the tale of what may have happened—what probably did happen. Maybe you, as a Scotsman, can understand their tongue; I can't. Maybe they'll tell *you* what caravan it was, whether the attack was by Apaches, Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes or Pawnees, at what point of the Old Trail it took place, who owned these bagpipes, what manner of man he was, what he was doing there, whether he died fighting or blowing his swan-song on the pipes, and just what the Indians thought, anyway, when they heard bagpipes. Speculation on the mystery has entertained me many a night, but I have never been able to arrive at an answer."

Well—I induced Mr. Getz to sell me the pipes, and I didn't haggle over the price either, even if I *am* Scotch—perhaps *because* I am Scotch and the mute tragedy of these pipes hit me harder than anything I can remember. Before taking away my treasure, which Colman said I carried like a hurt child, I had Getz write, in the presence of Colman, a few lines concerning the transaction. Here they are:

These bagpipes, sold by me to Mr. Stephen Chalmers, were acquired by me in 1910 from one Adams, former Sante Fe Trail scout. They were captured by Indians from a caravan along the Old Trail in the early fifties, used by the Medicine Man and held in great reverence by the tribe.

(Signed) T. P. GETZ.

RAMONA'S MARRIAGE-PLACE,
N. SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
December 20, 1920.

In return, Mr. Getz asked me to write him

a note (which he intended sending to the local newspapers) concerning my purpose in acquiring these pipes. Part of what I wrote follows:

". . .to return them to Scotland, where they belong, or to place them in the hands of the United Order of Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada, through its Royal Tanist, Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, and to be placed by him, and at its discretion, among other relics of Scots pioneers in America."

For the rest—for several evenings I have been sitting here in my bungalow among the rocks of Laguna, hobnobbing with the terrific ghost who haunts these bagpipes. With him—whoever he was—I have smoked much tobacco. Through the haze we have come to see and know each other, and I to understand the language of his message. I wrote down the story he told me, and you have it in "Ghost-Pipes."

In cleaning the bagpipes, removing the grime and corrosion from the ebony and silver, I found near the top of the chanter a stencilled name, undoubtedly the maker's.

P (or, possibly, B) HENDERSON
GLASGOW.

On this clue I have gone to work to trace the real history of these pipes and the dead man who owned them. I have enlisted the help of Colonel Scott, of the Scottish Clans, also the editor of THE CALEDONIAN, also my brother, who lives in Glasgow, Scotland, *The Glasgow Herald*, and such other aids as I could think of toward discovering, if it is humanly possible, the identity and true story of the man who lost these pipes—and probably his life at the same time—on the New Mexican desert seventy years ago.

Who was he? What is the story these pipes could tell?

And if I find any living descendants of the piper of the plains I should not consider these pipes my property for a single instant. —STEPHEN CHALMERS.

(The pipes have been placed in the hands of Colonel Walter Scott, Royal Tanist, O. S. C., as their most proper custodian in this country.)

American Pilgrims in the Land of Scott

Some of the best and most illuminating pages about the land of Scott have been written by those who have come farthest, and chiefly from the United States, to see the shrines and places associated with the author of the "Waverley Novels." This is a suitable time to recall a few of these pilgrims. In 1918, Lord Glenconner handed over to the nation the beautiful ruined pile of Dryburgh Abbey which holds the dust of Scott, while the Duke of Buccleuch has likewise handed over Melrose Abbey, four miles higher up the Tweed, and the Duke of Atholl intends also to give Dunkeld Cathedral in Perthshire to the nation.

The shortcomings of all tourists, and Americans as much as any, are that they crowd too much into a short time; try to cover too much ground and gain but a superficial knowledge of their objectives. It is not an uncommon thing, with Edinburgh as a centre, to find these tourists accomplishing visits to Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh Abbey in one day. There have been fortunate American pilgrims who have done much better than this and have left valuable records of what they have seen. Of these were Washington Irving in 1817, and George Ticknor in 1819, who had personal intercourse with Scott at the height of his fame, and Harriet Beecher Stowe in 1853, who followed with a keen mind, sensitive to impressions, and well read in the Scott literature. Mrs. Stowe's visit was made while "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was being read and talked of in palace and cottage, and nothing gratified her more than to find how thoroughly appreciated were all her characters therein. But of all the recent books on the land of Scott the finest, most thorough, and most enjoyable is that of Charles Sumner Olcott, publisher and author. His book, "The Country of Sir Walter Scott," is dedicated to his wife, the companion in travel and colaborateur (Allie Gage of Indianapolis). It is illustrated from photographs by the author, and a British edition was issued from the house of Cassell in 1913. Other books by British authors are "The Land of Scott, or Abbotsford, the Country of the Tweed and its Tributaries (1859)," by, we believe, Sir Daniel Wilson. This is done alphabetically, with lists of routes from the various centres. A well-written and interesting book is "The Scott Country" (1902), by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, minister of Tweedsmuir, which has proved acceptable and successful. Both these last confine themselves to the Border district.

Scott remarked of Washington Irving, whom he entertained at Abbotsford in 1817, that he was the best and pleasantest acquaintance he had made for many a day. He came with an introduction from Thomas Campbell the poet, and was told by Scott, "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning like a newspaper. It takes several days of study for an observant traveller that has a relish for auld world trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey." Charles Scott,

the great man's son, accompanied Irving to Melrose, and proved a cheerful companion and guide. Johnny Bower, a decent-looking little old man, in blue coat and red waistcoat, showed them over Melrose Abbey, and did not miss any detail or suggestion in connection with Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," or in his stories which to him were genuine facts. Bower remarked of Scott, "He'll stand and crack and laugh wi' me just like an auld wife, and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge of history." Scott accompanied Irving on another ramble on his return from Melrose, with every dog in the house along with them, the humors and peculiarities of each being discussed. When, later, Scott took him to a hill, probably one of the Eildons, he said: "Now I have brought you to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts. Yonder is Lammermoor and Smailholm and there you have Galashiels and Torwoddlee, and Galawater and in that direction you see Teviotdale and the Braes of Yarrow; and Ettrick stream winding along like a silver thread to throw itself into the Tweed." Irving, accustomed to the vast American treeclad spaces, did not conceal his disappointment at Border scenery, which drew from Scott this reply, an interesting sidelight on his character: "It may be partiality, but to my eye these grey hills and all this wild Border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land, it has something bold and stern and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamental garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my honest grey hills, and if I did not see the heather at least once a year I think I should die." Irving admired Scott's humanity and kindliness towards workers and dependants, talking to them as one said as if they were blood relatives, and the picture within was most attractive; "Scott reading occasionally from Prince Arthur; telling Border stories or characteristic anecdotes; Sophy Scott singing with charming naivete a little Border song, the rest of the family disposed in listening groups, while greyhounds, spaniels, and cats bask in unbounded indulgence before the fire." Scott knew Irving as a writer first through his Knickerbocker's "History of New York," given to him by Henry Breevort, and over which he had laughed heartily. When the publisher of the first London edition of his "Sketch-book" failed, Scott used his influence with Murray the publisher to take over that work, and for what followed the author was paid high prices. Murray gave Irving 1,000 guineas for "Bracebridge Hall," 3,000 guineas for "Columbus," and £2,000 for "Conquest of Granada." Olcott thinks no single sketch ever written throws a stronger light on the Great Wizard's character than that of Irving.

George Ticknor in contemplating his first tour in Europe considered it a sacrifice of enjoyment to improvement, and valued it as a study of men rather than of books. Probably his views were modified with experience. Edinburgh he regarded as one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and there he was introduced to Mrs. Fletcher, a powerful lady in conversation, to Henry Mackenzie, to John Wilson, who became the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and whom he at first regarded as "a pretending young man with a great deal of talent." Later he appears as "a stout, coarse, redfaced person, with a good deal of red, bushy hair flying about his face and shoulders, taking snuff freely and careless in his dress, talking brilliantly, sometimes petulantly, and once or twice savagely." But he was most interested in Scott, whom he found quite as remarkable in intercourse and conversation as in any of his writings. He was then forty-eight, fully six feet high, stout and well made, excepting his feet, and stooped a little. His hair was already grey, and he carried in his countenance the marks of coming age and infirmity. His further testimony bears out all that has been written of Scott, that "his countenance when at rest is dull and almost heavy, and even when in common conversation expresses only a high degree of good nature; but when he is excited, and especially when he is repeating poetry that he likes, his whole expression is changed, and his features kindle into a brightness of which there were no traces before." Ticknor dined at 39 Castle Street, and went with the whole family to see the drama founded on "Rob Roy," which interested and delighted Scott hugely. Later Ticknor was in the Border country and saw Scott at Abbotsford. "The Border country is indeed the natural home of his talent, and it is when walking with him over his own hills and through his own valleys. . . and in the bosom and affections of his own family, that he is all you can imagine or desire him to be." He condemned the situation of Abbotsford as decidedly as Mrs. Stowe did later, and when back in 1838, after the death of its creator, did not feel half as badly at the master's grave at Dryburgh as at Abbotsford, which he almost wished could have been burnt up. He regarded it as a monument of the weakest part of Sir Walter's character: that love of magnificence beyond his means, which led to pecuniary embarrassment. To Ticknor Abbotsford had "Follies of the Wise" inscribed on all its parts. He notes that since Scott's death in 1832 until 1838 from fifteen to eighteen hundred persons yearly visited Abbotsford.

Harriet Beecher Stowe had Washington Irving's graceful account in her mind of his visit to Abbotsford while there in April, 1853. To her Abbotsford was a mistake and a failure. Not one view from a single window to her was worth anything in point of beauty. But as a development of his inner life, as a working out in wood and stone of favorite fancies and cherished ideas, the building had a deep interest. The house was his own stone and wood poem, wild and poetic like himself in every stone that was laid. The his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He expressed

chapter in her "Sunny Memories" describing this visit to Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh is bright and memorable, and she says justly that Dryburgh, that rich and poetic ruin, would have been a mine of wealth to Scott far transcending the stateliest of modern houses had he possessed it. Though moral effect was not primarily Scott's object, yet the influence of his writings and whole existence on earth, she believed, had been decidedly good. There was something idyllic in Mrs. Stowe's visit to Dryburgh; she visited two cottages, in one of which (the Forsens) she had a comfortable tea, and praises the thrift and intelligence of the dwellers. As she passed to Dryburgh ferry all the inhabitants seemed to be standing at their doors, bowing and smiling, and expressing their welcome in a gentle kindly way that to her was quite touching. There was something quite romantic, too, in the visit paid to Melrose Abbey by moonlight, which, contrary to all that has been said, Scott himself really paid before he wrote the poetical description.

"The distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave."

"At midnight," writes Mrs. Stowe, "as we walked silently through the mouldering aisles, the brawl of the Tweed was so distinctly heard as if it was close by the old, lonely pile, nor can any term describe the sound more exactly than the word rave which the poet has chosen. It was the precise accuracy of this little item of description which made me feel as if Scott must have been here in the night." She sat on a Scottish monarch's tomb, heard the bell toll twelve, admired the east oriel, disturbed the jackdaws in the ivy, which she thought rooks e'e she passed to her hotel.

The method of Charles S. Olcott in the preparation of his book, "The Country of Sir Walter Scott," was to work round from a centre such as Carlisle, Dumfries, Melrose, Edinburgh, or any part of the United Kingdom identified with his works. He includes not only the Border country, which was Scott's home, but also wherever he thought he might find a beautiful or an intimate picture connected in some way with the life of Sir Walter, or mentioned by him in some novel or poem. Months were spent in preparation before leaving home: every novel and poem was read, books of reference, and the inevitable biography of Lockhart. Notes were taken of places to be visited; maps were prepared in which Olcott marked circles with a red pencil around all points which he thought ought to be visited "until my maps looked as though suffering with an attack of measles." What surprised him a good deal was to find many of the scenes exactly as Scott described them, and seeing them felt like getting on intimate terms with Scott and feeling the genial influence of his presence; his spirit seemed to pervade every nook and corner of Scotland. The key to what Scott became he found in the words of Robert Shortreed, his companion of early pilgrimages on the Border: "He was makin' himsel' a' the time, but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little I dare say but the queerness and the fun. Sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery he had wi' him; how brawlie he suited himself to everybody." The present prosperity of Melrose, so far as it has any, is the gift of Scott, who holds the same relation to it as Stratford-on-Avon does to Shakespeare. Many old mansions have been mentioned as prototypes of Tully Veolan in "Waverley," and these are given as Traquair House, on the Tweed; Warrender House and Ravelston, Edinburgh; Craighall, Blairgowrie and Grandtully.

Julian Charles Young, who was at Abbotsford with his father in 1821, describes Scott's "light blue, waggish eye, sheltered, almost screened, by its overhanging pent-house of straw-colored bushy brows, his sandy-colored hair—the Shakespearean length of his upper lip—his towering Pisgah of a forehead, which gave elevation and dignity to a physiognomy otherwise deficient in both—his abrupt movements, the mingled humor, urbanity, and benevolence of his smile." Young believed that the best portrait of Scott was that painted by Sir Francis Grant: superior to that by Raeburn, Wilkie, Allan or Leslie as a likeness. He also praised the busts by Chantrey and Joseph, but awarded the palm to Greenshield's statue now in the Advocates' Library, which "from the crown of his lofty skull to the rude simplicity of his shoe strings is perfect." This statue formerly stood at the entrance to the publishing warehouse of Robert Cadell, 31 St. Andrew Square. Cadell succeeded Archibald Constable as Scott's publisher, and he it was who paid up the necessary final sum which extinguished the great author's debts.

George Gilfillan, while musing over Scott's tomb at Dryburgh, with the sound of the Tweed in his ears, "thought of the benign creations of that man's mind; of the stores of knowledge it had accumulated; of the entire literature which had emanated from it; and of the intellectual, moral, and purely and loftily spiritual influences which that literature had produced, was producing and would produce for evermore," says "we felt as if a multitude of men, as if a nation were slumbering below, and, full of blended awe and love, turning away we left him alone with his glory."

Dryburgh, Melrose, Abbotsford, touched by hoary antiquity and the magic wand of Scott, are all charmed places, and none more so than where the mighty Minstrel sleeps within sound of the Tweed. R. COCHRANE.

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A picture of the grave of Myles Standish at Duxbury, and of his descendent, Amelia Day Campbell, ninth in line, taken during the recent Congress of the Society of Mayflower Descendants at Plymouth, Mass.

Myles Standish, Warrior

BY AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL
(*For The Caledonian*)

Three hundred years add luster to thy brav'ry,
Time places laurels fresh upon thy brow.
Would thy descendants could by emulation
Worthy be found to claim such kin e'en now.

Gone from thy haunts, yet *still* a living presence,
"Man of the Hour" through history's written page.
Three hundred years thy spirit has led onward,
Victor whenever Right should Wrong assuage.

The Spirit of thy sires a warrior made thee;
Thy comrade Pilgrims shared its shielding power.
Three centuries America in wars has felt it;
Keen her appreciation this Memorial Hour.

Thy Spirit marched in Washington's commanding
When foreign tyranny was at our throat.
Bostonians dumped the tea into the Harbor
Vowing they'd pay no tax without the vote.

That mighty Spirit fought again for Lincoln
Whose heart was *just*, his motto "Liberty"!
Ye gave the Indians faith and righteous treatment;
With *equal rights he* set the Negro free.

McKinley's weapon was the Monroe Doctrine
Which gave him power to succor lands oppressed.
So Cuba and the Philippines were rescued
From monarch rule. *Again* that Spirit's test!

Then came World War and over seas we sent them—
Our well loved sons to fight for our free land,
And with determined Forces of our Allies
Were victors o'er World Conquest Germany'd planned.

Thus may thy conquering Spirit ever lead us
Through ages that before us stretch away.
Our Nation shall endure, but to insure it
Courage of warriors, such as thine, must sway.

The Lords Balfour of Burleigh

A good deal of misunderstanding has arisen from time to time among careless readers with regard to the title Balfour of Burleigh. One often finds "Balfour of Burleigh" given as the name of one of the assassins of Archbishop Sharpe, whereas the Covenanter who took part in that deed was John Balfour of Kinloch, otherwise known as "Burly." There is also the English Burghley, near Northampton, from which Queen Elizabeth's great minister, William Cecil, took his title, Baron Burghley, yet held by his descendant, the Marquis of Exeter. It is of a romantic episode in the history of the latter house that Tennyson wrote his well known poem, *The Lord of Burleigh,* whose hero had his seat at "Burleigh-house by Stamford-town."

The Burleigh from which the Scottish peerage takes its name is an ancient stronghold near the village of Milnathort, in the parish of Orwell, Kinrossshire. Its outer walls may still be seen forming part of the buildings of a farm. Two towers remain and until recently some old trees of the once noble policies still stood about the place.

According to the annalist, Sir James Balfour, King James II, in the ninth year of his reign, signed a charter in favor of Sir John Balfour of Balgarvie, creating this property a free burgh of barony; according to Sibbald, his descendant was heritiable crowner of Fife under Queen Mary, and the castle was the home of his race down to the time of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715.

In the time of Queen Mary, the line of the original owner ended in an heiress, Margaret Balfour. She, however, married a husband of her own name, Sir James Balfour of Pittendreich and Monquhany in Fifeshire. This individiual played a conspicuous and sinister part in the affairs of his time. Educated for the priesthood, he was implicated in the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, and in consequence along with John Knox, served for a time in the galleys. He was chief judge of the consistorial court of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and president of the Court of Session as Lord Pittendreich till 1568. There is no doubt that he was concerned in the murder of Darnley. The bond for the murder was drawn up by him, and the house in which the deed took place belonged to his brother. As Governor of Edinburgh Castle for Queen Mary, he handed it over to the Regent Moray, in consideration of being granted a remission for Darnley's murder, a sum of five thousand pounds to himself, with the revenues of the Priory of Pittenweem, and the conferring of an annuity on his son. In the page of history he is reputed to have served, deserted and profited by all parties in his time. On the other hand, he is believed to have been in part at least author of the earliest text-book of Scottish law, *Balfour's Practicks.*

By his wife, Margaret Balfour of Burleigh, this equivocal character had three daughters and six sons. Of these, the second was created Lord Glenawley by James VI, and the fourth became a distinguished general under the Prince of Orange in Holland. The eldest son, Sir Michael Balfour, was sent by James as ambassador to the Duke of Tuscany and Lorraine in 1606, and the following year was created Lord Balfour of Burleigh. He was also made a member of the Privy Council.

The title was inherited by his only daughter, another Margaret Balfour. This lady married in 1606 Robert, son of Robert Arnot of Newton, chamberlain of Fife, who at once assumed his wife's name of Balfour, and after the death of his father-in-law, in 1619, sat in the Scottish Parliament as Lord Balfour of Burleigh. As president of the Estates of Parliament in 1640, he was one of the commissioners for peace with England. He was made a Privy Councillor by the Parliament and opposed the "Engagement" to march into England and rescue Charles I. In 1644, as a general of the Scottish Covenanting forces, he was defeated by the Marquess of Montrose near Aberdeen, and he was one of the parliamentary committee attached to General Baillie's army which was cut to pieces by Montrose at Kilsyth. For some time before the batttle the Covenanting army was encamped at Burleigh.

The son of this individual, John Balfour, third Lord Balfour of Burleigh, has constantly been confused with the Covenanter, John Balfour *or* Burly, of Kin-

loch, who took part in the murder of Archbishop Sharpe and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. The reputation of that individual, however, was to be rivaled by a later lord. Robert, only son of the fourth Lord Balfour of Burleigh, appears to have been a hot-headed and ill-governed young man. A young woman of whom he was enamoured having rejected his advances and married Henry Stenhouse, an Aberdeen schoolmaster, he was so moved by jealousy that he murdered his successful rival at Inverkeithing, in 1707. For a time, having been outlawed, he found concealment in a large hollow ash tree which stood till a hundred years ago some twenty feet from the wall of the northwestern tower at Burleigh, being supplied with food by his sisters, who seem to have adored him. In the end he was taken, tried in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh in 1709, and sentenced to be beheaded. A few days before execution, however, one of his sisters visited the prison, exchanged clothes with him and enabled him to escape. Such a spirit was likely to take part in any turbulent movement of the time. He was present at a meeting at Lochmaben on 29th May, 1714, when the health of "James VIII and III" was publicly drunk at the cross, and the following year he took part in the Jacobite rising which came to grief so disastrously at Preston and Sheriffmuir. In consequence, as he was now fifth Lord Balfour of Burleigh, he was attainted, and lost title and estate. Nevertheless he lived till 1757, and died unmarried.

His elder sister, Margaret, who, but the attainder, would now have been baroness, also died unmarried in 1769. The only other member of the family, Mary, the the younger sister, married in 1714 Brigadier-General Alexander Bruce of Kennet near Alloa, representative of a house of still more distinguished ancestry than the Balfours. Of the same race as King Robert the Bruce, the Bruces of Kennet were descended from David Bruce of Green, fourth son of Sir David Bruce of Clackmannan, ancestor of the Earls of Elgin. David Bruce's son, Archibald, married in 1569 the only daughter and heiress of Robert Bruce of Wester Kennet, and the great-great-grandson of this pair, James Bruce of Kennet, in 1688, accompanied the Prince of Orange to Britain, was appointed captain in the Earl of Leven's regiment of foot, and ultimately attained the rank of brigadier-general. It was his son who married the heiress of the Balfours of Burleigh. He also served with high distinction in Flanders under the Duke of Marlborough, and in 1715, the year after his marriage, was appointed major of the regiment raised by the city of Glasgow in support of the Government. His son and successor, Robert Bruce of Kennet, was, in the latter part of the eighteenth century a distinguished judge of the Court of Session until the title of Lord Kennet.

The grandson of Lord Kennet, another Robert Bruce, was member of Parliament for Clackmannshire, and married a daughter of Sir James Fergusson, Bart., of Kilkerran. He died in 1864. Four years later the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords declared that, but for the attainder of Robert, fifth Lord Balfour of Burleigh, he would be entitled to the dignity of that peerage. In the following year an Act of Parliament was passed removing the attainder, and his son, Alexander Hugh Bruce, then twenty years of age, who had succeeded him, accordingly became tenth Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

This lord was the late distinguished statesman and man of affairs. Educated at Eton and at Oriel College, Oxford, he began life as a captain in the Stirlingshire Militia, was elected a representative peer, became a Lord-in-waiting in 1887, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade in 1888, and Secretary for Scotland in 1895. He was a Justice of the Peace, a Deputy-Lieutenant, a Privy Councillor, and a Knight of the Thistle. He was also Governor of the Bank of Scotland and Chancellor of St. Andrews University, and filled a strenuous life as chairman of many commissions and public boards. Among other honors he was made D. C. L. of Oxford and LL. D. of Aberdeen. His elder son, the Hon. Robert Bruce, Master of Burleigh, after serving through the South African War, was killed in the later great conflict with Germany. The younger son, the Hon. George John Gordon, is now eleventh Lord Balfour of Burleigh.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

(Continued on page 336)

Allingham

BY CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

On the road to Allingham, keen October weather—
Just enough of sun and wind—spirits in high feather;
Five good hours to dinner time—but a pleasant sally,
Seven miles of sturdy climb, seven down the valley.
Blue mist on the distant hills, all the woodlands glowing;
Faded asters in the hedge, where the brown leaves blowing
Wildly whirl in merry dance, rustle in their laughter;
Off at last to see the world, heeding not thereafter.

Up the hills to Allingham—draw your belt-strap tighter.
Shift my pack a little. There! that will make it lighter.
Not a thought to mar the day, not a care to hinder—
There's a clump of sumac now, flaring like a cinder;
Soft, brown fields on every hand; ripe nuts in the hollow;
Noisy brooks that speed away calling us to follow.
Here and there a road-side spring—always stop to taste it—
Drain the cup of every drop. Pity 'tis to waste it!

On the road to Allingham—rabbits in the thicket;
Here a flock of noisy crows; here a shrilling cricket;
Bitter-sweet and old-man's-beard hiding fences hoary;
Or a bank of goldenrod in belated glory.
Now the scent of hemlock woods, now of fall fires burning;
Frosted grapes beyond the walls set the palate yearning;
Or a fragrant cider-press—No, we cannot tarry!
I've a dozen apples now—more than I can carry.

Down the hills to Allingham—almost at a canter,
With a snatch of old-time song, merry chaff or banter.
How the sharp air stirs the blood, like some fabled potion,
And the tight-drawn muscles thrill with the joy of motion!
Past the mill, and past the farms, still the miles fly faster.
Keen the eye—and keener minds judge things like a master.
Were the world born yesterday, all her first-fruits giving,
More we should not hope to ask than the day we're living.

On the road to Allingham—happy, hungry, dusty;
Coming to our journey's end and our jug of musty,
Homely fare beside the fire, Adam there to meet us,
With quaint jest and wise advice cheerfully to greet us.
Many glad years grant our host, jovial, brave and tender,
For the comfort he has wrought, good that he will render!
All the way to Allingham—ride it, read it, talk it—
You've not been to Allingham 'till you come and walk it.

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Gairloch, Ross-shire

Some Notes on the Countryside the Prime Minister Has Brought Into the Public Eye

Both the district and the little settlement of Gairloch, on the west coast of Ross-shire, have for many years been growing slowly but surely in favor as a holiday centre with the class whose whole idea when vacation time comes is to get as far away as possible from all that reminds them of city life, its fret and hurry, its unending round of duties and amusements. You cannot take the train to Gairloch, nowadays you cannot even get a steamer to take you there, except at stated intervals, and you will not find a nigger minstrel or a concert platform, a promenade or a

picture house within a radius of a hundred miles. Its devotees have not sung the praises of Gairloch from the housetops, for the very good reason that to make its attractions and lures common knowledge was to endanger the very thing that was for them the greatest attraction of all—its peace. None the less it has been a much loved place long long before the Right Honorable David Lloyd George gave the secret away and turned the full glare of the searchlight of public interest upon it by choosing to spend his much needed holiday there, and set the countryside humming with Irish envoys, cabinet ministers, American messengers and naval destroyers.

How to Get There and Where to Stay

When first it was noised abroad that the little great Welshman intended to spend September in so inaccessible a spot, many ludicrous mistakes were made by well-meaning pressmen, eager to give their readers news, but entirely ignorant, evidently, of the Scotland that lies north of Oban on the one hand and Inverness on the other. Wild rumors were given out that mails only reached the place once a week. These were corrected by the initiated, and the other extreme was reached, and Gairloch, Ross-shire, was confused with the Gare Loch in Argyll. Again the initiated came to the rescue and told the man-in-the-street exactly where Gairloch was and how one journeyed to it.

For the traveler setting out from Glasgow or Edinburgh, the better plan is to take the morning express to Inverness, and spend a night there, catching the 10:40 Kyle of Lochalsh train next morning, which deposits one at Achnasheen about one o'clock. From there one gets the motor coach to Kinlochewe, Loch Maree, Gairloch village, and Poolewe. Those who wish to lose no time and do the journey without a break can get the night express to Inverness; but if the journey—and it is a very beautiful one—is to be enjoyed, the first plan should be followed. At all four places there are excellent hotels, and Gairloch also possesses a number of fine modern houses, in some of which visitors may find accommodations. I traveled to Gairloch the day after the Prime Minister, and found the whole countryside talking of him. Round about Inverness, I was amused at a solemn warning erected by the railroad authorities at every junction, crossing, and odd corner, places where one would never have thought of finding absent-minded pedestrians—white notice boards bearing in big black lettering the sinister words—*Beware of the Trains.* They may have been there for years, but I never noticed them until now, and mentally visualized a picture of trains like big flexible iron worms pouncing out from every bush and crannie upon unsuspecting and unwary loiterers. I noticed too that every little town and clachan boasted a new monument, so painfully new as to attract attention at once, memorials raised to the men who marched away from the villages and glens to the great youth-devouring war, and did not come back. On the Kinlochewe monument there hung a huge wreath of purple and white heather.

The Beauties of Gairloch

Gairloch village is the centre of a wildly beautiful district with what the guide-book describes as a "genial and salubrious" climate. So far it has certainly not been genial, for when the whole countryside is not blotted out by a mist of rain, land, sea and sky are all of a grim dreadnought-grey, with the trees bending bleakly before a scurrying southwest wind. All one can do is to stick optimistically to the "salubriousness" and hope that the "geniality" will follow. The district with its numerous lochs and bays is a paradise for anglers; there are several splendid stretches of sand for sea-bathing, facilities for boating, a nine-hole golf course, and twenty or more peaks over 2,000 feet to delight the hearts of mountaineers. Loch Maree, one of the wildest and most beautiful lakes in Scotland, and famous for sport, lies some ten miles from Gairloch village. Mountains rise from its shores almost perpendicularly—Ben Slioch, 3,217 feet; Ben Lair, 2,817 feet, and Ben Airidh Charr, 2,393 feet, towering on the northern side, and on the southern shore Ben Eay lifting its head 3,309 feet into the sky—and it bears on its bosom twenty-four islands, any one of which might be The Island That Liked to Be Visited and capable of stealing away a Mary Rose if one came to the district, so complete are they in miniature with bays and dells and lochans. They are wooded in parts with

pine and birch and holly, the sacred plant, and carpeted with ferns and wild flowers. One of its largest islands, Eilean Sooin, is more than a mile in length, and has three little lochs, but the most celebrated of the group is known as Eilean Maree. It lies directly opposite Loch Maree Hotel, and contains a tiny primitive burying-ground and the ruins of an ancient chapel said by some to have been erected and dedicated to the Virgin in the eighth century by St. Malruba, a monk of Bangor, and by others to have been the church of St. Maree, who came to the island direct from Iona. Near the chapel was a well believed to possess the power of curing insanity, but the precious water dried up when a shepherd tried to cure a mad dog. In this direction, too, lies the splendid Pass of Kerrysdale, the Kerry Falls and the Victoria Falls. Queen Victoria stayed in 1877 in Loch Maree Hotel, and these falls were named after her because she so greatly admired them. There is a big stone not far from the hotel, with a foot-path leading to it, on which the great little lady sat for a rest, and all who go past that way sit down for a moment on the stone the Queen sat on. She did not get the length of Gairloch, but she drove half-way, and the people of the surrounding villages went out to meet and welcome her. From Gairloch itself a fine view is obtained of the north end of Syke, and the south of Lewis and Harris, and in good weather the sunsets are nowhere more gorgeous. About a couple of miles round the north side of the bay lie the clachans of Big Sand and Little Sand, with their celebrated sand mountains. From Gairloch, too, a wild, rough road leads to the village of Poolewe, about six miles distant. On the way are numerous little lochans, and three miles on one skirts Loch Tollie, an excellent trouting lake open to residents at Gairloch Hotel. Two miles or so past the loch a footpath branches off on the right to Talladale, from which one gets a magnificent view of Loch Maree and its bens. A little further on is picturesque Poolewe, near which stands Inverewe House, famous for its gardens and as the home of Mr. Osgood Mackenzie, author of *A Hundred Years in the Highlands*. Inverewe House was burnt down the first year of the war, and has not yet been rebuilt, and Mr. Mackenzie is at present staying two miles away from his famous home.

The Prime Minister in the Highlands

Mr. Lloyd George occupied, as all the world knows, Flowerdale House, the seat of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch The place, with shooting and fishing rights, was let beforehand, but the tenant waived his claims on the house and fishing in favor of the Prime Minister, and vacated both the day the famous Welshman's staff arrived. As a welcome, the people of Gairloch decorated the unpretentious entrance to Flowerdale with heather, thistles and roses, surmounting the whole with a stag's head, and finishing each side with a big bunch of leeks. On the first Sunday after his arrival, Mr. Lloyd George and his wife and party attended the Gaelic service in Gairloch U. F. Church, a handsome building in a commanding position in the bay The Gaelic service is held after the English one, and Mr. Lloyd-George seemed greatly interested in it, and the summary in English given for the benefit of his party. He walked to and from the service, much to the delight of all who took part.

What He Thinks of the Scots

Everything points to the fact that the Premier both likes and trusts the Scots. During the dark years of war most of his "discoveries" in the way of strong men to help the nation hailed from north of the Tweed. His trusted lady secretary, Miss Stevenson, is a Scot, and his housekeeper, who accompanied him from 10 Downing Street to Gairloch, is a Miss Macdonald of Tiree, a clever, practical, managing Highland woman, efficient in all the arts pertaining to a house—R. M. D., in *The Scots Pictorial*.

"The history of Scotland has been a perpetual protest against despotism. Its lesson is first the power of individualism; and latterly that of the rights of conscience."—Professor Veitch.

The Macneil of Barra

BY JAMES KENNEDY

O, mony Hieland Chiefs I've seen
  In flaming pictures painted,
In blue an' yellow, red an' green
  In tartan ornamented.
But painters' themes are maistly dreams,—
  I never met their marrow
Until my sicht the ither nicht
  Took in Macneil o' Barra.

His kindly face, his noble grace
  Eclipsed my fancy fairly;
In breathless awe I thocht I saw
  The winsome royal Charlie;
But blythe's could be nae ghaist was he—
  But brawn an' bane an' marrow,
An' gripped my loof,—a livin' proof,—
  The real Macneil o' Barra.

The echoes of a thousand years
  Cam through the centuries ringing;
Our voices answered just as clear's
  The mated mavis singing;
By Beltane fires our martial sires
  Wha shot the swift-winged arrow,
Could never be mair freends than me
  An' young Macneil o' Barra.

Ye toun-bred louns wha sport the kilt
  At picnics gallavantin',
I'll tak my aith if pitten till't
  There aye seems something wantin'
The sparrowhawk aye bears the bell
  Aboon the barnyard sparrow,
Sae is it when ye set your sel'
  Beside Macneil o' Barra.

Ye Scottish lairds, wi' due regairds
  To your curtailed dominions,
Ye 've muckle need to pause an' heed
  A humble Bard's opinions:
Gin ye wad thrive while ye're alive
  An' cauf-grund gettin' narrow,—
Come off your perch an' westward march
  Like the Macneil o' Barra.

Here where the bird o' freedom screams
  There's room for them that's willin',
Gude nicht to ancient, vanished dreams,—
  Here's lairdships for the tillin';
We need mair men frae hill an' glen,
  There's no on earth their marrow;
Come hither hike if ye are like
  The fine Macneil o' Barra.

The Scots' Part in America's Making

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR,
Chairman Executive Committee, America's Making—Scottish Section.

During the last week in October and the first week in November, the City of New York will witness a great demonstration by the thirty-two racial and national groups, which make up America's population, of the contribution which each group has made to the upbuilding of the United states. The English, the Scottish, the Irish, the French, the Dutch and many others will seek to portray the significant contribution of each; and those engineering the festivities of the two weeks will seek so to blend the ideas gained from the festival, pageant and exhibit as to show that the greatness of this wonderful country of ours has been possible because of the great contribution each group has made to the making of America.

Citizens of Scottish birth and descent will not be outdone by any other element. "If I were asked," said the late General Horace Porter, "which of this conglomerate population of ours at certain crucial periods did most to advance our progress, I should unhesitatingly say the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish. You may speak of them as the same race, for it was the Scotch, these old Calvinists who wanted a broader field for their liberty—civil liberty and religious liberty—who established themselves in North Ireland and proved the prowess of their sons in the memorable siege of Londonderry."

In this unique and splendid demonstration, then, the Committee of the Scottish Section will seek above all to exemplify LEADERSHIP.

When the Scotch came to America they were colonists rather than immigrants; they were settlers rather than adventurers. They did not cling to the shelter of the Atlantic Coast; they crossed the rivers, moved over the plains, scaled the mountain heights and stopped not till they dipped the fringes of their banners in the western seas. They hewed paths for themselves in the forest; they fought the savage and conquered the trackless prairie; they fought at times when manhood and courage were the only weapons of defense and the consciousness of right their only hope of reward. Schoolhouses, churches and trading-posts followed in their wake, for they went forth with clean heads, warm hearts, brawny arms and honest consciences. Daniel Boone, the hero of that age in Kentucky, and brave old Sam Houston, the founder of the Empire State of Texas, and whose greatest city bears his name, were both Scotch-Irish as were Lewis and Clark, the great explorers of the northwest.

"There has never been any other body of citizens, of equal number," says Herbert N. Casson, "that has stamped its record and its traditions so indelibly upon the national life of America as have the sons of Scotland." Take the Presidents of the United States—four of them—Monroe, Grant, Hayes and Roosevelt were of Scottish blood and six of them—Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur, McKinley and Wilson, Scotch-Irish.

Since the earliest Colonial days the system of Government in America has been largely modelled along lines laid down in the representative government of the Church of Scotland. Before the Revolution many of the Colonial legislatures were designated "General Assemblies," the Scottish term rather than "Parliaments," the English term. It is well known that the first genuine realization of representative government was that of the Scotch Kirk. That was two centuries before the achievement of American Independence. When, therefore, the fathers of our Republic sat down to frame a system of representative popular government, their task was not so difficult as some have imagined. Chief Justice Tilghman (next to John Marshall the greatest Justice of the United States Supreme Court) has said, "The framers of the Constitution of the United States borrowed very much of the form of our Republic from the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland."

In the making of every State in the Union—even Utah (for there were a surprising number of the original Mormons of Scottish birth) there has always been Scottish raw material and in the establishment of many towns and cities, including Pittsburg, Chicago and Paterson, all of distinctively Scottish origin.

In the revolutionary period the Scottish element weilded a decisive influence far out of proportion to its numerical strength. The famous assertion of Independence by the citizens of Mecklenburg, N. C., in 1775, was signed by thirty-one Scottish Presbyterians and when the still more famous Declaration was written at Philadelphia fourteen months later, it bore the names of at least five Scots—George Ross, Thomas McKean, James Wilson, Philip Livingston and the Reverend John Witherspoon, president of Princeton College.

Of all the great figures in the Revolution it is doubtful if any played a more decisive part than Witherspoon. This was testified to by the British Statesman, Horace Walpole, who gave him the blame for the whole revolt. "Our cousin America," he said, "has run off with a Presbyterian parson." In the Continental Congress no voice was more decisive than that of Witherspoon. "To hesitate now is to consent to our own slavery," he declared

on that historic morning that tried men's souls and when the final step was taken, "These grey hairs must soon descend into the sepulcher, but I would infinitely rather that they descend thither at the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country."

It was a Scot, Patrick Henry, who said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

About half of Washington's generals were of Caledonian descent, among them—McDougall, McIntosh, Mercer St. Clair and Alexander. Washington's personal friend and geographer hailed from Dunfermline. Murray who rose from the ranks to the command of the *Constellation* and John Paul Jones most famous of the old time sea fighters were Scots. In Washington's Cabinet were three of Scottish descent—Knox and Randolph and, also, Hamilton, whose fame as a constructive Statesman grows greater with the lapse of time.

When the Civil War began, a Scot, Simon Cameron, was Secretary of War. The Highland Guard of Chicago, and the 79th Regiment of New York, organized by Scots, were among the first to respond to the call of Lincoln. Of the fighting families of this period none excelled the "Fighting McCooks"—Daniel McCook of Ohio, and his nine sons and five cousins, all officers in the northern forces. It has been stated that Robert E. Lee had in his veins the blood of Robert Bruce and that Ulysses S. Grant and Jefferson Davis were both descendents of the Simpson family.

When we turn to education the Scot is conspicuous and influential. No race has a greater reverence for learning. If John Knox could have had his way there would have been a Grammar School in every Scottish Parish, a High School in every town and a University in every city. The second American College, preceded only by Harvard, the College of William and Mary, was founded by James Blair. The Presbyterian Church established not only Princeton University, but forty-eight colleges as well. The list of Scotland's contribution of preachers to America is a splendid collection of eminent names and altogether too long for mention and the same may be said of the list of educators, which includes Dr. James McCosh of Princeton, and John Muir, of California, whose name is perpetuated in the Muir Glacier of Alaska, which he discovered.

In literature the first Scottish American name is that of Washington Irving, whose father was born and bred in Orkney. Edgar Allen Poe, the greatest of American poets, was also of Scottish ancestry. The first American ornithologist was Alex. Wilson, a native of Paisley, whose great work received the encouragement and praise of Thomas Jefferson, and paved the way for that of Audobon.

The founder of American journalism, in the modern sense, was a thorough Scot, James Gordon Bennett, and among the other prominent names in the newspaper world disclosing Scottish origin are those of the late Whitelaw Reid, of the *New York Tribune;* Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier Journal;* Paterson of the *Chicago Tribune;* McLean of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and Arthur Brisbane of the Hearst papers.

In art, the first great American portrait painter belonged to the noble house of Stuart, Gilbert Charles Stuart, who painted Washington, Jefferson, Madison and scores of their famous contempories, while among the great sculptors may be mentioned Frederick McMonnies and J. Massey Rhind. In medicine the Scottish American doctors have always been prominent from Dr. James Craik, the family doctor to George Washington, to Charles McBurney.

But it is when we come to commerce that we find the Caledonian names scattered most thickly, for, ever since the earliest fur-trading days the success of the Scots in business has been little short of phenomenal.

The Pennsylvania Raliroad from the time of Colonel Thomas A. Scott down to date has been mainly built up by men who were either Scots or of Scottish descent. Among the shoe-making towns of New England no names are better known than those of Gordon McKay, who invented the sole-stitching machine and who revolutionized the shoe trade and Douglas of Brockton, and McElween of Boston, the great manufacturers.

In New York, Chicago and other cities, large and small, the Scottish name is numerically conspicuous, prodigeously prominent and potential in banking and financial institutions. The Scot may well regard with especial pride his venerable countryman, Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the indispensible "weaver of tongues," the telephone.

One of the richest and most free-handed men who ever lived was Andrew Carnegie. He climbed from the cobblestones of poverty to the throne of dominion over a vast industry. He abdicated this throne and became a sort of human providence. By his giving he stimulated others to give. His innumerable libraries have enriched American life to an extent beyond all calculation and his name as an enlightened educator-philantrophist will live forever in the greatful hearts of those millions who have been and are partakers of his prodigal benefactions.

In the foregoing brief resume of the contributions made to America by the sons of Scotland it must be assumed that the ground has been covered—space will not permit more than the presentation of a few salient factors.

The Scottish Contribution to America's Making will be presented in three forms:

First: Through an exhibit which will continue for two weeks in one of the thirty-two booths assigned to the various national and racial groups at the 71st Regiment Armory, at 34th street and Park avenue. The exhibit, which is being prepared under the supervision of Mr. Alexander MacIntosh,

architect, will be in the form of a miniature Hall of Fame, exemplifying *Leadership*. The work will be of great artistic merit and may possibly be deemed worthy of preservation.

SECOND: A festival of music and dancing in which will participate a large group of singers under the leadership of James F. Knox, leader of the Brooklyn Scottish Select Choir; a large band of pipers and dancers under the leadership of Pipe-Major Angus Fraser, of the New York Caledonian Club.

THIRD: A book of *Facts*, prepared by Dr. George F. Black, of the New York Public Library, with a preface by John Foord, editor of *Asia*. It is intended to achieve a widespread circulation for this book throughout the United States.

Our Glasgow Letter

A manuscript of Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" was recently sold at Christies, London, for £500. The bidding started at £50, and the prize was captured by Mr. Frank Sabin. The manuscript consisted of twelve pages and was endorsed at the foot with the words, "The original manuscript of Robert Burns, and given by him to Cardonnel Lawson, 1790." It has since been bound up with a number of drawings of Alloway Kirk and Brig o'Doon.

There are some eighteen or twenty applicants for the Jeffrey Chair of Political Economy at Aberdeen University. Mr. R. B. Forrester, Lecturer in Political Economy at the University, is among the applicants, and is highly favored for the post in influential circles. On the list are also included Mr. R. N. Gilchrist, Principal of Krichniger College, Bengal, Mr. Henry Clay, an Oxford Graduate, and a native of India.

One of the most picturesque estates in Scotland, the Rannoch Lodge Estate, in Perthshire, is at present in the market for sale. It extends to 32,543 acres, and includes the famous deer forests and grouse moors, and the lofty crest of Schiehallion forms one of its most striking features. It seems a thousand pities that so many of these truly beautiful Scottish homes should be passing out of the rightful owners' hands; but other times, other circumstances, and we are living in strenuous times, when even the landowner is feeling the pinch and has to exercise economy.

The debatable point as to whether or not golf should be played on Sundays in Scotland, has been reopened by the passing of a resolution protesting against the playing of golf at Gleneagles, by the Auchterarder U. F. Presbytery. The resolution was submitted at a meeting of Perth Education Authority, but after some discussion on the subject, it was agreed that the Authority should take no action. However much they may sympathize with the Presbytery, it was commented upon that Gleneagles is a private course, and that therefore this question is one to be settled by the directors, and not by outsiders.

The death of Mr. Kenneth MacDonald, Town Clerk of Inverness, leaves a blank it will be very difficult to fill. Mr. McDonald was a champion and friend of the Highland Crofters, and it was he who successfully upheld their claims before the Crofters Commission, and in many other ways was their adviser and helper.

During the hot weather, a few weeks ago, fires were frequent, and one of the most serious took place on Hill of Fare, fifteen miles from Aberdeen, when flames and clouds of smoke rose from a ten mile front. It is surmised that the outbreak was caused by a picnic party's fire, which spread so quickly that several thousand acres of excellent sporting moors were totally destroyed, and the fire raged for several days. So intense was the fire at one period that the farmers in the district had their furniture removed ready for taking away from the base of the hill, which was one flaming mass. However, it was fortunately not found necessary for the farmers to leave their homes, large gangs of willing workers helping to fight the flames.

The death of Ex-Councillor Scott-Gibson, which took place recently in a Glasgow hospital, recalls a brilliant civic career, stopped at its very zenith by the man's own foolishness. It was he who put a stop to the civic career of the popular Sir Samuel Chisholm. Sir Samuel, after serving his term as Lord Provost, in defiance of all modern precedent, sought re-election in the Woodside Ward. It was there that Scott-Gibson, then a shining light in the eyes of the Glasgow electors, and a continual source of trouble and worry to the Town Council, resigned his seat in Springburn and contested the Woodside Ward against the Provost, defeating him by a sweeping majority. It was then up to him to utilize his talents to the best advantage; but this he failed to do, and when we last saw him he had degenerated into a street corner orator, making a promiscuous living

on the humor of the public. His career was an object lesson on wasted talents, and his death a sad reminder of a once brilliant and clever man.

At the Bisley meeting, Scotland came in for more than her share of the coveted prizes for expert shooting. Among these the winning of the Elcho Shield was one of the most important, and was secured by Scotland. The team was composed of eight marksmen, representing Scotland, England and Ireland, and the distances were 900, 1,000, and 1,100 yards, fifteen shots at each distance. Scotland captured this trophy last year, and has now won the Shield twelve times, England twenty-nine times, and Ireland fourteen times. The Foster Cup was also carried off by a Scotsman, Trooper Freeman, late Glasgow Yeomanry, with a score of sixty-nine. The bronze medal, for the shortest aggregate in the first stage of the King's prize, was won by a Scotsman, Private Rae, 2nd Volunteer Battalion Scottish Rifles, but this much coveted prize was won in the final stage by a veteran Englishman, whose scoring was remarkably fine. Altogether Scotland made a more than creditable show at Bisley, and we look forward to even greater successes next year, as Scotland, in the realm of sport, seems to be coming into her own again.

The great Braemar gathering, under the auspices of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, will be held this year on September 8th, which it is understood meets with the approval of His Majesty. It is a wonderful flourishing society, and shows a balance to the credit of the fund of £2,246 after paying allowances to superannuated members, sickness benefit, and incidental expenses. Of course the society has behind it, one might say, the cream of the Highlands, and "nothing succeeds like success" is an old and true saying.

Mr. Percival Kirkby, who was recently appointed Professor of Music at the University College, Johannesburg, South Africa, comes of a well known Scottish musical family. He first saw the light in Aberdeen, where his father was a leader in musical circles, and after graduating in Arts in Aberdeen University, he studied at the Royal College of Music, London. He was appointed Musical Adviser to the Natal Education Department in 1914, and since then he has been steadily winning favor and appreciation in South Africa. This appointment is therefore an added tribute to his ability, and we feel sure, from our knowledge of his career, that he has a brilliant future before him.

We must mention the death, about a month ago, of Mr. James Young, who was Superintendent of the Dundee Tay Ferries Service, as he was one of the most genial and best known men on the East Coast, and will be sadly missed by a large number of travellers between Dundee and Newport. The late Captain was only sixty-seven years of age, and started his seafaring career at the age of seventeen, and for over ten years sailed in a vessel belonging to Messrs. William Thomson & Sons. He was subsequently in command of the *Loch Garry*, owned by the Dundee Loch Line, and was later promoted to the largest and best steamer belonging to that company. It was in 1898, he was appointed by the Dundee Harbor Trustees as superintendent of the Tay Ferries, and since then he had never looked back, and was a highly respected and faithful servant of the Trust.

Some time ago we mentioned the diamond factory, which Sir Bernard Oppenheimer started two years ago in Fort William for the training of disabled ex-service men as lapidaries. We now regret to have to report that the executive have decided—owing to the slump in diamonds— to close down this factory, which has caused keen disappointment, not only to the ex-service men, but to the whole community generally. However, it is apparently impossible to make it a paying concern. It is understood that a section of those presently undergoing training will have the option of attaching themselves to the factory at Brighton, which is being carried on under the same auspices.

Sir Ernest Shackleton has indeed paid us a compliment as a nation, by choosing two Scottish boys to sail with him on the *Quest* on her new venture. His first intention was to take one boy, but the two lads from the Land of Cakes were so peculiarly suitable for the job, that Sir Ernest took both, and we hope that they will both justify the honor that has been paid to them. Indeed, they have reason to be very proud Boy Scouts, as not many boys of their age get such an opportunity for experience and adventure. They are both big, brawny and hard as iron physically, and in manner extremely backward and shy. Sir Ernest is giving them both a wonderful chance to make good and distinguish themselves, and we Scottish people hope they will live up to the great traditions of our country, dying hard if need be.

The Isle of Arran War Memorial deserves special mention, as it is taking the practical form of a Cottage Hospital, at Lamlash, and will be used as such, and a central home for the district nurses of the island. The cost will be covered by public subscription, and £20,000 will be required, of which £12,590 has already been secured. The foundation stone has been laid, and the Roll of Honor, containing eight-six names, has been deposited in a cavity in the foundation stone. While we do not despise the many different forms War Memorials are taking, we do think one that serves the double purpose of honoring the dead and taking care of the living, is specially to be commended, and we hope the Isle of Arran will have no difficulty in raising the balance of the sum required for their hospital.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

My Mither-Tongue

BY JOHN IMRIE

I like to HEAR my mither-tongue
When far awa' frae hame,
I'm fond o' ilka sang that's sung
That has a Scottish name!
The dear auld Doric is to me
Familiar frae my birth,
Sae tender, couthie, kind, an' free,
The sweetest notes o' earth!

I like to SPEAK my mither-tongue,
Gae wander where I will,
When a' restraint frae me is flung,
My heart then has its fill!
The English tongue may rule the lan',
The Scotch commands the heart—
I'd rather lose my guid richt han'
Than frae the Doric part!

I like my mither-tongue to SING
The sangs I lo'e sae dear,
Youth's early scenes they seem to bring
Life's riper years to cheer:
Sweet memories a' come back to me,
O' mither, love, an' hame;
The dear auld land I ne'er may see,
Yet love it a' the same!

Canada.

Sir Harry and Lady Lauder Arrive

The world's artist, accompanied by Lady Lauder, arrived on board the *Aquitania* on Friday, September 30, and without exaggeration there were hundreds to meet him. He looked fine and had a "glad to see you" expression on his face, as he greeted his many friends. He was attired in his kilt, and his constant companion was with him (his pipe). Of course, the pipers in full regalia were there, and representatives from nearly all the Scottish societies, also representatives from Saranac Lake, which included the mayor. Duncan MacInnes, chief accountant of the City of New York ("See Duncan"), was present to confirm his golf match with Sir Harry Lauder at Saranac Lake. Walter Scott, of course, was with Duncan.

It was fully an hour and a half before the Lauder party, accompanied by William Morris, the genial manager of Sir Harry, could leave the pier, and then Mr. Tom Vallance had to remain until nearly ten o'clock that night with the Custom officials to have Sir Harry's baggage cleared.

Of course, Sir Harry had to meet a battery of cameras on all sides, even after arriving at the Biltmore Hotel, where he will stay while in New York. Upon the arrival of the party at the hotel they found their rooms a garden of roses, sent by their many friends, after which tea was served to Sir Harry and party.

In the evening Colonel Walter Scott was host at dinner at the Lafayette Hotel. Among those present were: Sir Harry and Lady Lauder, Mr. and Mrs. William Morris, William Morris, Jr., and Duncan MacInnes. A very enjoyable two hours were spent, after which the entire party went to see "Peter Grimm" as the guest of David Warfield, whom Sir Harry admires very much. A very pleasant evening was spent by the entire party. Later they all gathered in the dressing room of Mr. Warfield, where, of course, these two great artists exchanged stories of lang syne.

Saturday forenoon Sir Harry was extremely busy with many business and social matters, and at noon attended a luncheon given by Mr. William Morris, and among those present were Sir Harry Lauder, Colonel Walter Scott, Duncan MacInnes, Tom Vallance, and several other friends, after which the entire party was photographed outside of the hotel, Duncan MacInnes and Sir Harry having with them their golf bags. In the afternoon Sir Harry and Duncan MacInnes played a game of golf at one of the leading clubs in New Jersey.

In the evening William Morris entertained Sir Harry and Lady Lauder at dinner at the new Knickerbocker, after which the entire party occupied boxes at "Six Cylinder Love." At the entrance of Sir Harry to the box he was recognized immediately by the entire audience, who gave him a very hearty welcome. The party was delighted with the play and predicted a long run. Sir Harry wore his dress kilt, which is worn on state occasions. His ornaments were the handsomest ever seen in this country.

Sunday morning Sir Harry and Lady Lau-

SIR HARRY LAUDER

der, and Colonel Walter Scott attended divine service at the Fort Washington Church. Rev. John MacNeil, pastor, is an old friend of Harry's. It is unnecessary to say that the entire congregation remained to shake hands with Sir Harry and Lady Lauder. The afternoon was spent with personal visits to some dear friends on Staten Island.

Sir Harry and party, accompanied by Mr. William Morris, left for Saranac Lake, Monday, October 3, to remain for about a week. While there Sir Harry and Duncan MacInnes played a championship game of golf against Mr. A. Stevens, of the Stevens House, Lake Placid, and Dr. C. C. Trembly, of Saranac Lake. All wore the Highland costume, and the proceeds are to be added to the funds for the Saranac Lake Day Nursery. The prize for the contest was a handsome silver cup donated by Colonel Walter Scott, of New York.

On October 13th, Sir Harry will be the guest of the Rotary Club, and on the night of the 14th he is to be tendered a dinner by his Scottish friends in New York, under the auspices of the New York Caledonian Club.

His American season will open at the Lexington Theatre, Monday night, October 17th, and several surprises are in store for those who are fortunate enough to obtain tickets.

Marriage of Edith Hallett Frank

The host of friends of Miss Edith Hallett Frank, the popular soprano, who has delighted so many Scottish audiences in the past few years, join THE CALEDONIAN in felicitations on her marriage to Mr. George Underhill White, which took place on Monday, October 3d, at the Church of the Advent on Broadway and 93d street, New York, the service being performed by the Scotch Divine, Dr. H. C. McCrea. (Relatives only were present.)

Mr. White is ex-Mayor of Ridgewood, N. J., and is vice president of the Citizens Bank of that city. He is also well known in Wall street, where he is in business.

Miss Frank has been a soloist for many years in the Church of the Advent, where she was married, and is well known for her operatic concert work, in addition to her admirale rendition of Scottish song. She will be sadly missed not only in her church, but at our Scottish concerts.

Mr. and Mrs. White left immediately on their trip and will be absent about a month. On their return they will live on Franklin avenue in Ridgewood in the new home that Mr. White has just had built.

At The Scotch Tea Room

Mrs. Bain has been the hostess of many delightful parties, and the gatherings in the Scotch Tea Rooms in East 47th street are pleasantly remembered by a host of local and visiting Scots. And no happier party was ever given than one held recently by some friends in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark and Miss Clark, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who have been the guests here of Mrs. Clark's sister, Mrs. Rodgers.

Among the guests were Miss Agnes Bartholomew (the gifted reader), and Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell of the "Don't Tell" Company, both of whom are fine singers. Miss Bartholomew's husband is an old friend of Mrs. Bain, coming from her home town, Irvine.

Mr. Clark is a representative for McVittie & Price, of Edinburgh, and Miss Lilly Clark is a very fine pianist.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Belle (also of Edinburgh), Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, Dr. Isabelle MacDonald, Ed. Wilson and William Tone.

Very fine refreshments were served during the evening.

A Directory of Pipers

Robert C. Auld, formerly editor of the *Scottish American*, and well known to Scots throughout the country, is compiling a Directory of Pipers in the United States and in this laudable work he asks the assistance of all the societies and individuals. The names and addresses of Pipers should be sent to Mr. Auld, care of THE CALEDONIAN magazine, Bible House, 4th avenue and 9th street, New York city.

Albany, N. Y.

That grand old Scotsman, William S. Mitchell, has just celebrated his 71st birthday. He is the only living charter member of the Albany Caledonian Club, organized in January, 1874. He was born in Rothiemay, Banffshire, Scotland, in 1850, and came to Albany in 1870. For many years an engineer with the New York Central, having been retired with a clean record and a pension, about three years ago.

During his time in active service he took a keen interest in Brotherhood affairs, serving Division No. 46 as chief engineer, and also represented the division at Louisville, Ky., in 1882, and at St. Paul in 1894. Having always taken a great interest in civic affairs, he has served as a member on nearly all parade committees since January, 1876, always appearing in Highland costume. He has represented the Albany Caledonian Club at many of the Caledonian gatherings in various parts of this country and Canada. He is one of the oldest members of St. Andrew's Society, and one of its board of managers; past president of the Burns Club, and an honorary member of Clan MacFarlane, No. 22, Order of Scottish Clans, and St. Andrew's Society of Glens Falls; a veteran member of Ancient City Lodge, No. 452, F. and A. M., and active member of the West End Improvemen Association in which he takes much interest.

Mr. Mitchell was recently honored with membership in the Grand Division of Locomotive Engineers, headquarters in Cleveland, having held a continuous membership in the B. of L. E. for more than forty years.

Flora Macdonald College

Flora Macdonald College opened on September 14th for the twenty-sixth annual session with every available space in the dormitories taken. Students are in attendance from New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Delaware, Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Virginia and West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, Florida, North and South Carolina and Japan.

The British Ambassador Sir Auckland Geddes has notified President Vardell of his intention to be here on October 18, at which time he will address the student body. The meeting of the Scottish Society of America will be held at that time with Governor Cameron Morrison presiding.

Lewis and Skye Concert

The Joint Committee of the Lewis and Skye Association of New York, is busily engaged in arranging the details for their Annual Concert, to be held in Palm Garden, 58th street and Lexington avenue, Friday evening, December 16. The program has not as yet been announced, but those interested can rest assured, judging from the past, that it will be an excellent one. The committee, in recent years, have introduced many popular Scottish singers to the public, and are always striving for the best talent.

Unveiling of Monument to John McCullagh

The memory of John McCullagh, first Chief of Police of greater New York, was again honored on September 29, when, in the presence of relatives and officials of the Police Department, a monument was unveiled and dedicated to him at Woodlawn Cemetery.

When McCullagh died in January, 1917, no grand and pompous services were accorded him. He was laid to rest in an unmarked grave in a modest country graveyard in New Jersey. It was not until May 8, 1920, that his body, along with that of his wife, was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. This was done through the efforts of the James McCullagh Memorial Association.

The work of the association ended yesterday. Miss Florence McCullagh, a grandniece, unveiled the monument. Colonel Walter Scott, president of the association, and Police Commissioner Richard Enright spoke in praise of the man and of his work. A police quartet sang, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Police buglers blew taps. Chaplain John J. Coogan pronounced the benediction.

"My one regret," said Commissioner Enright, "is that John McCullagh died one year too soon. He had confided in friends that his dearest wish was to return to the police department, either as commissioner or first deputy commissioner, in order to finish some of the work he started so many years ago. If he had lived until I was made Police Commissioner he would have stood at my right hand as my first assistant in the work before me."

Colonel Scott's address follows in full:

"Friends of John McCullagh,

Friends of the New York Police Department:

"This is one of the times when I believe that silence would be golden, for what we are doing here to-day speaks louder and plainer than could any words we may utter. But it is right and proper that we should call attention at this time to the fact that this monument—erected in perpetuity to the memory of John McCullagh, the first Chief of the Greater New York Police Department—demonstrates that one who has always performed his duty lives in the lives of those he leaves behind. And so to keep the promise made by the John McCullagh Association here on this hallowed spot a short time ago, when in the presence of his relatives and friends we tenderly laid away his mortal remains (and those of his life-partner), we to-day dedicate a monument to his memory. Not that we who knew and loved him need such a reminder, but that the passerby of future generations may know it is worth while to be enshrined in deep affection in the hearts of the living.

"So to-day you behold this beautiful bronze and granite memorial, which for the purpose of dedicating we have to-day met here in this quiet corner of the greatest city of the world. That we should do this, so long after he left us, is quite extraordinary. It not only speaks of him, but of the living whose desire to give expression to their gratitude for what he accomplished by honoring his memory culminates in this act of raising a monument in his likeness. We are, therefore, justified in recounting to you, for a few moments at least, a few of the facts concerning the life of the First Chief of Greater New York's Guardians of the Peace.

"As many of you well know, John McCullagh was a worthy son of the Emerald Isle, possessing all the finer qualities of her children. 1845 was the year that gave him to the world. When an ambitious young man, he came to this great land of opportunity, and soon after took advantage of our public schools to obtain his education.

"One of his early desires and ambitions, we are told, was to become 'One of the Finest.' At that time he little dreamed what was in store for him—that one day he would head these 'Finest,' and that even after he had gone to the Great Beyond his friends within and without the department would express publicly, as we do to-day, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

"It was in the year 1870 that his first ambition was realized, and he became a patrolman in the department. Three years afterward he won the position of roundsman. In another three years he was appointed to the rank of sergeant, and in 1883 won a captaincy. So well was his duty performed that in 1897, recognizing merit, he became the first Chief of Greater New York's Police Department, which proud position he held until his retirement was caused by reason of having reached the age limit.

"His record in the annals of the department stands to-day second to none, and is a monument to his manhood and integrity that will endure longer than this one standing before you, or than any words spoken here.

"It is unnecessary to speak of his great service to the state as an election officer, for it is too well known; or of his work for the nation performed in the city of Havana, in helping to regulate law and order.

"John McCullagh was a man of high ideals. We still like to think of his optimism, his great faith in mankind, his democracy, his fervent patriotism, and his love of the Homeland, which made him a better citizen of this fair land that adopted him.

"It was bleak January, 117, when the grim messenger called him, but as in everything else in life, he was ready for the last roll call. His remains were laid away in a modest country graveyard in New Jersey beside those of his wife. But in life he had sown seed that was to flourish in the minds and hearts of those who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the Police Department, as well as many friends outside the department. So on May 8, 1920, with appropriate ceremonies, and in the presence of a distinguished gathering which included General Leonard Wood, the body of John McCullagh was brought, with that of his life-companion,

to this beautiful spot in the city he had served and loved so well.

"Thus to-day, by this dedication service, the John McCullagh Memorial Association keeps the promise made a year or more ago.

"As president of the association, I should not be obeying the dictates of my conscience if I did not give credit where it is due for making possible all that we are witnessing to-day. Our present efficient Police Commissioner, Richard E. Enright, who can be likened to the one whose memory we honor to-day, has demonstrated not only by this splendid and just recognition of the achievements of a beloved comrade, but by many other acts upon which we need not dwell here, that a real man is at the head of the finest Police Department in the world; and to him belongs the credit of creating the association that to-day pays tribute to the memory of the first Chief. As, year by year, at the time of the Policemen's Parade, I gaze upon the inspiring sight of our splendid force marching—ten thousand strong—through the streets of this great city, I can but feel that the traditions which John McCullagh sponsored and exemplified in his life still continue and are followed by every man in the department.

"Numerous other friends who have assisted in the movement could be mentioned at this time, such as the artist, the sculptor, representatives of the press, etc. Time, however, will not permit, except to mention one of our leading citizens—ever an earnest worker in all that has to do with our city, state and county—Mr. R. A. C. Smith, who has been a power in all that has been accomplished by this association.

"And so, without mentioning those other names I will simply, as president of the association, thank one and all from my heart for the willing sacrifice—both of time and money—that has been made. I can only add that your reward will be the satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of duty well performed.

* * * *

"One more then, dear brave John McCullagh, and your life-companion, we leave you here in your last resting place. And aside from this public memorial, we realize that within the hearts of all who knew you—irrespective of politics, creed or color—is to be found a shrine to your memory. We want you to know that those assembled here to-day are not only paying tribute to your memory, but are honoring themselves, and let it be our fond hope that this loving memory will help to teach mankind in general that

"Man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

* * * *

THE MEMORIAL

The memorial consists of a bronze relief of the ex-chief in full uniform. It was done by Ernest Wise Keyser, a well known American sculptor.

Among those present at the ceremonies were Mr. and Mrs. John McCullagh and Mr. and Mrs. James McCullagh, cousins; Countess Cunliffe-Owen, Chief Inspector Lahey, Inspector John O'Brien, Special Deputy Commissioner John Shore, Deputy Commissioner John Daley, Inspector Dominick Henry, Inspector George Liebers, Captain John McCarthy, ex-Inspector Nicholas Brooks, ex-Inspector James Dillon and ex-Inspector Adam A. Cross.

Scots of Detroit

Friday evening, September 9th, was the night set aside for the Burns Club and Jean Armour Club to celebrate the event that had gone through so successfully—the unveiling of the Burns Statue, July 23rd. The gathering took the form of a concert, lunch and dance in the "Tuller" Hotel, where for the last eight years the Burns Club has met.

Among those taking part in the entertainment were Mrs. Robert Gill, Miss Christina Stewart, Mrs. James Robertson, Miss Jean Stewart and Messrs. A. Burrell, A. MacGregor, Jr., singers and dancers with Bruce Cameron, piper. One of the interesting features of the evening was the showing of the *Free Press* movies—pictures of the unveiling ceremonies and grand parade of the different Scottish and fraternal societies.

But surely the most pleasant feature in the whole evening was the presentation by the Burns Club of a beautiful sterling silver after-dinner coffee service of Fairfax design, to Mr. and Mrs. Goodwillie in appreciation of their invaluable aid in connection with the Burns Statue. Mr. John Smith, past president, made the presentation speech, speaking highly of the wonderful work of both Mr. and Mrs. Goodwillie. The hearty cheering that followed showed that all echoed Mr. Smith's remarks. Mr. Goodwillie feelingly voiced the thanks for him and his good wife. Mr. Goodwillie not only has been the leader in the work of erecting the Detroit Burns Statue, but is also the author of the *World's Memorials of Burns*, a book that has had a world-wide circulation and is ever one of the best sellers; and now he is preparing in book form the history, speeches, etc., of the Unveiling of Detroit's Memorials to Burns.

A beautiful volume of Burns was also presented during the evening to the host of the "Tuller," Mr. Adam MacKendrick, in appreciation of the many courtesies shown by him to the Burns Club while guests of his fine hotel during the years of their labor. Mr. MacKendrick is a native of Greenock, at one time a crack football player; and all good sports who travel West, especially Scots, kens the road to the "Tuller."

Some other enthusiasts who took part in the night's pleasure were stalwarts like John Cameron, Tom White, A. MacGregor, Billy Edwards, John Smith with Messrs. Robertson, and Ross and Andrews as past presidents.

It was a night that will be long remembered.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.
6744 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

There's Nae Folk Like Oor Folk

Margaret Lyons Moodie, aptly named the Prima donna Scottish Soprano, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, the picturesque home of Bobby Burns' early life. She lends to her interpretation of Scottish lyrics the inimitable charm of Auld Scotland.

Mrs. Moodie has won her way into the hearts of her many admirers among the Scots in America, and her appearance at any social function is always a source of pleasure for those who hold the old Scottish sonnets near and dear.

Mrs. Moodie is now arranging her program for the seasons of 1921 and 1922, and we suggest to her Scottish friends that they communicate with her directly in anticipation of their very next entertainment.

MARGARET LYONS MOODIE

Scottish Soprano

820 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Philadelphia Letter

The several Clans of the O. S. C. have been well-attended of late, doubtless through a desire on the part of the Clansmen to hear from their delegate by word of mouth, news of the biennial convention held in Brooklyn, N. Y., last month. A most interesting account of the "Gathering of the Clans" in convention has entertained and edified the readers of the "Fiery Cross," written by Robert C. Auld, well remembered as the genial and able editor of the *Scottish American*, when conducted by the Watsons after the demise of A. M. Stewart. Mr. Auld is a pen artist, and paints his pictures in tints that gladden the eye; his genuine "braid Scots" appeals to us like parritch and milk, informative and palatable mental food, relished to a frazzle.

On Labor Day, a delegation from Philadelphia attended the Annual Games of the N. Y. Caledonian Club, and speak in high terms of the day and a'wha honored it. The park where the games and field sports were held is adjacent to Coney Island, an' the saut caller air was a real pleasure to sniff; the program of events was well contested, and most interesting. One solitary fault alone could be advanced, and that was how the vast crowd strolled into the arena, creating disorder and difficulty, for the well-disposed patrons around the ropes, to see to the best advantage. Chief Donaldson evidently grasped the situation, but seemingly could not muster henchmen sufficient to carry out his behests; in the future it might be well to have a couple of mounted policemen to patrol the arena.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia will have their annual Hallowe'en Masquerade dance at Clayton's Academy on Friday, October 28th, and it is considered the one grand attraction of the season by the Scottish lassies; mirth and glee abound, and the lads of the heather go to it like ducks to water.

John Burleigh, a prominent ex-chief of the Caledonian Club is in a sad, pathetic plight; both his eyes were afflicted with partial cataract, and in undergoing an operation, he lost one eye, and has very little vision with the remaining optic. John possessed very fine dress and walking costumes, and some years ago appeared at most of the Caledonian Games in the large cities of Canada and the United States, winning several first prizes with both costumes. Pipe-Major Urquhart of the Caledonian Pipe Band has purchased these, one more illustration of how the kilt goes its round, so many costumes change masters before the wily moth claims it as its own.

George Y. Carruthers, for many years superintendent of the Country Club Golf Links, is returning to Auld Reekie his native city, intending to make it his abiding place; we wish George prosperity and happiness, aye, and contentment too, in Bonnie Scotland, but sometimes "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men . . ." etc. Will ye no come back again, Geordie? ST. MUNGO.

New York Caledonian Club

The regular monthly meeting of the club was held Tuesday evening, September 13th, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. Two new members were elected, and twelve propositions were received. Having been appointed superintendent of the clubhouse, Third Chieftain George K. MacDonald resigned his office. If George makes as good a superintendent as he did a secretary, kicks about the condition of the building will be few. Ex-Chieftain Robert M. Bernard was elected Third Chieftain, but Fourth Chieftain Whiteford at his request took the minutes for the entire meeting with Ex-Chief Foulis filling the Fourth Chieftain's chair. Alex McIntosh, William Fyfe and Hugh MacLean were elected delegates to the Amateur Athletic Union. An interesting part of the meeting was the presentation to Clansman George G. Milne of a fifty-year membership medal. Clansman Francis Dykes, who had been selected by Chief Donaldson to make the presentation, was escorted to the platform by Ex-Chiefs Reid and Gray. Ex-Chieftain Tasker and Clansman Ewen Cameron acted as escort for Clansman Milne, who was warmly welcomed by Chief Donaldson. When it came to making the presentation, Frank Dykes made free use of his long acquaintanceship with George, not even omitting a reference to the fact that as a boy he kept pigeons. Frank was a boy in the same part of the city in which Clansman Milne was brought up and some of the members got the idea that he also had kept pigeons, but lost quite a few through their living with George's. Clansman Milne showed great feeling when replying. He referred to the large number who were on the roll or present down in "Old 118" at the meeting held September 5th, 1871, when he was received into membership by Chief John Watt. To-day there were but nine left. His years as a Caledonian had been most pleasant and he looked forward he hoped to many years yet to spend as club-member and to wear his half century membership medal. Hearty and prolonged applause clearly indicated the appreciation of all present. At the close of the meeting there was a short social session with the new fifty year membership bairn, when a few of his old friends had an opportunity to tell what they knew of him. "Auld Lang Syne" by the entire company brought a pleasant evening to a fitting close.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN

Mrs. Alex Caldwell presided at a largely attended meeting of the ladies held in the club parlors, Monday evening, September 12th, when a program was mapped out for a busy fall and winter. Monday evening, November 7th (Election Eve), was selected for the annual fall social. It will take the form of an apron and necktie party. The ladies continued their outdoor activities right up to Labor Day. On the Saturday evening previous to Labor Day they assisted in receiving the guests in the club house for the annual games and supplied them with refreshments of a quality and in a style for which they have a country-wide reputation. On Labor Day they were on the job early. A committee headed by the vice-president, Mrs. James Innes, looked after visiting ladies and escorted them to Ulmer Park. At the park the ladies took charge of the sale of programs and turned in a large sum to Second Chieftain Vance as a result of their labors. Mrs. Foulis, who was so severely injured as recorded in the August CALEDONIAN, had recovered sufficiently to again take up her share of the work and was present for duty on both Saturday evening and Monday. She was the recipient of warm congratulations from many friends both out of town and New Yorkers. Mrs. Caldwell is looking forward to the October meeting when she expects to resume her winter custom of topping the score board in the club alleys.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

New York Caledonian Games

The Sixty-fifth Annual Games of the New York Caledonian Club at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn, on Labor Day, September 5th, will long be recalled by those present as one of the most enjoyable outings ever experienced. In the long list of gatherings since the first games at Elysian Fields, Hoboken, back in 1857, there has never been a day when the weather could have been better than that of this year. The attendance was the largest in years. Every train on the B. R. T. to 25th avenue brought crowds bound for the games that far exceeded the expectations of the most optimistic. The celebration really began the Staturday evening previous when many out-of-town guests met in the club house and were made comfortable by the Ladies of the New York Caledonians, who served tea and eatables to all.

Later in the evening the guests were formally welcomed by Chief Donaldson in the club hall, and there were responses from Chief Spiers of Boston, Chief Don of Newark, Chieftain Ferguson of Philadelphia, Ex-Chief Moir of Scranton, and Mr. A. Lawson Reid of the Highland Dress Association of Boston. Singing, followed by the dancing until midnight, closed the evening.

On Monday morning the streets in the vicinity of Seventh avenue and Fifty-fourth street were lively indeed. Chief Donaldson, assisted by Chieftains Marshall and Vance, was busy receiving kilted delegations from far and near. Shortly after half past nine o'clock the parade was formed with Chief Donaldson in command and headed by the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, Pipe Major Angus M. Fraser, and Forbes Military Band, marched through Fifty-fourth street to Broadway and down that thoroughfare to Thirty-third street where a West End train on the B. R. T. transported the party to Twenty-fifth avenue, Brooklyn. The Scottish marching airs (played exclusively) by both bands were a delight not only to the marchers, but to the many spectators on the sidewalks, who were not slow in showing their

Cameron McLean, Baritone

Whose singing caused a

SENSATION

At the Royal Clan Banquet

Proclaimed by Press and Public as

The Greatest Interpreter of Scottish Song in America

AVAILABLE FOR CONCERTS AND RECITALS

New York Recital, Aeolian Hall October 28th

Personal Address, 3938 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

appreciation. The Highland Guard, Captain William G. Reid, marched with soldierly precision. Their shining ornaments testified to the attention paid to Captain Reid's orders issued the previous week to clean up. Arriving at the grounds, Chief Donaldson extended greetings to all, after which he reviewed the Guard, and the sports of the day began. The number of old timers at the games was frequently remarked on. One group was made up of members who had been prize winners in Jones Woodie days—John W. Rennie, Frank Dykes, Sandy Tasker, James Adams, Robert Foulis, Malcolm McNeill and William L. Meikle. The group was unanimous on the question as to whether the 19th or the 20th Centuries saw the best athletes. Bill Riggs and George Martin, of Boston, were busy meeting old friends. Royal Treasurer MacInness, O. S. C., was kept shaking hands most of the day. Colonel Walter Scott was frequently asked for, but he was at the clan games in Boston. Not the least busy was Miss Annie Gordon, an official scorer who kept a complete record of the prize winners. Dancing to the music of Forbes Orchestra began at four o'clock and lasted until nearly midnight.

Old time and young Caledonians alike agree that Ulmer Park is an ideal spot for the annual games and hope that prohibition and other causes which have wiped out other parks will spare it for many years.

The prize winners, in he order given were: Boys' Race—Members sons under twelve years: D. Buchanan, Fred Magee; 12 to 16 years—Donald MacCraw, John McGilvary, Jr., James Young.

Highland Dress Competition (Open)—First, Angus Fraser; second, James Moir (Scranton); third, Robert M. Bernard.

Highland Fling Competition—First, Angus Fraser; second, Thomas M. Sanderson; third, John G. Fraser.

Sword Dance—First, Angus Fraser; second, Thomas M. Sanderson; third, J. G. Fraser.

Seaun Treubhas—First, Angus Fraser; second, Thomas M. Sanderson; third, J. D. Williamson.

Bagpipe Playing (Open)—First, M. MacKenzie; second, M. Elder; third, W. Armstrong.

Highland Fling (Girls 12 to 16)—First, Irene Roth; second, Mary Shillard; third, Susan Burgess.

Highland Fling (Girls over 16)—First, Jennie Hill; second, Agnes Don; third, Bella Davidson.

Sword Dance (Boys 12 to 16)—First, Gordon Laurie, (Montreal); second, Douglas Laurie, (Montreal); third, John Cowie.

Highland Fling (Boys and Girls Under 12)—First, John Cowie, Jr.; second, Jean Shillard; third, Jessie Watson.

Highland Dress (Boys under 12)—First, Gordon Laurie; second, Douglas Laurie; third, Mathew Oliver.

Bagpipe Playing (Amateurs)—First, M. Elder; second, Irene Roth; third, A. MacMillan.

Highland Dress Competition (Members Only)—First, Angus Fraser; second, Robert M. Bernard; third, Fred Magee.

Bagpipe Playing (Members Only)—First, J. D. Williamson; second, M. MacKenzie; third, Angus Fraser.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC EVENTS

100 Yards Novice—First, J. Hinds; second, M. Scubrich; third, Applebaum. Time: 11 4-5 seconds.

Two Mile Walk, Handicap—First, W. Plant; second, M. Felsete; third, M. Greenberg. Time—14 minutes, 35 seconds.

Two Mile Run, Handicap—First, J. Toerten; second, A. Treble; third, C. Gourkos. Time—10 minutes, 6 2-5 seconds.

Running High Jump, Handicap—First, C.

Figuerora; second, E. Weatherton; third, W. Roston.

Putting 12 Pound Shot, Handicap—First, J. Arneth, 51 ft. 3½ in.; second, A. Lichtman, 50 ft. 8½ in.; third, A. Millsson, 49 ft. 1 in.

One Mile Relay Race, Handicap— First, Loughlin, Lyceum; second, Boys' Club; third, Paulist A. C.; fourth, Morningside A. C. Time—3 minutes, 35 3-5 seconds.

1,000 Yards, Handicap—First, W. Gegan; second, W. Sullivan; third, C. Sherman. Time—2 minutes, 19 4-5 seconds.

880 Yards, Novice—First, H. Anderson; second, E. Glatzel; third, P. Flynn. Time—2 minutes, 21 seconds.

220 Yards, Handicap—First, E. Mallick; second, M. Sculmick; third, M. Duizey. Time—2 minutes, 1 4-5 seconds.

Perth Amboy, N. J.

The Perth Amboy Caledonian Club is looking forward to a most successful season.

Our summer outing this year took the form of a Basket Party at Lawrence Harbor, on Sunday, September 4, the weather, games and the playing of pipers M. Buchanan and M. Morrison being enjoyed by all.

Everything is in readiness for the opening reception of the season, which will be held in the club rooms, Friday, October 14, and I am sure that those attending will not be disappointed with the result of the committee's work.

The membership of the club was increased by four new members last month; but I am very sorry to record the loss of one of the charter members and past chiefs, John Munro, who sailed for Scotland on the *Cameronia*, July 31, with the intention of making his permanent home in Edinburgh. The club realizes that they have lost a hard, honest and fearless worker in the person of Past Chief Munro, but all wish him the best of luck and long life in Bonnie Scotland.

We also mourn the loss by death of Clansman Thomas Grieve, who died August 25, after a long and severe illness. The way he bore his sufferings made him a hero to all who knew him. The following resolutions were sent to his sorrowing and respected family.

"At a special meeting of the Perth Amboy Caledonian Club, held Wednesday, August 31, 1921, the following resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, Our dear friend and valued member, Thomas Grieve, has recently been called from this to a better life above; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, That in him his family lost a devoted husband and father, and this club a faithful member, and the community a progressive and useful citizen;

"RESOLVED, That we will always recall with pleasure the social hours spent in his company, the hearty grasp of his hand, the pleasant greetings and sound advice he always gave to his fellow members and associates;

"RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed friend, and to THE CALEDONIAN magazine, and entered upon the minutes of the club.

ALEXANDER DICKSON,
Chief.

JOE MACFADYEN,
Secretary."

Daughters of Scotia Convention

The 23rd Annual Convention of the Daughters of Scotia, the largest body of Scots women in the world, was held in International Hall, Boston, Mass., September 20-21, under the local auspices of Jennie Dean Lodge, Bon Accord Lodge and Victory Lodge, respectively of Roxbury, Brookline and Lynn, Mass. Delegates were present from many States, Grand Chief Daughter Margaret Spence belonging to the New York metropolitan section.

Gratifying progress was reported, activity having been quite marked within the last six months. Over 14,000 members have been enrolled, during its successful career, and the order is in a healthy, vigorous condition, being able always to offer invaluable services to the paternal order, that of the Order of Scottish Clans, the Royal Chief and other officers of which were present.

Speaking at the opening session, at which talks were made by Mayor Peters of that city, and others, Royal Tanist Walter Scott of the Order of Scottish Clans stated in the course of his remarks that he always received more than he gave, not then realizing that these words would be verified in a most surprising manner before the close of the convention. It seems that at the last convention it was voted that the different lodges should hold entertainments of various kinds, and that, as an expression of their appreciation of his great interest in their organization, the profits—large or small—should be given to Mr. Scott at this year's convention to apply to a work that is very close to his heart—that of the William H. Davis School and Home for Crippled Children, of New York city, and the Lulu Thorley Home for Crippled and Delicate Children, of Claverack, N. Y. Mr. Scott is president of this School and Home.

It was a complete surprise to Mr. Scott, therefore, to receive from Chief Daughter Margaret Spence, in behalf of the Daughters of Scotia, a purse containing the munificent sum of two thousand seven hundred dollars toward the above mentioned work, and he could respond only with difficulty, but he assured those assembled that the fine work they had accomplished touched his heart, and that, in behalf of the officers and members of the School and Home, he desired to express deep gratitude and heartfelt thanks for their splendid generosity. He termed their offering a "miracle gift," coming as it did at a time when the organization was in dire need of funds for current expenses, and explained to them that it would be used to carry on their work of making useful and self-supporting citizens out of these little children who are so greatly handicapped by their infirmities. He stated that this splendid act of the Daughters of Scotia would serve as an incentive to the workers of the School and Home, and that it would cause them to re-double their efforts in behalf of the cripples.

The Clan Macneil Association of America

The Council of the Clan Macneil Association of America has held a meeting at the residence of the President Hermon A. MacNeil, 679 Northern Boulevard, College Point, Long Island, and the following gentlemen were unanimously elected:

Judge James P. McNeill, Florence, South Carolina, a vice president; Alexander McNeil, McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C., a vice president; Walter W. McNeil, 151 W. 79th street, New York, a Councillor.

Judge McNeill is well known in Scottish circles, having been president last year of the Scottish Society of America, an office held but one term, now being succeeded by Governor Morrison, of South Carolina.

Alexander McNeil is a Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Scotsman whose grandfather emigrated from the Isle of Barra, and is a barrister of Nova Scotia. His brother Neil is the celebrated Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto.

Walter W. McNeil is a prominent business man of New York city and has taken a keen interest in the Clan Association.

The association will shortly hold its first autumn meeting at New York, when The Macneil of Barra, 45th Chief of the Clan and honorary president will be present.

All Macneils are cordially invited to join the association, which aims to promote the traditions and historical interest of the Clan Macneil.

San Diego, California

Dear Sir:

I accept your kind invitation to convey to the readers of your worthy magazine, an account of the doings of the Scots in this locality. I often wondered why I did not hear about them, myself, but now I fully realize that the fault was in the correspondent, and not the editor.

We have in this city about 6,000 British born people, besides 8,000 in the county. The Scots take an active part in the national, civic and social life of the community, as they usually do elsewhere. There are several British societies here, including Welsh, Irish, Canadian and Colonial. The Federated State Societies have a large following, and nearly every State in the Union is represented.

Throughout the winter when the North and East are in the throes of the blizzard, they have their picnics under the shrubbery of our world-famous Balboa Park, and listen to the strains of the only out-door organ in the world, played by the famous musician and composer, Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart. By the way, this organ was played every day in the year, with the exception of nine, on account of weather conditions. I wonder if this record can be beat, anywhere?

More than twenty years ago, Scottish Societies were in existence, but through lack of patriotism or indifference they suspended.

Grand Scottish Gathering!

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Since that time, the more patriotic Scots met in their homes, as a family circle. They outgrew the home capacity, and a hall was engaged, and the Scottish Social Club came into existence, while the programs of songs, literature, and music, brought the delinquent Scots back again into the fold. The meetings were half business and half social, which proved eventually unpopular, while as petty jealousies crept in, sensitive members crept out.

About four years ago, under the presidency of Peter McLean (a leal hearted Canadian Scot), the constitution was changed, whereby the business affairs were managed by an executive committee elected yearly, and the social part was in the hands of a Social Committee. Since then, the club has flourished beyond expectations. The membership increasing so that it is now taxing the halls to accommodate them, while the financial condition has passed expectations

The great event of the year, is of course, the Robert Burns anniversary. The largest hall in the city has to be engaged, and the surplus receipts go to swell the club exchequer. Another source of enjoyment to the members, and incidentally a source of revenue, is the summer moonlight excursions on the beautiful bay. A pleasure steamer is engaged, and with song and music both bagpipe and instrumental, amid the long lanes of illuminated battle-ships, the steamer winds its way. An hour's dancing is engaged in, at a pavilion near Fort Rosecrans. At the last excursion there were a hundred and nine of Uncle Sam's warships at anchor, extending five miles in the channel, from the largest dreadnoughts down to the mine-sweepers which had returned from clearing the North Sea of its mine barrage.

The club is ably presided over by Mr. John McKay, who claims Glasgow as his former home. The secretaryship is taken care of by Andrew McFarlane, a true Scot. The finances are in the hands of an Aberdonian, and as the club has kept him on the job for the past fifteen years, it is evident they think their bawbees are in safe keeping. At their socials the large hall is filled to capacity, by an appreciative audience.

Another distinctive Scottish society, is the

Thistle Reading Circle (a ladies' organization). It started also as a home circle, but will soon seek larger accommodation. The program at their meetings is both educational and entertaining. For the past two years the Circle was ably presided over by Mrs. George Strachan, a talented and patriotic Scots woman, formerly from Forfarshire. At a late meeting, new officers were elected, and the presidency was given to a lady of rare talent and ability, Mrs. Hugh Milligan. She has been a prominent teacher in the schools here, and stands high, socially and intellectually. Her husband, Hugh Milligan, may be mentioned as one who assisted the British Vice-Consul, Major Gerard, to entertain His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when he made the late memorable trip to Australia, on the battle cruiser *H. M. S. Renown*, staying two days here at this port, and speaking to an audience of sixty thousand, at the great stadium. The Scots, in Highland costume, met the Prince at the pier, and with the music of the bagpipes and behind the Scottish standard, the procession went through the principal streets to the stadium, led by Mr. Milligan.

Mr. Milligan served his apprenticeship in the engineering department of the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, Govan, Glasgow, where his father still retains the position of master mechanic. Mr. Milligan is now consulting engineer of the U. S. Grant Hotel. He is now trying to organize a branch of the Order of Scottish Clans here.

The Reading Circle entertains the larger club occasionally, and the event is looked forward to with delight. They know just how to "put on the work." The ice cream and cake seems to taste sweeter. The dear songs and music seem to transport us once more to dear land of the "burnie, the glade and the glen," and make us join with Burns in saying, "What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere-na for the lasses O."

WILLIAM T. LAIRD,
Treasurer Scottish Social Club.

Sweethearts

BY GILBERT RAE

A whustlin' laddie new left schule,
A lassie airtin' hame,
Wee Cupid waitin' up the hill—
Love's aye the same.

I saw a halflin' wi' his lass
Yae nicht when daunnerin' hame;
I heard the laugh an' sly kiss pass—
Love's aye the same.

A buirdly man ahint the ploo,
A wife to keep the hame,
Fower bonnie bairns, Life's bicker fu'—
Love's aye the same.

A sunset in a gowden sky,
The twaesome nearly hame,
Anither kiss, a lang guid-bye—
Love's aye the same.

Biggar, Scotland.

William M. MacBean's Great Work Nearing Completion

For the past twelve years, Mr. William M. MacBean, Historian of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, has been engaged in preparing a volume of Biographical Sketches of members who joined the society from 1756 (the date of its founding) to 1806, more than 700 names. All the early records of the society had perished, and for this information it has been necessary to cull through the files of contemporary newspapers, covering a period of half a century, to consult thousands of volumes, pamphlets and manuscripts, and to verify the many leads through correspondence and otherwise. This has called for an immense amount of painstaking research, of which the author may be proud, and which is amply justified by the interest and intrinsic value the work will have, not alone to present to future members of the society, but as well to descendants of deceased members, and for general genealogical reference.

St. Andrew's Society has appointed a committee consisting of Hon. Charles P. McClelland, R. Frater Munro, and Dr. David G. Wylie, to take charge of the publication of the book; and a call for subscriptions has been issued to all the members to defray the necessary expense. As explained in the letter: "The society's funds are held as a sacred trust to be used to 'relieve the distressed'," and cannot be drawn upon justly for this purpose.

The work in itself is so important that the author and the committee should meet with hearty response from Scots everywhere in the publication of the book.

Quincy, Mass.

BURNS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

The Burns Memorial Association of Quincy held its first monthly meeting of the season in the Thistle Hall on Wednesday evening, September 7. There was a good attendance with many new faces, the hall being just comfortably filled.

The reports of the various committees show quite an addition to the membership during the summer, and the Memorial Fund has been considerably increased, so that the association starts away for its winter's work under very favorable conditions.

During the evening, His Honor, Mayor Wm. Bradford was introduced. On being called upon he said that he only intended to slip in and see how the Burnsites got along. His Honor, who is a born story teller, told some of his best, and gave a short resume of matters municipal. Mayor Bradford has always been very popular with the Scottish community and generally attends our public meetings, and he showed his practical sympathy with the aims of the Burns Memorial Association by taking a life membership for himself and Mrs. Bradford.

The speaker of the evening, Mr. Truman R. Temple, librarian of the Thomas Crane

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Public Library, took for his subject: "Burns As He is Seen by an American." Mr. Temple dwelt on the wonderful mental capacity of the poet; although almost uneducated even as education was in his day, yet on the occasion of his memorable visit to Edinburgh he was more than able to maintain his argument with the most learned men of the Capital on the abstruse questions of the day, through his keen penetration into things of life and the many phases of human nature, his great love for things animate and inanimate; his democratic sympathy for all mankind. Mr. Temple remarked that from the fact that many of his poems are written in the native doric, a foreigner must lose many of the beauties of his quaint expression. As an illustration, the speaker said, take, the first line of "To a Mouse"—"Wee sleekit cowran tim' rons beastie"—the best interpretation. I can put to it in my own mind is—"poor little cuss," yet I know there is a world of sympathetic love lost, which can only be felt and appreciated by a native of Scotland.

Mr. Temple is well known amongst the bibliographers of the country and as a lecturer. His manner of address is very pleasing and attractive, he was listened to with marked attention and heartily applauded at the finish. Mrs. Beatrice W. Nicols, who is a daughter of a charter member of Clan MacGregor, Mr. Joseph Walker, himself an ardent lover of Burns, gave several attractive recitations.

We congratulate the Burns Club of Detroit for having attained their aim. Some day, some day, we hope that Mr. Goodwillie and his patriotic family will be congratulating us.

CLAN MACGREGOR, NO. 5.

A splendid entertainment was furnished the clansmen at the regular meeting in the Clan Hall on Wednesday, September 14, by Clansman Herbert E. Curtis.

Mr. Curtis is a very busy man, being president of the Quincy Trust Company, and like most busy men when they take anything on hand, generally finds time to make a good job of it. Brother Curtis himself a musician of talent, must have selected his two best musical friends.

Dr. Arthur Gould, well known in the Boston musical word as a baritone of high class ability, favored with a number of songs of variety, each displaying the different qualities of his fine mellow and highly developed voice.

Mr. John E. Daniels, known far and near as the head of the Scottish Concert Company that bears his name, and as the originator of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" Company, was the other friend Brother Curtis managed to secure. He was a whole entertainment in himself. Beginning with that beautiful song, written by the unfortunate Tannahill, "Jessie the Flower of Dunblane,"

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following with Scotland's National Anthem as only a Scot can sing it; he passed on to Sir Harry Lauder's "My Daisy." Next, with amazing versatility, singing in Italian the famous tenor solo from "Lucia di Lammermoor"; slipping from that into some "hame'oer" anecdotes—too amusing to be related, must be heard to be enjoyed; finishing his splendid contribution to the evening's pleasure by singing that old, old favorite, the "Auld Hoose," and rendered it as few every heard it sung before.

The singers were ably assisted by Mr. Weedner at the piano, who is Mr. Daniels' professional accompanist. Needless to say the artistes got a rousing cheering when it was time to stop, and Clan MacGregor is certainly indebted to Mr. Curtis and his friends for what will long be remembered as one of the best entertainments ever furnished a clan moot.

WILLIAM GRAY.

174 Centre Street,
Quincy, Mass.

The Scottish Ideal

BY JOHN S. MC INTOSH, D. D., LL. D.

Knox, under God, made the Scotch and Scotch-Irish. Observe well the influence of this prophetic patriot was felt most at St. Andrews, through the long Strathclyde, in the districts of Ayr, Dumfries and Galloway, the Lothians and Renfrew. There exactly clustered the homes which thrilled to the herald voice of Patrick Hamilton; there were the homes which drank in the strong wine of Knox; there were the homes of tenacious memories and earnest fireside talk; there were the homes which sent forth once and again the calm, shrewd, iron-nerved patriots who spurned as devil's lie the doctrine of passive resistance; and there—mark it well—were the homes that sent their best and bravest to fill and change Ulster; thence came in turn the Scotch-Irish of the *Eaglewing;* thence came the settlers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky; and the sons of these men blush not as they stand beside the children of the *Mayflower* or the children of the Bartholomew martyrs. I know whereof I affirm. My peculiar education and somewhat singular work planted me, American born, in the very heart of these old ancestral scenes; and from parishioners who held with deathless grip the very words of Pedan, Welsh and Cameron, from hoary-headed witnesses in the Route of Antrim, and on the hills of Down, have I often heard of the lads who went out to bleed at Valley Forge—to die as victors on King's Mountain, and stand in the silent triumph of Yorktown. We have more to thank Knox for than is commonly told to-day.

Here we have our Welshes and Witherspoons, our Tennents and Taylors, our Calhouns and Clarks, our Cunninghams and Caldwells, our Pollocks, Polks and Pattersons, our Scotts and Grays and Kennedys, our Reynoldses and Robinsons, our McCooks, McHenrys, McPhersons and McDowells.

But the man behind is Knox. Would you see his monument? Look around. Yes, to this, our own land, more than any other, I am convinced must we look for the fullest outcome and the yet all unspent force of this more than royal leader, this masterful and molding soul. Carlyle has said: "Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry; James Watt, David

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Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns. I find Knox and the Reformation at the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without Knox and the Reformation, they would not have been. Or what of Scotland? Yea, verily; no Knox, no Watt, no Burns, no Scotland, as we know and love and thank God for. And must we not say, no men of the Covenant; no men of Antrim and Down, of Derry and Eniskillen; no men of the Cumberland valleys; no men of the Virginia hills; no men of the Ohio stretch, of the Georgian glades and the Tennessee ridge; no rally at Scone; no thunder in St. Giles; no testimony from Philadelphian Synod; no Mecklenburgh Declaration; no memorial from Hanover Presbytery; no Tennent stirring the Carolinas; no Craighead sowing the seeds of the coming Revolution; no Witherspoon pleading for the signing of our great charter; and no such Declaration and Constitution as are ours —the great Tilgham himself being witness in these clear words, never by us to let die: "The framers of the Constitution of the United States were greatly indebted to the standards of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in modeling that admirable document."

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Camden, N. J.

The funeral of Raymond Thoirs, a Camden lad who lost his life in the great war, and son of James M. Thoirs, the veteran florist, on August 13, was one of the most notable in the history of Camden. Mr. Thoirs, Sr., is a native of Buchan, Scotland. The military turned out, the church turned out, the Masons turned out, and there were people from everywhere. The wall of flowers in the Presbyterian Church at Second and Pearl streets, was one of the most remarkable testimonials. The flowers came from everywhere, and they made one grand show to a departed florist. The speeches were great at the church, and at Harleigh Cemetery there were more. All of them wonderful! The firing squad and the bugle over the grave! The march of the Masons and the ceremonies; the Presbyterian solemnities, and the final good-bye of the relatives and friends rendered this tribute to Raymond Thoirs, one of the most impressive ever witnessed. So it will go down in history as the tribute of the American people to a family who gave their only son as a sacrifice to keeping the war lord from these shores. We all feel it and we try hard to say it.

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A Correction

Through an error in the August (Special Convention) number of THE CALEDONIAN, in connection with the splendid article by James MacCash, founder of the Order of Scottish Clans (page 205), a portrait of the late William R. Morrison was inserted in place of that of Mr. MacCash. THE CALEDONIAN especially regrets this error, for which it was not wholly responsible, as we were particularly proud in obtaining Mr. MacCash's letter and appreciated (as did all who read it) his great consideration in sending it.

On Favourite Hymns

Favourite hymns. What delightful thoughts they conjure up; how pleasing at times their sad sweet melody! We know and love them well; we feel their inspirational fragrance at all times and in many ways. Each of us has singled out one from the great number that abound. We have committed it to memory and made it part of our being in these long drawn-out days of uncertainty and strife. There are many strangely appropriate at the present time—many teeming with beautifully expressed thoughts which go straight to the heart and remain there. And on the Sabbath mornings in the peaceful calm of a favoured church how eager is our expectation for this or that enchanting name and poetry which is graven deep and lies implanted for ever in our memory.

Strangely pathetic, however, is the fact that some of the most appealing and appropriate hymns are but rarely sung, and we are left wondering and disappointed for a time. "Perhaps next Sunday" is ever the thought with which we comfort ourselves, and like the Highlanders of old as they pursued their way with the fiery cross, we glide on in hopeful contentment ready for the unexpected which seems always to happen.

I have many favourite hymns. Yet never do I think of them without my thoughts travelling to the authors and the places where they were written. "En passant" I know most of the hymns in the hymnaries, and have read time and again Sir Walter Scott's "When Israel of the Lord Beloved," and his dignified verses on the theme of the "Dics Irae," taken from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Cowper's "Hark My Soul It is the Lord," and "O For a Closer Walk With God," have also appealed to me; while the sweet natured and gentle John Logan, whose haunts and wanderings I have traversed 'mid the braes and downie dens of Yarrow has given something which will never fail to fascinate and delight.

Equally appealing is "O Jesus Thou Joy of Loving Hearts." And who can ever forget Phillips Brooks' beautiful carol—

> The Silent skies are full of speech
> For who hath ears to hear,
> The winds are whispering each to each,
> The moon is calling to the beech,
> And stars their sacred wisdom teach,
> Of Faith and Love and Fear.

Such a composition is surely the very singing of the heart. The whispering of the winds, the calling of the moon, the sacred wisdom of the stars are all very beautiful and reverential. Who knows but it is love bound up with many memories of days gone past and deeply rooted associations of his religious faith. It is delightful. "The silent skies are full of speech" is just what its author, Phillips Brooks, was—earnest, saintly, true and beautiful.

But perhaps one of the most appropriate hymns at the present time is that beautiful composition, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go." Listening to its sweet strain and touching words, few will demur that it is one of the finest in the whole range of the hymnary. Every line breathes of far-away lands, and action, while we cannot dwell on its innermost meaning without our eyes being dimmed with tears of mist and sorrow.

Think, for instance, of the third verse—

> O joy that seekest me through pain,
> I cannot close my heart to thee;
> I trace the rainbow through the rain,
> And feel the promise is not vain
> That morn shall tearless be.

Many there must be amongst us who are still tracing the rainbow through the rain. Many more are at the moment seeking joy through pain, and hoping against hope for a tearless morn.

(*Continued on page 336*)

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(*Continued from page 234*)

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NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles C. Stoddard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Caledonian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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CHARLES C. STODDARD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1921.

JULIA H. BRONSON,
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New York County, No. 608,
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(My Commission expires March 30th, 1922.)

Form 3526—Ed. 1916.

NEW YORK
NOV., 1921

The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
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—CHARLES MACKAY.

Ghost Pipes

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS
In Two Parts—Part II
[*All Rights Reserved*]

The medicine-man did not even know how to hold the thing. The leather bag, puffed out, stood away at an angle, while the drones stuck out at others, like legs of some gigantic spider, held in relative position only by the old, faded, silken gathering-cord. The once gay tartan streamers drooped listlessly from the peaks of the drones as if feeling conscious of indignity and disgrace.

The mouthpiece of the ancient instrument was bitten between the teeth of Black Kettle, whose puffed face, as he straining blew, streamed perspiration over his paint. In his red hands was the ebony chanter, his untaught fingers on the holes. And the bagpipes that had once blown the glory of the Bonnie Prince emitted a savage wailing that was more horrible than imagination can conceive.

It was the "big medicine" of Black Kettle—the "Fighting Spirit" of the tribe—the revered and infallible fetish of the Apaches.

NOTE.—By special arrangement with the author, THE CALEDONIAN is able to offer its readers this stirring tale, the actual mystery behind which created considerable discussion after the story's first printing in *Adventure* magazine, last summer. (*See note, p. 302, in October Caledonian.*)

The dance ended abruptly. Black Kettle gathered up his strange "medicine god" and disappeared within his tepee of mysteries; his work done, his charm spelled. The chief of the band, Yellow Dog, harshly ordered the squaws within, then held council with his warriors about the fire.

By midnight the last embers of glorious greasewood were sanded to blackness and the camp of the savages slept against the fierce activity planned for the dawn.

On the bluff overlooking the scene the Gila had lain for two hours his face framed between his hands, his old heart and brain wrought with many emotions and a thousand memories.

The old madness was gone, the old hallucination dispelled forever. Only one thing was clear. His master, Young Roy of Arden-Keppel, was indeed dead—had been dead and his soul at peace these thirty and three years. The pipes he had heard were no ghost-pipes, but the old pibroch in the hands of savages!

At first the disillusion hurt. Then a fierce satisfaction was born. It was not he, Fergus, that was living Nemesis for his master's murder, but the pipes—the pipes of Arden-Keppel! They—and not

the ghost of Young Roy—had called in the night, not to inspire savages to battle, but subtly summoning Fergus to their undoing!

And by the hills of Gairloch, this night should honor that summons!

To the shelter of a jagged rock the Gila crept. In its shadow he half rose to his knees. His great, muscular hands came together. And he seemed to pray a while to the God of the Scots. Then he descended from the bluff.

Half an hour later a drab figure, almost indistinguishable from the ground, squirmed toward the entrance of Black Kettle's teepee and disappeared within.

A rattlesnake whirred in the blackness. The medicine-man started up. But before he could find tongue the mouth that opened wide remained open and his tongue, protruding, sagged as a single, powerful hand closed about his throat.

The moon was past the zenith of its course by one o'clock in the morning when the Gila rose from the brush about a half-mile south from the narrow entrance to the *cul de sac.*

In the shadow of a clump of cactus he sat down and rested. Across his knees lay a disheveled mass of leather, ribbons and ebony pipes touched with stained ivory and tarnished silver.

Tears were streaming down the face of the plainsman who had once been Fergus, henchman for Arden-Keppel. All the pathos and romantic melancholy of his race surged up within him now. His hand lovingly caressed the ravished pipes, and he crooned over them like a mother over a dead child. But it was to the invisible he spoke.

"Rest, Young Roy!" he whispered. "Rest till the Pipes o' Judgment rouse ye. I hae found the bonnie pibroch. If the guid Lord will but spare me till the mornin's mornin' I'll blaw them again for the glory o' Scotland an' the spurred cock o' Arden-Keppel!"

With sudden haste he glanced around him, marked the exact lay of the land and hid the pipes among the cactus, heedless of the spines that tore his flesh.

Then, picking up his long-barreled rifle, he moved silently and with almost incredible swiftness toward the camp of the cavalry detachment.

When he had heard as much as the Gila chose to tell him of his night's adventure, Lieutenant Gaillard thought he saw his chance.

The fact that he had but thirty men in his detachment—with the scouts and other attaches, perhaps fifty in all—against three hundred Apache warriors did not daunt him for a moment, but rather whetted his desire to try conclusions at once and win laurels if he corraled or destroyed the predatory band.

It was some disappointment to learn that Geronimo himself was not with these savages. But Yellow Dog was no small fish to net, and the removal of Black Kettle, the tribal wizard, would be a demoralizing blow to the superstitious redskins. As for Geronimo—well, that wily savage was the bane of Crooke's career and was yet to test the wit of his successor, General Miles.

Good enough! thought Gaillard. Better still: According to the Gila the *cul de sac* was a natural fortress, but like most fortresses itself a trap once its security was violated by surprize. Gaillard felt his laurels already. He, with a handful of dragoons, would have taken Yellow Dog, Black Kettle and three hundred Apache braves—a fairly large nail in the coffin of Geronimo the Tiger.

It still lacked two hours of dawn when he dismissed the Gila, bidding him stand by for further orders and in the meantime rouse and summon the second lieutenant, Kroner.

"No bugle—not a squeal!" Gaillard commanded his subordinate when the latter appeared. "Have the men roused and pass the word. No fires! I give you fifteen minutes by the watch."

But had Gaillard been able to look into the Apache camp in that moment he might not have felt so sanguine of success.

A warrior, aroused by a faint sound somewhere around the noon of the moon, had seen a vague figure crawl from Black Kettle's tent. Suspicion alert, he had arisen and followed the trail for some little distance—just far enough to ascertain that it was not the trail of an Indian. Then he had sped back to the encampment, awakened Yellow Dog, rather than cross Black Kettle's mystic circle alone, and related what he had seen and discovered.

Together the warrior and Yellow Dog found Black Kettle dead, his tongue lolling from his mouth. They did not look for the Fighting Spirit. No doubt it was supposed to be an invisible thing save when the wizard materialized it. Anyway no human hands would dare touch it.

That the ghost-pipes had been the object of the intruder's exploit did not occur to them in that moment. One thing was uppermost in their suspicions. There were palefaces at hand.

One of Yellow Dog's scouts presently discovered the cavalry encampment and carried back news of its location and strength. Even as Lieutenant Kroner aroused the troopers by touch and whisper Yellow Dog had his warriors awakened silently and summoned to a council—a council at which the chief prepared a trap which was characteristic, not of an Indian, but a particular Indian—Yellow Dog!

Even as the Apaches, unlike other tribes, seldom took scalps, so their chiefs, while honoring most rules of Indian strategy, allowed themselves to be bound by none. One phase of the genius of Geronimo was that those who were opposed to the Tiger never knew what he would do—until he did it!

And now Yellow Dog, knowing the whites were but a handful in number, designed to trap them in a manner the cavalry scouts would least and last anticipate. If the whites were on guard against ambush they would look for it to be sprung where the ground most favored Indian strategy; certainly not where the ground was best suited to the more open methods of white men.

Therefore, Yellow Dog, choosing from Geronimo's rules reversed, divided his warriors into groups. Fifty manned the tunnel and the arch at the mouth of the *cul de sac*, guarding from above and in front, some ambushing themselves on the inner side. Fifty more spread themselves along the ridges on top of the blind canon's walls in order to watch and ward against rear or flank attack.

With the main force, about two hundred braves, Yellow Dog himself stole out on the mesa over which Fergus' trail led to the cavalry camp. At a distance of from a quarter to a half-mile from the canon's mouth Yellow Dog and his company sank down in twos and threes among the brush and cactus.

Five minutes later the moon, now swimming lower down to the south of west, lighted a scene which seemed as desolate of human kind as it was when Vasquez de Cornado first beheld it. The proximity of Indians was always conspicuous by its invisibility.

Downing his first impulse to attack at once, Gaillard held off for another hour. If the Apaches were unaware that their whereabouts had been discovered, they would not move before dawn. Any advantage of an attack by uncertain light would accrue to the savages.

Only two miles separated the cavalry from the blind canon. By four o'clock there would be a first suffusion of daylight—enough to sight a rifle. When his watch pointed to a little after three Gaillard gave the word.

The cavalry advanced at a walk, threading the easiest way through the clumps of cactus and brush, avoiding rocks while taking advantage of their cover when possible. The lieutenant rode his charger at the head of the column. A little in front of him, scouting and leading the way, was Gila, mounted on a scraggy mule. The other scouts, Leacock and Ringer, ranged ahead, keeping a sharp eye against possible surprise, although none was expected in this comparatively open ground.

The advance was slow, caution and the need of better light the considerations. No one spoke, save in whispers, and every care was exercised to minimize the sound of travel.

Gaillard had the campaign mapped in his mind. Kroner understood his part. Taking a score of his men, Gaillard planned boldly to sound a bugle and charge upon the mouth of the *cul de sac*. He felt sure the Indians would either lie low and defend their fortress or try to steal away up the face of the canon's walls to the rear. These the Gila reported not so unscalable as they might appear. He himself had ascended from the ridge top.

To head off any such attempt as escape, Kroner, with ten regulars, Leacock, and as many of the camp hands as could shoot—and they all could—was to repel them from the bluffs. Kroner and his company were to be allowed that spare half-hour to get into the allotted position.

Then, as Gaillard figured the upshot, the Indians, trapped between two fires, would either surrender after a brief exchange of volleys or make a sally through the canon mouth, which, however, was too small to emit more than two warriors riding abreast at one time. If they attempted the latter desperate move Gaillard's troops would shoot or cut them down as they came out until they either surrendered or again retreated into their fortress, which would now be their trap.

Within a half-mile of the still invisible entrance to the canon Fergus spoke a word and Lieutenant Gaillard called a halt. Summoning Kroner to his side, he whispered a few hurried, final instructions. A suffusion of rose behind the black pinnacles to the east was prophet of the dawn. Kroner and his men deployed, taking Leacock and the impressed enforcements with him. Gaillard, sitting his charger, watched with anxiety the detachment circle away, for the sunrise seemed to be traveling upward with disconcerting rapidity.

Not a sound broke the stillness. The mesa lay as silent and motionless, withal colorful, as a painted canvas. Kroner and his company, a gray-blue blur to the west, suddenly wheeled and disappeared among a group of rock "islands" a few points north. Presently climbing, either afoot or mounted, they would complete the half-circle and emerge above and behind the *cul du sac*.

In the mean time Ringer, who had been scouting ahead toward the canon, brought his mount to a quick standstill and himself glanced suspiciously about him. The Gila grunted and drew Gaillard's attention to the action.

Ringer sat still on his pony, his nerves taut, his every sense strained on the alert. He could see nothing to account for the mistrust which had suddenly *crawled* over him. But his nostrils twitched like a hound's nosing scent.

Presently Ringer turned his pony's head and came back toward the company. The Gila, watching him, saw no haste in the scout's pace; yet the Scot knew, even before Ringer cast aside subterfuge and broke into a gallop as he yelled, that his comrade had discovered some trap.

Yellow Dog, who had been lying low in the hope that the whites would ride just a little farther into his involving net, saw that alarm was taken and sprang his ambush without more delay. Even before Ringer reached the company, and at his first yell of warning, up from the brush almost within a horse-length of Lieutenant Gaillard rose the straight, tall figure of a brave. His rifle cracked, and a man a little to the officer's rear received in his throat the ball which had zipped between Gaillard's bridle hand and his ribs.

At the same moment cactus, brush and rocks seemed to move, and Indian heads rose like a flock of deer taking first alarm. A volley crashed. Four or five riderless horses dashed about the mesa, snorting.

Meantime Fergus leveled his ancient rifle at the warrior who had fired the first shot. The Gila's shot—the second in the Battle of Blind Canon—dropped him before the smoke had ceased to curl from the savage's weapon.

The cavalry, taken completely by surprize, nevertheless stood ground and replied with a scattered fire.

The fight was on!

Fight unexpected and with the odds in favor of the redskins. The lieutenant's dream of laurels turned to ashes. His heart was filled with a fury of bitterness, as was Ringer's with a fury of rage that Yellow Dog had counted coup at the scout's own game.

Gaillard glanced wildly about him. His duty to his men was to order retreat; but retreat was impossible. Standing in a circle, breast-high in the brush and pouring in a deadly shower of lead, quite regardless that their own warriors suffered from cross-fire, Yellow Dog's band, crowing mockingly, completely surrounded the small company, half of which was already on foot, the mounts deliberately shot from under them.

Hoarsely Gaillard gave a command, swift execution of which was the only hope of salvage from complete annihilation. The rest of the company promptly obeyed, forming a close circle, dismounting and from an equine barricade firing over the saddles at the closing circle of Apaches.

After that second shot—the one which had taken vengeance for the trooper's life—the Gila had dropped from his mule to the ground and taken cover in a

clump of bushes. There he sat deliberately reloading his old weapon.

But even as Gaillard and Ringer were consumed with fires of rage and bitterness a great burden of self-reproach hung heavy upon the Scot; a realization of part responsibility for this unexpected calamity. Had he held his hand, or had he not left that telltale corpse of Black Kettle, the surprize of the Indians might have been complete.

Gaillard looked anxiously toward the rock "islands" and the cliffs of Blind Canon. How far had Kroner progressed when the firing began? If he was more than half-way to his position he would probably hurry the faster, fearing himself late to play his part. If, however, he had surmized something amiss—

"Thank God!" burst from the lieutenant's dry lips.

Out from the rock "islands" to the north of west, coming at full gallop over the mesa, was Kroner with his ten troopers, Leacock, and a dozen or more of the armed impresses. In a wide circle to the south, the horses straining, leaping and plunging through or over brush and rock, the needed enforcement swept, then swung into the rear of the Indian circle to the south. On they came, yelling as only white men yell—from the lungs and not the throat—and firing low at the painted bodies in the foreground.

The Apaches, having expected their red brothers on the canon walls to deal with this detachment, and shaken at the first menace to their daring plan of "open" ambuscade, broke on the outer circle. Running widely around the sides of Gaillard's stand, they joined with the ambushers in a deployed line between the whites and the redskin retreat—the mouth of the *cul de sac*.

Kroner and his men rode into Gaillard's corral.

"Shall we charge?" he yelled.

"No. Dismount. Half our mounts are dead. Down your own. Pile the carcasses in a rampart. We'll fight this to a finish."

Then began a contest of marksmanship, the redskins in the brush pouring a fire into the faces of barely thirty surviving whites, who in turn pumped hot lead across a rampart of dead and living horses.

But there was seldom ever an Indian fight in which savages in the open were content to stand the brunt of direct fire and, keeping their ground, return it, no matter what the odds in their favor. They could have rushed the defenders of that horseflesh rampart; yet they were still so confident of complete and easy victory that they did not elect to suffer decimation at least.

The natural Indian craving for cover asserted itself. The warriors suddenly rose as one man and retreated at great speed, running in a crouched animal posture. Then down again they dropped at a distance of two hundred yards nearer the canon's mouth and reopened fire.

Thrice they did this, until the range was so widened that the fire on both sides was becoming ineffectual.

Gaillard gritted his teeth. What was the game? A ruse to draw the white company out from the rampart of horseflesh? Were they pretending retreat so as to lure the enemy toward the canon mouth, which, Gaillard surmised, was alive with armed and waiting redskins? For there were not more than two hundred braves in Yellow Dog's company in the open.

Or were they actually planning, despite their advantage of numbers, to retreat to the canon and escape by scaling the rear walls, beyond which lay a labyrinth of rocky defiles leading to the mountains?

For a moment the lieutenant hung in indecision. To retreat was still out of the question. There were not horses enough left to carry the survivors, even mounted double. Short of miraculous rescue by some other scouting detachment of Cooke's cavalry, they were doomed.

Gaillard knew the temper of his men, and in that moment he knew his own. Better the long chance with a faint hope of turning the tables—somehow—than to be slowly wiped out or captured alive. Better—at least so it bitterly came to him in that moment—that the world should never know what happened than for a single survivor to return with the heroic but none too glorious details.

Rapidly he translated his thoughts to Kroner, the men listening; for he made no effort to exclude them.

They were.

"Then give 'em——! We may corral them and bid for time while a messenger rides to Cooke. Where's that scout—the Scot who brought us into this mess?"

But although they sang out and called his name time and again there was no response. For a moment a curious expression flitted across the lieutenant's face, but it vanished when the voice of Ringer drawled calmly—

"Reck'n they've got the Gila."

The lieutenant turned and, his hand on Kroner's shoulder with a sort of fraternal grip, again spoke to the company.

"Boys, if I'm doing the wrong thing you'll at least never live to hold it against me. But I'm doing it because it's our one chance, and a little, by——! because I know you're with me. Sound the charge if there's a bugle and a bugler left!"

Clear and snappy, the brisk notes lifted as the sun burst out over the pinnacle to the east. To a roaring cheer the men and a few whole horses rode and plunged over the rampart of dead flesh, Gaillard leading with a revolver in his left hand and a cavalry sabre swung aloft in his right.

"Give 'em——! he yelled.

"Give 'em.....!" came the hoarse echo.

Then again the air split with a fierce spattering of rifle and pistol shots.

The Apaches, momentarily staggered at the unexpected daring of this charge into the teeth of annihilation, fired one scattered volley and retreated, Yellow Dog in the lead, the chief yelling in the Apache tongue and waving his feathered spear toward the cliffs above and beyond the canon. Either he shrewdly surmised the game or else feared to be cut off or shot down before he, at least, gained the shelter of the arch and the canon enclosure.

His words and signals were apparently understood. Instantly the savages left to guard the arch and the canon walls abandoned their posts and came out into the open with a scalp-chilling yell. Like a flurry of bees they settled on the momentarily retreating ranks of Yellow Dog, who then—and not until then—turned with renewed confidence and prepared to wipe out the handful of desperate palefaces.

Again the unequal duel was fought, the deployed lines facing each other at not more than two hundred yards apart.

"Shoot down the rest of the mounts!" commanded Gaillard, his voice splitting. "Pile 'em up! Cover, boys, and fight! Fight, —— you! *Fight!*"

But it availed little. There were but twenty men left all told, and not enough cover for even twelve. A despair of impotence took hold of the gallant but headstrong Gaillard. Had he been alone he would have leaped headlong into the faces of the savages; cut, hewn and shot down as many as came within reach or range, and himself gone down gloriously, insanely fighting.

But he could not bring himself actually to command his men to that mad course. If they threw discipline to the winds and so acted of common impulse, he would be with them—lead them. But—

There came a sudden, strange lull on both sides. A few desultory shots sounded as if too late to catch the unexpected command to cease firing. An astonished and deafening silence then fell, into which crept a queer crescendo moan, like the gathering uplift of some great triple siren.

Gaillard and his men heard the sound, but at first did not see the source of it. The Indians, however lifted their heads above the covering brush and their painted faces, stamped with utter dismay, seemed all turned in one direction—to the left and rear of the palefaces' last stand.

Swiftly the scout, Ringer, turned his head.

"By the — great — horn — spoon!" he gasped. "Look at that!"

Advancing, head erect, his long hair wildly blowing as he marched and blood flowing from a red streak over his left temple, appeared Fergus the Gila, emerging as by magic from a clump of cactus.

Under his left arm was clutched a swollen leathern bag from which angularly spread three great pipes gay with fluttering, faded, tattered, tartan ribbons. His sinewy brown fingers rippled over an ebony black pipe heeled with tarnished silver. The mouthpiece was set between straining, puckered lips, and from Boreas-like cheeks he was blowing "Cock o' the North."

On he came, not toward the desperate whites, but past them and straight into the faces of the savages, the drones of his strange instrument roaring a weird, mixed monotone, the chanter thrilling out one of those slogans that from time immemorial have made men thirst for blood and appalled those who opposed them.

There were those among Gaillard's men who like Ringer, could see no music in the

pipes, but not a man among them who had not thrilled to the tradition of the pibroch. Their scalps crept at the drama of it. Something lumped in their throats.

Then as by one impetus their blood rose to the boiling-point. From the throats of white men burst a roar that shook the heart of Yellow Dog.

On the heels of the strange figure of the piper, who increased the time of his tune to the double, raced the survivors of the cavalry company.

For a moment the Apaches stood transfixed. What happened to them the savages did not know themselves at the moment.

It may have been the unexpectedness of the apparition, or the belief that their "Fighting Spirit," their "Spirit of the Groaning Voice," had deserted them, had gone over to the side of the white enemy. For surely now it was leading *them,* and as surely its voice was raised in a war-song that was like nothing it had ever played for the red men, even in the hands of the wizard, Black Kettle. And *he* was dead, slain by this very War-Spirit which marched boldly into their faces.

Whatever they might have done in the emergency, with true Indian caution they first ran, seeking cover and counsel within shelter of the canon.

"At 'em, boys! Give 'em——!" yelled Gaillard. "Don't let 'em rally. Drive 'em in! We'll hold 'em for Crooke! Blow, ye old haggis! *Blow!*"

And the old haggis, his heart bristling like the hardy thistles whose motto is "*Touch me if ye daur!*" blew regardless of Gaillard, deaf to command, himself to the savages "terrible as an army with banners" as he trod like Nemesis on their flying heels.

He did not even lead the way to the canon mouth or follow where Gaillard and his men pursued the savages to the very arch. Men had other concerns just then than to watch the apparition further. That apparition presently seemed to march at an aimless tangent to the left and disappear between two great rocks in the gash next to the canon.

The Indians were again fighting, defending the canon arch. But it was clear they were in a panic. While the warriors fired upon the palefaces outside and the troopers returned shots from the shelter of fallen boulders, Yellow Dog, safely within, gathered his ruffled eagles about him and held a rapid council. Into it burst an old squaw, who gabbled violently.

"It is the Red Death!" she screamed. "By the Rock Springs many Winters ago! It is the Red Death—come again!"

Even as she spoke the drone of the pipes, dulled a while in the clamor and behind intervening rocks, burst out again —this time high in air seemingly.

The squaw screamed and pointed. Overhead, marching down the top of the ridge on the right side of the canon's V, reappeared the grotesque fantom. It seemed gigantic against the clear, morning sky.

Then the courage of Yellow Dog completely collapsed. He gave the order to retreat before he realized that that command spelled his immediate doom or future disgrace. If he lived to face Geronimo——

But the rout was on. Yelling, screaming warriors and squaws clawed their way up the crevices and along the ledges of the canon walls, their one thought to escape that evil spirit and gain the mountains to the north.

Outside, Gaillard, himself, with a ball-shattered arm, saw the warriors retreat from the arch entrance. For a moment he hesitated, then he understood, seeing the tall piper in buckskin appear and plant himself on the top of the arch, still lustily blowing "Cock o' the North."

"Through and in!" Gaillard shouted.

With a victor's yell the handful of whites, taking the last, long chance of a trap, plunged through the short, bending tunnel. But the scene within told them the fight was practically over.

From below they fired at the figures clawing up the canon walls, not always, alas! distinguishing warrior from squaw. Like slaughtered flies the figures dropped limply to the bottom floor, marksmen picking off as many as they could take time to sight steadily. Those that were left below threw down their weapons, and, cursing, struck at the shrieking squaws.

Ringer, dropped on one knee, was steadily firing at the rock-face before him. Over and behind him the piper still skirled defiance with a note of fierce, joyous victory, the piper's face turned inward to where the epilog of battle was being enacted.

All at once Ringer gave a grunt, swung his leveled rifle to the left and a little higher. His shot came simultaneously with another from the ridge-top.

Simultaneously Yellow Dog spun on his heel and came down into the canon, his rifle clattering ahead of him. Simultaneously also the voice of the pipes choked and died in a curious caterwaul.

Ringer, turning his head quickly, saw Fergus the Gila slowly subside to his knees.

"Boys!" cried Gaillard, his voice choked with emotion. "We've won out! We've won out! Corraled half the band, killed a third of it and smashed all of it! Where—where's that Scotchman? Wh-where's that —— haggis-eatin', —— old Scot?"

His voice split curiously and his underlip twitched.

Up on top of the canon arch Ringer found the Gila, lying like one who, tired, has lain down to rest a while. Over him spread the ribboned arms of the pipes. His fingers still lay lightly, almost caressingly, on the ebony chanter with the heel of tarnished silver.

A dark stain spread over the leathern bag where the ball from Yellow Dog's last shot, puncturing the bellows, had found the great heart of Fergus of Arden-Keppel.

(*The End*)

Impressions of the Hameland

BY ANDREW GILLIES

Mr. Gillies, a well-known and popular member of several of the New York Scottish Societies, spent a large part of the past summer in England and Scotland. He is a keen observer of human nature and general conditions, and the following random impressions are most interesting.

Mrs. Gillies and I sailed May 18 on the "wonder ship," *Aquitania*. She is the acme of perfection in appointments, furnishings and comfort. After a delightful voyage, we landed at Southampton, and spent a few days along the coast, visiting Bournemouth, Plymouth, etc. Southampton is a delightful old walled town, and the walls are well preserved, and of great extent; they were built to keep out the French. From here the *Mayflower* set out for America, and a large monument stands on the shore, showing the spot where the boat started on her voyage.

From Southampton we went to dear old Londontown. We have visited London several times and love to wander over it, and go up the river to those delightful and sleepy old places, Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor, Stoke Pogis, etc. But I am forgetting; it is not impressions of scenery, but of conditions, that you want.

Well, any observant person would notice at once the great difference in the methods of conducting the retail business in London and New York. New York is constantly changing its retail business centers; it started at the Battery and now is nearing 57th street. In London the center of the finest retail shopping district is situated around Oxford Circus, Picadilly Circus, Oxford Sreet, Regent and Bond Streets. This has been the center of the finest retail trade over there for two hundred years, and never shifts or changes its location.

Another difference that impressed me was the very low buildings in which these concerns do business; many of them are only two stories high. One of the finest shops in Oxford Circus has two long rows of buildings on both sides of the street, opposite each other, spread out for a long distance, and only three stories high, not connected by any passageway. You have to cross the street to get from one to the other, and the traffic is just as dense as Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in the busiest part of the day. In New York the corresponding business locations where the ground is of equal desirability to that in London, our buildings are twelve to thirty stories high, every firm wanting to

crowd where the centre of trade is. When in London I asked "Why do they not tear down these old two or three story ramshackle buildings and erect modern structures at least ten or twelve stories high on such valuable ground?" The answer was that by law the height of buildings was limited, and the peculiar laws of entail and other complications discouraged improvements. The ground was rarely ever sold at the expiration of leases, the buildings reverting to the owners of the ground, and for this reason the shop-keepers would not spend any money for rebuilding. "Selfridge," the American drygoods concern, has a modern six-story building, and they have now secured a block of two-story buildings which they are pulling down and rebuilding, but they are the exception.

The problem of housing the people is affected by the same condition. In the cities there are many hundreds of dwellings only two stories high. They are strong stone structures which could easily have two or three stories added to them, and this would help the situation materially. I was told that this could not very well be done, on account of the same conditions (ground ownership, etc.) that affect the business places.

The scarcity of dwellings seems to be worse than it is in New York, and this has changed the manner of living of many people, both married and single. Thousands of them live in one room and get "bed and breakfast" there, and take their dinner and tea in the restaurants and eating houses, and they wander around the streets in the evening. The good old home life of former years is, to these people, a thing of the past.

The hotels this summer were all overcrowded with thousands of tourists, supplemented by the "Rotary Club," who held their convention in Edinburgh this summer. The town was full of "Rotarians," and in some of the hotels beds were made up on the billiard tables, and the rooms filled with cots. The theatres and cinema shows every evening, for two performances, were filled with natives and tourists in nearly every large city, and what struck me as being singular was that all the shops, refreshment and ice cream parlors and all places that had articles to sell that tourists would like to purchase, were closed at seven p. m. Now, after the evening shows are over, the streets are crowded with tourists and natives, as it is daylight until ten p. m. It seemed to me that a large business could be done by the storekeepers in the summer time if they kept open; they must lose a large amount of trade on this account. You cannot get a drink, refreshments, or even ice cream, after seven p. m.

I understand that there is a labor union early closing law that compels the shops to close. I read an article in the *London Times* about this matter, and it stated that numbers of tourists were leaving Great Britain, cutting short their visits and going over to the Continent on this account. "A case of being all dressed up, money to spend, and no where to go and spend it" (at night) on account of this absurd early-closing law.

Conditions are somewhat of a paradox at present. The people generally do not seem to have settled down, nor recovered from the effects of the war. There is great unrest, poverty, unemployment and extravagance. Wages are high, strikes very frequent, in spite of the large number out of work. There are many municipal labor bureaus in different parts of the cities. The unemployed gather in the streets in solid masses, sometimes two blocks long, waiting for the employment offices to open, and a small part of these unemployed will get work for two or three days.

Frequently they get out of control, usually caused by agitators, and crowds of them parade the streets and gather in front of the municipal buildings, insisting on seeing the Mayor or some other official, demanding work or a larger dole. The last demonstration of this kind occurred in Edinburgh a few weeks ago. They demanded a dole of twenty-five shillings per week for each married man and five shillings per week for each child.

With all this evident idleness and consequent hard times, the strange part of it all is to see the people on pleasure bent. In pre-war times in Edinburgh, for instance, along Princes Street, there would be two or three sight-seeing horse busses that went to Roslyn, Forth Bridge and other places. Sometimes it would take an hour or more to fill up these coaches with passengers; they made about three trips in a day. Now there are a

dozen or more different routes and places of interest to choose from. The entire Mound, a large square off Princes Street, is filled with people waiting their turn to get on the huge motor busses or char-a-bancs, as they call them. They are filled up immediately, and this every summer day from eight a. m. to ten p. m., crowds of people going on these trips every day. It is a common thing to see fifty to eighty thousand people at football matches, and they will leave their work and go fifty to one hundred miles to see these games.

The coal miners' strike kept up for thirteen weeks, and ended in the miners going back to work on the terms they had rejected. The time we were there the coal miners' strike was in full swing, and in consequence nearly every foundry, mill and factory was closed down for lack of coal. The effect of this was far-reaching; all the industries of the country, for the time being, were paralyzed. The hotel people seemed to be the only ones that had coal to go on with; I suppose they got coal on account of the tourists.

There are several railroad lines that run from London to Glasgow and Edinburgh. All of them stopped running north of the border except the East Coast Railway. The East Coast ran one train at midnight and one at ten a. m.—two trains in twenty-four hours to Glasgow and Edinburgh. Imagine the condition if there was only one train running from New York to Chicago every twenty-four hours! The passengers were packed in the train just as they are in our subway during the rush hours, which means that the majority of them had to stand up for five or six hours. I had this very experience. The rules and regulations went to pieces; third-class passengers jammed their way into the first-class carriages, and first-class passengers, rushed into the first vacant seats, would find themselves in a third-class compartment. It was a case of "Deil tak' the hindmost."

Going from London enroute to Manchester, the train stopped at Leicester. We were in a third class compartment, six passengers on each seat, facing each other; I was standing up, had no seat, thirteen in all. At Leicester I got out to get a tray of eatables, teapot, cups and saucers, sandwiches, etc. When I carried in this tray, seven more passengers, a baby and a dog rushed in and sat down on the dirty floor at our feet. They apologized, saying to us, "Sorry, sorry; we can't 'elp it; there's no other trine, and we 'ave to tike this one." So we had twenty persons, the baby and the dog in this compartment that held twelve persons. I gave the tray of eatables to my wife, and she had to rest it on the shoulders of a man sitting on the floor for two and a half hours till we got to Manchester. If the situation was uncomfortable, it had its humorous side.

Going later from Manchester to Edinburgh, we were in a vestibule carriage (their vestibule is a narrow passage on one side of the coach). The regular seats in the compartments were jammed full, and there were others standing up. The rest sat on the floor in the vestibule corridor. This was a six hour trip. All this was due to the coal miners. Their action caused discomfort and loss to hundreds of thousands of people; in fact, it affected the whole country. The results were disastrous to the coal strikers.

The senseless outrages they committed in blowing up the pumping machinery (some mines have to be pumped constantly in order to keep down the flow of water) has ruined them, especially what are called low grade paying mines, that is, mines that only yield a small margin of profit on the investment. The owners have closed them down indefinitely, and they will not be worked again for a long time, if ever, or, anyway, until wages come down materially, and they can again be worked on a paying basis. Through their own senseless action, a large number of miners are out of employment, and are now wandering from one mining district to another, looking for work that they cannot find. They get the same story: "We have only a part of our own men working here."

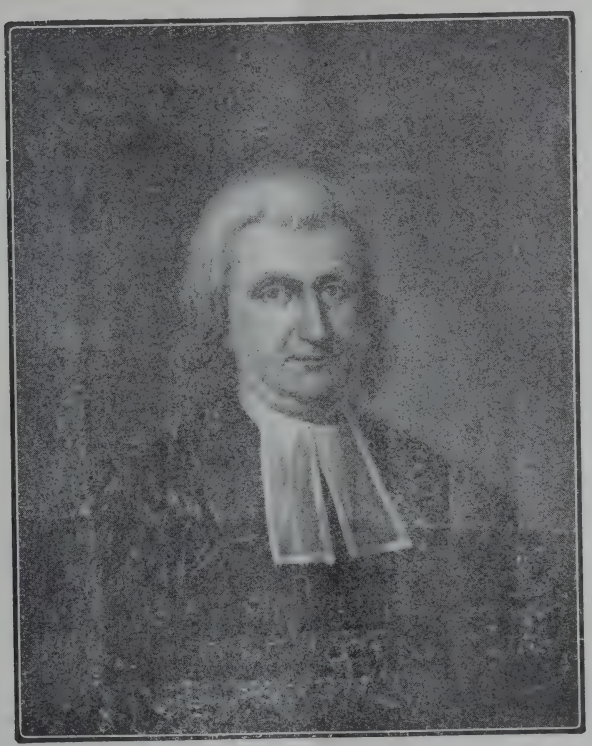
In order to relieve in some measure the stress prevailing, there is a new temporary or emergency tax put in operation, called the "dole." It is raised by taxing the employer sixteen cents per week for every employe he has working for him, and the workers (man or woman) have to give out of their wages fourteen cents per week. This is handed to the municipal authorities and they disburse or "dole" it out to the unemployed. While this may seem laudable, and may do much good in many cases, it impressed me as being a

mistaken method; it encourages idleness in many instances.

Walking along Princes Street, Edinburg, you will see every fine day, hundreds of men lying on the slopes of the gardens, and mostly young men, doing nothing or playing bowls on the greens. I was one day in the gardens with a relative of mine who is manager of a large tailoring concern. We met two young chaps, former employees. My relative said to them: "Come to work to-morrow, we have lots of orders." One of them replied "Oh! am no' going to work just yet. I'll wait a while, I'm getting the 'dole'."

The weather was very remarkable in Scotland and England this summer, many times very cold and extremely hot in the same day. It was the hottest summer on record, and the driest summer; in two months it rained only about five hours, and this was at different times.

Auld Scotland is just as fair and bonnie as ever it was, and it is to be hoped that the people there as well as in England, will settle down and meet the new conditions of life and living. Work earnestly, and honestly, and stop the "Ca Canny" idea; for this is the only way that they can make conditions better, and bring back contentment, happiness and prosperity to themselves, their families and their country.



Rev. John Witherspoon, President of Princeton College, member of the Continental Congress, foremost in the struggle for American freedom and signer of the Declaration of Independence. Born in Yester, Scotland, 1722.

Scottish Clerical Wit and Humor

(A Review)

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY

PART I

(For The Caledonian)

The first of a series of articles by Mr. Robert Earle May, of Boston, a valued contributor to THE CALEDONIAN. Our readers, new and old will welcome his return to these pages.

A volume of Clerical Stories by Rev. Charles Jerdan, minister of Sir Michael Street Congregation in Greenock, which has recently been sent me by a friend in Scotland, contains more original matter than any similar collection published for years, and I intend sharing the pleasure I received from its perusal by quoting a number of the anecdotes recorded for the benefit of THE CALEDONIAN readers.

The Rev'd Mr. Jerdan was connected with the United Presbyterian Church until its merging in 1900 with the Free Church, and in his preface he states—"he judged it desirable that before the U. P. Church is forgotten as a denomination, an attempt should be made to gather together some trustworthy stories regarding the characteristic and leading men who administered at the altars."

The characteristics and mannerisms, foibles and prejudices of ministers of all denominations of the Scottish Church are quoted profusely, not always with a charitable pen, because the reverend gentleman, even in his old age, cannot entirely free himself from the bias engrained by the long years of intricate and petty sectional differences between the various divisions of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Perhaps it would help in understanding the religious life in Scotland during the past two centuries if I enumerated some of the many schisms that took place in the Presbyterian Church during that time.

*"Scottish Clerical Stories," by Charles Jerdan, LL. B., D. D. Published by Oliphants, Ltd., Edinburgh and London, 1920.

Matthew Arnold says somewhere: "Presbyterianism is born unto separation as the sparks fly upward," but of late years, thank God,

"We are not divided, all one body we;
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity,"

so long sung, is being put into practice.

Presbyterianism was definitely established in Scotland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Macaulay stating that nineteen-twentieths of the Scottish people at that time were Presbyterians. The Cameronians, or extreme Covenanters, were the first seceders from the Established Church, and about 1740 Ralph Erskine and others became "come-outers," and the body known as the Original Seceders was formed. This body was soon split into two, the Burghers and Anti-Burghers, these bodies later splitting up into Auld Lichts and New Lichts, so often referred to in Burns' poems. Glassites, Sandemanians and Morisonians were later seceders, and, as usual with anything Scottish, there had to be Reformed Presbyterians.

After the Original Seceders left the Establishment, the next largest body of dissenters formed the Relief Church, and these bodies and several other smaller groups united in 1847, and became known as the United Presbyterians. In 1900 the Free Church and the U. P. joined forces; although, as was to be expected, a few of the Free Church congregations refused to be fused, declaring they were the original and only body, and as they had renounced none of their original tenets and beliefs, they claimed all the rights,

privileges and funds of the Free Church. I do not know how this controversy between the Wee Frees and the United Frees now stands, but the Wee Free congregations who stood by their guns received more of the funds than their numbers warranted.

THE DISRUPTION

For ten years prior to 1843 the Established Church had been at variance with the Court of Session and with Parliament regarding the abuses of patronage, and the nature of spiritual independence, which of right belonged to the Church. The two parties into which the Church was divided had divergent beliefs as to how far the Church had the right to declare what was spiritual, and as to what power the Civil Courts had to pronounce a decision which involved the separation between civil rights and spiritual.

The Non-intrusion party, which was the larger, maintained the State had no right nor power to interfere with the jurisdiction of the Church Courts. The moderate party claimed for the Church undisputed liberty in the exercise of her judicial functions, but as the Church was established by law, and had accepted certain conditions imposed, she had no right to nullify statutes to which she had agreed.

On the 18th of May, 1843, the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland met in St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh. After his opening prayer, the Moderator, Dr. Welsh, read a protest signed by 203 ministers who were members of the Assembly, declaring how they were forced to separate from an establishment which they loved and prized "through interference with conscience, the dishonor done to Christ's crown, and the rejection of His sole and supreme authority as King in His Church." He then bowed to the Royal Commissioner, quitted the chair and left the church, followed by 450 ministers.

Justin McCarthy in his *History of Our Own Times,* says: "The history of Scotland is illustrated by many great national deeds. No deed it tells of surpasses in dignity and in moral grandeur this secession from the Establishment." Four hundred and seventy-four ministers and professors surrendered their churches and livings, and three hundred and sixty teachers followed them. Lord Cockburn, however, gives the palm for honorable self-sacrifice to the "two hundred probationers who have extinguished all their hopes at the very moment when the vacancies of four hundred and fifty pulpits made their rapid success almost certain. He proudly adds: "What similar sacrifice has ever been made in the British Empire? It is the most honorable act for Scotland that its whole history supplies. The common sneers at the venality of our country, never just, are now absurd."

The people of Scotland rose grandly to the occasion. In the first year of the Free Church £366,000 were raised for all purposes, and in the second year £334,000. Within a quarter of a century she had built 920 churches, 719 manses and 597 schools, entirely through voluntary contributions. In the forty years following the Disruption, the Free Church of Scotland raised seventeen million pounds for religious and allied purposes.

Numerically the Established Church had lost half of its clergy and members by the Disruption, and many of its leading intellectual giants. Others, however, of equal worth had remained, and there emerged from the conflict two hard-working, earnest churches, worthy rivals in their Master's service. In 1874, a Conservative Government abolished patronage, and vested the right of electing ministers in communicants and adherents, thus admitting the principle for which the Free Church originators had sacrificed so much.

The ecclesiastical strife, however, which followed the Disruption, introduced discord into every parish, and into thousands of families, and the zeal with which the claims of the two churches and two parties were advanced was too often characterized by a bitterness of temper, a violence of language, and a virulence of sectarian animosity which somehow, ministers of the Gospel of Love have ever been prone to indulge in, to the detriment of their teachings and preaching. In my younger days, how they delighted to indulge in heresy-hunting! Some of us can remember the cases of George Gilfillan, David Macrae, Dr. William Robertson Smith, Professor Marcus Dods, Henry Drummond, and George Adam Smith. Bitterness of temper, violence of language and virulent sectarian animosity followed these great and good men because they differed with some

of their clerical brethren on some points of doctrine, most of which at the present day are now accepted tenets of the church.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD

Mr. Jordan has several stories to tell of Norman MacLeod, D. D., but does not tell of the outburst of feeling that arose when the reverend doctor expressed his dissent from reading in his pulpit a letter from the Presbytery against the running of trains on Sunday. He took his stand that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, and that in the city of Glasgow milk must be delivered, carriages used, trains with perishable commodities had to continue on their journeys, birds had to sing, and men and women could enjoy themselves and still keep the Sabbath day. It is said that if he had renounced Christianity itself, he could scarcely have produced a greater sensation. Ministers of the gospel passed him without recognition, some of them hissing him as he passed on the street.

In one of his letters he states: "I felt at first so utterly cut off from every Christian brother that, had a chimney sweep given me his sooty hand, and smiled on me with his black face, I would have welcomed his salute and blessed him. An eminent minister refused to preach in the same church where I was to preach the same day."

In several places in his book, Mr. Jerdan refers to Dr. MacLeod: "He was eminent not only as a preacher, an author and an editor, but also for his genial manliness, and his gifts of wit, fun and pathos. He was a man of genius and possessed conspicuous dramatic power." Again: "He was a great, whole-souled man, of wide sympathies and lofty ideals—one of the most distinguished church leaders of the nineteenth century, and head and shoulders above some of the others as a fountain of beneficent influence."

In another place Mr. Jordan tells this story which, if true, is startling as far as the masons are concerned. "Some repairs were being made to the entrance to the parish church manse, which kept several masons busy for a few days. In passing out and in, Mr. MacLeod would exchange friendly words with them, and on one occasion referred to the evils of strong drink, and warned them to be careful in the use of it. It so happened that the men were all total abstainers, and they knew the minister was not. However, they took what he said in good part; and then one of them replied that he was glad to testify that not one of them ever tasted intoxicating drink, and that no heavy bottle-baskets were ever delivered at the doors of their homes. The reference was because they had observed such a basket being carried past them into the manse.

Dr. MacLeod, while not a total abstainer, was from his earliest years an outspoken advocate for temperance, and no man hated the public-house system more thoroughly or denounced it more strongly. His four plain and pithy advices to publicans were well known throughout the trade; I cannot say well practised.

1. While in the trade act with the caution of a man going among gunpowder with a lighted candle.
2. Never sell drink to any man, high or low, if you know that it is injuring him.
3. Let your house, day and night, always be like the house of a Christian.
4. Get out of the trade as soon as possible.

One of Norman's parishioners, a worthy, douce, inoffensive man, known as Benjie Tait, had long carried on business as a cabinet maker, but was a martyr of rheumatism and was crippled badly. One day when the minister was making his pastoral visit, the comfort he received was of a peculiar kind.

"Great as your sufferings are," he said, "it may well comfort you to know that you can still carry on your business and attend to many of its details. You may be thankful that you are a cabinet maker, and not, for example, a teacher of dancing. Your rheumatic affliction would have laid you completely aside from business if you had been a dancing master. Every trial that is sent to us is mixed with mercy."

This reminds me of the answer that was given by a too smart pupil to the first question in the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" "If the man was a minister, it's his head; if he was a boxer, it's his hands, and if he was a dancing master, it's his feet." No boy in the school I attended would have dared to give that answer.

A. K. H. B.

Another Established Kirk minister that comes under Mr. Jordan's displeasure is Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, of St. Andrews. Those

of us, and they are legion in this country and Great Britain, who have read and still read with ever-recurring pleasure Dr. Boyd's several volumes of captivating and blithesome recreational essays, will hardly feel pleased at the following: "He was an elderly gentleman, well preserved, well groomed and well dressed, with a mildly-beaming, open face like a full moon. Dr. Boyd's full name was Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd; but he had become familiarly known to the public as a writer and preacher by his initials, A. K. H. B. These letters, however, according to the St. Andrews folk, as well as people in other places, meant "A Kindly Havering Body." He was a famous pulpiteer and churchman, as well as a writer of charming desultory essays, full of chatty gossip and small anecdotes, relevant and otherwise."

Dr. Boyd was chairman of a joint committee from the three largest Presbyterian bodies, to revise and arrange for a joint hymnal to be used by all the churches, but his advice and decisions were frequently displeasing to Mr. Jordan. "It has been agreed that Dr. Norman MacLeod's fine religious poem, "Courage, Brother, Do Not Stumble," should find a place in the collection, but some difficulty was experienced in selecting a suitable Scripture motto to prefix to it. At last, the most sarcastic member of the committee who was present suggested that, in view of the lines—

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!"

an appropriate text would be these words in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Ye are come to the General Assembly"—a remark hardly conducive to the harmony of the hymnary committee.

A discussion took place one day about including the hymn beginning "The hour of my departure's come," and several of the committee objected, one of them remarking that he had never given it out or heard it given out. Still another remarked "that is the hymn that was wont to be sung in Scotland at public executions." Dr. Boyd replied: "You can't exclude that hymn; it is dear to every Scottish heart, and although I confess that I have never once given out that hymn to be sung in public worship, yet if in the providence of God any member of this committee, now sitting at this table—my friend, Professor Bruce, for example—should be condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law (a very improbable contingency, I admit, but by no means impossible), in such an event I should be quite prepared to give out the hymn."

Dr. James Rankin

Another member of the hymn committee was Dr. James Rankin, of Muthill, near Crieff. He was, like Dr. Samuel Johnson, "a good hater," and his pet aversions were dissenters, total abstainers and tobacco smokers. He liked a "dram" in strict moderation, but hated the smell of the weed. There were two cafes near the meeting place, patronized alternately by the members, one of these was temperance and the other was licensed to sell intoxicating liquors. Dr. Jordan tells that the first time he patronized the licensed cafe, they were sitting in silence around the table, waiting for the first course to be brought in, when Dr. Rankin broke silence with the remark, "Now I call this a place where a man can get an honest, Christian drink."

Dr. Rankin's criticisms of the hymns that came up for discussion were outspoken, pithy, sometimes most helpful, and often somewhat roughly phrased. When it was decided to include the National Anthem in the *Hymnary,* but omitting the middle verse containing the lines

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,"

his remark was, "You have left out the best verse of the three." He described Conder's "The Lord is King, Lift Up Thy Voice," as "a roaring sort of hymn." He characterized Faber's "Oh, It Is Hard to Work for God" as "not a hymn at all, but a discussion—a continuous discussion of the subject." "Work for the Night is Coming" he dubbed "just a rant, a street rant"; about the line in Charlotte Elliot's hymn, "Hear thy guardian angel say," he made the remark, "Some people would need more than one guardian angel."

The expression in one other hymn, "pipe and tabor," always reminded him of "pipe and tobac," and of the hymn for infants the verses of which begin with the lines "Oh, what can little hands do?" "Oh what can little eyes do?" and "Oh what can little hearts do?" he said, "I rather like the hymn, but it is a wee bit too anatomical."

(To be Continued)

Daddy Dalry

A Lyrical Character Sketch

BY JAMES KENNEDY

When New Year comes round an' the billies forgaither
Like bees to a byke in the month o' July,
There is na a callan in ha' or in hallan
Compared to that worthy blythe Daddy Dalry,
He's canty an' cheery, ye'll ne'er find him dreary,
But bricht as the sun in a midsummer sky;
He's real mirth-provokin' wi' wise witty jokin';
He's an auld farrant birkie—queer Daddy Dalry.

He's choke fu' o' learning, he's quick at discerning,
An' gleg at describing the wherefore an' why;
A full explanation o' a' the creation
Is easy as winking to Daddy Dalry.
For tides an' for seasons he kens a' the reasons,
An' names o' the stars that bespangle the sky—
Corona, Orion or Leo the Lion—
You wad think they were neebors o' Daddy Dalry.

For war's wild invasions he kent the occasions,
An' foresaw their end wi' his far-sweeping eye;
Sweet Peace will be hurried when lords are a' buried,
Is the basic belief o' wise Daddy Dalry,
In battle's fierce thunder he marked ilka blunder,
An' aften exclaimed wi' a tear-moving sigh,—
"We need a commander like brave Alexander"—
An' I venture to add they need Daddy Dalry.

But tell on Fame's trumpet how Daddy got stumpit,—
Some hard-working bodies were weary an' dry,
But ilka leal brither chipped pennies thegither
An' followed the footsteps o' Daddy Dalry;
A club room was handy an' bottles fu' dandy
An' gold-gilded goblets an' glasses forbye,
But while some were cheerin' some ithers were speerin'
The name o' the liquor at Daddy Dalry.

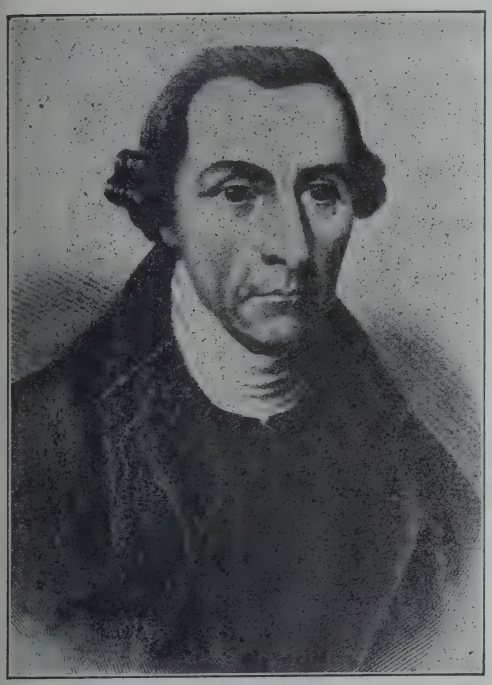
He gently approached it an' cannily broached it,—
"An' is this brass polish or furniture dye?
Or is 't kerosene now, strychnine or benzine now,
Or acid carbolic?" said Daddy Dalry,
"Is 't bug-juice for farmin' or lotion for vermin,
Or hemlock or vitriol or potash an' lye,
Or hair oil for dandies or throat-burning brandies,
Or stuff for embalming?" quizzed Daddy Dalry.

"It 's no juist galvanic, nor hydro-cyanic,
Nor ethyl chloride that knocks you sky high,
Nor ether that's nitrous nor vinol that's vitrous,
Nor methyl sal'cylate," mused Daddy Dalry.
"Nor oil of acetone, which, if ye be gone,
Like bromide—you've got it an' then there ye lie,—
For a dead-sure back-setter chloroforming is better
Or salts and arsenic!" said Daddy Dalry.

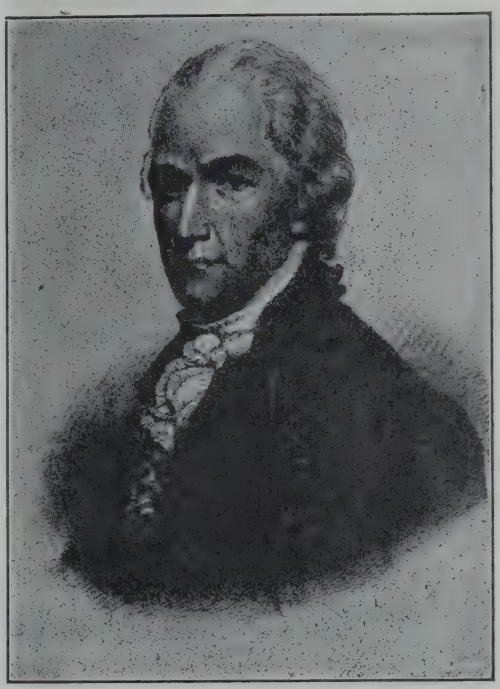
"No! this thing is nameless! the age has grown shameless
It's no fit for puddocks or swine or for kye;
This foul, filthy torrent is rot-gut abhorrent—
The king-pin o' poisons!" said Daddy Dalry.
"It's past comprehension,—but brithers,—attention!
Thenceforth an' for aye, till the day that I die,
I change my position—I'll vote Prohibition!"
An' the hale party echoed wise Daddy Dalry.

Scottish Builders of the Nation

Following are portraits of some of the important men of Scottish blood who have been leaders in the United States, whose sketches and portraits appeared in the first volume of *Scots and Scots' Descendants in America.*



HON. PATRICK HENRY
(1736-1799)
Son of a Scotsman named John Henry, Grandmother a cousin of Principal Robertson, the historian, and of the mother of Lord Brougham.



HON. ALEXANDER HAMILTON
(1757-1804)
Of Scottish parents. Soldier, Statesman and Publicist. Founder of the American Financial and Economic System.

Scottish Day at America's Making

A splendid and imposing exposition which made a favorable impression of incalculable scope in the life of New York has passed into history.

"America's Making" impressed its lesson upon the minds of 800,000 school children, through the active and intelligent co-operation of the whole school system, comprising about six hundred schools, and on the adult mind by a brilliant series of pageants and exhibits carried on for fourteen days, in the Armory of the Seventy-first Regiment.

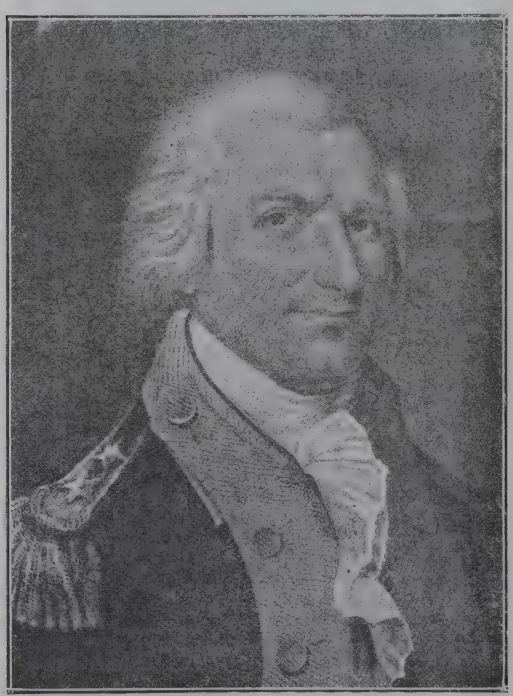
Scottish Night, October 31st, attracted a great audience of Scots. The entertainment feature was in the capable hands of Pipe-Major Angus Fraser, who had gotten together an unusually large pipe band for the occasion. The selections of the band provoked evidence of vast appreciation, and this was emphasized to an enthusiastic degree when a group of ten juvenile dancers gave a faultless performance. The grace and skill of the youthful dancers made the hit of the evening. Another feature was a large choir led by Professor

James T. Knox, of Brooklyn. The work of this choir was to a considerable extent lost upon the audience by reason of the wretched acoustics. The choir was about 125 strong, and under favorable conditions its performance would have been a feature of great merit. It is hoped that this choir may be kept together for some occasion which may arise in the future. Composed as it is of members affiliated with many organizations in New York and Brooklyn, its creation was a happy thought and it should fill the always present demand for the group singing of Scottish songs. Sam Roberts, war veteran and soloist, endowed with a fine tenor voice of adequate dimensions, delighted the audience by his renderings of some old favorites.

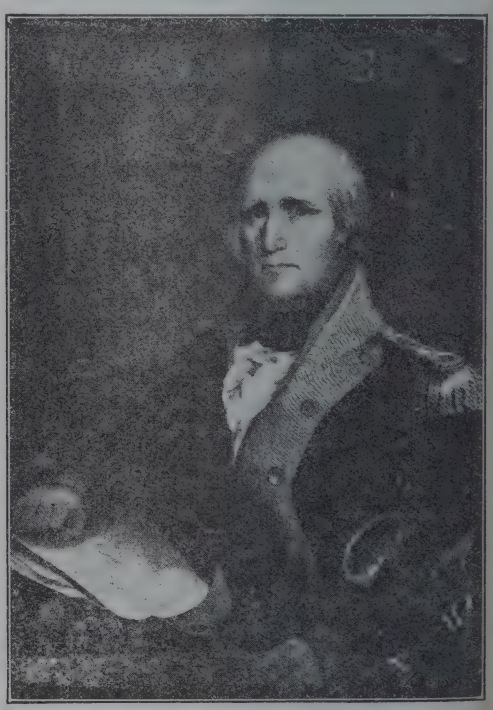
"Scotland's Honor Roll of 100 Names From American History"

Probably no exhibit among the thirty-two (which represented as many racial groups) excited more interest and attention than that of the Scottish Section. The Chairman of the Exhibit Committee, Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, had worked out the plan on the idea of a miniature Hall of Fame, the central feature of which was a great tablet inscribed with the names of a hundred eminent Americans of Scottish birth and lineage. Above this tablet were the words of Burns, which in these days seem pregnant with the possibility of realization on a great scale—"It's coming yet for a' that, that man to man the warld o'er shall brithers be for a' that'."

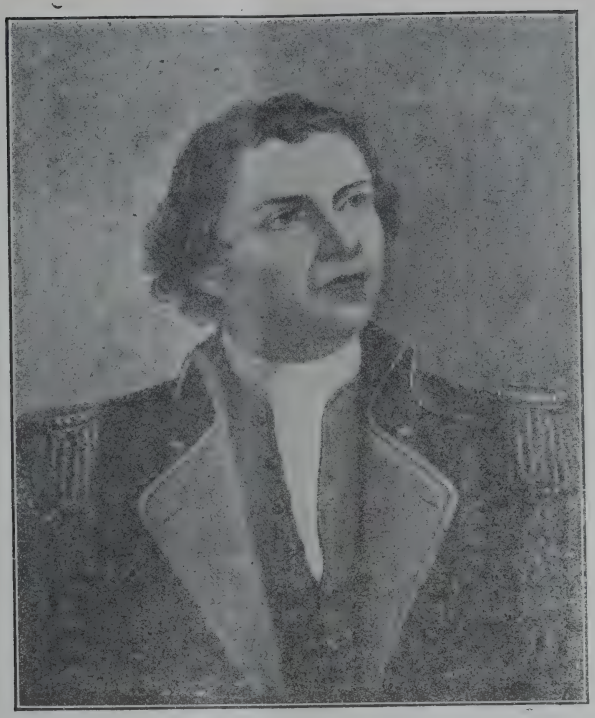
Representative clan names and armorial devices with tartans made a most attractive embellishment. There were excellent busts of Andrew Carnegie, Alexander Graham Bell, William McKinley, Washington Irving and Daniel Webster, a fine sculptured group of Lewis and Clark, with a crouching Indian, and pictures of the classic New York City Hall (designed by McComb, a Scottish architect), also of the landing of Scottish immigrants in America; an agricultural scene showing a hardy immigrant in kilts, following the plow, and also a picture of Alexander Graham Bell



Major-General Arthur St. Clair
(1734-1818)
B. Thurso studied at Edinburgh, Major-General in Washington's Army and first Governor of Ohio.



General George Rogers Clark
(1752-1818)
Scottish descent by father and mother. His fearless campaigns in Indiana and Illinois secured the great west for the United States.



GENERAL HUGH MERCER
(1720-1777)

Born in Aberdeen, Scotland; killed in the battle of Princeton. Surgeon in Prince Charlie's army, 1745. Escaped to Pennsylvania after Culloden. Brigadier General and friend and confidant of George Washington.

at his work bench with the first completed telephone in his hands, and a vision of the great part it was destined to play. All of these, excepting the last, were the work of Mr. George A. Wotherspoon, who is descended from a branch of the same family as the Reverend John Witherspoon, one of the great figures in the American Revolution. The work of Mr. Mackintosh and of Mr. Wotherspoon deserves much praise, for undoubtedly it created a deep impression.

As was to be expected, the names in the "Honor Roll" were subjected to much scrutiny and keen comment. The fact that in this list were included a number of that famous group of pioneers who came of so called "Scotch-Irish" stock, aroused the Irish section to the point of protest, and gave added zest to the proceedings. It is indeed difficult to consider the Irish mind on this question without losing respect for its integrity. Irish leaders have taken pains to inform the world that the Irish and the Ulster-Scots are not one, and the Ulsterites have emphasized the fact on countless occasions. Yet, whenever occasion arises for making claims to glorify the work of the Irish in America, these leaders promptly and unblushingly seek to exploit as their own the glory of the Ulster-Scots. So it was upon this occasion, but an intelligent and impartial management gave them cold comfort.

The names on the Honor Roll are as follows:

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD:

Hugh Mercer
John Stark
Arthur St. Clair
George Rogers Clark
Henry Knox
John Rutledge
Alexander Hamilton
William Moultrie
Patrick Henry
Robert R. Livingston
Alexander McDougall

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE:
- Edward Rutledge
- John Witherspoon
- James Wilson
- Thomas McKean
- Matthew Thornton

PIONEERS AND EXPLORERS:
- Robert Stuart
- David Crockett

PRESIDENTS:
- James Monroe
- Andrew Jackson
- James K. Polk
- James Buchanan
- Andrew Johnson
- Ulysses S. Grant
- Rutherford B. Hayes
- William McKinley
- Woodrow Wilson

STATE GOVERNORS:
- Samuel Houston
- Alexander H. Stephens

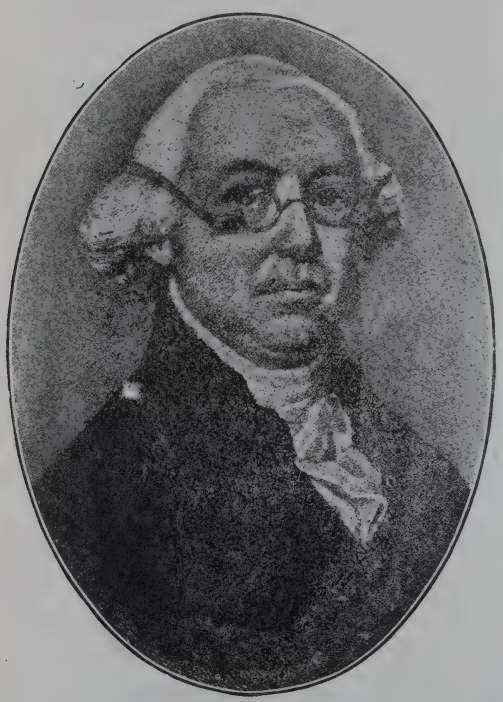
NAVY:
- John Paul Jones
- George Wallace Melville
- Alexander Murray
- James Nicholson
- John Rodgers

ARMY:
- Winfield Scott
- George B. McClellan
- Albert Sydney Johnston
- James E. B. Stuart
- "Stonewall" Jackson

CABINET OFFICERS:
- Hugh McCulloch
- Simon Cameron
- James G. Blaine
- John Hay
- James Wilson
- David B. Henderson
- John C. Calhoun

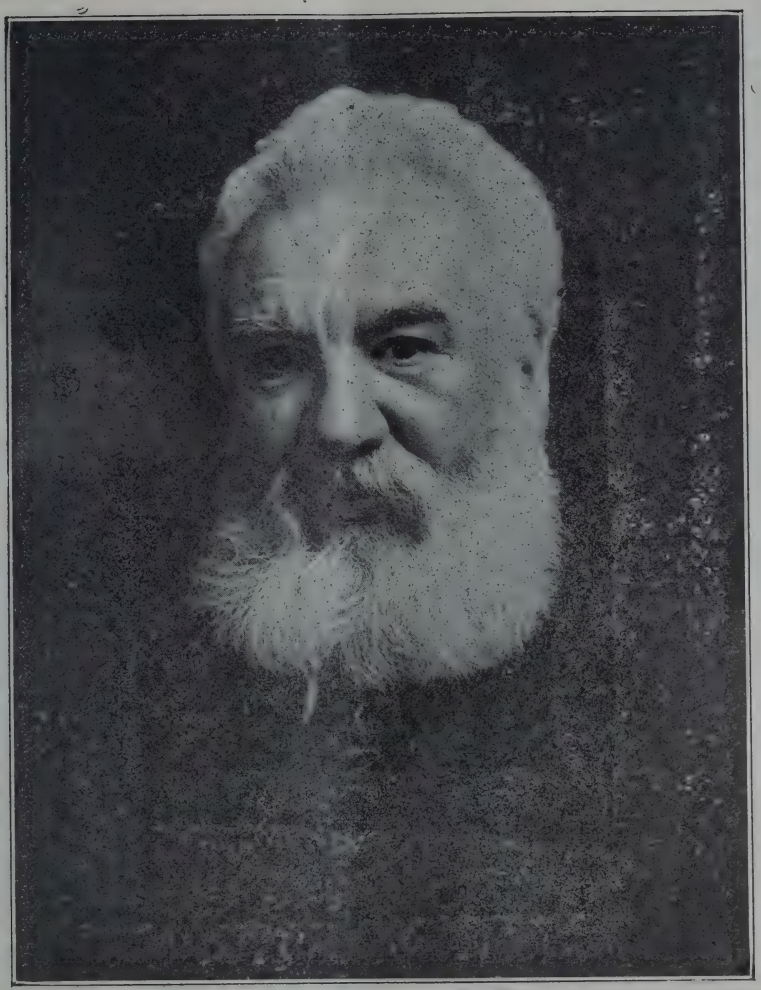
JOURNALISTS:
- James Gordon Bennett
- Robert Bonner
- John R. McLean

AMBASSADORS:
- Whitelaw Reid
- Wayne MacVeagh



HON. JAMES WILSON
(1742-1798)
B. St. Andrews: d. U S. Justice of the Supreme Court. The "most earned civilian in the Constitutional Convention."

DR. JAMES MCCOSH
(1811-1894)
B. Carskeoch, Ayrshire. President of Princeton and author of many works on philosophy.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Born in Edinburgh, in 1847. Inventor of the telephone; also of many other notable contributions to the arts and sciences.

SCIENTISTS:
- John Muir
- Asa Gray
- Alexander Wilson
- Joseph Henry
- Lewis M. Rutherford
- William Wallace Campbell

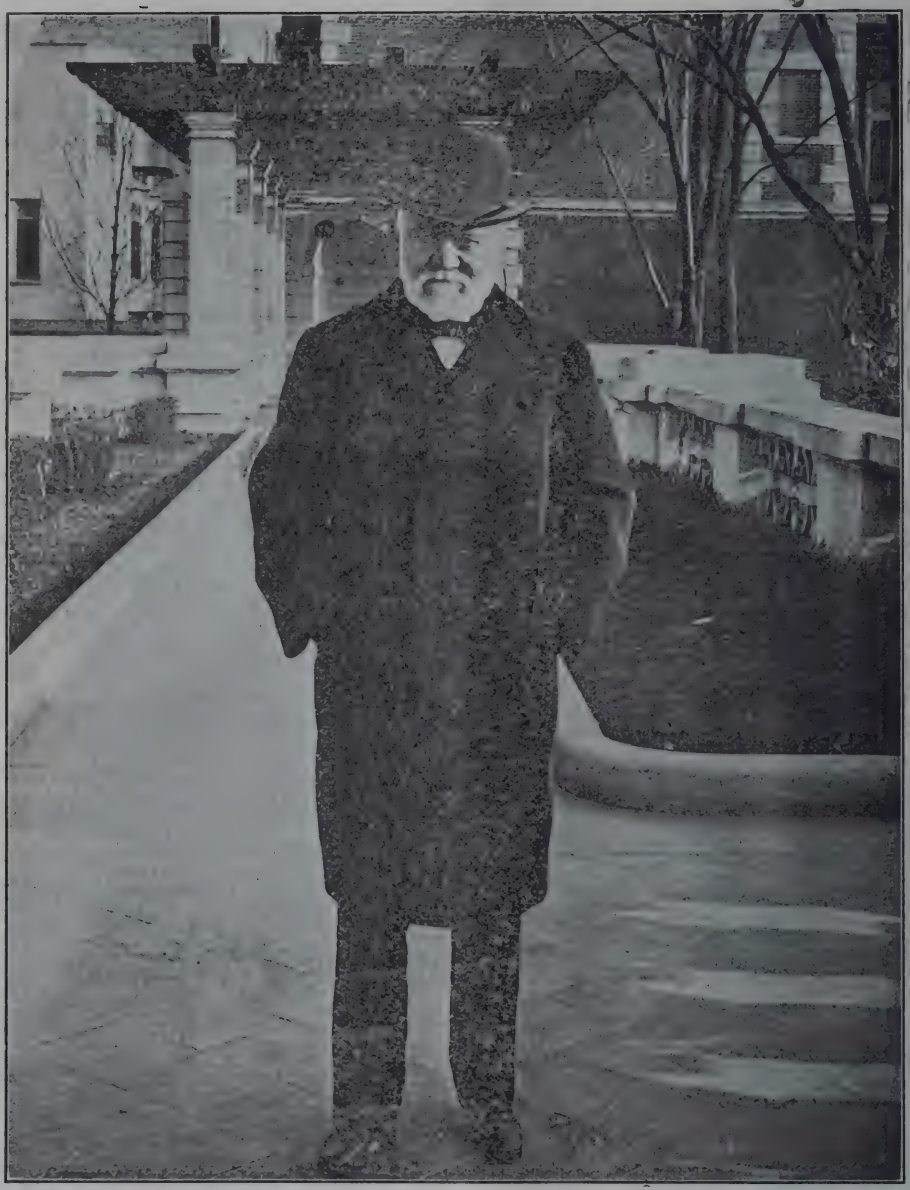
HORTICULTURE:
- Grant Thorburn
- Peter Henderson

ART:
- George Inness
- Gilbert Charles Stuart
- John McComb, Jr.
- Duncan Phyfe
- Thomas Crawford

ACTORS:
- Edwin Forrest
- James E. Murdoch

ENGINEERS:
- Matthew Baird
- John Findley Wallace
- D. Craig MacCallum

INVENTORS:
- Alexander Graham Bell
- Robert Fulton
- Samuel Colt
- Henry Burden



ANDREW CARNEGIE

(Born November 25, 1835; died August 11, 1919)

From a photograph of Mr. Carnegie taken in the garden of his New York house.

Cyrus H. McCormick
James Oliver

CHURCH:
Francis Makemie
Alexander MacLeod
William Tennent
John Mason
Robert Seton

EDUCATION:
James McCosh
William Smith
William Milligan Sloane
Andrew C. McLaughlin

LITERATURE:
Washington Irving
Donald Grant Mitchell

S. Weir Mitchell
F. Marion Crawford

COMPOSERS:
E. Alexander MacDowell
Will C. Macfarlane

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIES:
Robert Lenox
Alex. T. Stewart
John Stewart Kennedy
Andrew Carnegie
John Arbuckle
Robert Graham Dun

MEDICINE:
Charles McBurney
William T. G. Morton
David Hayes Agnew
Alex. J. C. Skene

It is recognized that there may be grounds for sound criticism in this list. Names may have been omitted which would appear to many as being more important than some that have been selected. THE CALEDONIAN invites correspondence on this interesting subject.

Colonel Walter Scott, who was Chairman of the Scottish Section, was unable to be present for Scottish Night, and sent the following telegrams:

To William Taylor and Committee in Charge, Scottish Section, America's Making:

Regret delay enroute prevents my being with you at to-night's celebration which is to be Scottish. Our American-Scottish citizens do not lay claim to finding America, but justly claim that they have worked hand in hand with all who live in this great country of liberty without license, and are working, and will work, to keep it, with divine assistance, the best place in the world in which to live.

WALTER SCOTT,
Chairman, Scottish Section.

To George Fraser Black, Ph. D.,
Public Library, New York City.

Your "Scotland's Mark on America" is a just tribute to those that are gone and sets a high standard to our American Scottish population of to-day and adds to us a great responsibility. May we as they did in lang syne show our ability is equal to that responsibility. I pray God that it may be with His help. Congratulations to John Ford and self and all who assisted.

WALTER SCOTT.

With the publication of *Scotland's Mark On America*—which will be reviewed in the next issue of THE CALEDONIAN—the work of the Scottish Section of America's Making comes to an end. The Executive Committee deserves the commendation of the Scottish element in America for having thus presented to the public in a dignified and impressive fashion the remarkable story of Scottish achievement in America. The committee was composed of the following gentlemen: William Taylor, Chairman; Vice-Chairmen, Duncan MacInnes, Henry Moir and William G. Reid; Treasurer, Walter E. Frew; Secretary, Charles C. Stoddard; Alexander B. Halliday, Dr. James Law, Dr. John J. MacPhee, J. Massey Rhind, George Fraser Black, James Kennedy, William M. MacBean, Robert Frater Munro, John G. Todd and George A. Wotherspoon.

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—James Anthony Froude.

Scotland's Mark on America

By GEORGE FRASER BLACK, Ph. D.
With a Foreword by JOHN FOORD

A Book of Facts, with an Index of more than 1,500 names of Scots who have had a part in American History, Business, Education, Etc.

Cloth $1.00—Paper 35c. (3 copies for $1.00)

CAN BE ORDERED FROM THE CALEDONIAN

The Gairloch

The writer of the article on "The Gairloch" (R. M. D.), reprinted in last months' CALEDONIAN from the *Scots Pictorial* betrays lamentable ignorance of his subject. He states that on Eilean Maree are "the ruins of an ancient chapel said to have been erected and dedicated to the Virgin in the eighth century by St. Malruba, a monk of Bangor, and by others to have been the church of St. Maree who came to the island direct from Iona." St. Malruba and St. Maree are one and the same person. Malruba, properly Maelrubha, born in A.D. 642, was the son of an Irish Gael, Elganach mac Garbh, a descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages. His mother was an Irish Pict, Subtan daughter of Sedna. In A.D. 671 the saint crossed over to Scotland (Alba) and two years later founded the church at Aber Crossan, now Applecross, in Wester Ross. Later he founded the church on Eilean Maree, which bears his name and not that of the Virgin Mary. His missionary labors were continued for upwards of fifty years and a series of churches founded by him are strung round the northern and eastern coasts as far down as Fife. The Irish records state that the saint died a natural death in A.D. 722, but the Aberdeen Briviary and the native calendars state that he was murdered by Danish or Norse pirates in that year. His grave is still pointed out at Applecross, marked by two low round pillar stones, and the old belief still exists that the possession of some earth from the grave ensures safety in travelling, and a return to Applecross. The endless variety of forms in which the saint's name has been preserved has been a fruitful source of error on the part of writers who take their information at second hand. The following are a few of the forms in which it occurs: Mulruby, Malruf, Mulruy, Malrow, Mareve, Maree, Mury, Maro, Arrow, Olrou Erew, Ruvius, Ru, etc. GEORGE F. BLACK.

Our Glasgow Letter

The death of Sir William Bilsland, Bart., L.L.D., Lord Provost of Glasgow, from 1905 to 1908, leaves a blank that it will be difficult to fill. He was in his 75th year when he died, and had given twenty years of that period to Municipal service. Sir William was a splendid specimen of the self-made man, having sprung from farming stock. At the age of thirteen he started to work, and at twenty he had commenced in business for himself, the foundation of the now great business of Bilsland Brothers. In 1886, he started his public career as a Councillor, and five years later he was elected a Magistrate. He was largely responsible for the erection of our magnificent Art Galleries, at Kelvingrove, and it was during his Convenership of the Parks and Galleries Committee, that several of our finest parks were acquired. Sir William was interested in the affairs of the Clyde Navigation Trust, and almost all other progressive organizations. His was a busy and useful life, and he leaves pleasant memories behind him.

The death of Mrs. Bell, at the Burns Cottage Homes, Mauchline, recalls memories of the Poet Burns himself. Mrs. Bell was the last grand-daughter of "Lang Robin Wilson," the "gallant weaver" of Burns' song, which begins "When Cart rins rowin' to the sea." Robin and Jean Armour were said to have been half sweethearts in Mauchline, but the poet got the prize. Owing to some acts of kindness shown to Jean by Robin, Burns made him the hero of his song, and also presented him with a marble salt dish, which has been handed down in the Wilson family to this day. It is now to be placed in the Burns Memorial Museum, according to the wish of Mrs. Bell.

These are stirring times in the Highlands and Islands, and Uist is at present in the forefront of battle on account of her law breaking propensities. Inverness Independent Labour Party have received, from the Solicitor General, who is M.P. for Inverness, a reply to a resolution demanding the immediate release of the Uist Land Raiders now in Inverness Jail. The resolution also called upon the Government to fulfil its lands settlement promises. The Solicitor General says in his letter that the Uist men are imprisoned for contempt of a lawful order, pronounced by a Court of Justice, and there is no precedent or authority for the Government releasing them. The raid, concludes the reply, acted as an obstacle to land settlement. At the time the Board of Agriculture were actually engaged in making arrangements for this purpose on the land seized. That is the matter as it stands, but the fact remains that in the case of the Island of Lewis the Government did not keep her promises of land settlement made to the Islanders before they joined up for military service, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the people of these remote and outlying districts are taking the law into their own hands, and are becoming not only sceptical, but angry at the treatment meted out to them, and the too leisurely methods of the Government Board in charge.

Bailie Hugh Ferguson, of Motherwell, finds himself well in the limelight over a little controversy regarding his idea of justice. The Bailie dismissed the case of a youth who admitted the theft of *Sunday Mails* from a parcel which had been left at the door of a news agent. It turns out that Bailie Ferguson is a strict Sabbatarian, and says if he

had the power there would not be a Sunday newspaper sold in Motherwell or Britain. However, he says his idea of justice is not founded on his strict ideas on the Sabbath, but on the fact that the newspapers were left unprotected at the news agents premises, with no one to take charge of them. Now, however, much we may admire the Bailie's courageous attitude, we cannot but conclude that the thief is none the less a thief under the circumstances stated, and therefore should have been punished for the crime. If the definition of a thief is a person who steals something which does not rightfully belong to him, then the Motherwell youth is a thief, and as such should not have been allowed to go free. However, if the incident has given Bailie Ferguson the opportunity on airing his view on Sunday newspapers (probably an unnecessary evil) then it has served its purpose, and may do more good in the one direction than harm in the other.

We are pleased to notice in Mr. Thomas H. Whitehead (a native of Dunblane), late manager of the Chartered Bank of India, China and Australia, a true Scot, mindful of the land of his birth. He has just been visiting Dunblane Public School, and has handed over to trustees £1000 in Government four per cent. loan. The interest is to be used for the provision of prizes and bursaries, to assist the young people of the parish in their studies, and to enable them to cultivate the qualities that make for success in life.

Mr. Whitehead has also intimated his intention to erect a statue of the poet Burns in Dunblane, with a view to inspiring a love of the poet's works, and of patriotism in the young. We feel sure that such seed will not fall on stony ground, and we think Mr. Whitehead's ideas are very fine indeed. To instil patriotism—love of country—into the receptive heart and mind of the child, will undoubtedly bring out the desired result in good time, and surely there is no finer sentiment than that of patriotism, and Scotland these days, is lagging far behind in this quality.

What next! Lord Cochrane, who founded the Naval renoun of Chili, and who is a Scotsman with a family history going back to the reign of Alexander III, is being referred to in an English paper as "A grand old Englishman." Of course no doubt the journalist who thus showed his ignorance, would assure us, on being challenged, that he *meant* Scotsman, and that he was speaking in the broader, larger sense. This is usually their excuse, but is it, think you, merely stupidity, or just another example of the pig-headed Englishman, who knows he is wrong, but is not man enough to admit it. When will England grasp the fact that we do not wish to be called "English," nor will we be coerced into toleration of this oft repeated affront.

We are told of an interesting find—relic of the Viking days—which has just been unearthed in Whalsay, Shetland. A woman was cutting peats, when she turned up, about 2½ feet from the surface, a finger ring of thick, plaited gold. The ring was sent to Edinburgh, and turns out to be a Norse ring, of the period of the Viking occupation of the islands. It is in fine condition and is beautifully finished.

We have to thank Mr. William Power, a well known Glasgow journalist, for his remarks on what he called "Scotland's Vandalism" when speaking on "The City Beautiful" to the City Business Club on the 22nd September, he deplored the removal of historic edifices and landmarks, and drove home some points well worth emphasizing. This lack of reverence, one might almost say ruthlessness, on the part of Scotland, is very much to be regretted. If it is a sign of the times then it is a very bad one. When our country ceases to cherish our ancient monuments and historic buildings, reminders all of a great and glorious history, then indeed has she fallen on evil times. It is merely a lack of patriotism, and patriotism is the very foundation of any nation. Mr. Power pointed out that Perth—full of historic memories—had been despoiled of practically all its ancient monuments by the destructiveness of nineteenth century vandals, and that Glasgow, while not quite so bad, had much to answer for. The business community is credited with having saved the Cathedral from destruction, but he considers the worst atrocity ever perpetrated in the city was the removal of the old college buildings in High street, and this we are all agreed on. Let us hope Mr. Power's word in season will bear fruit, and stay the hand of the despoiler when he is inclined to brush away memories of past glory.

Talking on this subject, although we are now among the "moderns," we notice that the one pretty little Kiosk, beautifully situated on the banks of the river Kelvin, in Kelvingrove Park, below the University, is now almost a ruin for want of a little attention, as is also the wooden bridge a little higher up the river. Surely this is a disgrace for a city like Glasgow, as this little Kiosk would make an ideal resting place, if it could be used for no other purpose. As it is at present it is neither ornamental nor useful, but merely an eye sore and a reproach to a progressive city like ours.

The Highland Mod—event of great interest to all Highlanders—is being held in Glasgow this year, and opened with a great ball on the 29th of September, the real business of the gathering starting on the 30th. The Mod serves a useful purpose in preventing the loss of undoubted treasures in Gaelic music, poetry and other arts, and in fostering Highland Home Industries. However, we regret to notice that the Gaelic speaking population of Scotland is fast diminishing. The recent census figures showed that it had decreased by over 40,000 in ten years. However, it will not be the fault of the Mod if anything pertaining to the Highlands is neglected, as it is one of the most energetic

organizations in existence, and leaves no stone unturned to keep alive and active all its aims and objects.

The Northern Meeting, which opened at Inverness on 22nd of September, was the most brilliant of its kind for many years, and the weather conditions were ideal. Not since pre-war days have so many distinguished visitors been in the Highlands, so that the attendance at the meeting was fully representative not only of the Highland aristocracy, and their guests, but of the shooting tenants from all parts of the north. The opening ball was one of the most brilliant functions ever seen in Inverness, and the Highland games portion of the program, was carried through without a hitch. It was a meeting to be remembered, being one long series of brilliant displays, amid a concourse of youth and beauty seldom seen in one gathering.

The *Quest* has now started on her long voyage of discovery, and we wish it every success. Naturally our interest centres in the two Scottish lads, who were fortunate enough to be picked by Sir Ernest Shackleton, and when we saw them on the films, just before starting, we felt they would justify themselves. Marr—the Aberdeen youth—is a real dour looking Scot, built of brawn and muscle and made for endurance; and Mooney, while of a less rugged type, is strong and healthy looking. The Prince of Wales shook hands with Marr, and told him he was a lucky chap to be getting away on this expedition. And who shall say he did not envy him!

GRACE D. WILSON.
64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

A Promising Young Singer

Scotland always has had its poets, and always will have—singer of true songs that come from and appeal to the heart. Among the youngest of Scottish singers, in this day of prodigies, is Miss Dorothy McBurnie, the seventeen year old daughter of Sheriff-Clerk John McBurnie, of Dumfries. Her verses are worthy of a much older hand, and it is with pleasure that we offer the following selections to readers of THE CALEDONIAN.

A Reverie

BY DOROTHY M. MCBURNIE

Oh for a whiff of the heather,
Or the sound of the wind in the pines,
Or the scent of the galls in the peat-bogs,
With their peat-stacks and dark coloured rines!

With the clang of the city around me,
Its smoke, and its grime, and its smells,
I long for a sight of the homeland—
The torrents, the grey lochs and fells.

I can see the bare sides of the mountains,
With their waterfalls, gullies and screes,
Their tarns, and their glistening rock-clefts
Where a mountain-ash sways in the breeze.

I can hear the wild cry of the curlew,
The scream of the circling sea-gulls,
The whirr of a grouse in the heather
And a mounting lark's clear liquid trills.

Now a kestrel sails silent, majestic,
Swooping swift and sure on his prey,
Then soars off to his nest in some tall pine,
Where his mate broods and watches all day.

* * * * * * * *

A book falls from my hand with a clatter,
I awake from my dreams with a start,
I am here in the grey dingy city,
But the homeland retains my heart.

Dumfriesshire—Memories

BY DOROTHY M. MCBURNIE

The hills of home! Those hills where oft
I've wandered far and wide
To seek the wild birds' nests, or view
Old Solway's distant tide.

And the dear pine woods' sombre gloom,
And oak trees' chequered shade
Where the wild hyacinth in spring
Makes fragrant every glade.

I know each dell, each stream, each crag,
Each furzy heath-clad knowe
From which the skylark starts her flight
O'er the wide vale below.

Queensb'ry where beacons oft have blazed
Steep White Coomb's towering crest,
Bold Criffel's lonely eminence,
Gaunt sentinel of the West!

Dear "Castle in the Brushwood," grey,
Historic, picturesque,
Set on the banks of winding Nith
And lord from there to Esk.

Land of the Douglases and Bruce,
Graemes, Johnstones, Maxwells brave,
Home of the Armstrongs, Border chiefs,
Burns, Carlyle, and the lave.

Land of brown moss—once foaming sea—
Of rivers, lochs, and fells,
Dearest to me of Scotland's shires;
My heart aye with thee dwells.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

A Nicht Wi' Harry Lauder

It is doubtful if, in the popular mind, there is any more supremely Scottish thing in existence than a Harry Lauder performance; there is not a doubt that the man himself is the best known and most popular Scot on earth. These broad statements may not be exactly to the liking of some of the "unca guid" and over-serious minded, but times and manners change. Charlie Chaplin rules over more hearts than the greatest potentate and for the same reason that explains the popularity of Harry Lauder—beneath the humor and farce of these great artists is always a tear; underneath the comical acting a deep and abiding humanity.

And so a Harry Lauder performance always attracts immense throngs in which one will note a remarkable number of old men and women, mixed up with folk in all conditions of life. This man, it seems, has the gift of appealing to the universal heart. His unspoiled and undiluted doric is no handicap. He reaches one and all, rich and poor, young and old,—and the whole English speaking world is his field.

He is with us again and his magic is more potent than ever. Advancing years have, it seems, but served to perfect his art. Look at him in "The Saftest in the Family." The illusion is complete. You have sight and ears only for a muckle lump of a school boy—a big "saftie." We've seen this boy going over the curious treasures of his pockets, and we've heard the droll ramblings of his poor mind—and here he is, after a lapse of many years, faithful to life, on a New York stage, with all his native ludicrousness and pathos. It is a piece of characterization worthy of a great artist; done by Harry Lauder at his time of life it is marvellous.

Another fine and finished performance is when he assumes the character of a shepherd, dressed "in his best" who has been to the Shepherd's Walk. A manly voice, remarkably clear and distinct, lifts itself in a simple little song, "Over the Hill tae Ardentinny," and then discloses in "patter" the treasures of a humble Scottish home. It's another version of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and worthy of mention with that masterpiece. Perhaps Harry has done some things finer than this. I doubt it. One cannot but sense the deep impression on the audience. The enumeration of the family, the vivid picture of family life—the matchless description of the five bairns, each with distinct tendencies and traits—the face of the shepherd as he is taking us all into his confidence about it—all this is an art which raises a humorous sketch into the realms of poetry. Scotland and the Scottish character has been influenced profoundly by the genius of Burns. His vivid pictures of humble life have been as "the salt of the earth." Harry Lauder in his own inimitable style is worthily following in the footsteps of the master.

But it was not only in recognition of such artistic genius that the New York Caledonian Club recently tendered a banquet to him in the Waldorf-Astoria. Here was a Scot who in the dark days of war, when his country required all that great souls could give, proved himself a man among men; a man whose words became a power on the side of the Allies and whose courageous and energetic "carry-on" attitude moved and inspired multitudes.

And so the great banquet hall was filled with a fine, representative crowd that night to do him honor. Chief James R. Donaldson presided and presented Colonel Walter Scott as toastmaster. The chief address was that of the Rev. John MacNeill, who responded to the toast, "A Man's a Man for a' That." The Reverend John rose to the highest expectations. In a speech that was at once replete with wit and eloquence he paid a splendid tribute to Harry Lauder as a man. Then came Captain Gloster Armstrong, British Consul-General, who in the course of a stirring speech declared that "the British Empire could never repay the debt it owed to Harry Lauder." Mr. Albert Oliver, president of the New York Canadian Club presented "Canada's Greetings," and Rev. John Williams, president of the British Schools and Universities Club made an unusually good impromptu speech in place of Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times*, who was to have responded to the toast "A Minstrel in France." Dr. Finley appeared early in the evening and explained that he had been hurriedly called out of the city on important business. The final tribute was by Duncan

MacInnes, chief accountant of the City of New York. Duncan and Harry are old friends and it was fitting that the one should present to the other an album containing sentiments from more than 130 Scottish organizations throughout America and also letters from Lord Bryce, James Beck, Will Hays, Vice President Coolidge and other notables.

Harry's response was unique and incomparable, composed of speech and song; obviously deeply moved he tried to hedge it about with wit and gayety, but the camouflage was transparent. He talked of the war days; he talked and sang of home; there was a strain of religion in his talk; there was a consciousness among his hearers of witnessing an intimate disclosure of personality. The man was at his best and by his speech alone made the affair one to be long remembered. But there were other fine things that night. There was Agnes Bartholomew, an artist of whom Scotland may well be proud. In her portrayal of "Tammy Rae at the Burns Supper," she exemplified rare powers of elocution and characterization. This gifted artist created a deep impression. Angus Fraser and three of his best men played the pipes occasionally and little Constance MacKenzie danced the Highland Fling with a grace that won an ovation. Colonel Walter Scott made an excellent toastmaster, his apt and witty remarks making a distinct hit. At the close of his speech Sir Harry turned to Colonel Scott and thanked him in behalf of himself, the General Committee and the British Committee of the Harry Lauder Fund for the great work which he had accomplished for it. He stated that Mr. Scott's name was well known to soldiers and sailors who had received benefit of the fund, and he was glad he was able to express his thanks in a public manner. W. T.

"A Guid New Year tae Ane an' A'"

is the sentiment of every true Scot as Hogmany draws near. What better gift from one Scot to another than some of our genuine

Scotch Shortbread or Scotch Bun?

Plain Shortbread, 50c. and $1.00; with any motto you desire, 60c. and $1.20. Scotch Bun, $1.30 per loaf. Forwarded to any part of the United States.

DOW & SON
90 Exchange St., Pawtucket, R. I.

Subscribe for THE CALEDONIAN $1.50 a Year

Come Hame !

BY ALEXANDER COOPER

(For The Caledonian)

It's a sprig of bonnie heather
Frae my hame across the sea,
And its bells of royal purple
Bring a message dear to me.
They chime in sweetest cadence
All the love a soul can frame,
And I hear in ilka note:
You've ben lang awa': Come hame.

Come hame and see the dear auld place
And the hoose where you were born;
The school, the kirk, the auld kirkyard
And the graves of those you mourn.

Come hame and wander through the woods
And climb the heathery hills;
Come hame and hear the mavis sing
The song that always thrills.

Come hame and cuddle in the burn
Doon in yon peaceful glen;
Come hame and see the auld mill wheel
Go spinnin' roun' again.

Come hame and see a cricket match
Where often you have played;
Come hame and bowl upon the green
Where highest scores are made.

Come hame and twine some rapes again—
You did it lang, lang syne;
Come hame and see the Gordons—
Bravest men of all the line.

Come hame, Come hame, Come hame, Come hame
Before you are too auld;
Come hame, Come hame, Come hame, Come hame
Before you're stiff and cauld.

But if you canna come across
We'll ken you're nae to blame
And we'll meet you over yonder
When we all are gathered hame.

New York.

R. E. Tod, Commissioner of Immigration

Robert Elliot Tod, retired banker and yachtsman, well known in New York Scottish circles, took office as Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, New York, October 22. His nomination by President Harding was confirmed by the Senate two days previously. Mr. Tod, who is a man of wide experience, has been giving intensive study to the immigration problem during a stay in Europe this summer, and comes specially fitted to handle the conditions surrounding the coming of immigrants.

During the war Mr. Tod performed many patriotic services. He chartered and operated at his own expense several coastwise trade vessels, and served as navigating officer for J. P. Morgan's yacht, Corsair, which was turned over to the Government for patrol duty.

MISS AGNES BARTHOLOMEW

Scotland's Leading Actress and Elocutionist

Who raised $150,000.00 in the Home Country for War Relief Funds and Charities, now visiting the United States and Canada.

Thoroughly charming, thoroughly delightful,. thoroughly. Scottish.
Every Appearance a Triumph.

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1499 Broadway **New York**

Chicago, Ill.

Dr. William A. Barclay, 65, old time Chicago newspaper man, died recently at his home, 5405 Winthrop avenue, after on illness of more than two years. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Dr. Barclay was graduated from Edinburgh University with a degree of Master of Arts. In 1893 he came to Chicago and for twelve years thereafter was actively engaged in newspaper work on Chicago papers. At one time he was associated with Eugene Field. Dr. Barclay was president of the Robert Burns Memorial Association, which erected the Burns monument in Garfield Park. He was a member of several societies.

Proposed Statue of Sir Walter Scott For Detroit, Mich.

At the request of many lovers of the great Scottish novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott, the Detroit Burns Club has unanimously adopted a resolution making the erection of a statue of the "Wizard of the North," as a companion statue to that of Robert Burns recently erected in Cass Park, a special feature and object of the club.

Prominent amongst those whose advice and promised support influenced the decision of the members of the Burns Club, is Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, who has the honor of being the first subscriber to the fund, he having recently sent to Mr. Edward Goodwillie, president of the club, a check for $250.00. Through Colonel Scott's good offices, a check for $100.00 for the fund has also been received from J. H. Schoonmaker of Fifth Avenue, New York. There is a nice bit of sentiment in the donation of Mrs. Schoonmaker (who was a Miss Wilson, and has lots of Scotch blood in her) due to the fact that her great-grandmother when a child had sat in the lap of the renowned novelist.

Although the major part of the fund will doubtless be raised in Detroit and vicinity, the Detroit Burns Club wishes it understood that subscriptions will be thankfully received from any who are interested. The chairman of the Scott Statue Committee is Mr. John Cameron, 3626 Wabash avenue, and he and Mr. William Livingstone, president of the Dime Savings Bank, Detroit, will gladly acknowledge donations to the fund.

Clan MacLeod, Jersey City.

Clan MacLeod will give its 32nd Grand Annual Concert at the People's Palace, Bergen avenue and Forest street, Jersey City, Friday evening, December 9th. Ten artists have been engaged, and an interesting program is promised.

A Hymn of Peace

(*To the Air of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"*)

BY ALVIRA PHELPS HAAGSMA

Mine eyes have seen the glory of this day of Peace on Earth;
We have waited for the victory and the world's triumphant birth
Into Freedom for the nations and good will to men on earth,
For God is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Etc.

I have seen the manhood of the world, of every race and creed,
Rise in righteous indignation at the Tyrant's bloody deed;
They have crushed the feudal monster, and Right, not Might, will lead,
For God is marching on.

I have read the fateful sentence, "As ye sow so shall ye reap,"
And this mighty law of justice is eternal though we sleep.
Awake! arise! the dawn is here—all souls their vigils keep,
For God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the gospel of the Brotherhood of Man,
All for each and each for all, is the great Almighty's plan;
Each selfish interest and pursuit let every nation ban,
For God is marching on.

In the beauty, truth and wisdom of this love for all mankind,
Taught by teachers in all ages, men their souls will surely find,
And long sought peace and harmony will all the nations bind,
For God is marching on.

Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

The annual meeting of this live organization was held in Caledonian Hall, New York, Wednesday evening, October 5th. President John A. Rennie occupied the chair. The secretary's report showed a growing interest in the game. The roll of members had increased considerably during 1921. The attendance at the green had been most gratifying, large numbers turning out every day. the weather was favorable. Election of officers for 1922 resulted as follows: President, John A. Rennie; vice president, William Crawford; secretary-treasurer, John Broatch; Executive Committee, David Templeman, William Cuthbertson, Thomas Wigley, James V. Francis, Thomas T. Archibald.

The principal event of the season was the individual tournament for the cup presented by President Rennie. The fortunate winner was William M. More, who will hold the cup for a year. He also received a medal, which Wullie will be seen wearing on all state occasions to come. The medal is his to hold forever. Second prize, a medal also, was won by David Dewar. The consolation prize medal was won by J. M. Eadie. Four rinks represented the club at the open tournament at Boston, Mass., August 26th and 27th. Unfortunately all they brought back consisted entirely of pleasant memories of a particularly enjoyable trip.

The next match was North vs. South.

North Skip		South Skip	
T. T. Archibald	28	John A. Rennie	13
Skip		Skip	
D. Templeman	9	W. Cuthbertson	27
Skip		Skip	
James Whyte	15	Wm. Crawford	14
Skip		Skip	
Wm. More	22	J. Broatch	20
	74		74

Ended in a draw.

The season was brought to a fitting close Saturday, October 15th, with a club pair tournament that attracted a large entry. The winners were William Moncur and V. Ogden with David Templeman and William Archibald runners up. The consolation prizes were won by James V. Francis and John Broatch. It had been the intention of the officers to continue the season until Election Day, but the park authorities had arranged to put the green in better condition and it was necessary to do the work before frost came. Many of the regulars will find it hard to thoroughly enjoy Saturday afternoons until the ice on the pond is strong enough to bear the knights of the besom when the roar of the channel stanes will be heard in place of the click of the bowls.

Rhode Island Letter

Pawtucket has certainly been the centre of attraction in Rhode Island during the month of October. The city has been celebrating its 250th anniversary and in doing so gave itself over to a five-days' program, parades, sports, socials, tableaux, dinners, speeches and dancing. The Chamber of Commerce, to whom the credit is due for organizing the celebration, spent some thirty thousand dollars, while every store in the trade centre of the city was gaily decorated with flags. The Trade Unionists of the city erected a large triumphal arch, under which all the paraders marched. The affair opened with a play in the Star Theatre entitled, "Hamilton," which dealt with the life of Alexander Hamilton during the period of the Washington Administration. Then the next day a baseball game was played, in which many of the American and National League stars took part.

As special features which ran through the whole period of the celebration there were several interesting exhibitions. One in the "Daggett House," Slater Park, in which many relics of pre-Revolutionary period were shown. Another exhibition contained samples of all the various manufactures of Pawtucket. This was a revelation to many of the inhabitants of the city, who had not the slightest idea of the number, the variety

There's Nae Folk Like Oor Folk

Margaret Lyons Moodie, aptly named the Prima donna Scottish Soprano, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, the picturesque home of Bobby Burns' early life. She lends to her interpretation of Scottish lyrics the inimitable charm of Auld Scotland.

Mrs. Moodie has won her way into the hearts of her many admirers among the Scots in America, and her appearance at any social function is always a source of pleasure for those who hold the old Scottish sonnets near and dear.

Mrs. Moodie is now arranging her program for the seasons of 1921 and 1922, and we suggest to her Scottish friends that they communicate with her directly in anticipation of their very next entertainment.

MARGARET LYONS MOODIE

Scottish Soprano

820 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

and the magnificence of the goods produced within its borders. As an instance of this I overheard a man say to a lady who accompanied him, "Well, I've worked in the Lorraine mills for many years, but I had no idea that our goods looked so nice as these." There was yet another exhibition in the Free Library, arranged by Mr. Goddard, Chief Librarian, who brought together and arranged a number of interesting pictures of old buildings and maps which illustrated the history of the city by public events and residences.

On Sunday all the churches had references to the occasion and in the afternoon there should have been a number of pageants by the Sunday Schools of the city in the Slater Park, but owing to rain this event was postponed. It came off the following Sunday. It was very successful and many thousands of persons attended.

The great day, however, was the Monday which was known as Founders' Day. The principal event on that day was the largest and finest parade that ever was seen in Pawtucket. The history of the city was illustrated by a number of beautifully decorated floats, while every nationality and most of the Friendly Societies had special floats illustrating some phase of their national life and their connection with America. Clan Fraser, also the Fraser Royal Highlanders, and the Daughters of the Heather, united in a fine display. They were represented by a beautifully decorated float the main features being an excellent imitation of the Fraser tartan round the body of the conveyance. Riding on the float were clansmen dressed in the characters of Alexander Hamilton, (Past Chief George M. McKenzie), Paul Jones, the first American Commodore (John Black, Jr.), Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone (James Palmer), who had on the side of the float a real telephone instrument of the earliest type; the Rev. John Witherspoon, one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence (J. Williamson), and James Watt (Robert McCulloch), whose invention of the steam engine did much to make the development of Pawtucket possible. The clan and its auxiliary turned out in very large numbers, and were headed by the Worcester Kiltie Pipe Band. After the parade the clan had open house for any who cared to come. In the evening a social and dance was held in the same hall. Chief John Burt was well satisfied with the way the clan turned out and the program provided a splendid entertainment. The thanks of the clan are due to Past Chief John Richardson, Secretary Robert McCulloch, Robert Knox and James Doctor for the time spent in decorating the float. It was admitted by many outsiders, as well as the organizers of the celebration, that the Scottish section was an excellent exhibition and the crowds along the route seemed to endorse that view by the cheers the Scots received from them.

28 Carpenter Street, Pawtucket, R. I. JOHN BALDWIN.

Albany, New York

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

St. Andrew's Society held its 118th annual meeting in St. Andrew's hall, Thursday evening, November 10, and elected the following officers: President, Dr. John Giffen; vice presidents, William Reid and David Hutchison; treasurer, John S. McEwan; chaplin, the Rev. Roelif H. Brooks; physician, Dr. Harold D. Cochrane; secretary, Ewen MacIntyre; assistant secretary, Ronald Kinnear; corresponding secretary, Francis B. Purdie; managers, William S. Mitchell, Robert M. Chalmers, Alexander R. MacKenzie, MacNaughton Miller and Walter S. McEwan.

The following were appointed a committee to arrange for the observance of St. Andrew's day, November 30: John S. McEwan, Alexander R. MacKenzie, Jr., Francis B. Purdie, John Dick and Charles H. Imrie.

FOR A SCOTT MONUMENT

Sir Walter Scott was honored in song and story at Chancellor's hall, Wednesday evening, November 9, and a nucleus of a fund was started to raise a monument to his memory similar to that of the Burns statute in Washington Park.

It was cold, misty, murky and raining outside the Education building, but inside there was lilting, laughing, limning of the heather-ered hills and the banks and the braes of bonnie Scotland.

David M. Kinnear, representing the United Scottish societies, was chairman of the meeting. He read a letter from Colonel Walter Scott enclosing a check for $50 and announced that Mayor-elect William S. Hackett, who was a guest of honor at the concert, had also contributed $25, as had Governor Glynn. To this hundred dollars he added another $25 himself, and said it would be used as a nucleus for a fund to raise a monument to the memory of Scotland's great poet and novelist.

Mayor-elect Hackett was introduced, but did not speak. He came to the platform with the Hon. Martin H. Glynn. Both received an ovation.

The address of the former Governor was received with deep interest and at its conclusion the speaker was given enthusiastic applause.

The concert program was given by the St. Cecile Quartet of New York, composed of Homer Burgess, first tenor; De Los Becker, second tenor; Alvah Nichols, first bass, and Robert Gaylor, accompanist.

The work of Miss Agnes Bartholomew, of Glasgow, internationally known as an interpreter of Scotch character, was a dialectic delight. She is past-mistress of her art and is equally at home in the burr of the Scotch idiom and the patois of the London costermonger, a sort of petticoated edition of Lauder and Chevalier.

The audience was in a delightfully receptive mood and applauded every point she made. Her rendition of "Robbie Doo at a Burns dinner" was an exquisite piece of character delineation. Her tale of the little Cockney boy describing a "hightoned party" at a great house, seen through the window, was equally well given. She was repeatedly encored and at one stage was presented with a floral tribute from one of her admirers. Her whole repertoire was hugely enjoyed.

"Border Ballad," the words of which were written by Scott, was given by the quartet, along with "O' A' the Airts," by Burns; "The Wedding o' Shon MacLean" and "The Lost Chord," and the whole was a synchronic symphony of Scotch song.

The address of former Governor Glynn follows in full:

"Walter Scott was a wondrous combination of loveable man and literary genius, and rare indeed is such a combination. He was free from the frills and fripperies, the cloud-hitting propensities that often mar poetic imaginations, free from the petty jealousies that sometimes dim transcendent splendor in a literary crown. 'He was as big of heart as his head was high;' and not even the cruel heel of adversity could trample down his joyousness of spirit or stamp the song out of his heart. By his geniality he took stiff and starch out of social gatherings; through his quips and squirks and witty sallies he made sadness flee where'er he went. Thomas Carlyle said Walter Scott ranked among the soundest pieces of British manhood put together in the eighteenth century, and Carlyle was right. In the humanity of his character in the inspiration of his verse, in the fascination of his fiction, in the lure his memory has left behind—Walter Scott stands out.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm
Though 'round its head the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

"He was a wholesome man—as manly as Addison's Roger De Coverley, as gentle as Thackeray's Colonel Newcombe, and yet withal as rugged as the hills of his native land. He was no 'peeping Tom' into the allurements of sex; no 'peeping Tom' into the enticements of immorality; he was no vivisectionist of the salacious. He never drew a young and beautiful woman who was wicked, he never wrote of a line that would bring a blush to a maiden's cheek, never a line he could wish unwrit as death closed his eyes. He wrote 'Ivanhoe' between agonizing spasms of pain, he wrote the 'Life of Napoleon' amid the wreck and ruin of fortune, he wrote 'The Tales' to please the whimsies of a sick child; he wrote 'Woodstock,' under the goading spur of necessity while his wife lay slowly dying day by day in the next room; he drove head and heart and hand and brain, as no other man save Napoleon, ever drove the human machine to pay debts for which he was not legally responsible, but to which he felt in honor bound. In his intensity, his tremendous out-

put of work, his never-ceasing struggle, he lived the lines he wrote:

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life,
Is worth an age without a name."

"Chivalry was his favorite theme and in him dwelt the very essence of the chivalrous. Had he lived in an earlier age he would have worn his lady's glove upon his casque and couched his lance with any amorous swain. In his lameness he was as picturesque as Byron or Talleyrand—but he never limped in the heart, as Byron did; never limped in the head as Talleyrand did.

"He was a son of nature—he came of a riding, hunting, fighting clan; his father was the first of his race to live in a town; the great outdoors was his palace; the aerial realms of fancy his kingdom; and he found 'tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

"Romance was part of him; he inherited it from his ancestors. One of his progenitors, captured in a raid, was given the choice of hanging or marriage to one of the homeliest daughters of the clan of Murray. He chose marriage and lived happily ever after. Another was called 'Beardie,' because he refused to cut his beard after the Stuarts were banished, and still another borrowed money to buy sheep, but invested in a race horse and founded his fortune upon what he made with the horse. So you see, as naturally as a fish comes by swimming, did Walter Scott come by his determination, his love of life, his fondness for speculation.

"In his desk, the first thing to greet his eye every morning were the old-fashioned silver boxes that used to deck his mother's toilette table in the room where long he lay as a sick child; locks of hair of his dead brothers and sisters; and the silver taper his father gave his mother with his first five-guinea fee—and there they were found when he died. Yes, Walter Scott was a loveable man.

"And more, he was the epitome of his country, with its lochs, its streams, its highlands and its moors, its sly humor that burrs on the tongue and twinkles in the eye. He loved Scotland, he told Washington Irving he would die if he could not see the heather once a year. He stuck to Scotland for his heroes and his heroines, he sought them in no alien clime. He made Scottish tradition as familiar to the world as the mythology of the ancients, and o'er Scotland's hills he cast the poetic hue of his own nature. He peopled the past with heroes and heroines who never existed, and yet live to-day in memory's halls. He pictured Scotland so well, we all know it though we never saw it—he made Scotland a land of magic colors and mystic realms—and, wonder of wonders, he made the thistle as beautiful as the lily and the rose. So well has he impressed the Scottish spirit on the world that to-day when the war drum rolls, and the pibroch sounds, and the roll is called, the soldier laddies in kilts from the highlands and the moors proudly answer the question, 'Whence come you?' with the answer, 'From the land of Scott.'

'Such is the magic of a great pen, such the inspiration of a great man.

'I care not what critics of the 'cubist' school of poetry may say, nor the convolutionists of style, nor the wanderers in hazy labyrinths of thought. I say Walter Scott was a great poet. Poetry is heart stuff—poetry is not mathematics, poetry is not philosophy, poetry is not logic—and in real heart-stuff Walter Scott stands among the kings of the pen. Read his verse and you can't forget it. It sticks in your head, it rolls on your tongue. It follows you waking and haunts you dreaming. It has a 'Homeric swing, a jingle of spur and beam of blade.' No man since Homer could outdo him in describing a battle. His poetry paints battles in words as Meissonier painted them on canvas, and in his martial lines you hear the tread of armies, the crash of shields, the twang of the bow and the whistle of the bullet. In his poetry you feel the strength of men and the charm of women; you hear the songs your heart has sung a thousand times; you feel the tear your eye has sometimes shed,—and this is poetry, no matter how icy-breasts may feel, no matter what geometrical minds may think. There are greater poets than Walter Scott, I admit; but I contend never was there a man of more natural poetic qualities. His was the fire and the tumult, the rush and the hush, the fancy and the frenzy, the rhapsody and the flight that make a poet, and his lines will still soothe the ear and warm the heart when much of the stuff that is called poetry to-day will find its proper place among the pathological studies and versified oddities of prosy minds.

"And as a novelist, what of Walter Scott? Why, this of him. He never sought to make

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the novel take the place of the press, pulpit or the school. He wrote to amuse, to please, to make people happy; not to cram his humors and his hobbies down other people's throats. He was a romanticist, and his fancy roamed through the centuries and from the centuries he makes kings and queens, ploughmen and highland chiefs, outlaws and preachers, minions of the night as well as observers of the law, lads who are brave and lassies who are good and virtuous and true march by our reading chair beside the fireplace in such a winsome way that we too live in the land of romance, we too are part and parcel, warp and woof of the golden days of long ago. Not a great novelist, do I hear some carper say? Why there never was a greater one before his day and the greatest of his day surely takes his place among the great of the world. He was the founder of the historical novel. He inspired Dumas, he inspired Hugo, he inspired Caballero. He led the way, where, mayhaps taller giants have followed. He had a genius for life and nature that stands unsurpassed. He had a picturesqueness surpassed only by Livy, a story-telling power second to none. He may not have written the chiseled phrases of Swift, the carved sentences of Goldsmith; but he pleased Ruskin and Newman, the greatest modern masters of style, and what was good enough for Newman and Ruskin ought to be good enough for us. When friends urged him to polish his style more he replied, 'A man cana' do what he canna'.' Scott's way was his way and that it was a good way is shown by the fact that Ivanhoe is as popular to-day as it was ninety years ago. He pictured life as he saw it, and he saw life as the average man and average woman of healthy mind and healthy body view the passing show. He never painted Hell as better than Heaven. He never reveled in shadows when he could find the road to sunshine. He never wallowed in the mire, he never gloated over vice, he found decency enough in life for him to write about. True he was romantic, true he took liberties with history, true he sometimes saw a light that never was on land or sea, true he may make you crave for a horse, a spear, a coat of mail and purple robe; but he always takes you up the hills of life where the air is pure and the company is clean. His works are translated into every tongue. The painter has appropriated his heroes and heroines, the musician has borrowed his lyre, the dramatist has placed his magic tales upon the stage.

"Poet, novelist, man—his influence spreads sweet and far—

> "Like a fair country stretching wide,
> With woods and leafy pride,
> And fields of golden grain,
> And moon with purple glowing,
> And healthful breezes bravely blowing,
> Spreads Scott his vast domain."

In only one sphere of life was Walter Scott a failure, and that was as a statesman and a politician. He thought his friend King George IV. could do no wrong and blindly followed where the King led. Loyalty was ingrained in Scott's blood—and to the faults of a friend he closed his eyes, but opened his heart.

"A great trinity was Walter Scott; great novelist, great man, great poet.

"A great novelist was he, because he painted the beauties of nature, the throb of nerve, the beat of the heart. He portrayed men and women as they are, neither angels nor devils, but a little of both. Philosophy, psychology and pathology he left to others—he stuck to nature, to human beings at their best; and, since nature is the mother of life, since the heart is the well-spring of humanity, Walter Scott is read nearly a century after he has passed away while mere introspectionists lie untouched upon the shelf.

"Great man was he, because he believed it better to laugh than to weep, better to dilute the good than to magnetize the bad, better to overlook the bug in the rose than to magnify the bug until it dwarfed the rose.

"Great poet was he, because he sang what the heart speaks, what the blood feels, what human nature thrills to as the trumpet stirs the warhorse, as the dawn sends the lark soaring to the sky and singing as he soars.

"Great man, great novelist, great poet; Sir Walter Scott, we hail you to-night on this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your birth; and, from your celestial mansion on high, we hope you may look down as kindly upon us as we look up to you."

Clan Macneil Association

The Council of the Clan Macneil Association of America have elected the Rev. John McNeill and the Most Reverend Archbishop Neil McNeil joint chaplains of the association.

Archbishop McNeil is a native of Nova Scotia whose grandfather emigrated from the Isle of Barra, Scotland, and was one of the early settlers of the Province. He is one of the leading clergymen of Canada and as Roman Catholic Archbishop, of Toronto, is held in high esteem throughout the Dominion.

The Rev. John McNeill was born near Glasgow and for many years has been famous the world around as one of the foremost of Scotland's evangelists. He is now the pastor of the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, at New York city.

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Philadelphia Letter

Sir Harry Lauder entertained the Quaker City folks for a week at the Walnut Street Theatre, and the demand for tickets far exceeded the supply, but initial night, October 24th, found reservation had been secured by the Caledonian Club, which had an honored ceremony on hand at the close of the performance. The vaudeville acts, preceding the entry of Sir Harry, were very entertaining and unique. There is only one Harry, with pleasing voice and incomparable descriptive powers; he's a genius, and a crowded house gave every evidence of delight, and heartily joined in the chorus of several catchy numbers. An immense and artistic bouquet of chrysanthemums was handed over the orchestra to the Knight of the evening, and when the curtain fell, it was only to rise again on a beautiful tableau; the Scottish hills in the distance, and in the foreground a large assemblage of Caledonians in Highland costume; Sir Harry was supported on right and left by Chief Thomas B. Fisher, and First Chieftain William Morton, Third Chieftain Tulloch bearing the Scroll. The Chief in a neat, appropriate and capable manner addressed Sir Harry, and conferred honorary membership of the club on the Knight of Scottish comedians, who accepted the honor, and expressed his appreciation in language sincere and pleasing. The ceremony was concluded with singing "The Star Spangled Banner" by the entire audience. Numerous remarks were overheard as the audience left the theatre complimentary of the picturesque spectacle staged by the Highlanders; and don't you believe Harry is waning, he's carrying on better than ever, and why not? He's only fifty-one, just at his best, and that's nae lee.

The newly-elected officers of the Caledonian Club were installed into office October 27th. There was a large attendance of Clansmen and ladies of the Auxiliary. Ex-Chief William McM. Call officiated as installing officer, and in a capable and interesting manner obligated Chief William Morton, First Chieftain Robert Gilchrist, Second Chieftain Joseph Ferguson, Third Chieftain Alex. Tulloch, Fourth Chieftain John Young, and Trustee William Buchanan for the coming year. The Committee of Arrangements was presented and the members urged to maintain the high standard of success set by their predecessors.

Chief Morton called upon Ex-Chief Fisher, who responded and was presented with a handsome gold jewel in token of the club's appreciation of his valuable services as chief during the past two years. The remainder of the evening was spent in song and sentiment, the ladies distributing tea, cake, sandwiches and ice cream. A most enjoyable night was terminated by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

On the following night the Ladies' Auxiliary held their Annual Masquerade Dance at

Clayton's Academy, preceded by a brief and enjoyable concert, which is thoughtfully provided that the older bodies, when dancing days are dune, may enjoy listening to the songs o' the lang, lang syne. Two prizes for the best dressed and one for the most comic, and minor prizes for the wee tots, brought out a great variety of handsome costumes, and extremely comic make-ups, but entirely void of vulgarity. Some of the wee tots looked like dolls, aye, mair like wee angels. The judges had quite a task to perform discriminating and adjudging winners of the prizes, but seemed to give universal satisfaction in their awards. When the masqueraders had unmasked, the ever-popular waltz and square dances kept the happy throng o' lads and lassies on the whirl until the wee short 'oor.

The Scots were certainly determined that they would end the week as they began, and Saturday night found a large contingent of club officers, Clansmen and several ladies, accompanied by the Caledonian Troop of Highland Dancers, in a special car of the Pennsylvania R. R., to visit the Chester Burns Club to present a silver trophy won by the Burns Relay Team at the Philadelphia Caledonian Club's Annual Games last August. Several of the party were in costume, and upon arrival at Chester, proceeded direct to Odd Fellows' Hall where the Burns Club meets. A hearty Scots welcome was extended, and many felicitous speeches made, and none more brilliant than that of President Alexander Morrison of the Tam O' Shanter Club, Philadelphia, who was happily present as a guest. After Chief Morton's address and presentation of the cup, a happy and enjoyable period was indulged in with singing, violin solos and dancing by the visiting troupe of dancers. "Scotch like," tea and cake were served, and "Auld Lang Syne" joined in by all present. The Philadelphia contingent then made tracks to board the midnight train, highly pleased with their week-end trip.

ST. MUNGO.

Seattle, Wash.

The Scots of Seattle are going to have a golf tournament.

Fancy that!

Fancy the lads from the land of St. Andrew playing a game where Stein, Steil, Speirs, Wilhelm, Fleager, Novak, Evans, Ouimet, Jones, Knepper, Von Elm and the like are the ones whose names are mostly mixed up with an outdoor diversion where they jump on and beat and chase a little white rubber ball five miles over hill and dale with 97 varieties of clubs.

But they are a great imitative people, are these Scotch—and, when they can't get the real thing they'll take imitations. So, if they want to try their hand at this game of golf, let 'em go ahead and shoot. Nobody gives a hoot.

At the last meeting of the Caledonian and St. Andrew's Society, Member Jim Stirrat, after four hours' discussion as to who was going to give a trophy—that is, who would give it—came through with the promise of a silver cup for any sort of golf competition the society might outline. This was left in the hands of a committee composed of George L. Paton, A. T. B. Shiels and W. P. Cameron.

They laid down the following conditions:

Any member or applicant for membership up to the September meeting is eligible to compete. The entrant must turn into the committee two or more cards, showing gross —pronounced by the Scot, "grawss"—scores, before the next meeting of the society, October 18. This is for the purpose of handicapping.

After the handicaps have been announced each man will play with some other entrant a round not later than the November meeting. The cards will then be taken up and the four low net scores will qualify for a meeting on a certain day yet to be determined. The individual of this quartet having the low net score that day will win the Stirrat Cup.

All of which is something new again in tournament play. But then, these Scotch have the strangest ideas some times about doing things, and nothing can move them from their way when they make up their minds. Tackling a strange game—played by strange people—they are not dismayed by what orthodox forms competitions have taken in the past and are being taken in the present. They're going to do it their own way.

It is hoped, by the golf committee, that out of all this play they will be able to pick a team that will be able to beat a team of the rival Scots society, the Clan Mackenzie. The Mackenzies gave the Caledonians an awful lacing last spring—at the gowf.

It's So Good! He Can't Help It

The Literary Committee still complain about some Clansman being guilty of claiming a 100% share of THE CALEDONIAN magazine each month that is placed on the library table by taking it away and never returning it. The committee states this member has overlooked two copies dated August 1920 and January, 1921. These can be had for the asking if he will make an appointment—they will go further than that, they will give him an order for one year's subscription free entitling him to have this magazine delivered to his address.

(Editor:—I think his name is Sandy Hook.)—From *Klub Klippins*, N. Y. Caledonian Club.

The New Rector of Aberdeen

Sir Robert Horne was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, defeating Sir Donald Maclean and Professor Soddy. The latter who stood for labor, received one-sixth of the votes cast.

New York Caledonian Club

Chief James R. Donaldson presided at the regular monthly meeting of the club held in the clubhouse, Tuesday evening, October 4th. Eleven new members were added to the roll: Francis D. Anderson, Richard M. Davidson, Harold H. Dallas, William A. Gordon, Alex McIntosh, Archibald Martin, David R. Nelson, Archibald J. Shaw, James B. Spence, James C. Shepard and David A. Taylor. Three propositions were received. Robert M. Bernard who was elected Third Chieftain at the September meeting was escorted to the platform by Ex-Chief Foulis and installed by Chief Donaldson. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that one of the old time members who joined in the Sullivan street days, Clansman Henry Laird, was confined to his home in East Orange, by sickness. Clansman Thomas McCall reported sick two months ago had recovered sufficiently to be discharged from the hospital. According to the report the Saturday evening socials started October 1st with a large crowd on hand early testifying to the continued popularity of those week-end gatherings.

Clansman Charles G. McIntyre was elected a member of the social committee to fill a vacancy. Chief Donaldson, Ex-Chief Alex Caldwell, Chieftain William Vance, Clansmen Thomas Aitken, George E. Murray, J. Darrell Nicol and William Taylor were appointed members of the committee to arrange for the annual Burns celebration, January 25th, 1922.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The ladies met in the club parlors Monday evening, October 10th, holding the first of their regular monthly gatherings for the fall and winter season. Considerable time was devoted to arranging for the Apron and Necktie Party set for Election Eve, and as a result every detail that could be anticipated received attention. It was unanimously decided to challenge the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Newark Caledonian Club to a home and home bowling competition. The ladies learned with regret that their president, Mrs. Caldwell, owing to the serious illness of her mother, would probably be obliged to be absent herself from the meetings and cross the seas on a hurried trip to her old home. As the alleys were not ready for play the monthly competition was postponed until the November meeting.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

British Ambassador Speaks at Flora Macdonald College

Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador from the court of St. James to the United States was given a royal welcome at Red Springs, N. C., October 18, by the Scots of the two Carolinas who came from all sections to greet him. It was a democratic audience who came to find in England's official representative a true democrat himself.

J. DONALD MacKAY

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From the time the Ambassador reached Red Springs, accompanied by General A. M. Bowley, commander of Camp Bragg, and Dr. C. G. Vardell, president of the college, he was accorded a continual ovation. The Camp Bragg military band sent to Red Springs through the courtesy of General Bowley were seated on the portico of main hall when the distinguished visitor arrived.

Standing under the flags of Great Britain and America, the Ambassador paused during the playing of the British National anthem, "God Save the King," followed by "The Star Spangled Banner." Every seat in the auditorium was taken long before the exercises began and standing room was at a premium.

As the Ambassador entered with President Vardell, General Bowley, Donald MacRae, British vice consul of Wilmington, Secretary Tennant of the British Embassy at Washington, and members of the board of trustees, the entire audience rose and led by the college orchestra under Dean C. G. Vardell, sang the British National anthem.

Following the invocation by Rev. T. F. Opie of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, the

Flora MacDonald orchestra played "From the Highlands," after which the Ambassador was presented.

Standing under the American flag with the British Union Jack to his right, the flag of Canada to his left and flanked by the portrait of the Scottish heroine and the cross of Saint Andrews, the Ambassador made an eloquent and earnest plea for a better understanding of international problems by the people, the voters of the country, whom he styled the real rulers in the Democratic countries of to-day. The price of peace between great nations to-day whose ideals of democracy are similar is eternal vigilance over the policies adopted by these nations, he said. No nation can stand alone, the welfare of one is the welfare of the other. We are bound by ties of trade, by ties of blood and by ties of thought we cannot get away from international relations.

The Ambassador spoke optimistically of the coming conference in Washington and expressed the belief that much good would result from this great gathering of nations. Speaking directly to Flora MacDonald students, seated in front of him, Sir Auckland referred to the priceless traditions of education which had come down to them from Scotland and characterized the colleges of the land as the guardians of civilization and the makers of stable world peace. His address delivered extemporaneously held the entire audience from start to finish an audience one hundred per cent. Scotch.

Immediately following the address the Ambassador was the guest of honor at a luncheon in the college dining hall. During the courses the band from Camp Bragg rendered a program of music especially arranged for the occasion, Scottish airs predominating.

New York Scottish Society

The installation of officers of the New York Scottish Society, for the year 1921-22 was held Monday evening, October 17, in the rooms of the society in the Grand Opera House.

The officers of 1920-21 succeeded themselves, with the exception of the Entertainment Committee. This committee is smaller in numbers; but the activity of those on the list assures the society of a busy season this coming winter.

Ex-President William Crawford did the honors of installing the re-elected officers, and is to be complimented upon the smoothness of the ceremonies. It was hinted by some that the first vice-president, in order to prove the fact that he has been doing his duty as a "Brither Scot" during the summer months, called in the various witnesses he could get and placed the evidence before the court; for the array of prominent Clan MacDonald chiefs was unanimous in its testimony that he had been *working*.

President Malcolm MacNeil took over the meeting after the installation ceremonies and an informal entertainment was enjoyed by all. The singers were William Cuthbertson, Ex-President William Crawford, Past Treasurer John Cochrane, and Secretary Lenox, of the Scottish Society, and Past Chief John Ritchie and Past Chief Cunnison of Clan MacDonald, who with Chief William Bone and Past Chief Stewart formed a contingent to see that the Honorary Clansman of Clan MacDonald had all the "fixings" of the ceremony when he was led to his fate. Past Chief Stewart and Chief Bone described the poster called "exasperatingly and excruciatingly funny" by Robert Auld in one of his convention articles.

Andrew Gillies with the pipes played the society's piper, Murdo Mackenzie, up to the rostrum and scored one of the hits of the evening. In fact, Mackenzie stated afterward that he never had heard the drones so efficiently "blawed" before.

Past Chiefs Ritchie and Cunnison of Clan MacDonald sang "Annie Laurie" as a duet and added much to the evening's entertainment.

The speakers were Chief William Bone, Past Chief Stewart, The Macneil of Barra, 45th Chief of the Macneils, and Honorary Chief of the Macneil Association of America, recently organized in New York city.

Mr. Fortune gave some very clever imitations of Harry Lauder, and some of the old songs with their familiar choruses were sung by all.

It was funny to note the exchange of amenities between Chief Bone and President MacNeil on the topic of "having a bone to pick." It is evident that the meetings on the Green at Prospect Park has discovered the fact that "our Malcolm" is some "cannie bowler."

On Monday evening, November 21, the society will open its social activities by holding one of its successful Ladies' Nights. Those who have had the privilege of attending one of these events will long recall the pleasant social evening with "oor ain folk."

—Secretary.

Diamond Wedding

The sixtieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, father and mother of Mrs. M. S. Bain, of the Scotch Tea Room, New York, was fittingly celebrated November 2nd by a gathering of the family and a few good friends.

Mr. Smith was born in Inverary, in 1835, and Mrs. Smith in Uddingston in 1838. They resided in Irvine for about 30 years before coming to America sixteen years ago. For the past five years they have made their home with Mrs. Bain. Mrs. Smith has not been in good health for some months, but was able to be brought down from the hospital for the afternoon. A dainty collation was served, the wedding cake being a work of art. The rooms were beautifully decorated with large chrysanthemums and roses. Mr. Sam Roberts sang two old songs, as he only can sing them, that delighted the hearts of the old folks and brought many fond recollections.

Trenton Caledonians Plant a Memorial Tree For Sir Walter Scott

The Caledonian Club of Trenton, N. J., on November 8, 1921, with the planting of a memorial tree in Cadwallader Park, completed their celebration of the 150th Anniversary of the Birth of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., which was begun last August. At that time the suggestion was made that inasmuch as the Bard of Abbotsford was a great lover of trees no better memorial could be devised. From the very first the club took kindly to the project. Accordingly plans were forthwith begun which reached their consummation on the above date. The day was set for the visit of Sir Harry Lauder to Trenton, and he graciously accepted the invitation to do the planting in the honor of his illustrious countryman.

The exercises began with a selection on the pipes by Clansman Robert Dawson. Clansman James A. Ferguson presided. The introduction was delivered by Clansman Rev. George H. Ingram. Then came a few appropriate remarks by Sir Harry Lauder, in which he expressed his appreciation of receiving the invitation to bear a part in setting up the memorial. Whereupon he entered vigorously upon the task of handling the shovel. After he had thrown in a score of shovelfulls of earth, he facetiously inquired, "How many more trees are there to plant?" At the conclusion the club presented him with a bit of clay, artistically shaped and decorated by Trenton workmen—a Lenox bowl. The present took his fancy, and he told the story of his relation to the pottery trade through his father. He facetiously called it a porridge bowl, and assured the donors that it would have an honored place in the "Wee hoose." Then under his leadership the club joined in "Auld Lang Snye."

The tree is a red oak (*Quercus Rubra*) about twelve years old.

The address of Clansman Ingram follows:

"As the generations have come and gone, Scotland has furnished her full share of outstanding men; from the days of Wallace and Bruce to that matchless leader in the World War, Field Marshall Douglas Haig.

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"We are here to-day to honor the name of another of Scotland's most illustrious sons, one 'who gave immortality to chivalrous Scottish romance'—Sir Walter Scott, the author of 'The Lady of the Lake' and Waverly Novels.

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for the sacrifice and the heroism of their forefathers.

"Of the many estimates of Sir Walter Scott, Goethe's is perhaps the shortest and the best, 'All is Great, Material, Effort, Characters, Execution.'

"But with the full tide of his honors came also his sorrows; sorrows heavy enough to drive the spirit out of the man. But no, he rose triumphant, fighting to the last to leave behind him an untarnished name, literally writing himself to death.

"The Caledonian Club, of Trenton, seeking to set up a memorial commmorating the 150th anniversary of the birth of this literary genius and moral hero, meets to-day to plant this tree in his memory, for Walter Scott was a great lover of trees. And thus, as the generations pass, Caledonians, your children will gather beneath these branches to hear the story of him who wrote

> O Caledonia, stern and wild
> Meet nurse for a poetic child.

"The club is specially fortunate in having with us to-day, to perform this office, another of Scotia's sons who has won for himself a most distinguished place in the English speaking world. By his songs and his impersonations he has brought gladness and cheer to more people than any other man on the stage to-day.

"Sir Harry Lauder, the Caledonian Club of Trenton and Auxiliary, greet you as you turn aside to honor us with your presence and service upon this occasion.

"It remained for the World War to overwhelm you in its awful swirl of sorrow, for a time sending you down and down, seemingly so far that you would never lift your head for a glad note again.

"But no, you, too, brushed your tears aside; shook yourself free from your poignant grief, lifted up your eyes, and you caught a vision of the nation's great bleeding heart. And with all your energy you from that day threw yourself into the task of doing everything you might to lighten the burden of others, to lift up the sorrow, to press on to win the war for freedom.

"Sir, you sent your pipers up and down Britain though dale, hamlet and crowded city skirling the call to arms, to arms, just as of old the beacons on the mountain tops called the clans. Thousands upon thousands were fired with patriotism by your messengers, and hurried to join the colors.

"Sir, back to the stage you went, where you thought you would never bear to go again, and sang your folk songs cheering thousands upon thousands in the awful hour of gloom, and with your songs you made your impassioned pleas for every one to do his utmost bit to win the war.

"And your proceeds you turned to your fund for disabled soldiers of Scotland. Your spirit of enthusiasm called forth the earnest support of the Caledonians of Trenton, and they, too, bore a part in your work of humanity.

"But Sir, this is not all. You went to the front where the shells were bursting and the guns were roaring, and there in hut, in dugout, in shellhole and roadside you sang your inimitable songs and spoke words of cheer to the brave fellows at the front. As the word spread from lip to lip that Harry Lauder had come to sing for them, their spirits went right up and up, and they went back to dangers of the dreary trenches with a higher morale through your service. Not until over yonder will it be known how much you, Sir, contributed to the winning of the war by this service as Minstrel in France.

"And when in recognition of your many great and varied services, your sovereign King George made you Knight Commander of the British Empire, we simply clapped our hands for joy that this honor so richly deserved had been bestowed upon you."

Oklahomans Honor a Scot

At a meeting of the newly organized Oklahoma Society of New York, held in the Hotel McAlpin, November 18, Mr. William Taylor, who is a frequent contributor to the columns of THE CALEDONIAN, and well known in Scottish circles in New York, was unanimously elected vice president. The meeting was attended by more than one hundred and fifty former Oklahomans and by a number of celebrities, including Senator Robert L. Owen, ex-Governor Charles N. Haskell and Will Rogers (familiar to millions through the movies and to New York theatre audiences for his inimitable "up-to-the-minute" comments on current events).

For a number of years Mr. Taylor was a resident of Oklahoma and took a prominent part in many movements of a public spirited character. He was president of the Oklahomality Advertising Club for three terms and for seven years a director of the Oklahomality Chamber of Commerce—a powerful organization having about 1,200 members.

The Oklahoma Society of New York will probably be unique among the various State societies in at least two features—oil millionaires and celebrities in the movie and theatrical world. Enrolled in its membership already are about a dozen oil magnates and among the theatrical and movie celebrities are Will Rogers, Al. Jennings, Elsie Janis, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Margaret Skirving and many others of note.

Kinnaird Castle Burns

Kinnaird Castle, near Brechin, Forfarshire, Scotland, the seat of the Earl of Southesk, was destroyed by fire November 7. The Earl is the owner of a large collection of pictures by old masters, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, French and German; a library of thousands of volumes, including original manuscripts and Shakespearian folios, together with a large collection of antique gems. Many of the valuables were saved, but a Raeburn painting valued at $50,000 was burned.

Mr. Auld Honored

Mr. Robert G. Auld, an Honorary Member of Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, and formerly an Honorary Member of Clan MacKenzie, New York, who was invited to a place on the publicity committee of the organization in connection with the 29th convention of the Order of Scottish Clans, in Brooklyn, last August, was presented, before the Royal Clan, by Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInnes, on behalf of the Royal Executive with a purse containing a number of gold coins, as a mark of appreciation for services that had been pronounced "phenomenal." Mr. MacInness said that "they had adopted this course as they were unaware in what manner they could best meet what wishes you might have on the matter." Mr. Auld replying, said that he deeply appreciated the unexpected action and while under the circumstances and the way it was materialized, he could not refuse the gift, and would consider what disposition he could best make of it. Later meeting Colonel Walter Scott, he expresed the feeling that as he would like some visible symbol that would remain as a permanent souvenir of the happy occasion and the action of the Executive; and that he had thought the best form it could take would be that of a watch, to replace one he had lost in a fire. Colonel Scott undertook to procure the watch and gave instructions to that effect. In due course, Mr. Auld received a Hamilton gold, 17-jewelled, certified, guaranteed, etc., watch, which bears his monogram on the back outside and the following inscription, inside:

From
The Royal Executive
of the
Order of Scottish Clans
to
Robert C. Auld
In Appreciation of
Services Rendered
Masonic Temple, Br'kl'n
August 16-20,
1921

Mr. Auld says he values this as his most precious personal possession, and will cherish it as long as he lives with grateful thoughts and pleasant memories of the event which brought him such honor.

Mr. Auld has since been again honored, this time in connection with the great festival and pageant, "America's Making," under State and city auspices, which was held in the 71st Regiment Armory, Manhattan, October 29 to November 12. His name appears on the General Committee of the organization, among which are the names of the Mayor and the Ex-Governor, and more than a hundred other prominent officials and citizens. He also received a communication from the Director General intimating that the Executive Committee had passed a resolution thanking him for what he had done to make the work of the committee known to the public. He was named to represent two of the Scottish societies at the festival. This is indeed the second time Mr. Auld has been honored in this manner, the former occasion being that when his name appeared on the late Mayor Gaynor's Committee of a Hundred in connection with the promotion of the celebration of the Tercentenary Anniversary of the founding of the City of New York, 1913.

The New York Caledonian Club

(Founded 1856)
Club House, 846 Seventh Avenue, New York

The second oldest Scottish organization in New York city, and the oldest athletic club in America, has an interesting history. On its roll of membership are found the leading Scottish-Americans of New York, etc. The Club House is well arranged, with large halls for social purposes: the library and reading room has thousands of volumes, the best selection of Scottish books in the country, with the privilege of taking books home. The privileges are unrivalled. Every man of Scottish blood should affiliate with this club. *Address the Secretary, John Coyle, 846 Seventh avenue, New York*

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The Scot and His Breakfast

"Stocks of oatmeal are accumulating in Scotland with extraordinary rapidity, because the artisan classes are giving up eating porridge," says the *Telegraph*. "This is a direct outcome of a later start of the day's work. When men began work at six o'clock they returned home to eat porridge for breakfast. Now that work begins at eight o'clock, they have breakfast before leaving home, and their wives, hurrying to prepare the meal, have no time to cook porridge."

PARRITCH FOR EVER !

(Stocks of oatmeal are rapidly accumulating in Scotland, because,it is said, the Scots are giving up porridge.)

"Scots, wha hae on parritch fed,
Scots wham ither nations dread,
Is it true what's bein' said?
Na! it canna be!

"A chiel amang ye takin' notes
Says that Scotland's tired o' oats,
Frae Galashiels to John o' Groat's
Show him it's a lee!

"Dinna say the thing is true,
Brither Scots, 'twill never do,
England soon wad hae for you
Scorn and contumely!

"Wha will be a scurvy loon?
Wha will let puir Scotland doon?
Wha'll gie up his parritch-spoon?
Hoots! awa wi' ye!"

—W. H. B. in the *Morning Post*.

British War Veterans

Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, dedicated the new clubhouse of the British War Veterans, at 125 East Thirty-eighth street, New York, October 29, making a special trip from Washington to do so. An informal reception was tendered to him by members of the club and a number of guests.

Accompanied by his secretary and H. G. Armstrong, British Consul-General in New York, Sir Auckland arrived at the clubhouse about three o'clock. A guard of honor composed of uniformed veterans of the British, Canadian, Australian and Scotch forces was drawn up at the entrance to the club. He was received by Colonel Lemuel Lloyd, thrice winner of the British D. S. O. and president of the British War Veterans of America, and Captain E. A. Simpson of the board of directors of the New York club, and escorted to the reception room of the club, where the dedication took place.

In dedicating the club the Ambassador said:

"This club is a most excellent project and a monument to those brave men of our forces whose work in the field I had the privilege to personally see for some time in France. I saw their courage, their endurance, their bravery and self-sacrifice and marvelled at it. The establishment of a clubhouse in a great city like New York is especially fine. It will stand as a testimonial to the friendship which the English speaking people have for each other. Everything which will tend to increase the sympathy and understanding between the two nations should be done. This clubhouse should be a centre of friendship and good feeling between the veterans. I am confident of its success."

An inspection of the clubhouse followed, Sir Auckland expressing his pleasure at the accommodations and equipment of the club. He shook hands with every member of the club, asking each man the outfit in which he served and exchanging reminiscences with many men whose outfit he had seen in action. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. Burleigh, Colonel John Muckle, of Philadelphia, Major Foster Kennedy, president of the New York Council of British War Veterans; Colonel Lemuel Lloyd, D. S. O.; Major Sheldon, Australian Commissioner; Captain Allan Pollock and Dr. W. L. Post.

The club, which has 950 members, is composed of men who have served under British command. The organization includes several veterans of the Boer war and the Indian fighting, as well as veterans of the World War. The clubhouse is at Lexington avenue and Thirty-eighth street, and has living quarters for the men in addition to recreation and reading rooms. A club canteen is also a feature of the new clubhouse. Several members of the British nurses' corps were present in uniform and were greeted by the Ambassador.

A New Book by Ralph Connor

After a silence of two years Ralph Connor has written a courageous new novel that has to do with the present social and economic upheavel, "To Him That Hath," which will be published early in November by George H. Doran Company. It is a story of romance and action that carries with it a great message—a message for the man who pays as well as for the man who receives.

Ralph Connor has long been a name to conjure with—a name that carries with it a breath of the Giant Northwest of the great spaces of mountain and plain against which Ralph Connor has woven his famous tales. And what tales they are! "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "Corporal Cameron," "The Major"—in these books there lives not only the spirit of the Northwest, but the vision of a writer who had a clear conception of the great role this young and stalwart race was to play in the history of the world.

Few men are so beloved or so useful to society that they need two names and two personalities to meet popular esteem. Ralph Connor may be known up and down the land as a novelist of the Northwest, but he is no whit more famous than the Reverend Charles W. Gordon, D.D., Sky Pilot in real life and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. As Major Gordon, this distinguished churchman went through the great war, Chaplain to the 43rd Cameron Highlanders.

NEW YORK
DEC., 1921

The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL 1901-1920

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AT THE TIME of the War of Independence, there were 500 Scottish settlements in the country. The white population of the thirteen colonies is estimated to have been 2,100,000, of which 400,000 were of Scottish blood, more than of any other nationality. They were the prime movers for independence.

ALSO several notable Scots of the United States and Canada have contributed interesting and important articles on various lines in which Scots have excelled. Mr. A. Barton Hepburn has written on *"The Scottish Influence in American Banking and Finance"*; Sir James Alexander Grant on *"Scots in the Exploration, Settlement and Development of Canada"*; Dr. John Huston Finley on *"The Land We Live In"*; Rev. Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie on *"The Scottish Influence On the American Pulpit"*; John Findley Wallace, *"Scots in American Engineering"*; Hon. Charles P. McClelland, *"Scots in American Politics"*; Dr. George S. Carson, Halifax, *"The Makers of New Scotland"*; Malcolm Parsons, St. John's, *"Scots in Newfoundland,"* etc.

THE book is of the greatest value to the friends, relatives and descendants of those appearing in it, *and to patriotic Scots everywhere,* as a means of tracing their lineage to the individuals of this great American-Scottish family of merit and worth. Special attention has been given in the biographies to FAMILY HISTORY and GENEALOGY. The book is not for the present alone, but will increase in value as years go by, as the only reliable source of this historical and genealogical information.

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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL. 1901—1920

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

In Oor Hame Toon

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

Memories of a Scottish Village

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.

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I

IN RETROSPECT

Scots: Oor hame toon. *Anglice*: Our home town.

All that it means in either case; memories stirred, first wonder of discovering life, and the sensations of discovery; all that in adolescence was born to challenge youth to the greater battle in the larger field; the humor and pathos of those who moved in its narrow confines—of these, this fragmentary record.

Save in name and place, time and circumstances, one home town differs little from another the world over. Human nature varies none with time, and the influence of environment penetrates no deeper than the skin. Napoleon, had he been so inclined in exile, might have risen to happy sentiment on similar subject, and no doubt old Plutarch paused momentarily in his biographic labors to think back upon Hookey Walker, Holy Tammas, Auld Calamity, and others who, disguised in Greek, moved in the by-ways of his little Boetian home town.

Oor hame toon lay snugly between where Highland hills slipped a great cloven hoof into the Atlantic. In summer the sea and the west wind caressed an irregular line of ragged, barren rocks and bits of gravel beach; in winter both sea and wind joined with the driving kerry to drench and rack the town with spray, shingle-shot rain, strands of kelp, and the raw breath of the storm. Around the back of the town was the laird's wall, and, beyond it, the domain of the sacred pheasant, the sealed rabbit, the scratching posts and the Duke—God bless him!

Summer and winter, oor toon—our little world—moved much the same. Auld Calamity, the bellman and town crier, might have a hoast and wear a muffler; "Rock-o'-Ages" might creak with rheumatism, but still wheel the mail-barrow from the pier; Gangy, the billposter, might be in the lockup with Jowdy Moore, each wearing a reciprocal black eye, after a releegious or poleetical argument at Sandy Blue's tavern; Daftie, the poet, might write a new song in the braid and sing it in Sandy's taproom for a pint of ale; whiles there might be a bit of scandal whispered among the kail-runts by the kitchen door, or the Parish Kirk clock

stop in eerie coincidence with the passing of some human landmark. For all that, oor toon—our little world—never budged a hair from its orbit, lulling itself to sleep in its placid turning, like a top.

The Duke would have no railways in his playground at any time. The noise might disturb his grace and his grouse. And being a God-fearing man who snored in his pew every Sunday, he would allow no steamboat to touch at oor toon on the Lord's Day. Wherefore, the irreverent Glasgow "keelies" who came "doon the watter" on the Sawbath called it "the holy city," broke down the pier gates, and as Davie Manson, the piermaster, said, in deploring the sacrilegious occurrence to Mr. McTavish, of the U. P.:

"They wadna even pay their penny dues —because it was the holy Sawbath!"

Ilium suffered no greater change than did oor toon when the gates fell before the Greeks. They brought gifts of which the Rev. McTavish bade his flock beware. They built an esplanade where the seablooms once splashed color on the barren rocks; they brought Punch and Judy and the barrel-organ to the old castle of the Lamonts (which, like every other self-respecting ruin in Scotland, once sheltered the unhappy Queen of Scots for a night); and they raised a statue to Highland Mary—ay, 'twas symbolic!—with Rab's Bible gift in her hand for whitewash —"her," as Holy Tammas remarked, "that was nae better than a wheen that was tarred wi' the same stick."

No more is it oor toon, save in memory. But in that, oblivious to the London band that blares in the old castle gardens, heedless of the scolding lady whose husband has got fu' and lost the return tickets of the excursion; forgetful of the raucous Punch on the esplanade, ghosts come and go—"Gangy," the billposter, with his bag of papers, his bucket of paste and his paralytic leg; the grizzled, white-haired, stone-deaf precentor, howling an experiment in sol-fa transition in the teeth of a November gale; "Rock-o'-Ages swaying in the shafts of the mail-barrow on the pier road; Sandy McClung, the undertaker, turning a ventriloquial trick through the medium of a sheep's head; the young Episcopal clergyman—"that Jesuit in disguise"—receiving the cut ecclesiastical from McTavish of the U. P., and in distance and in dream, the clang of Auld Calamity's bell, and a lad in kilt and sporran darting to hear from the bellman-crier's hoarse throat—the news of Oor Toon!"

II

Auld Calamity

When he opened his mouth, not even the dogs barked. A silence descended, disturbed by an occasional "Sssh" from an assembling audience in the street. The oracle was about to speak.

Auld Calamity knew his importance. His news concerned neither kings nor battles, nor the great affairs of the greater world. These minor matters were merely worthy of a place in the city newspapers, which seldom came, and were more seldom read through. Auld Calamity spoke of the things of oor hame toon, around which the rest of the world had the honor and privilege to revolve.

When he appeared in the only thoroughfare dignified by the name of "street," furtive eyes glanced over half-turned shoulders. Was he on business bent, or merely taking the air? Business it must be; otherwise he would not walk in the middle of the street, and the bell would have been left at home.

Ay, it was business! Mark that introspective gravity as he moves along, his gaze turned inwardly upon the exact wording and importance of the message to be delivered. He looks neither to the right nor to left, nor to the high-up windows which, at the first clang of the bell, will open with a shriek and reveal popping eyes, hand-cupped ears, and female heads in dusters or paper primps.

Auld Calamity walks on austerely in the middle of the street. His face expresses the self-conscious unconsciousness of "the next speaker" on the toastmaster's right. One small boy whistles to another; both follow the town crier, gathering other juveniles into the royal train. It may be a juggler come to oor toon; it may even be a circus. Adult males who, a moment before, had been going the opposite way, remember business in the direction Auld Calamity is moving. Indifferently they seem to turn, yet ever they keep abreast or just conveniently ahead of the bellman, secretly praying that he will come to a halt, clang his bell, clear his

The Town of Little Streets

BY CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

You are calling, softly calling 'mid the clamor of the town,
Crooked, tempting, narrow byways, holding still yourselves apart,
Oddly named, and cool and quiet, knowing favor nor renown—
Little streets, you've often called me; and your voice has reached my heart.
As my weary steps at noontide of the bright midsummer day
Leave the hot and dusty highways for the woodland's cool retreats,
So I seek you out with gladness, be the season what it may,
Finding there my rest and solace in the town of little streets.

Pride and passion, wealth and pleasure swarm the busy avenues,
With their envy and ambition and their bitter fight for gain—
Hungry hearts and sickened bodies clad in Fashion's gaudy hues—
Ne'er a comrade 'midst the thousands, though I tread their miles in vain.
Yours the cries of happy children and the clasp of friendly hands,
Honest eyes, and kindly greetings that the memory long repeats,
All the hearty, homely fellowship the lonesome soul demands—
And the very walls smile sweetly in the town of little streets.

Night and day, in sun and shadow, I have known and loved you best,
Every mood you've leapt to answer, every triumph you have shared;
All your windings and surprises you have opened to my quest,
All your quaint familiar secrets to my bosom you have bared.
Where I fare and what my fortune, last and always must I turn
Where your arms reach out to clasp me, where your true heart fondly beats,
Knowing well whate'er the sorrow, what the peace that I may yearn,
I shall seek and I shall find it in the town of little streets.

Some may smile, but I've the fancy, when on earth our work is done,
'Twill not be the golden highways nor the singing, white-clad host,
Nor the courts of dazzling splendour, nor the neverfailing sun,
Nor the glory of The Throne itself will move our hearts the most;
But some quiet, hidden quarter, tucked away and half unknown,
Where the jasper walls crowd closest and the great throng never meets,
Where the shadows fall the longest, we shall oftenest walk alone,
And shall find our joy in Heaven in a town of little streets.

throat and let the murder out. It may be only a "No-tiss" or a mere "Grand Concert." Yet—it may be a "lost child"—anything, in fact; and uncertainty is a powerful whet to curiosity. Sometimes he proclaimed a debtor. Once there was a murder in "oor toon" and Auld Calamity announced—it was his master-piece!—a reward of Fifty Pounds sterling for the apprehension of the sus-pect, and he applied such wording to the description that every man in oor toon went home worrying about his general appearance.

But Auld Calamity took his time. His pleasure was royal. He was a great man in oor toon. The Provost and the Bailies commanded not half the respect and attention. He was the mouthpiece of the Provost, but then Calamity usually added his own personal opinion on the matter announced. He had a personal opinion on all matters, and there was one occasion when he had difficulty in expressing it without embroiling himself in hot water. That was the time he undertook to cry the town on behalf of each of two candidates for election.

It was a Parochial Board election. The Episcopal clergyman, Mr. Swazey, sought the same seat Mr. McTavish, of the U. P., coveted. Auld Calamity, with his two one-and-sixpenny fees in his pocket, clanged his bell; waited, as was his way, until the crowd was assembled, every window up and every ear attentive, gave his throat a preliminary "howf," and first proclaimed (reading carefully from a written paper) the merits of the Episcopal candidate, concluding with a clang of his bell and a "Vote for Mr. Swazey!"

The listeners waited for the bellman's usual personal support in the matter

announced. But Auld Calamity had nothing to say, which was surprising and discomforting to "the Jesuit in disguise"—Mr. McTavish's phrase, by the way. Coming from a man of the town-crier's standing, no praise at all was even more damning than the faintest.

Auld Calamity only thrust Swazey's written advice to voters into one pocket, while from another he drew forth McTavish's, similarly written. A sigh of relief went up from the followers of the U. P. shepherd. Ah! he was reserving the weight of his personal opinion for Mr. McTavish. But again there was no personal peroration. A murmur of disappointment arose, whereat Auld Calamity sternly eyed the crowd, clanged his bell and roared in his sub-divided, town-crier phrases:

"Far—be it—frae me, guid people—tae dee-ferentiate—atween the sexes! Ya that's Epeescopal—vote for Maister Swazey! Ye that's U. P.—vote for Maister McTavish! They're baith meenesters o' the Lord—An' De'il tak' the hin'most!"

But Auld Calamity, outside of his official duties, was good U. P. He proved it once when a protracted Saturday night found him homeward swaying while the Sunday morning kirk-bells were ringing. It is still said of him that he was the man, and this the occasion, when an embarrasseed old maid, followed by her dog to the kirk door, saw the inebriated town-crier, begged him to whistle her dog home, and got the reply: "Madam—(hic!) this is nae day for (hic) whusslin'!" But Auld Calamity denied the incident to the end of his days.

But that was the Sunday morning the thought awoke in his muddled mind that he had somehow strayed from the path of virtue. The big bell in the kirk steeple suggested the smaller one under his arm as a means of grace renewed. While the good people came toward the kirk door, with heads bowed, and hands clasped over Bibles (with the Psalms and Paraphrases in Metre as Approved by the Church of Scotland), Auld Calamity leaned against the kirk gate-post and supplemented the summoning voice in the tower with his own vocal and bell notes.

"Come awa'! Come awa'!" ye stiff-necked Sadducees!" he cried, clanging the bell. "The Lorrd kens there's naebody fit for mercy but me and Maister McTavish."

There were times, owing to his besetting sin, or sin besought, when Auld Calamity's services as town-crier were neither available nor desirable. During his periodical spreees he held forth in Sandy Blue's tavern, arguing with Holy Tammas on points of releegious doctrine or with Gangy, the bill-poster, on the poleetical situation, decisive clang of the bell on the bar. Often accenting his every scored point with a he was carried home on a shutter in the latter days, when his once lusty throat betrayed him in more ways than one; but never in his worst hours did he relinquish the bell, not even when the end came, and he asked to be given it, and died with it in his right hand.

The last time he made a public announcement, it was a raw day. His face was livid beneats its old red ruggedness. His neck was wrapped in a home-knitted muffler, wound double, and his voice was but a whisper. His bell clanged, the little crowd assembled, unflung windows shrieked and housewives cupped their ears. Auld Calamity's mouth worked, but not a sound was audible to any not quite close to him.

Sandy McClung, the undertaker, was looking on and observed that the old bellman had lost his voice. McClung had a natural gift of ventriloquy, and was about to proclaim, as from Auld Calamity's lips, some ludicrous announcement. But instead, the undertaker very gravely pushed his way through the little crowd, took the written announcement from the crier's hand, and cried it out loud:

"Sale—by—public auction—of household goods and plenishments—at Daisy Cottage—to-morrow—at three o'clock! William Hart—auctioneer!"

That was all the announcement on paper. Yet Auld Calamity suddenly clanged his bell, tried to add his usual peroration; but his voice refused its office. He whispered in McClung's ear; the undertaker patted him on the back, smiled and announced on the old bellman's behalf:

"And be sure ye turn out, guid wives, an' dinna grudge a bit bawbee for a puir widow woman that's sair put to it to pay her debts!"

That (by proxy) was the last public utterance of Auld Calamity. He took to his

bed, and in a few weeks he was, as the saying is in oor hame toon, "by wi't." He had a funeral that would have made his heart proud. As in life, a train followed in his wake. But the bell was silent; it rested on top of the coffin, where Sandy McClung, the undertaker, had placed it, after wrapping the tongue with a bit of an old home-knitted muffler.

III

Sandy McClung

Sandy McClung was a regular attender at the Free Kirk. It was to his credit, for had he been partial to the more largely attended Established or the U. P., he would have profited. But undertaking was merely a side issue of his business.

By trade he was a master carpenter. The making of coffins after the making of measurements led him in time to the making of all arrangements, even to handling the sexton's fees, and arbitrating the proprieties of mourning attire. Also he invented a new kind of box, which was designed to do service during the owner's lifetime as a combination clothes-press and traveling chest, and as a coffin afterwards. It was built on a folding and collapsible plan, with numerous hooks—But why describe the model? For some reason it never became popular.

The fact that he made his living—the greater part of it as years rolled on—burying his best friends—did not seem to depress Sandy McClung. There was never a merrier soul than he. If he did not show it outwardly, it was because the outward appearances constituted part of his business equipment. But his twinkling eyes belied the unsmiling face, except when something displeased him. Then, as Holy Tammas remarked:, "he'd gi'e ye a look like he was takkin' the measures aforehand."

Just when he discovered that he had the gift of ventriloquy, he never happened to tell anyone. In fact, he never admitted in so many words that he had any such gift, and there were few who could truthfully say that anyone ever had first hand evidence of it. But everybody said he had the gift of invisible tongues; at least everybody had heard everybody else say so. There were stories, too.

There was, for instance, the night of Jennie Ormsby's wedding. It was a somewhat drouthy affair. A toast to the bride came with every one who made a speech; and where the proposer proved speechless for any reason, the toast was drunk *in absentia*, so to speak.

The "best man" had somehow overlooked Sandy McClung, who was socially very popular. He finally called upon that genial person (who had undertaken the arrangements for the wedding, even to the flowers) for a speech. Mr. McClung arose with a worried expression and shook his head.

"Na, na, I didna undertake to make a speech. I'm nae hand at it," said he, and sat down.

But a toast was poured on this brief utterance. Just as it was about to be drained, a voice cried from the region of the fireplace:

"Hey, there! Haud on a wee!"

"There's somebody up the lum," said the bridegroom, Jamie Allison, who was a little overtoasted. "It's they devils o' boys again. Throw them some mair pennies, somebody."

"Is Jennie Ormsby there—I mean Mistress Allison there?" cried the voice in the chimney.

"She's here," chorused everybody.

"Uh-huh?" said the voice. "Eh, Jennie, I'm wishin' ye weel, lass. God bless ye! And are ye there yersel', Jamie Allison?"

"Ay—richt here!" said the bridegroom.

"Weel, come nearer the lum an' bend yer lug."

The bridegroom went to the fireplace, and brought his ear to the chimney. Thereupon into an expectant silence, came a confidential whisper from the sooty flume:

"Jamie, lad, noo that ye're marri't—*mind the wee pinkie!*"

It was a piece of good advice, but the wedding guests, knowing Jamie's fondness for his dram, took it as a rich joke at the groom's expense. Not so Jamie Allison. Forth he went in a rage, got a ladder and explored the roof in search of a practical joker he never discovered. In the meantime, Sandy McClung was footing a *schottische* with the bride, to the tune of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

Sandy McClung was strongly opposed to two things—strong language and strong drink. In moments of great exasperation —as, for instance, when he hammered his

thumb instead of the coffin-nail—he would rattle off with great rapidity:

"Whothewhythewhenthewherethewhichthewhat—?!?!"

He was more than a plain teetotaler. There were stories of his gift applied in the reformation of inebriates.

Notoriously bibulous was Archie Milne, the butcher. Archie had been on a spree for a week when the undertaker entered his shop on the Kirk Brae and said:

"Archie, hae ye gotten a nice sheep's heid and trotters for broth?"

"Ay, ay, Maister McClung—richt there," said Archie, pointing to a whole carcass of mutton. The undertaker looked solemnly at the head of a fine ram.

"Is it a late killin'?" he inquired anxiously. "The last ane wasna ower fresh, even after the singein'."

"Kill't last nicht," Archie asseverated.

"*That's* a lie!" said the sheep's head, gently but firmly.

Archie started, glanced cautiously around his butcher shop, then picked up a cleaver. With underlip set in resolve, he approached the mutton and proceeded to lop the offending head off.

"Ye murderin' blaggard!" groaned the sheep's head between the blows.

"Ye will, will ye!" shouted Archie, severing the head with one last powerful stroke of the cleaver. He swung the ram's head by one of its horns, and threw it out on the Kirk Brae. Down the steep hill rolled the sheep's head, bleating most piteously, and crying to heaven in a curious rhythmic sing-song:

"A-A-Archie Mil-lin,
Ye murderin' vil-lin!
A-A-Archie Mil-lin,
Ye murderin' vil-lin!"

Archie Milne, in the meantime, had fled to the rear of his shop, and there Sandy McClung, having brought back the recovered sheep's head, found the butcher cowering in a corner.

"What for did ye throw it oot on the brae, Archie?" the undertaker inquired. "It's t perfeckly guid sheep's heid."

"Tak' it awa'! Tak' it awa'!" Archie fairly babbled. It's possessed o' a deevil!"

"What's gone wrang wi' the man?" said Sandy, addressing the knot of people who had been attracted to the shop by the uproar.

"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?" cried Archie, his underlip waggling. "It—spoke!"

That was the day Sandy McClung's sheephead broth cost his guid wife nothing; and it was quite some time before Archie Milne drank anything stronger than water.

They say, too, that Holy Tammas—a blacksmith by trade—never touched liquor after the night he thought his dead wife spoke to him from her coffin. This was before Tammas was "holy." She died of a broken heart, 'twas said; just discouragement over Tammas. That night, while Tammas, full of grief and whiskey, was accusing himself too late, puir, deid Maggie, lying there in her coffin, just said with a kind of eerie quiet:

"A' right, Tammas, ma man, I'm forgivin' ye, but ye maun try an' do better."

But Sandy McClung, who was present, denies that any such phenomenal thing occurred. He aye maintained that the shade of Holy Tammas's blue ribbon was "o' his ain choosin'."

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

IV—Man's Chief End

"In oor hame toon, all good men and others answered, in weekly practice and according to their light, the first question of the Shorter Catechism. It was unanimous that 'man's chief end' was 'to glorify God'; but there was a great diversity of opinion on the manner of glorifying."

V—The Unholy Triumvirate

"They were three—Bagsie, The Yowt, and Baldy; and the greatest of these was Bagsie. . . .

"At the age of ten it was recorded of them that (1) they had never been actually in the hands of the police and (2) no one knew why.

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John Muir—A Review

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART I

(For The Caledonian)

In his book, *Scots and Scots Descendants In America,* Mr. Donald MacDougall, the founder of THE CALEDONIAN, has collected a brilliant group of Scotsmen prominent in the United States, some coming from the native heath, some from Ulster, and many born in this country of Scottish parents, proud of their ancestry.

The stream of immigration of the men of Scottish blood coming to this country began very soon after the first settlement was made in New England and Virginia, and has continued down to the present day, though in much less volume than in earlier periods. Mr. MacDougall very well sums up the effect of this immigration in two paragraphs on page 29 of his book, as follows:

"A few years ago, Mr. Jenkinson, United States consul in Glasgow said: 'If the Americans lived in liberty and independence, it was mainly through what the Scots had taught them. If they tried to elevate mankind morally and socially, by a thorough system of popular education, they but followed the example of Scotland. If they refused to put on and wear the shackles which bound the consciences of men, and prevented a full and free religious worship, they but accepted the results of the long and severe contest waged by the people of Scotland'."

Again he writes: "Let anyone scrutinize the list of names of distinguished men in our annals; names of men eminent in public life, from Presidents down; men distinguished in the Church, in the Army, in the Navy, at the Bar, on the Bench, in Medicine and Surgery, in education, trade, commerce, invention, discovery—in any and all the arts which add to the freedom, enlightenment and wealth of the world, and to the convenience and comfort of mankind; names which have won lustre in every honorable calling—let him scrutinize this list and see for himself how large a proportion of these names represent men who have this blood in their veins. The proportion of men of this race who, the world over, have reached high distinction, is phenomenal. Nowhere has the influence of this people had greater scope than in the United States and in the British Colonies. In this country their impress is everywhere, on the industries, the commerce, the inventions, the educational, philanthropic, charitable and religious institutions of the country. In these pages it is obviously impossible to mention every Scot who has achieved distinction—to do so would require a large biographical dictionary. We can only select a few prominent from the earliest to the present day."

Among the names presented is that of John Muir. On page 81 of the book is a good portrait of him, showing a quite typical Scottish face, with the keen, sagacious look of the race strongly marked. But though Muir made for himself a world-wide reputation, the space given to a sketch of his very remarkable life holds only 172 words—altogether too few to tell its story. The writer of this article proposes to abstract from the several books that Muir wrote, and others that have been written about him, items and incidents that will show in an interesting way the manner of man he was, and what he did for the race.

Muir was born at the old town of Dunbar, in Haddington, Scotland, April 21st, 1838. He was the third child of Daniel and Anne (Gilrye) Muir, the latter a descendant of the old Scottish family Gilderoy. Daniel Muir was a grain merchant, and considered well-to-do. In his book, *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth,* an 8-vo. of 286 pages, published in 1913, Muir tells very pleasantly the story of his school days at Dunbar. To those of us who are well beyond the three score and ten, it will, I am sure, be most interesting, carrying the mind back to the fond days

of childhood that are not duplicated in the childhood of to-day, in their simplicity and economic conditions.

He tells of his walks with his grandfather, that began when he was but three years old; when from the signs over the shops along the street he taught him his letters; of how he spelled his way through his first and second reader, and how he enjoyed the stories in the third reader, repeating some of them; and with what fear and wonder of ghost and Burke and Hare stories, for, he writes, the Scottish children of those days thoroughly believed in ghosts.

Then he tells how he felt when his father gave him a penny for committing to memory the hymn, "Rock of Ages." He writes: "Thus I became suddenly rich; Scotch boys in those days were seldom spoiled with money; we thought more of a penny than the present American boy now thinks of a dollar. And to decide what to do with that penny was a most serious affair. My playmates also became very much excited when the wonderful news spread that Johnnie Muir had a penny; they hoped to get a taste of the orange, apple or candy it was likely to bring."

Then there came the time when he was moved from the primary to the grammar school; of that he writes: "Of course, I had a terrible lot of fighting to do, because a new scholar had to meet every one of his age who dared to challenge him; this being the common introduction to a new school. Of his experience there he writes: "Old fashioned Scotch teachers spent no time in seeking shortcuts to knowledge, or in trying any of the new-fangled psychological methods so much in vogue to-day. There was nothing said about making the seats soft, either; we were simply driven point-blank against our books and ordered to commit our lessons to memory. If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped; for the grand, simple, all-sufficing Scotch discovery had been made that there was a close connection between the skin and the memory, and that irritating the skin stimulated the memory to any required degree."

He describes very fully the simple amusements with which they lightened the drudgery of their lives, for with little or no expenditure of money they were able to have a joyous and happy time. In the spring, bird-nesting yielded a royal time, each boy trying to outdo the others in the number of nests that he knew. He gave a sample of their bird-nest chatter as follows:

"Wully Chisholm would proudly exclaim: 'I ken seventeen nests, an' you, Johnnie Muir, only ken fifteen.'

"Johnnie replies: 'But I wadna gie ma fifteen for your seventeen, for five o' mine are larks and mavises, you hae nane o' thame.'

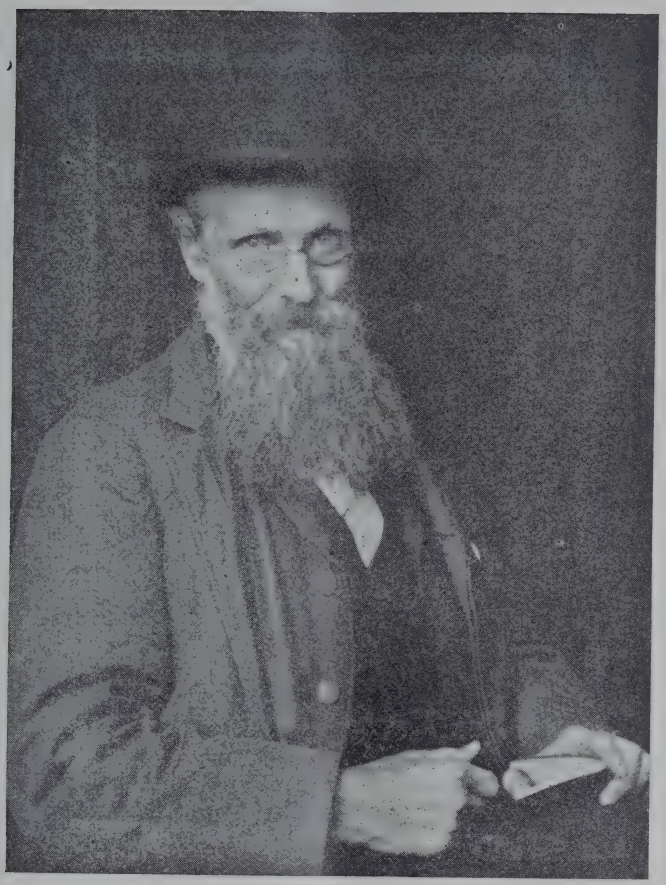
" 'Yes, Johnnie, but a' ken six goldies, and you ken only ane; maist o' yours are only sparries and linties and robin-redbreasts.'

"Then Rob Richardson would loudly exclaim that he 'kenned mair nests than onybody, for he kenned twenty-three, wi' about fifty eggs in them, an' mair than fifty young birds —maybe a hunner—some of them naething but raw gorblins, but lots o' them as big as their mithers an' ready tae flee. An' he also kenned about fifty craws' nests an' three fox dens.'

"Then someone would reply: 'Oh, yes, Bob, but that's no fair, for naebody counts craws' nests or fox holes, an' then ye live at Belle-haven, out in the country, where ye have the best chance.' And so on, they sharpened their wits and brightened their mental powers."

In summer they climbed trees and had lots of fun trying to outdo each other; every hole they wore in their trousers, however, brought down their mothers' heavy hand upon them; but they didn't mind. Then, in the autumn, they watched the apple trees for the newly formed apples, forgetting all about the castor oil or senna that was sure to follow a too-free indulgence in green apples.

In winter there was the ice that furnished endless joy and sport, and at New Year time the gunpowder perhaps yielded the best sport of all the year. They clubbed their pennies and bought all they could of it, made guns out of gas-pipe that they fastened to sticks of suitable shape, made slugs out of bits of lead that they had been collecting all through the year, and while one of them aimed, another applied a lighted match to the touch-hole of the gun, and bang! it went, singeing their hair and peppering their faces with



JOHN MUIR

powder marks, that when they could not be washed off were sure to bring a good licking from parent or teacher.

They also had great running matches. A dozen or so would start on races that were simply tests of endurance, running along and on the public road, over the breezy hills, like hounds, without stopping or getting tired. He writes: "The only serious trouble we ever felt in these long races was an occasional stitch in the side; one of the boys started a story that sucking raw eggs was a sure cure for the stitches, and every boy began swallowing raw eggs, wherever and whenever he could find them, for they would do anything that they thought would mend their speed and endurance."

I have quoted thus freely here, feeling sure that the quotations will recall to many of my readers scenes and incidents of a similar character in their own school days that may now be almost forgotten."

Then Muir writes: "In those langsyne days our breakfast was simple oatmeal porridge with a little milk or treacle, served in wooden dishes called 'luggies,' formed of staves hooped together like miniature tubs, about four or five inches in diameter, one of the staves, the lug or ear, being a few inches longer than the others, served as a handle. The number of luggies ranged in a row on the dresser indicated the size of the family. We never dreamed of anything to come after the porridge, or of asking for more; our portions were consumed in a couple of minutes, then off to school. At noon we came home ravenously hungry. The midday meal, called dinner, was usually vegetable broth, a small piece of boiled mutton, and barley meal scone. None of us

liked the barley scone bread, therefore we got all we wanted of it, and in desperation had to eat it, for we were always hungry, about as hungry after as before meals. The evening meal was called 'tea' and was served on our return from school. It consisted of half a slice of white bread without butter, barley scone and warm water with a little milk and sugar in it, a beverage called 'content,' which warmed, but neither cheered nor inebriated.

"Immediately after tea we ran across the street to Grandfather Gilrye, who took great pleasure in seeing us, and hearing us recite our next day's lessons; then back home for supper—usually a boiled potato and a piece of barley scone; then family worship, and to bed."

"Surely, these are "the short and simple annals of the poor," and yet out of such conditions and surroundings Scotland has given to the world a legion of the best men whose names are high on honor rolls the world over.

One night when John and his brother, David, were at their grandfather's fireside, learning their lessons, their father came over, and sitting down beside them, said: "Bairns, ye needna learn yer lessons the nicht, for we're gaen tae America the morn." This was the most glorious news they had ever heard, and they were shortly on the street, shouting to their schoolmates: "I'm gaen' tae America the morn."

"Yer a leear, Johnny Muir."

"Weel, just see if I'm at the skule the morn," Johnny replied. And sure enough, he was not, but with his second oldest sister, Sarah, his younger brother, David, and his father, he was on his way to Glasgow to board a ship that was to take them to America.

At this time, the Muir family consisted of seven children, three boys and four girls, ranging in age from two to fifteen years, John being at this time eleven years old. The mother, with the eldest girl and the three youngest children, was to remain in Dunbar till a farm was found, and a house built for them in the new land. The only compensation to the pain of parting from his mother and all other friends and relatives was a gold sovereign which his grandfather gave him at their parting.

This was before the days of the steamship, and it took forty-five days to cross the ocean, during which time his father changed his plan of going to Canada, deciding that Wisconsin was the better place to locate. He was confirmed that he was right in so deciding, when he met a grain dealer at Buffalo, who told him that the most of the wheat handled there came from Wisconsin.

At Milwaukee, a farmer whom he accidentally met, there, told him that at Fort Winnebago, from whence he had come with a load of wheat, there was good farming land still to be had, and that for thirty dollars he would haul him, his family and effects to the little town of Kingston, about one hundred miles away, Kingston being the nearest town to the land he had in mind. The time being just after the spring thaw, the farmer soon rued his bargain, declaring that he would not again undertake such a job for less than a hundred dollars.

Arriving at Kingston, Mr. Muir left his three children in a rented room, and went to spy out the land. Returning in a few days, he reported that he had found fine farming land in sunny open woods on the side of a lake, and that a team of three oxen, with a big wagon, would shortly come and haul them to their new home. Arriving there, a rough shanty was soon built, and very soon they were all hard at work on a quarter section of good Wisconsin land.

Muir, in his book, glowingly describes those first days thus: "Oh! that glorious Wisconsin wilderness, everything new and pure, in the very prime of spring, when Nature's pulses were beating at their highest, and mysteriously beating time with our own young hearts, young leaves, flowers, animals, the winds, all gladly, wildly rejoicing together!"

Then ensued a short period of revelling in hunting birds' nests, and bluejays, woodpeckers, hen hawks, king birds, sandbills, cranes and the whippoorwill, all of them birds that were new to them, filled them with interest. The fireflys on the lake on their first evening made it look like fairyland. Muir writes: "Everything about us was so novel and wonderful that we could hardly believe our senses, except when we were hungry or father was thrashing us. . . . We revelled in the glory of the sky scenery, as well as that of the woods and meadows and rushy, lily-bordered lakes. The great thunder storms,

in particular, interested us, so unlike any seen in Scotland, exciting awful, wondering admiration; gazing awe-stricken, we watched the upbuilding of the sublime cloud-mountains—glowing, sun-beaten pearl and alabaster cumuli, glorious in beauty and majesty, and looking so firm and lasting that birds, we thought, might build their nests amid their downy bosses. The black-browed storm-clouds marching in awful grandeur across the landscape, trailing broad gray sheets of hail and rain like vast cataracts, and ever and anon flashing down vivid zig-zag lightning, followed by terrible crashing thunder. We saw several trees shattered, and one of them, a punky old oak, was set on fire, while we wondered why all the trees and everybody and everything did not share the same fate.

But the young people were not long permitted to enjoy the rapture of the new surroundings, for very soon they were set to work burning brush to clear the land for the plough. The father, ever on the lookout for the practical application of the common events of early life to the improvement and grounding of the moral side of his boys' nature, applied this brush-burning incident in a most forcible way. John writes thus about it:

"These magnificent brush fires, with great white hearts and red flames, the first big, wild, outdoor fires I had ever seen, were wonderful sights for young eyes. Again and again, when they were burning fiercest, so that we could hardly approach near enough to throw on another branch, father put them to awfully practical use as warning lessons, comparing their heat to that of hell, and branches to bad boys. 'Now, John,' he would say, 'Now, John, just think what an awful thing it would be to be thrown into that fire, and then think of hell-fire, that is so many times hotter. Into that fire all bad boys, with sinners of every sort, who do not obey God, will be cast, as we are casting branches into this brush fire, and although suffering so much, their sufferings will never end, because neither the fire nor the sinners can die.'

"But these terrible lessons quickly faded away in the blythe wilderness air, for no fire can be hotter than the heavenly fire of faith and hope that burns in every healthy boy's heart."

Surely, we ought to be thankful that such a doctrine is no longer taught or believed in as it was in our young days seventy years ago. Father Muir, it is plain, was a typical Scotch father of that period; a stern, exacting Calvinist, who thoroughly believed that he who spareth the rod spoileth the child."

(To be continued)

Amang Auld Scotland's Braes

BY FRANK M. COMRIE

There's nae hame like the hame o' youth,
  Nae ither spot sae fair;
Nae ither faces look sae kind,
  As the smilin' faces there:
An' I hae sat by mony streams,
  Hae travel'd mony ways,
But oh! my sair heart's langin' now
  For Bonnie Scotland's braes.

Oh! an' the sun were shinin' now,
  An' oh! an' I were there;
Wi' twa, three friends of auld lang syne,
  My happiness to share.
Though o'er the hearth of bairnhood's hame
  The flocks o' the hills do grave,
Some kind hearts live that love me yet
  Amang Auld Scotland's braes.

Scottish Clerical Wit and Humor

(A Review)

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY

PART II

(For The Caledonian)

In his introduction Dr. Jerdan mentions some of the supreme wits and humorists in the world of literature who were churchmen, and we are thankful no name in this list is that of a Scotsman.

"Francis Rabelais, who flourished in the first half of the sixteenth century, was a monk of some distinction and repute, but whose writings, while brilliant in specks, are flagrant in large daubs of coarseness and immorality."

"Paul Scarron, the creator of French burlesque, who lived in the seventeenth century, became an abbe at the age of nineteen, and as a result of his licentious life, became a helpless and deformed cripple at the age of thirty."

"Bishop Lattimer, who was burned at the stake in 1555, wrote sermons which abound in humor, cheery and playful." None of my readers, I am certain, have read them, although the works of the two French authors preceding may be familiar to many.

"Dean Swift, the author of 'Gulliver,' is the supreme master of English pure satire—some passages in his writings are coarsely indecent." *Gulliver's Travels,* unabridged and unexpurgated, was one of the first solid books I read when a young schoolboy, and I have not read it since. Its indecency was unperceived by me in those days, but the realism was never forgotten, and I came across nothing like it until many years afterward I read Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle.*

"Lawrence Sterne, whose personal disposition as well as the atmosphere of many of his sermons, was most unclerical. The pruriency of certain parts of his literary work is to be lamented."

"Sydney Smith, devoid of all enthusiasm about religion—was a famous after-dinner wit." There are specimens extant of his so-called wit, that Scotsmen are willing to admit would require a surgical operation to get into their craniums.

"Richard H. Barham, better known by his *nom-de-plume* of Thomas Ingoldsby, and whose *Ingoldsby Legends* are full of burlesque and droll humor and skilful irony."

While possibly the names of none of the Scottish clerical humorists whose sayings are commemorated by Dr. Jerdan will live for long in the world of literature, their lives and their influence were powers for good in their separate communities, which cannot be said of any one in the above list, with the exception, of course, of Bishop Latimer.

Neil McMichael, D. D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian Church, is the first of many divines about whom Dr. Jerdan writes so entertainingly. Dr. McMichael was born in Kilmarnock in 1806, and died in 1874. His lectures to students and others "were marked by disciplined ability, comprehensiveness of grace, clearness of arrangement, and force of expression. His speech was marked by a slight impediment and an inability in certain words of pronouncing the letter 'R,' and an inveterate habit of interspersing his conversation with such expletives as 'P'r'aps,' 'Of course,' 'Yes, aye,' 'Ye ken' and others." His colleague used to chaff him about his marriage, affirming that when he was asked, "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" he replied, "Yes, aye, p'rhaps." Dr. Jerdan himself says he heard him say one day in the class, "Go ye into all the world, and preach, *of coss,* the Gospel." He would also announce from the pulpit that "The sacrament of baptism will be dispensed, p'rhaps," etc., and he was known to have made the statement, "There's one God, ye ken, p'rhaps," although this assuredly did not indicate any tendency to agnosticism in the Professor's mind.

One day when prelecting upon one of the ancient heresies, the Professor inter-

jected this remark: "Every error, gentlemen, is half a truth, of coss. Take the Moslem creed: 'There is one God, and Mohammed is His prophet,' 'There is one God'—that is true, ye ken; 'Mohammed is His prophet'—that is falsehood, yes, aye."

In commending an expository lecture by one of the students, taken from Luke 10:38-42, "Christ in the house of Martha of Bethany," he said: "I am glad that the student did such ample justice to the character of Ma'atha. Ma'atha has sometimes had considerable injustice done her in Secession pulpits, p'rhaps. I have now and again heard Ma'atha spoken about in sermons as if she were not just a godly woman, you know. But our young friend did not fall into this mistake. Ma'atha was doing a bit of cooking for our Lord—a most necessary thing, yes aye. How would any of you like, gentlemen, to go back to Bethany in the evening, after preaching in the open air in Jerusalem, and have to sit and talk with a lady on religious subjects, when you had not just got your dinner? Ma'atha would have made an excellent wife to a U. P. minister. 'One thing is needful'—one dish; our Lord did not want three courses, ye ken. If I were asked whether I admire more the character of Ma'atha or that of Mary, I would make the reply of Dr. Haa'is, that I appreciate Ma'atha's type of piety more *before dinner*, of coss, and Mary's after it!"

A third-year student had delivered a homily on Matthew 20:6: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" etc. The student had mistaken the passage selected, and in addition had written negligently and in haste. After a few remarks from the Professor regarding these defects, he turned to the student sternly: "You, sir, have got up your discoss at the eleventh hour. Why have you been standing all the year idle? The discoss is not worth a penny, p'rhaps."

Professor John Eadie, D. D., LL. D., for many years, and until his death in 1876, minister of the Lansdowne Church in the west end of Glasgow was appointed to the Chair of Political Literature in 1843, where he won the hearts of each successive generation of his students. The abruptly spoken and apparently gruff jokes in which he would now and then indulge at the expense of poor fellows stumbling through their verses in the original of the Old Testament were never resented; as, for example, when he said to one student who had tried to read the words of Balaam's ass in Numbers 22, "Tuts, man, the ass could speak better Hebrew than that." Another joke which was perpetrated year after year on successive students was the announcement that "we shall not read any Hebrew to-morrow afternoon," and then after the applause which followed so welcome an intimation had subsided, he would add, "We shall read Chaldee instead," and name some section of the Aramaic parts of *Ezra* or *Daniel,* to be prepared by the students in the evening.

Dr. Eadie was one of the original members of the New Testament Company for the Revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible, and was of course well acquainted with the trend of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament. He would sometimes say with a smile that he thought the Books of Moses were composed of "Mosaic work," but he had no sympathy with those who denied the authenticity of the early history of the Israelitish people.

Dr. William Anderson (who for over half a century was the minister of the John Street U. P. Church in Glasgow) had his ordination laid over by the Presbytery for over a year, because on several occasions he had in the pulpit repeated lines from some of Shakespeare's plays. "He was much addicted, in his latter years at least, to snuff-taking, and disdained the use of a snuff-box, making his vest-pocket serve instead; while layers of snuff would sometimes be deposited on folds of his waistcoat. He was credited with having on one occasion suited the action to the word, while quoting the text, "My soul cleaveth to the dust." Also at another time, when reciting from *Isaiah,* "Precept must be upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little (a sniff through one nostril), and there a little (a sniff through the other)." Again, when reading one day from *Ecclesiastics*, immediately after a sharp, pulverous inhalation, came the words, "This also is vanity."

One Sabbath before public worship began, Dr. Anderson was standing in the vestibule of the church, speaking to the elder at the collection plate, while the

people were crowding in. He happened to notice a party of three go past. The first put a half-penny into the plate; the second put in nothing, and the third a half-penny. The minister, thereupon, remarked to the elder, "There they go, three a penny."

On another occasion, speaking at a church soiree, he drew a picture of a fashionably dressed lady sailing into the porch of the church in all the majesty of silks and satin, and depositing in the collection plate out of a daintily white-gloved hand —what? Five pounds or a sovereign, or even a shilling? No, nothing but a brown bawbee!

Be it understood here that the quotations I am taking from Dr. Jerdan's volume are mostly concerning the quaint sayings, doings and eccentricities of various worthy and godly clergy. Each one had his own peculiar way, and his own particular belief as to what the Scriptures required, and sometimes to our more modern views, these are hardly compatible with the greatest creed of all (and the shortest), as given us by Jesus, "Love God, love your neighbor."

Many of them, like Dr. Anderson, were men of genius, of sterling integrity, strong in common sense, noble and generous.

He delivered a course of lectures at one time in the Glasgow City Hall on the "Error of Romanism," and some of his arguments and strictures as quoted by Dr. Jerdan would not to a modern Glasgow audience be greeted, as these were, by convulsions of laughter. We have learned that the other man's religion is too serious a matter for him, for us to jeer and ridicule in public places.

Dr. Anderson liked to have a dig occasionally at some of his nearer co-religionists. Baptizing a young Kaffir, whom his congregation had adopted, with a view to educating him as a missionary to his people, Dr. Anderson read from the Book of Acts the narrative of the evangelist Philip's interview with the Ethiopian eunuch. He could not help suggesting to his congregation his strong conviction that Philip's convert was not baptized by immersion.

"After reading the words, 'And they went down both into the water,' his bright black eyes flashed as he looked up, and he shouted, 'I grant that they went ankle deep, but no more.' "

Do not blame the good doctor, for no matter how plainly a statement may be made in the text, as in this case, Acts 8:39, "And when they were come up out of the water" (surely, they went more than ankle deep, even if they were not immersed), we put into or take out of the text our own construction, or believe just what we want to believe.

Dr. McMichael also had his own particular belief to consider when reading the Scripture in connection with the mode of baptism, derived from an examination of I Cor. 10:2, "And were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." Here is his synopsis of the subject:

"1—The Israelites were baptized both adults and infants, for the apostle declares it. 2—They were not immersed, a fact which Moses and other inspired writers testify. 3—The Egyptians, who pursued them, were immersed. 4—The Israelites had baptism without immersion, and the Egyptians had immersions without baptism. 5—The baptism of Israelites was salvation, and the immersion of the Egyptians, drowning."

George Gilfilan, born at Comrie, Perthshire, 1813, was the eleventh of a family of twelve children. When thirteen years of age, he entered Glasgow University as a student, and was licensed as a probationer by the Presbytery of Edinburgh when twenty-two years of age, in 1835, In 1836 he accepted a call to the School Wynd congregation, Dundee, and served there until he was called home in 1878.

Few men of his calling held the public attention in Scotland for a greater period than George Gilfillan. The keynote of his preaching was the Fatherhood of God revealed in the Man of Nazareth, and no presbytery nor synod could control him when he launched forth beyond the nar row bonds of sect or creed. "His character had in it a multitude of the noblest qualities. A hot, proud soul. Tall, erect, and full of manly vigor. Impulsive and impatient of restraint. Mistaken often, possibly wholly wrong not infrequently, tempted ever to say what he had to say in the strongest language; but behind it all gentle and kind, with a deep and quivering sympathy for men in their suffering and sorrow."

No Dundee minister ever joined so many young couples in wedlock, as Gilfillan did.

He was a general favorite, especially with the working people and the poor, their familiar name for him being "oor George," and young couples loved to go to his manse in Paradise Road—"Paradise," as they called it—to have the knot tied. He set apart a particular evening in the week for the solemnization of marriage.

His temper sometimes got the better of him, and Dr. Jerdan recalls one instance in connection with a congregational soiree, when he was in the chair. One of his brother ministers was making a speech on the subject of preaching and describing the different kinds of preachers. He made use of the expression "Sky-rocket preachers," and while he was expatiating on the characteristics of these, the Chairman took it into his head that he personally was being described, and unable to restrain himself longer, Gilfillan thumped his stick on the floor and shouted, "Sit down, you drivelling idiot." The meeting was thrown into disorder, and although there were loud calls of "Apologize," Gilfillan ignored them until Mrs. Gilfillan sent her card to the platform, with the words written on it: "George, apologize." As soon as he got it, he rose and said: "I withdraw the words, but I maintain the sentiment."

David Macrae, who was somewhat more broad in his theological views than Gilfillan, and even less easily curbed by ecclesiastical censors, and who was called to the School Wynd Church as his successor, wrote that Gilfillan was a man singularly indulgent, warm-hearted, and generous. The saying in Dundee was, "He would give his coat off his back," and he once did, literally. A member of his church had occasion to call at the manse about some bereavement in his family. After some conversation, Gilfillan said kindly, "I have missed you from church for some time." The man replied sadly, "Deed, Dr. Gilfillan, to tell the truth, I didna like to come wi' sic a threadbare coat as this, and it's the only one I hae'." Gilfillan looked at him for a moment, then taking off his own coat, he said cheerfully, "See, take that with you, and let me see you as usual at the church every Sunday." He had so little idea of money that Mrs. Gilfillan had to take charge of the purse, pay all accounts, and did her best to prevent money from being wasted on needless or undeserving objects, as he was easily imposed upon by designing people.

As an author, lecturer, reviewer and critic, Gilfillan was most popular in his day. "A Gallery of Literary Portraits," published in three volumes, in 1845, 1849 and 1854, has been re-printed in "Everyman's Library," and in the introduction to this edition, it says: "For about five years (1849-1854) George Gilfillan's position as a critic was one of very great influence. It may be doubted whether even Carlyle had more power over young minds. Almost every literary aspirant in the country sent his manuscripts to the Dundee critic; wherever he went to lecture or preach, he was followed by admiring crowds. Writing in January, 1844, to Emerson, Carlyle said: "Did you receive a Dumfries newspaper with a criticism (of me) in it? The author is one Gilfillan, a young dissenting minister in Dundee, a person of great talent, ingenuousness, enthusiasm and other virtues, whose position as a preacher of bare old Calvinism under penalty of death makes me tremble for him."

Carlyle also wrote to Lockhart, then editor of the *Quarterly,* commending Gilfillan to him and also to others. Gilfillan, on his part, helped to introduce to the world Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith, Gerald Massey, Alexander Anderson and Janet Hamilton. Dr. Jerdan does not mention the newspaper correspondence which took place between Gilfillan and Hugh MacDonald regarding Robert Burns. This caused a great sensation at the time, but has now become almost forgotten. Gilfillan, though an ardent admirer of the bard, had been betrayed into an ill-advised attack upon the character of Burns. Although MacDonald had not the literary genius of the erratic divine, his keen powers of criticism, and his sallies of wit and apt retort enabled him, so it has been said, to inflict on his clerical opponent a crushing and signal defeat.

Just one more anecdote about Gilfillan. "He had an intense love for the Book of Psalms. His most popularly successful work was "The Bards of the Bible." In the pulpit he read the verses that were to be sung, with a peculiar and impressive earnestness that was all his own. He said

to his people one day, "The Covenanters on the morning of Drumclog sang the opening verses of Psalms lxxvi:

"In Judah's land God is well-known,
His Name's in Israel great."

We could not conceive of them singing:

"Lord, a little band and lowly."

Two of the most distinguished ministers of the U. P. Church were the Rev. James Robertson of Newington, Edinburgh, and his brother, William R. Robertson of Irvine.

James Robertson was a prince of preachers to children, and one interesting reminiscence of this department of his work is supplied in Sir George Adam Smith's *Life of Henry Drummond,* the Scottish evangelist, lecturer, and professor of Natural Science in the Glasgow College of the Free Church. It refers to the presence of Henry Drummond, when a boy, at a service for the combined Sabbath schools of Stirling, which Mr. Robertson conducted in Erskine Church there. The school to which Henry belonged was the last to arrive, and as the church was by this time quite filled, some of the boys sat on the pulpit stairs, and Henry with two other boys was taken into the pulpit itself. The preacher began his address with the remark that the Bible was like a tree, each book a branch, each chapter a twig, and each verse a leaf. Then he said: "My text is on the thirty-ninth branch, the third twig and the seventeenth leaf. Try to find it for me." In a very few minutes Henry slipped from behind him and said: "Malachi, third and seventeenth." "Right, my boy," replied the minister; "now take my place and read it out." Then from the pulpit came the silvery voice: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Mr. Robertson laid his hand on the boy's head and said: "Well done, I hope that one day you will be a minister."

Speaking one evening to his Bible class on the insidious devices of Satan, he said: "The fact is that he is bad in whatever way you take him. Look at his very name, for instance. From the word 'Devil' remove the 'D' and he is 'evil'; transpose the 'e' and he is 'vile'; take away 'e' and 'v' and he is 'il'—an ill, vile, evil Devil."

One of the best stories in the book concerns Dr. William R. Robertson of Irvine. "Some students fresh from Church History were talking in his company of the curious old scholastic question, 'How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?' When they put the question to Dr. Robertson, he at once answered with decision 'Five.' Then, in justification of his reply, he told how, on a stormy night shortly before, he had been coming home late, through a side street, and had noticed a light in the windows of a room where he knew a poor woman lived, whose husband was at sea. He wondered what kept her up so late, and going in he found her diligently sewing, while her five fair children were lying sound asleep around her. 'There,' he said, 'was a needle supporting five angels.' "

An English lady who was staying for a time in Irvine once asked him, "Why do Scotch people call water watter?" Dr. Robertson's reply was: "Do you know that when men began to build boats they were at first coracles—small vessels hollowed out of trees. Then they rose to small boats, with which they skirted the shores of the ocean. Then they rose to large ships with which they traversed at will the whole sea. At last a man sprang up in Greenock called James Watt, who invented the steamship. That was a wonderful invention, quite mastering the ocean, rendering it the servant of man. And so now we in Scotland call it Watt-er."

In Glasgow, the two brothers, Dr. George and Dr. Robert Jeffrey, were also notable intellectual and influential ministers of the United Presbyterian Church. From childhood's days they had loved each other intensely, and when at length they both became ministers in Glasgow, they arranged they would live side by side, and so they built for themselves a double house in Dennistoun, which they named Adelphi House, one family occupying the north portion of it, and the other the south, with a connecting door between, and it was in this house the present writer was married, by Dr. Robert Jeffrey. Mrs. May was a member of Dr. George Jeffrey's congregation in London Road, but he had died shortly preceding the date of our wedding, and Dr. Robert performed the ceremony.

When Dr. George was ordained, the membership of London Road congrega-

tion did not exceed fifty; but at the end of ten years it had grown to seven hundred. He was among the first of the popular preachers, taking for his theme on Sunday nights current topics which were of interest to the younger people. It was his custom to be in his place in the pulpit a few minutes before the hour when worship began, and I can remember the several occasions when my future wife had me accompany her to church, that I felt as she walked me up the aisle to her seat near the foot of the pulpit stairs, that the minister's eye was on my every movement. As soon as the church clock struck the hour, he rose and began the service. Late-comers were few in that church.

Dr. Robert Jeffrey obtained first his degree of Doctor of Medicine. After he entered the ministry, and after filling several churches, he accepted a call in 1856 to the newly formed Caledonia Road U. P. Church, on the south side of Glasgow, and continued there for thirty-nine years till his death in 1895. He acted for some time as police surgeon in Glasgow. One dark night when he was out of doors, a half tipsy man grossly insulted him, and the provocation was so great, Dr. Robert dealt him a blow which knocked him down, and proceeded to the station house to attend to his duties. In a little while a man arrived at the desk and lodged a complaint about his having been assaulted by some ruffian in the street, and desired his wound dressed; but the doctor, when called, recognized his recent opponent, although himself unrecognized, and proceeded quietly to examine the bruises and to treat them as tenderly as a gentle nurse would have done.

Within a few months I have several times heard the story about the three Scotsmen who went to church one Sunday, and as they passed the collection plate at the door, put in the only bawbee they had in their possession. When the service was half over, the minister announced a special collection would be collected for the pews. The three immediately showed their concern and after a hurried whisper, the one in the center threw himself into a fit, and the other two carried him out to the open air, when he got on his feet, then they all three walked rapidly away, congratulating themselves on their quick-wittedness.

Let me say right here that in Scotland every attendant at a church service would consider it an unpardonable sin if he did not contribute his mite, let him who will joke about the mite, it is given both as a duty and a pleasure, but how often have we seen here well-dressed strangers attend special services, with high-class singers and musicians engaged, occupy the best seats and take no pains to hide their bored expressions when the minister speaks, let the collection box pass without noticing it, and show by their manner that they did not consider themselves obligated in any way pecuniarily or appreciatively.

But that gets me away from the story about young Robert Jeffrey, which forestalls the story about the three Scotsmen.

"When he was a student of divinity at the Theological Hall, the class to which he belonged were one day reading Hebrew. Robert happened to be sitting near a classmate who was subject to epileptic seizures. When the lad at his side had begun to construe his verse, and Robert realized that he himself was quite unprepared to face the reading of the next verse, which it would naturally fall to him to do, he suddenly started up, laid hold with both hands of his epileptic friend, thrust a hat down over his brow, and dragged him out of the room, as if his keen medical eye had detected premonitions of an imminent fit. He remained with him outside, carefully watching over him (although the young man was really quite well) until the examination came to an end. One item about the brothers Jeffrey that was quite well known in Glasgow is not mentioned by Dr. Jerdan. They were among the most intense of the opponents of the running of tramway cars on Sunday, and fought hard to prevent permission for cars to run even only between church services. When the tramway company won this point, both brothers publicly declared they would never afterwards patronize the cars either on week-days or Sundays."

(To be Continued)

Gleniffer

I wandered far one summer day
Through dusty streets and woodland ways,
By Crookston, ruinous and gray,
And from the green Gleniffer braes
Saw Scotland's ancient mountains stand
Like warriors grim to guard the land.

Here Tannahill, that fragile soul,
Sang to his harp in solitude,
Where poesy to meet him stole,
A wild thing of the hill and wood;
Some spark of fire divine he caught
And youth and love to music wrought.

From whirring loom and city smoke
She drew him to the sacred height;
And there he wove for simple folk
A web of innocent delight;
Again in fancy we can see
"The bonnie woods o' Craigielea."

The dear old Scottish melodies
Whose power and pathos thrill the heart
Are heard in distant lands and seas
Wherever Scotsmen play a part;
They touch with poetry and grace
The spirit of a stubborn race.

We heard them, when the day was done,
Like dying echoes far away—
So, when the web of life is spun,
And we put off this mortal clay
May we sink gently to repose,
And hear sweet music at the close.

J CUTHBERT SCOTT.

In *Chambers' Journal.*

The Scot in America

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR

"A magnificent monument to the Scottish race." So says the *Dundee Advertiser* about the book, *Scotland's Mark on America,* by Dr. George Fraser Black and published by the Scottish Section of America's Making; while the *New York Sun* is hardly less complimentary when it sums up a lengthy review of the book with these words, " 'Scotland's Mark on America' may be studied with profit by everybody; Celt and Sassenach, Yankee and Canadian, mid-European and every wanderer seeking the clearest lamp for his life's pathway. The book does credit alike to its compiler's patriotism and his capacity for straight talk and condensation." These opinions are finding many echoes in the press of both Scotland and America. The Scottish press especially is much impressed and hails the book in lengthy reviews and comments, incidentally disclosing that until its publication anything approaching an adequate knowledge of what the Scots have contributed to the upbuilding of America had not been realized.

To the Scot in America this is a powerful and inspiring volume; to the American of Scottish lineage it is a source of pride, example and even precept. It needs no introduction from other sources than its own. Its great strength lies in its facts, which have been collated with rare discrimination and thoroughness and verified by historical records whose witness is authority. The book will speak for itself to every one who cares enough about the Scottish achievement in America to read it and who has intelligence and imagination enough to comprehend the great story which it indicates.

The publication of *Scotland's Mark on America* was originally planned as simply a feature of the representation of the Scottish Section of America's Making, but it might appear as if the Literary Committee had builded better than it knew, for it seems certain that the volume will have a permanent place in our libraries. Not before has such a mass of valuable information been collected within the compass of a volume and, with its index of more than 1,500 names, it is destined for much reference and quotation.

The volume includes, moreover, an eloquent Foreword from the gifted pen of John Foord. From this notable bit of literature we quote the folowing striking paragraph:

"That Scotland has yielded more than her share of the men who have gone forth to the conquest of the world is largely due to the fact that it was part of her discipline that men must first conquer themselves. The weakest of them felt that restraining influence, and the striving after the Scottish ideal, however feeble, has been a protection against sinking into utter baseness. The most wayward scions of the Scottish family have known that influence, and have borne testimony to the beauty of the homely virtues which they failed to practice and the nobility of aspirations which fell short of controlling their life.

"It belongs to the character and antecedents of Scotsmen that the attribute of

national independence should take so high a place among the objects of human effort and desire. It was because Scotland settled for all time, six hundred years ago, her place as an independent State that she proved herself capable of begeting men like John Knox, Robert Burns and Walter Scott. It is because the vigor of the Scottish race and the adaptiveness of the Scottish genius remain to-day unimpaired, that the lustre of Scottish names shone so brilliantly during the World War. It may be confidently asserted that, whether regarded as a race or a people no members of the great English-speaking family did more promptly, more cheerfully or more courageously make the sacrifices required to perform their full part in the struggle to defend the freedom that belong to our common heritage and to preserve the ideals without which we should not regard life as worth living."

In this book the place and purposefulness of Scotsmen in every sphere of American life is shown. We have them as early Colonists perhaps inconsiderable in numbers, as compared with their English brethern, but wielding a prodigeous influence. The Scots Charitable Society of Boston, founded in 1657, "may be taken as evidence that there were already prosperous and influential Scots living in Boston at that time." Settlements of Scots and Ulster Scots were established in all of the Colonies. Communities and commonwealths like men, have their childhood, which is the formative period. It is the first permanent settlers who impress themselves and their characters on the future. Powerful influences may, in later years produce important modifications, but it is early influence which is farthest reaching and is generally decisive. The Scottish Colonists then, were men of character who labored harmoniously and successfully to make religion, learning, liberty and law the four cornerstones of their civilization. They brought with them the first real system of representative popular government—that of the Scotch Kirk, a system on which the government of America since the earliest Colonial days has been largely modelled; they brought with them the John Knox passion for learning; they were the foremost exponents and defenders of liberty; they were conspicuous as makers, interpreters and observers of the law.

Charles Dickens once said that the typical American would hesitate to enter heaven unless assured he could go farther West. The Scot who came early to America probably excelled all others in pushing his way westward across the continent. His unequalled energy, his indomnitable perseverance and his personal independence made him a pioneer. He was a home-seeker and a homemaker, carrying a rifle into the wilderness and plowing with one hand while he watched the woods for Indians with both eyes. "Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day," says Milton. The greatness of this nation was prepared in vast measure by these sturdy, brave and enterprising colonists and pioneers, sons of Scotland.

The luminous and informative chapter, then, with which Dr. Black opens his volume, deals with the Scottish emigration to the American Colonies; tracing the settlements and naming the leaders and those who afterward became famous. "The most prominent family of colonial times was that of the Livingstons of Livingston Manor; the first of the family who came to America being Robert Livingston, born at Ancrum, Roxburghshire, who came to America about 1672." For about two centuries the soil of Livingston Manor nurtured a race of statesmen and soldiers, whose names are inscribed high in America's history. It is interesting to note incidentally that Robert Fulton, the inventor, married a daughter of the Livingstons and thus got the necessary financial backing to make the *Clermont* a success."

The list of Scots who were Colonial and Provincial Governors is a brilliant one and includes the name of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, 1776-79, 1784-86. "He was an able administrator, a wise and far-seeing legislator and, as an orator, will live forever in American history."

Among the founders of towns and cities are named,: "John Kinzie, the founder of Chicago; born in Canada of Scottish parentage, the son of John MacKenzie. It is not known why he dropped the 'Mac' "; James Robertson, founder of Nashville, Tenn. George Buchanan, who laid out Baltimore in 1730; General John Forbes, founder of Pittsburg.

"Scots and the Declaration of Independence" is a chapter, in keeping with the plan of the book, at once brief, adequate and convincing. Its historical significance and import is so great, however, that, with apologies to the author and to the Scottish Section of America's Making, we canot refrain from quoting it entire:

"Presbyterians in the Colonies, being dissenters, were untrammeled and free to speak their mind in defence of their country's right, and history shows that they did not fail their opportunity: the doctrine of passive obedience never finding favor with them. In the Colonies the Presbyterian ministers claimed equal rights, religious freedom, and civil liberty. Their teaching had great influence, particularly in the South, and Patrick Henry of Virginia, David Caldwell, Dr. Ephraim Brevard, Rev. Alexander Craighead (d. 1766), and James Hall of North Carolina, the two Rutledges and Tennant of South Carolina, William Murdoch of Maryland, James Wilson and Thomas Craighead of Pennsylvania, Witherspoon of New Jersey, Read and McKean of Delaware, Livingston of New York, and Thornton of New Hampshire, with their associates had prepared the people for the coming conflict. In Maryland the lower house of the General Assembly was a fortress of popular rights and of civil liberty. Its resolutions and messages, beginning in 1733, and in an uninterrupted chain until 1755

continually declared 'that it is the peculiar right of his Majesty's subjects not to be liable to any tax or other imposition but what is laid on them by laws to which they themselves are a party.' These principles were reiterated and recorded upon the journals of every Assembly until 1771. The resolutions, addresses, and messages of the lower house during this period discuss with remarkable fullness and accuracy the fundamental principles of free government, and most of them emanated from William Murdoch, born in Scotland (c. 1720), who was one of the leading spirits and the directing force of the discussion. He led in the resistance to the Stamp Act and in other ways he united his colony in solid resistance to the attempt to levy taxes and imposts without their consent. In May, 1775, the General Synod of the Presbyterian Church met in Philadelphia and issued its famous 'Pastoral Letter,' which was sent broadcast throughout the Colonies, urging the people to adhere to the resolutions of Congress, and to make earnest prayer to God for guidance in all measures looking to the defense of the country. This powerful letter was also sent to the legislature in every colony. Adolphus in his 'History of England from the Accession of George III. to the Conclusion of Peace in 1783,' published in London in 1802, declared that the Synod and their circular was the chief cause which led the Colonies to determine on resistance. There is no question that from the Scots Presbyterians and their descendants came many of the leaders in the struggle for independence, as Bancroft has well pointed out in the following words: 'The first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, nor the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.' Joseph Galloway (1730-1803), the Loyalist, than whom, says Ford, 'there could be no better informed witness,' 'held that the underlying cause of the American Revolution was the activity and influence of the Presbyterian interest,' and further, that 'it was the Presbyterians who supplied the Colonial resistance a lining without which it would have collapsed.' And Joseph Reed of Philadelphia, himself an Episcopalian, said: 'The part taken by the Presbyterians in the contest with the mother country was indeed, at the time, often made a ground of reproach, and the connection between their efforts for the security of religious liberty and opposition to the oppressive measures of Parliament, was then distinctly seen. A Presbyterian loyalist was a thing unheard of.' Parker, the historian, quotes a writer who says: 'When the sages of America came to settle the forms of our government, they did but copy into every constitution the simple elements of representative republicanism, as found in the Presbyterian system. It is a matter of history that cannot be denied, that Presbyterianism as found in the Bible and the standards of the several Presbyterian churches, gave character to our free institutions.' Ranke, the German historian, declared that 'Calvin was the founder of the American Government;' and Gulian C. Verplanck of New York, in a public address, traced the origin of our Declaration of Independence to the National Covenant of Scotland. Chief Justice Tilghman (1756-1827) stated that the framers of the Constitution of the United States were through the agency of Dr. Witherspoon much indebted to the standard of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in molding that instrument."

(The second and concluding part of Mr. Taylor's article will appear in our next issue.)

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—James Anthony Froude.

Scotland's Mark on America

By GEORGE FRASER BLACK, Ph. D.

With a Foreword by JOHN FOORD

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The Wail of an Affrontit Scot

There is internal evidence that the following, taken from the *Glasgow Evening News*, was written by that eminent literary Scot, Neil Munro. The circumstances are these: Stephen Chalmers, whose "In Oor Hame Toon" is now appearing serially in THE CALEDONIAN, was corresponding with another Scot whom he had never met, Robert Catton, of Honolulu. A Doric word in one of Mr. Chalmers' letters suggested to Mr. Catton that, as he wrote, his correspondent was "evidently a Scot, but born in America of Scottish parents." To which Mr. Chalmers replied, his entire letter being couched in the "braid." Mr. Catton, admitting himself wrong, was so amused over his own error that he sent a copy of the author's letter to Neil Munro, who apparently inserted part of it in the *Glasgow Evening News*. From this it was clipped and returned to Mr. Chalmers, who oddly chanced to be in Mr. Catton's house in Honolulu when it arrived. By the same mail Mr. Catton received a letter from Neil Munro, in which he said: "I do not know of any Stephen Chalmers from Rothesay, but I do know of a Stephen Chalmers from *Dunoon* who is a sound writer." Dunoon, Argyll, is the original of the "Hame Toon."

REAL SCOTCH

(From *Glasgow Evening News*)

A widely popular novelist in America is Mr. Stephen Chalmers, author of "The Beloved Physician," "The Penny Piper of Saranac," etc. A Honolulu Scot who recently criticised the Scot's dialect of some work of Chalmers, got a letter from the author saying, "I'm sair affrontit—me that was born doon the wa'er at Dunoon, no a puddock's jump frae Hielan' Mary!—Me that ate jeelypieces and plunkit bools fornenst the coffeehoose whaur Lewie (Robert Louis Stevenson) had his fortune tell't by Daft Leezie—Me that tore ma kilt in the brambles, scartit ma legs in the whins, stole Luckie McCluckett's grozets an' got skelpit for't as reg'lar as the auld *Columba* pokit her nose aroon' Gourock p'int! Guid forgi'e us! but is the man daft, or me gaun gyte!"

Our Glasgow Letter

We are sorry to have to report that the lad Mooney, one of the two Scottish boys chosen by Sir Ernest Shackleton for his Anarctic Expedition on the *Quest*, has had to come back, as the rigours of the seafaring life were evidently too much for him. He was continuously sick, as was also the cinema operator, who had also to return home. We can imagine the disappointment of Mooney, who has the sympathy of all of us.

A Peterhead fishing boat had an unusual experience recently. When some twenty miles off their home port a whale became entangled in their herring nets. After a desperate struggle the whale—a blue one—was hauled aboard the boat, but not until after it had succeeded in destroying several of the nets. It measured twelve feet in length, and was afterwards exhibited at the Buchan gathering at Mintlaw.

During the past few years Glasgow—along with other large cities—has gone dancing mad, and while few object to this excellent form of exercise and entertainment in moderation, there is a limit, and Glasgow has just been on the point of ignoring that. A proposal was on foot to introduce public dancing halls, under civic auspices, but fortunately it was turned down by the Town Council by 41 votes to 34. A deputation of teachers of dancing waited upon the Council to protest against the suggestion, and while the deputation had undoubtedly an axe to grind in protesting against this innovation, they served their purpose. When our civic authorities want to contribute something to will be time for the citizens to wake up. There are already more than sufficient places of amusement in our city, and if the civic authorities descend to running dance halls, it the welfare of the citizens, let them think of something that will do them more good than dancing.

It is interesting to note that one of the strongest voices in favour of the scheme was that of Mr. Dollan, the head of our Labour members, who expressed the view that with such a scheme we would have a better disciplined youth, and less evils than under existing conditions. We are afraid Mr. Dol-

lan does not know much about his subject. We can speak from an intimate knowledge, and we must admit that the social dances held under the direction of our dancing teachers, leave nothing to be desired; and when all is said and done the dancing teacher is the person who knows best how to run such gatherings, and the pitfalls to avoid. Mr. Dollan might with advantage turn his attention to something better calculated to improve the class whose rights he is always advocating, rather than suggest providing them with more time wasting facilities.

As we go to press the results of our municipal elections have just come to hand, and show a loss of five seats to Labour—a significant sign of the times—and a hard blow to the Labour Party.

It is with the deepest regret we learn of the death of Dr. W. S. Bruce, the Scottish explorer, in a hospital near Edinburgh. It was in 1902 that he made his notable expedition in the *Scotia* to the Antarctic, when he traced the shore of new territory for 150 miles. Dr. Bruce was not so fortunate as Sir Ernest Shackleton, who seems to have had everything his own way so far, as the Government treated him rather badly, and refused to finance another expedition. Dr. Bruce was of an extremely modest turn of mind, and did not press his claims, and therefore he is all but forgotten. However, perhaps now that he is dead those who appreciated his worth will raise a monument in his honor, to keep his memory green. Doctor Bruce was latterly specially interested in the development of minerals in Spitzbergen, and had not been in good health for some considerable time.

The magnificent baths presented to the Burgh of Renfrew by Sir Frederick and Lady Lobnitz, were recently opened to the public, and they are most assuredly a handsome gift. They are called the Victory Baths, and in the entrance hall there is a Roll of Honor, in memory of 1132 Renfrew men who served during the war, the names of 124 who made the supreme sacrifice being printed in letters of gold. Among this list are two D. S. O.'s, two D. C. M.'s, and 17 M.M's This form of memorial is one of those we cannot but admire, as it is such a practical and lasting tribute. The baths, we are told, are the most beautiful and up-to-date in Scotland, and no expense has been spared in making them as nearly perfect as possible. Renfrew has indeed reason to be proud of this useful and picturesque addition to her public buildings.

There is a vogue, at present, for music by Scottish authors. Or perhaps it is that at last Scottish music is being appreciated. Let us hope so. Anyhow we hear that in London musical circles specially, Scottish music and Scottish themes are becoming more and more popular. Recently, at Queen's Hall, London, when Sir Edward Elgar produced his great musical study of Falstaff, there was a coronach for strings, harp and organ by Professor Bantock. A musical critic says it is a short and simple work, and noble in its methods, as well as in the melody, which has been borrowed of course from a Scottish source. It was written, we are told, in memory of a friend who fell in the war.

Sir Robert Munro, Secretary for Scotland, has just become engaged to Miss Olga Marie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grumler, of Harrowgate. Mr. Munro's wife died in September of last year, and she was a daughter of the manse, her father being the Episcopal minister of Peebles. Mr. Munro himself is a son of the manse, his father being the Free Church minister at Alness, Ross-shire.

An interesting collection of Burns and other relics were disposed of in a Glasgow sale room about two weeks ago, and fetched splendid prices, even in these days of shortage of money. The collection belonged to the late Mr. McNaught Campbell, the Curator of Kelvingrove Museum, Glasgow, who had unique opportunities of coming across such treasures. Among the articles was a dressing glass, and a brass candlestick, which are said to have belonged to the poet; part of the fringe of Prince Charle's plaid; snuff boxes from the wood of the *Victory* and of the old Brig at Ayr.

The Royal Aberdeen Golf Club evidently holds a unique position with regard to the antiquity of its trophies. The gold medal of the club, which has just been won by Mr. A. B. Hutchison, was instituted, as the inscription on it states, in 1780, as "a prize to the best golfer of the Aberdeen Club." It has been competed for annually for 141 years. The club holds a record of the winners for more than 100 years.

Apparently a private purchaser has acquired twelve acres of the site of the Marine Gardens, Portobello, for which Edinburgh Corporation recently made an offer to the proprietors. It is proposed to erect other buildings along side the ballroom in order that the place may be used for exhibitions, etc. Edinburgh and district is blossoming out as an amusement centre, the Edinburgh Palisde Dance being the only place of the kind in Scotland at present, where one can go any afternoon or evening for a few hours' dancing without the fag of being compelled to don evening clothes if one does not feel so inclined.

Dundee is in a fix! During the coal strike the Coal Emergency Committee of Dundee, with commendable foresight, arranged for the importation of 29,560 tons of American coal, the coal merchants of the city agreeing to take a proportion of the coal at contract price. The first four cargoes were delivered, but by the time the fifth cargo arrived, the coal dispute was settled, and the coal merchants did not take their proportion, leaving thus about 2,000 tons of coal to haggle over. The Dundee Gas Committee made complaint that the failure of the merchants to take the coal means a loss

to the committee of about £2,000. A sub-committee is now looking into the matter with a view to getting the merchants to discharge their liabilities, which, after all, is only right and fair, as a bargain is a bargain under all circumstances.

An interesting matter was brought to light in a letter of apology for absence received from Dr. Pittendrigh McGillivray, R. S. A., of Edinburgh, at the Wallace Anniversary Demonstration, held at the monument, Elderslie, Paisley, which we think is specially deserving of publicity. The demonstration was under the auspices of the Scottish Home Rule Association, and Dr. McGillivray though they were probably the only body likely to be in sympathy with the matter he mentions. In his letter he says that there lies in the hands of the Corporation of Edinburgh—the Capital of Scotland—in which there is no memorial of either Wallace or Bruce—a sum of more than £5,000 bequeathed by a Scotsman for the erection in the capital of a monument to Wallace and Bruce. The bulk of the money has, without just cause, been held up for between 30 and 40 years, and may lie as long again—in use by the Corporation at low interest—unless you and such as you let in the light on what seems to me something of a mean and unpatriotic scandal. As far as the spirit of Scottish nationality and patriotism is concerned in this so-called Capital of Scotland, Wallace and Bruce might never have lived. The mind of modern Edinburgh is barren soil for the growth of any idea of self determination for Scotland. If that desirable condition ever comes to pass, it will be due to the democratic body of the people of Scotland as against the law-ridden, nationally moribund community of our Capital.

This, surely, is a matter that requires looking into, and is a standing disgrace to the corporation entrusted with the money. It is almost inconceivable that there is so little patriotism in our capital that this has been allowed to lie dormant over such a period of time, and it is to be hoped that now that Dr. McGillivray has had the courage and the patriotism to put a light to the torch, that others will take it and carry on until the purpose for which this money was left, is an accomplished fact. GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Scotland Forever

From the Manchester Guardian

A MOST PROPER NEW BALLAD OF ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

" . . . and the sale of haggises this year in London has been, I am told, eleven less than last year."—*Our London correspondent on St. Andrew's Night celebrations.*

McTavish dwelt 'mid sinful folk
In Modern Babylon,
And, losh, his heart it a' but broke
To see their goings on.

Sair hard the times that year they were,
Sair few the bawbees came!
They flung their siller here and there:
It brought them muckle shame.

"A lead, a lead," McTavish cried,
"To set these loonies right!
Now come what may, St. Adrew's Day
Shall bring them better light!"

Ten exiled Scots McTavish knew,
Ten bonny men and frugal,
From Alexander James McGlue
To Angus Bruce Macdougall.

He has gathered round his faithful ten
To beg of them his boon—
"If I lay doon no haggis, then,
Will ye no lay one doon?"

Hoots, then the weaker ones are found!
Two fainted clean away:
McTavish sends the bottle round
And bends him to the fray.

Gey long they talk the project o'er;
The doubters urge again
A ratio of two to four
Or three among the ten.

"It will na do," says bold McT.,
And makes his meaning clear—
"Nae haggis on the stocks to be
Completed for a year

"Nae haggis to be launched or brought
Beneath the carver's knife
Until yon sinful city's taught
A better way of life."

Gey long they talk the project round,
McTavish and his ten,
Till all the opposition's drowned
In V. O. Highland Glen.

And that is why (as noted down,
I trust, by scribes in heaven)
The haggises of London Town
Were fewer by eleven.

ENVOY.

When the gudeman says "Anither?"
(And the gudewife goes to bed)
When midnight shadows slither
Round each devoted head,
Then pious Scots shall pledge him
And keep his memory gay,
And tell how grand McTavish planned
A haggis holiday! LUCIO.

To My Friend, Walter Scott, of New York City

On Reading That He Had Celebrated His 60th Birthday

SCOTLAND little tho' she be Has produced as all agree
Many types of mighty men, Famous with the sword and pen.

And of those upon the scroll Of her long immortal roll
None has Caledonia got Dearer than Sir Walter Scott.

For his Works with genius fired Are there any more admired?
In the Hut or in the Hall Who is more beloved by all?

With his sorcery he made Scotia wear his own dear plaid
So that Scot-land by his *spell* SCOTT-LAND came to be as well.

Just a hundred years ago Young and Old and High and Low
Were perusing "Kenilworth" By the Wizard of the North.

Then he was the "Great Unknown" King of Prose Romance alone
After having won the bays By his rich and ringing Lays.

Though he died in "Thirty-two" It is absolutely true
While his Books can be procured His existence is assured.

Now, to-day, among us here, On another hemisphere,
Fate has wafted to our lot Lo, another *Walter Scott.*

Loudly may we sing his praise While we wish him length of days
Added to the triple score Of the years he's travell'd o'er.

Big of Brain and big of heart He has got the magic art
Of the WALTER SCOTT of old Changing common things to gold

Also, living while he lives, As he gets he freely gives
And is at his finest found Spreading happiness around.

British born and British bred, Scottish heart and Scottish head,
On our planet there is not Such another Walter Scott.

With the love that he commands In America he stands
As a Chief without a peer To the Clans he holds so dear.

WALTER SCOTT of deathless fame Would be proud to see his name
With such worth and honor worn By another Briton borne.

Typical of what is best In the East or in the West
Neither plot nor counterplot Can diminish Walter Scott.

Diplomats may come and go But the wise Observers know
Few Ambassadors succeed Like the People's Leaders lead.

Pompous Ministers of State With degrees and titles great
Rare have the public ear Or come to our problems near.

But a man like WALTER SCOTT Free from blemish and from blot
Rich and able as he is Who can measure worth like his?

Such as he by word and act Help to bring about the fact
Of the day we hope to see When we all shall brothers be.

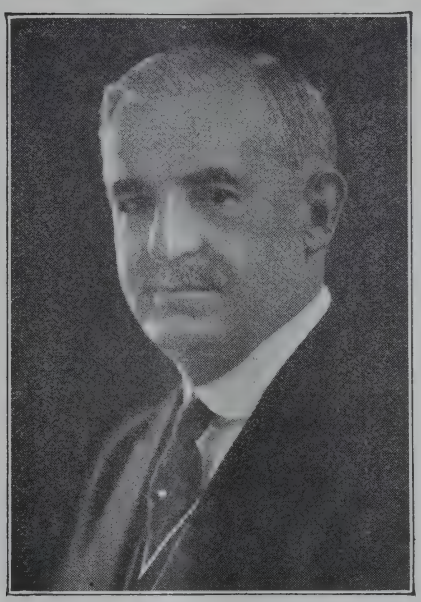
To the Laird of Abbotsford We shall ever praise accord
And an equal honor do To our own dear Walter too.

Double name of deathless fame Here and in the ither Hame
Scotland's self will be forgot When we part with WALTER SCOTT.

JAMES D. LAW.

Philadelphia, Pa.
January 4, 1922.

Rare Day for Walter Scott



WALTER SCOTT

"I see," writes a correspondent to the CALEDONIAN, "that Walter Scott's been celebrating his sixtieth birthday, and I think the occasion affords suitable opportunity for the offering of a few remarks. Here is a man to whom may fittingly be applied the fine lines of John Ruskin: 'He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, his blood warmer, his brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they and they only.' Walter Scott's viewpoint of life is sweet and wholesome; his way of doing things stimulating, for his ardent spirit is matched by practical capacity and marvellous energy. Conspicuously successful in business by dint of efficient and tireless application, he has found ample time and opportunity for the development and expression of the attributes that mark the noble Christian character. To a man of means, the signing of a check for some worthy cause is, after all, a rather easy act. Walter Scott—always a generous giver—is infinitely more, for he gives himself in his practical every-day fashion to everything in which he is interested, and his interests touch life at many and diverse points. It is significant and inspiring to us who are his kinsmen that he never forgets the people from whom he sprang, and is ever conscious of the proud heritage of the Scot in the life and work of America. Long may his lum reek!"

Upon inquiry the CALEDONIAN discovered that the sixtieth birthday of Colonel Walter Scott on December 22nd was indeed a unique and stirring occasion. It started in the morning with a demonstration at the Crippled Children's Home, where the little inmates pressed upon him their humble hand made gifts, and sang their tributes of praise and thanks.

At noon the employes of Butler Bro-

thers, the great business house of which Colonel Scott is vice-president and managing director, met at a banquet in the Jersey City establishment, and presented him with a gold watch, while the firm presented him with a magnificent set of forty-five resolutions, one for every year of his service. The following telegram from Edward B. Butler, dated Pasadena, Cal., and addressed to J. H. Schoonmaker, was read:

"It is kind of you to give me opportunity to be with you and others of my partners at the birthday luncheon to my beloved Walter Scott. Can it be possible that the boy whom I first knew in Boston is now celebrating his sixtieth birthday? You will all refer to Walter Scott as being sixty years young yet I do not know of another man who has put more into sixty years than he who sits at your board to-day. Every waking moment of his life has been an active one. He has always been doing and accomplishing, and his life has been devoted to good works. His enthusiasm has been contagious. His beautiful friendship not only embraces those whom he knows and loves, but it is broad enough to include the stranger at his gate. With listening ears he always hears a sorrowing cry. Congratulations, then, to Walter upon three-score years of doing, giving, sharing, cheering, with my prayerful wish for a strong finish at the end of the next score."

The sender of this telegram, Mr. Edward B. Butler, is one of the founders of the business, and still active in it.

Proceeding to Holyoke, Mass., to spend the evening with his only daughter, Colonel Scott had a reception that was well-nigh overwhelming. Mayor John F. Cronin extended congratulations and a hearty welcome, saying that the City of Holyoke was proud to greet a citizen of Colonel Scott's type, and finished up by conferring upon him the freedom of the city. At this reception were some three hundred people affiliated with organizations or institutions for which Colonel Scott had done something. Among those present were Dean Purrington, representing Mount Holyoke College; Chancellor McGowan, of the International College, and Miss Cilmena Judd, of Smith College. The Holyoke Caledonian Society and Clan McLaren, with their women's auxiliaries, came along with their Kiltie Band, playing "Whar hae ye been a' the day, Hielan Laddie, bonnie Laddie," and Chief Young read an original poem composed by Mrs. Esther Bradley, and dedicated to the Colonel, and also presented a bouquet of sixty roses; other guests were the members of the board of managers of the Home for Aged People, the Westminster Club, the Juliette Allen Club, and the neighbors of Mrs. Magna, who, through their spokesman, Alderman Frank Taylor, presented a superb silver vase.

Other gifts were in the form of numerous checks from friends of the Crippled Children's Home, but, who shall say, perhaps that which counted most was the gift of a scholarship at the American International College, presented by Colonel Scott's daughter, "To express my admiration for you as a man, my esteem for you as a friend, and my love for you as a devoted and loving father."

"It is a good thing to be rich; it is a good thing to be strong; but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."

Free Industrial School for Crippled Children

At the semi-annual meeting of the William H. Davis Memorial Free Industrial School for Crippled Children and the Lulu Thorley Home, held at the Waldorf, New York, December 7th, the following resolution was adopted, as a slight recognition of the uniquely original gift which was made to our president, Walter Scott, by the Daughters of the Scotia, because it was for the work of the city school and summer home with which he is so actively identified.

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, The Daughters of Scotia, a National organization of American-Scottish women, at their annual Congress held in September, 1921, presented our president, Mr. Walter Scott, with a purse of two thousand seven hundred dollars ($2,700), for the benefit of the William H. Davis Memorial Free Industrial School for Crippled Children, 471 West 57th street, New York, and the Lulu Thorley Home for Crippled and Delicate Children, Claverack, N. Y.;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That our deep appreciation and thanks for this tribute to our president and the financial aid to our society, be entered upon the records of the society, and a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Daughters of Scotia.

William H. Davis Memorial Free Industrial School For Crippled Children.

Lulu Thorley Home For Crippled and Delicate Children.

AMELIA D. CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

165th Anniversary Dinner of the Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York

On the evening of Saint Andrew's Day a fine and large party of New York Scots sat down to dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria and celebrated the occasion with as much freshness and enthusiasm as if it had not been celebrated by their great society a hundred and sixty-five times before. It is evident that "time cannot wither," but indeed strengthens the interest in this annual event. The guests numbered almost six hundred and the boxes were occupied by parties of ladies.

President Alexander Walker on account of the condition of his health did not feel equal to the task of acting as toastmaster and presented Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, who introduced the speakers in his usual capable manner.

Responding to the toast, "The Land o' Cakes," the Rev. Hugh Ross paid eloquent tribute to Scotland and her eminent sons. He dwelt upon the great part that Scotland had played in the late war. He spoke of the illustrious dead and the glories of the past, and he showed that great as Scotland's past had been, her present and future were quite as pregnant with achievement and promise, mentioning a number of Scotsmen recognized as leaders and predominating in practically every useful and noble branch of human activity. The peroration of Dr. Ross's speech was a stirring eulogium to the motherland and provoked an ovation.

Charles M. Schwab, one of Andrew Carnegie's "boys," was very much at home in his response to the toast "The Land We Live In." Even as Dr. Ross had spoken in fervent praise and love of old Scotland as his birthplace, so spoke Mr. Schwab of America, and especially of Pennsylvania and of that section of it with which his boyhood days and his years of business activities had been associated. Mr. Schwab was especially interesting in his reminiscences of Andrew Carnegie and laid special emphasis on that side of Mr. Carnegie's character which strongly emphasized the Scottish traits of thrift and economy. Economy, said Mr. Schwab, was the bedrock of every successful business no matter how huge its operations nor how seemingly secure its place. He had been commissioned by Mr. Carnegie on one occasion to build a new plant costing some millions of dollars. Bye-and-bye the plant was ready and Mr. Carnegie came to look it over. In the course of his inspection and with that shrewd intuition which was characteristic of him, he remarked, "What's the matter with this plant, Charlie? You don't seem to enthuse over it." Mr. Schwab replied, "The plant will do all that it was planned for." Mr. Carnegie rejoined, "Charlie, you've something in your heart that you're holding back from me. Is there anything wrong?" Mr. Schwab replied, "Mr. Carnegie, this plant is built all right in accordance with the plans,

ALEXANDER BROWN HALLIDAY
President of St. Andrew's Society

but since these plans were made and the buildings were well under way, certain improvements making for economy have become known, and were I to build this plant to-day I would build it along these improved lines." Then followed some little discussion and the order of Mr. Carnegie, "Scrap the plant, Charlie, and build it over again," and added Mr. Schwab, "millions in those days counted for vastly more than to-day or in recent years. The plant which had cost some millions to build was torn down and a new one erected, which has justified all expectations by the efficiency and economy of its operations." Economy, always economy, even if it meant the sacrifice of much money to attain it.

"One afternoon," said Mr. Schwab, "I was in the library of Mr. Carnegie's residence. We went over some papers together and he signed away some tens of millions of dollars represented in bonds to the trustees of one of his great benefactions. After he had signed the last paper, he arose, walked over to the electric switch and shut out all of the lights but a single branch. Economy was always in his mind. He spoke about it to me many times; taking as much interest in me as if I were his son and reproving me for what he considered my extravagant habits." Mr. Schwab told a number of stories further illustrating the characteristics of Mr. Carnegie and paid a fine tribute to his memory. His speech was listened to with rapt attention and at its close brought the company to its feet.

Lt. Col. F. S. G. Piggott, D. S. O., came down from the Washington Conference and spoke on "International Friendships." He created a favorable impression by his able and diplomatic treatment of the subject.

The singing by Mr. Knight MacGregor evoked much applause and he responded to several encores. The program and menu was a most artistic and well done souvenir. To the Banquet Committee much credit is due for the outstanding success of the affair.

Albany, N. Y.

ALBANY BURNS CLUB

At the annual meeting of the Albany Burns club, held December 20, the following officers were elected: President, George H. Thatcher; vice presidents, Edward N. McKinney and Robert W. Hill; secretary, William A. Glenn; treasurer, David M. Kinnear.

Thomas H. Clemshire was named chairman of a committee to arrange for the sixty-ninth annual dinner, January 25, at the Albany club. With him are associated Willard M. Douglas and Robert M. Chalmers. The committee on speakers consists of Dr. John M. Clarke and Professor David Hutchinson. The membership committee consists of John W. MacHarg, chairman; Dr. C. Edward Jones, Dr. John M. Clarke and Ewen MacIntyre.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

Installation of officers of St. Andrew's society and the annual observance of St. Andrew's day took place November 30 at St. Andrew's hall in Howard street, followed by a dinner at the Albany club. More than 100 members attended the installation ceremonies and dinner.

The Rev. John Giffen was installed as president by Past President John W. McHarg. Other officers are: Vice presidents, William Reid and Dr. David Hutchinson; treasurer, John S. McEwan; chaplain, the Rev. Roeliff H. Brooks; physician, Dr. Harold D. Cochrane; secretary, Ewen MacIntyre; corresponding secretary, Francis B. Purdie.

Greetings from St. Andrew's societies from all points of the world were received by Dr. Hutchinson, chairman of the committee on greetings. The exchange of greetings by St. Andrew's organizations in all countries is a feature of the observance of St. Andrew's day.

After the installation the members marched to the Albany club. The music program at the dinner opened with singing "America," led by John Dick. Several other music selections were given. Dr. Griffen spoke. One of the features was the serving of old fashioned Scottish oat cake, made by Mrs. William Reid, wife of one of the vice presidents

Following the dinner addresses were given by Dr. Charles L. Bailey, Major Andrew MacFarlane, who described adventures in France; Dr. Harold D. Cochrane, and the Rev. George Sanderson of New York, who at one time was engaged in mission work in the Albany county penitentiary.

James W. McEwan, a former service man, called attention to the service men at St. Peter's hospital, and to the fact that they welcomed gifts of any kind which might cheer them while in the hospital.

Perth Amboy, N. J.

The annual concert and entertainment of the Perth Amboy Caledonian Club, given recently in Odd Fellows' Hall, was a gratifying success, every seat being sold.

The following program was thoroughly enjoyed: Overture by the Buchanan Brothers, the club pipers; vocal duet, Edward and Agnes Macfadyen; comic recitation, Archibald Rice; vocal solos, John Grieve and J. Christopher; Scottish dances, in costume, Miss Agnes Macfadyen; and a two-act sketch, "The Happy Family," with the following participants: Philip Brown, Mrs. Charles Buchan, Jr., Miss Mary Macfadyen, P. K. Edgar and Edward Macfadyen. Miss Anna Hansen was the accompaning pianist. The vocal selections of Messrs. Grieve and Christopher were especially well rendered. Little Miss Macfadyen's dancing was most creditably done, and she was heartily encored. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and partaking of excellent refreshments. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the stage arrangements were a decided credit to the taste and skill of the committee. The club will have a Burns supper on Saturday evening, January 28th.

Chicago, Ill.

The annual St. Andrew's Day banquet of the Illinois St. Andrew Society, attended by more than 700 Chicago Scots and their friends, was one of the great anniversary feasts in local British-American annals. The large banquet hall on the 19th floor of the Hotel La Salle was filled to capacity.

It was the 76th consecutive celebration of St. Andrew's Day and guests were present from all over Chicago and the suburbs, from adjoining states, and from the neighboring Dominion. Notable oldtimers participating included the Society's venerable but still youthful physician, Dr. Robert D. Mac Arthur, who has been an attendant of St. Andrew's Day feasts here for the record period of 51 years. Community singing is an innovation at Scots banquets, but was a hit at this one. It was led by a stout, jolly vocalist named William Riedell, with a resounding baritone. Everybody, at last, was warbling at his command such gems as "Keep The Home Fires Burning;" "Tipperary;" "Banks of the Wabash;" "Dear Old Pal of Mine;" "Old Black Joe;" "I Love a Lassie" and "Annie Laurie."

The Kiltie Band gave stirring selections, and there was splendid Highland dancing by two little pupils of Prof. John F. Dewer, Winifred Robertson and Leonora Liddicoat. Both are remarkably skillful artists and were obliged to repeat their delightful performance.

Other talented entertainers were Capt. J. Burlington Rigg, who gave "Mac Gregor's Gathering" in spirited style and melodious voice, accompanied by Miss Birdyce Mills on the piano. Mrs. James Harper sang a Scots ballad with sweetness and feeling, accompanied by Miss Madge McAllister. Another excellent singer was Arthur Jones.

In the absence of the President, Dr. John A. McGill, Vice-president Dr. William F. Dickson presided and felicitously welcomed the guests.

The Society's chaplain, the Rev. Jas. MacLagan, pronounced the invocation.

Dr. Dickson read the customary greetings from sister societies which will be found at the close of this report. He then introduced as toastmaster Prof. John Barnes, of Iowa State College, who proceeded to scatter sparkling witticisms and anecdotes of Scottish flavor, and whose introductions of the various toasts and speakers were admirably done.

The toasts to "The President" and "The King" were followed by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save The King." Then the speaking began, and continued until nearly midnight.

"This is the first time that a woman has been honored by appearing on our speaking program," said Prof. Barnes, "and we are honored this evening by the presence of Miss Agnes Bartholomew, a gifted lady direct from Scotland who will respond to the toast: 'The Land We Left.'"

Miss Bartholomew proved to be as good as her most ardent admirers had predicted she would be. In fluent, parlimentary English she thanked her hosts for the honor of being their first woman speaker. In dramatic and realistic fashion she recited "A Man's A Man For A' That" and her hearers thought they understood this ancient classic a little better than ever before. Her reading, entitled "Robbie Doo at a Burn's Supper" was wholly delightful. She gave the Scots dialect with an unction and fidelity hard to equal and her irrepressible humor kept the audience continually amused. Her opening selection was a bit lengthy, but when she stopped she had made a host of new friends and her standing as an artist was established.

Another feature of the night was surely the eloquent address of Canon H. J. Cody, D. D. LL.D., of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, whose toast was "Our Sister Dominion."

In a forceful and eloquent speech, Henry R. Rathbone, well known Chicago attorney, responded to a toast, "The Land We Live In."

Dr. Dickson read courteous notes from President Harding and Vice-President Coolidge, and greetings from sister societies in all parts of the world.

The concluding selection was another reading by Miss Bartholomew that sent the people home in the best of humor, though the hour was late.

Then there was an old-fashioned clasping of hands and "Auld Lang Syne" was the final number.

Banquet Committee Chairman Robert Black was luncheon host at the Hotel La Salle to the members of the committee who worked so effectively to make the celebration a success. Later the honorary guests were taken to Riverside for a visit to the Old People's Home.

New York Caledonian Hospital

The annual bazaar of the Women's Society of the Caledonian Hospital was held at the Apollo Studios, Carlton and Greene avenues, Brooklyn, November 17-20, and was one of the most successful ever held. The officers and ladies and all those who assisted by their attendance or otherwise are to be congratulated. The funds realized were turned over to the building fund of the hospital, which knows no color, race or creed.

Ground for the addition of the new hospital will be broken in the spring in order to provide adequate facilities for handling the great number of patients who are seeking admission to the institution.

The bazaar was opened by the Rev. Dr. C. W. Roeder, pastor of the Flatlands Reformed Church, who told of the splendid work which was being accomplished at the institution.

D. G. C. Sinclair, president of the hospital board reviewed the activities of the institution, and, among other things, said in part:

"To-day the Caledonian Hospital has

assets of $175,000, with liabilities of only $30,000, so we show $145,000 of equity in thirteen years.

"We are very anxious to start the first wing of our new building, so that we may care for an additional number of patients who are now daily turned away for lack of accommodations.

"We must realize the condition at present existing.

"Speculators are very busily engaged in starting building operations, so as to be free from tax for a period of ten years. This helps to keep high wages for carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, etc., and keeps up the price of building material.

"You will notice from our financial statement that we are seeing in the distance and making provision for building our first wing when conditions in the building and the buying of material comes down to a level that will warrant us in starting.

"We will not spend a cent of money intrusted to our care without getting full value for it. We owe this to you—the people who have so nobly supported the Caledonian's cause for so many years. We will build at the first opportunity when conditions warrant that step, not until then. Money intrusted to our care is sacredly guarded." are: Donald G. C. Sinclair, president;

The officers of the Caledonian Hospital James McHarvy, first vice-president; Howard Wood, treasurer, and C. F. Garlichs, secretary.

Omaha, Neb.

Clan Gordon, No. 63, was organized January 13, 1890, and is still doing business at the old stand. We have more than one hundred members in good standing, including such men as Ex-Congressman John L. Kennedy; Presiding Judge of District Court, Hon. Judge A. C. Troup; County Judge Bryce Crawford; City Commissioners Thomas Falconer and W. J. Ure; Clerk of District Court, Robert Smith, and many others of equal caliber. Members of Clan Gordon have traveled west and done notable missionary work in organizing other clans in several cities, the latest being Clan Stuart, No. 248, of Casper, Wyoming.

Clan Gordon has a Ladies' Auxiliary which has done grand work, and is indeed in every sense a true auxiliary. The Clan Gordon Athletic Association, a subsidiary organization, was organized about twelve years ago to promote amateur sports, such as curling, bowling, quoiting, golf and soccer football. They are a bunch of live wires and have an year-round schedule of contests suitable to the different seasons.

We have also a Kiltie Band under the efficient leadership of Pipe Major G. W. McDougall, and a large number of Highland dancers, whose services are in great demand for social functions.

Philadelphia Letter

On the evening of November 30th, the St. Andrew's Society held its annual banquet at the "Bellevue-Stratford," to celebrate the anniversary of Scotland's Patron Saint. Conspicuous among the speakers was Ambassador Geddes who delivered an elaborate speech with special allusion to the grand work being done at Washington by representatives of the various allied nations to establish a lasting peace, and curtailment of armament towards that end.

On Saturday night, December 3rd, the Scots Thistle Society met at "Hotel Lorraine" to celebrate St. Andrew's day, and its 125th anniversary. Fifty members and guests sat around the bountiful board disposing of a menu, toothsome and sufficient to meet the desires and appetites of the most fastidious epicure. A noble ram's head, silver mounted with snuff-container inserted in its forehead, an old and prized relic of the society, went around the table on wheels to regale the celebrants in the old Scotch fashion with "sneeshin'" while sipping their coffee and smoking their fragrant cigars! President Alexander Allison acted as toast-master, and broke the ice by asking the assemblage to rise and drink to the toast—"The Day and a' wha honor it"; for the first time in the history of the auld Scots Thistle Society it was drunk in ginger-ale; for mark ye, the Scot is a resolute, law-abiding citizen. "Scotland" was responded to by Gerald Campbell, H. M. Consul for Philadelphia, who in a pleasing conversational vein did justice to the dear old land, and told some interesting experiences during the World War, when consul at Venice. The Rev. George H. Talbot responded for the "United States," briefly touching upon ancient history and how events under a controlling power fitted so well with modern events and decree of the World's Creator. He paid the Scot his due for the part he exercised in the establishment of the cardinal virtues, patriotism, thrift, morality and respect for religion, the basis of a progressive and successful United States. "Sister Societies" were toasted and responded to by George R. Stewart, Past Chief of Clan Cameron, No. 64, William McG. Call for Caledonian Lodge, No. 700, I. O. O. F., and Joseph Ferguson for the Scots Thistle Society. "The Lassies" were championed by Dr. Robert L. Gray, the wee Scotch doctor so well and favorably known to the Scots of the Quaker City, who in his usual kindly, able and happy manner, brought to vision the endless number of good qualities possessed by the God-given helpmate to man. Songs appropriate to the toasts were rendered by Mr. James Allison and Mr. Hutchison Dougall; the latter essayed "The Wee Hoose Amang the Heather," the audience irresistibly joining in the chorus! A most appropriate recitation by the veteran elocutionist, Peter Miller, was ably given, entitled "The Isle of Scots," an episode of the prowess displayed by the Scotch compatriots of the French a couple of hundred years ago, and the German hordes

occupying the coveted island on the Rhine, the Heligoland o' the lang lang syne. "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the company when the United States was toasted, and a long-to-be-remembered, enjoyable and profitable night was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" on the threshold o' the 'oor o' twal.

The 31st annual concert and dance of the combined organizations, Clan Cameron, No. 64, O. S. C., and Lady Cameron, No. 66, took place on November 18th, and was a most enjoyable occasion, partaking of the vaudeville flavor, singing, dancing and ventriloquism. Mr. M. I. Raymond, a comedian of Keith's circuit, cracked off jokes, so many to the square inch, clean, wholesome and extremely funny; but the real star of the evening was Mrs. Margaret Lyons Moodie, who so favorably impressed the big assemblage of Scots last February when she appeared for the first time at the Caledonian Club concert in the Moose Hall. She is certainly, without contradiction, entitled to all the good things said of her; she is an artist, and a genuine interpreter of the Scottish ballad. Her vocal accomplishments and selections captured and aroused the house. Encore followed encore, to which she made generous response. It seemed as if the audience could not get enough of her, and a sweet morsel it was, when to her own accompaniment she sang "The Last Rose of Summer." It was a revelation, a musical feast! Miss Isa MacKinnon gave a fine exhibition of Highland dancing, followed by "Auld Lang Syne" by the audience, after which the irrepressible fox trot and kindred ball room dances were indulged in until the early hour of morn. In closing I wish ye ne'er hae cause to mourn, to sigh, or shed a tear, and during a' the comin' year a herty, guid New Year.

ST. MUNGO.

Springfield, Mass.

SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY

The annual concert and ball of the Scots' Charitable Society for the purpose of raising funds to carry on the work of the society among the needy Scotch families of the city, was held in Shriners' Hall November 21. More han 500 attended, making it one of the most successful entertainments ever held by the society.

Following a short concert by Brand's orchestra, Rev. Dr. Neil McPherson, pastor of First Church, addressed the gathering giving a brief history of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. Following the address the following program was held: Vocal solo, Mrs. James MacFarlane; Scotch folk songs, Bryson Gilmour; Highland Fling Dance, Mrs. Ruth Young; and vocal selections, Mrs. George Nicol. The entertainment closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

General dancing followed the entertainment with Joseph Fitzgerald as prompter. William Kelman was chairman of the committee on arrangements assisted by John Mann, John Robertson, Alexander Kirk, Malcom Robertson, James Ramsey, Francis Smith, Thomas Ramsey, Alexander Gray, James Crawford, William Chalmers and James Cruickshanks.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting in November: President, John Robertson; first vice-president, John Mann; second vice-president, Francis Smith; secretary, Malcolm Robertson; treasurer, Alexander M. Kirk; trustees, William H. Chalmers, James Ramsey, William Kelman; relief committee, James Cruikshank, Thomas Ramsey, James Robbie, James R. Taylor, Alexander Gray, George Porter; physician, Dr. R. A. Kinloch; chaplain, Rev. Dr. Neil McPherson.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH FEDERATION

The following were elected: President, Rolland J. Goodwin; first vice-president, George W. Parker; second vice-president, Miss Elizabeth McIntyre; financial secretary, Mrs. Rose A. Gwinnell; recording secretary, Mrs. Hanah T. Wood; treasurer, Miss Alice Turner; chaplain, Mrs. George C. Danes; sentinel, Mr. Bussey; trustee for three years, Bryson Gilmour, and auditors, John McClenaghan, Alexander Smith and Robert McKeown.

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"Displayed his fine baritone in a superior program."—London Standard.

"He uses his rich voice easily, with grace, and the charm of being sure. Of course he has good diction."—New York Mail.

"His large audience found much to admire and to enjoy. A remarkable sense of style characterized the singer, calm, sustained and unforced delivery. His voice is a very mellow, limpid baritone."—New York Times.

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Subscribe for THE CALEDONIAN

Cincinnati, Ohio

The ninety-fourth anniversary dinner of the Caledonian Society of Cincinnati was given at the Hotel Gibson, Wednesday evening, November 30. A' the "braw lads and bonnie lasses" gathered to honor our patron St. Andrew and partake of the guid things arranged for by the committee, Messrs. Walter MacLeod, James Harper, William G. Brown, John MacKay, John A. Emslie and J. E. Richardson.

At 6:30, the Nimmo pipers, led by Major Nimmo, struck up "Cock o' the North," and led the grand march to the table. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. John Robertson.

"Let us now sit in for serious eatin'." A wonderful meal, including the famous haggis and other courses flavored strongly with the style of the heather was served, after which cigars were passed around, and the program started.

Hail, brothers, true sons of the mother we love,
Fair Scotland! free Scotland! we meet here to prove
The filial devotion that warms as it fills
Our hearts for the queen of the lakes and the hills.

No region, no distance, no kingdom or clime,
Can sever the sympathies high and sublime
That the sons of old Scotland have felt and expressed
For brethren in bondage, by tyrants oppressed.

This night, in the shade of the thistle we meet,
As Scotsmen, as freemen, our brothers we greet.
Long may the proud emblem triumphantly wave,
The boast of the free, and the hope of the slave.

Selections were played on the pipes by Major Nimmo and his sons, Lomond and Donald. Miss Agnes K. Wagner was again present with her beautiful voice and sang the auld Scotch songs in her most pleasing manner. Among the numbers rendered by Miss Wagner were "Castles in the Air," "Rothsay Bay," "Annie Laurie" and "A Hundred Pipers." Mr. Howard Barnett, basso, sang "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," "Scots Wha Hae" and others of equal interest. The sword dance and Highland fling were put on by Masters Lomond and Donald Nimmo, accompanied by the pipes.

"Na, na, I wanna pairt wi' that,
I donna gie it up;
O' Scotland's hamely mither tongue
I canna quat the grup.

It's bedded in my verra heart,
Ye needna rive and rug;
It's in my e'en an' on my tongue,
An' singin' in my lug."

The Rev. A. B. Meldrum, of the "Little Stone Church" fame, Cleveland, Ohio, made the address of the evening, and those present all agreed that next to a visit to the land o' cakes and heather, it was the next best thing, as the Doctor had but recently made a trip to the land of his birth, and the description of the beauties seen, as well as his quaint Scotch humor, kept the interest of his hearers throughout his talk.

What was probably the most interesting feature of the program was the way in which little Billie Nimmo, Jr., beat the bass drum. Billie is but four years old, but clad in his Royal Stewart kilts, he swung his two sticks about his head, beat the drum over the top, crossed his sticks, beat it from behind, and in fact every conceivable way, without missing a beat, and in perfect time, and Billie, Sr., says that next St. Andrew's Day will find him playing the pipes.

Following the program, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the gathering, led by David W. Craig, and then the orchestra tuned up for those who cared to dance. Montgomerie Christie, President, presided.

CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT.

New York Kirkcaldy Association

The Kircaldy Association held their Tenth annual Banquet on the eve of Thanksgiving at the Roma and regaled themselves with one of Cassili's best offerings.

President Alex Brown welcomed members and guests in his quiet, modest way. The society has a small membership, but it has a goodly following of Caledonian and Scottish Society folks, which go to make a real Scotch nicht. After the blessing was asked by Hugh the company set to, to do justice to the dinner, with the beautiful air "Hey the Bonnie Breist Knots" resounding through the hall, played by Pipe Major Angus Fraser in his snappy and masterful style.

Addresses were made by Chief Donaldson of the New York Caledonian Club, Capt. Reid of the Highland Guard, Chief Don of Newark and Francis Dykes of the Grand National Curling Club, all of whom were in a most happy and jocular mood. Songs alternated between the addresses, and were given as follows: "A wee bit Land," Gordon Whyte; "A' the Airts," William Cuthbertson; "The Midshipmite," Robert Watson; "The Wee Cooper o' Fife," Jame Whyte; "Old Familiar Faces," Hugh R. Westwood; "The Glasga Fair," with its hundred and one verses, Alex Wilson; "The Stormy Winds do Blow," Jim Birrell; and other songs, too numerous to mention, were sung by members. Also, selections on the violin by Messrs. Birrell and Wilson helped to add to the night's amusement.

It was the sentiment of all present that the Tenth Annual would go down in history of the Society, as one of the best nights spent by a happy family whose membership is small.

The company broke up as the clock was striking the wee sma' hoors by singing wi micht an' main "Auld Lang Syne."

Clan Macneil Association

The first annual meeting of the Clan Macneil Association of America was held at eight p. m., Friday, December 16, 1921, at 15 East Sixtieth street, New York.

The president, Mr. Hermon A. MacNeil, called the meeting to order and received the reports of the treasurer and the secretary, which were approved. He then reported, by unanimous vote of the Council under authority of Para. 3, Art. 5 of the Constitution, during the past few months, the election of:

Vice-Presidents, Mr. Alexander McNeil, McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.; Judge J. P. McNeill, Florence, S. Carolina.

Councillor, Mr. Walter W. McNeil, New York city.

Chaplains, Reverend John McNeill, New York, and Most Reverend Archbishop Neil McNeil, Toronto, Ontario.

Honorary Members, Mr. James Kennedy and Colonel Walter Scott, New York, under authority of Article 9 of the Constitution.

The president then addressed the association as follows:

"Fellow members by the name of Macneil, I presume none of you would be surprised if at the annual meeting of any organization the president would presume to make an address. As a corollary you might be surprised if he did not.

"To-night I shall choose the surprise method or perhaps straddle between the two by merely a few remarks. I might talk about what we have done, but our organization is young for that. We might talk about what we intend doing, we also have plenty of members who might be expatiated upon individually.

"There are as you know several hundred Scottish societies in America—perhaps the most comprehensive is the St. Andrew's Society—the Patron Saint of Scotland, just as Joan of Arc might be considered the Patron Saint of France. There are the Caledonian Clubs, The Burns Society, The New York Scottish Society. These have done splendid work in America, as societies. One might also talk for hours about the famous Scotsmen of America, presidents, governors of 38 States, judges, ambassadors and so on.

"We doubtless are the latest born of any Scottish Society in America and may not we hope (like the latest born in many families) to have the mantle of genius and vigor and even humor, the Scotsman's salt, descend to us. It is sometimes said the Scotsman's face is "long" after a joke has been told; but it is not because he did not see the joke, but that there was no joke to see. Just to try out the above remark I am going to tell you one I heard the other day. A Scots elder and a Divine were playing golf, the elder makes a full swing and mashes the ground, 'Damn it Dougherty! what do you think of that?' The Divine after a moment of twinkle in his eye, 'Well, mon, I really don't think it was *worth a damn.*'

"It is said the Scots are a mixture of sentiment and practicality. How true this is is illustrated by the story of Carnegie who as you know gave with great pleasure as well as foresight to many philanthropic enterprises. On one occsion the papers had been drawn for a gift of $20,000,000. Mr. Schwab was at the house of Andrew to witness the signature of the document. Mr. Carnegie sat down to his desk chatting away and signed his name very casually, giving away these $20,000,000 without a thought and then said, 'You know Charlie that isn't $20,000,000, it is really $25,000,000, for that stock is all above par.' He then rose from his chair and walked across the room to turn off one of the electric lights.

"Our year's work as you have already heard from our secretary has been largely occupied in organization and to that end our Honorary President "Our Robert" has been indefatigable.

"I really think we should overstep the bounds of propriety and in spite of the fact that he is The Macneil of Barra put him directly in charge of this Clan Association as its president. We could then adopt him while he is in this country and call him The Macneil of America.

"This organization work of the year will proceed; returns are constantly coming in from people who have heard in some indirect way of us, wishing further information and joining, as well as from those who have received the prospectus and constitution. The kindly tone of the inquiries shows that there is a vital interest in the name Macneil. And what is our organization for, do I hear you ask? Yes, that is a very pertinent question. In these days when live issues and reforms for disturbed conditions are constantly being welded into societies by different groups for correcting and bettering life, through strenuous effort and publicity, does it not seem that there is a place for a little family gathering that shall not take time or effort particularly, but shall be for the cultivation and nurture of the simpler comradelike virtues of an enlarged family.

There is nothing of the sentiment of a foreigner in this. John Foord in his foreword in "Scotland's Mark on America," says:

"It is a fact that goes to the core of the secular struggle for human freedom that

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whole-hearted Americanism finds no jarring note in the sentiment (for the land of his forebears) of the Scot, be that sentiment ever so intense. In the sedulous cultivation of the Scottish spirit there is nothing alien. The things that nourish the one, engender attachment and loyalty to the other."

The clan instinct is noted in history for its adhesiveness and the responses to this clan call prove it—they seem to imply, what is up with the Macneils? We might answer: "They are coming up."

The getting acquainted once or twice a year won't hurt us—we will find out who we are. We certainly can be of use to one another as friendships form and lend a helping hand when necessary, as well as always fostering in this Our Country the loyal patriotic sentiments that are needed in the making of America.

The president then turned the chair over to the chief. The Macneil of Barra briefly stated his pleasure at being with them that evening and his sense of gratification at the interest shown by the members. He read to them greetings from distant Clansmen, including telegrams from Clansman John A. A. Macdougall, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, on behalf of St. Margaret's Council of the Scottish Catholic Society of Canada; Honorary Member Colonel Walter Scott, and Vice President Judge J. P. McNeil, Florence, South Carolina.

The Chief then welcomed the guests, who were Honorary Member James Kennedy, Mrs. Macdougall of the Caledonian, New York city; Miss Alice Mackenzie, Montclair, New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Herbert Wheeler, New York; Mr. Andrew Gillies, New York, and Mr. Robert C. Auld, of the *Brooklyn Citizen*. He then presented to the association the autographed photograph he had received from the president of the United States, which contained the following inscription: "To The Clan Macneil Association, with very cordial greetings and good wishes, Warren G. Harding."

The president moved, Vice-President Paul H. Macneil seconded, and it was unanimously carried by a rising vote that the honorary president convey to His Excellency the President of the United States the association's great appreciation of the President's greetings and good wishes and his kindness in presenting his autographed photograph and that the association extends to President Harding its expression of the friendly regard and high exteem in which it respectfully holds him.

The honorary president then spoke on the excellent work the officers had done in the few months of the association's existence, and suggested that they all be re-elected, which was enthusiastically carried by unanimous vote. He then moved, Mr. Paul H. Macneil seconded, and it was unanimously carried, that Robert H. McNeill be elected a vice-president.

The Macneil then conferred honorary membership on James Kennedy, who responded with a most excellent speech which carried his audience back to the Highlands and homeland of the clan, concluding with reciting his poem, "The Macneil of Barra."

Mr. Andrew Gillies gave, in his inimitable way, a "Scotch Nicht" and "Mad Carew," and Mr. Robert C. Auld gave a very amusing account of his efforts to write a poem on The Macneil of Barra after all words rhyming with Barra had been appropriated by Mr. Kennedy in his poem.

Mr. Robert H. McNeill, who had come from Washington to attend the meeting, told, in a very interesting way, about the Macneils in the South and suggested that the next annual meeting be held at Washington, which met with very favorable comment.

Mr. Malcolm MacNeil, president of the New York Scottish Society, and Reverend Allan McNeil, of New Jersey, and others talked on matters of clan interest and The Macneil read a few quaint little legends about Black Ruaraidh the Unjust, one of the chiefs of the Clan Macneil in olden days.

Refreshments were then served and Miss Alice Mackenzie very kindly sang some old time songs dear to the hearts of Highlanders and the evening concluded with Auld Lang Syne.

New York Caledonian Club

Chief James R. Donaldson presided at the quarterly meeting of the club, Tuesday evening, November 1st. As has been customary for many months, there was a large attendance. It is indeed encouraging to the oldtimers of Sullivan and Horatio street days to see the lately admitted members taking such an active interest in club business. Nominations for officers and committees for 1922 resulted as follows: Chief, Alex. Caldwell; First Chieftain, William Vance; Second Chieftain, Donald Shepard; Third Chieftain, Robert M. Bernard; Fourth Chieftain, Hugh Clow; Club Piper, Angus M. Fraser. Board of Trustees—Chief James R. Donaldson, ex-Chief William G. Reid, Alex. Rettie, James Kemp. Property Committee—Robert Lauder, John H. Whiteford. Finance Committee—Thomas McNab, Jr., and William Taylor. There was a nomination for Fifth Chieftain, but after the meeting had adjourned it was found that the young man lacked just a month of eligibility. Nomination and election to the vacancy was laid over until the January meeting. Chief Donaldson announced the appointment of the following members to the annual concert and ball committee: Ex-Chiefs Foulis, MacLean and Caldwell, Chieftain Bernard, Clansmen Donald Shephard, William Fyfe, Thomas Aitken, William Phillips, Alex. Rettie, J. Darrell Nicoll, George E. Murray, James Elder, Wm. Taylor, George Swanson.

The Sick and Visiting Committee's report of the death of ex-Chief James C. McEachen was received with genuine regret and a letter expressing the deep sympathy of the club was ordered sent to Mrs. McEachen. The committee also reported that Clansman James C. Shepherd, who is a resident of

Chicago, had been severely injured in an automobile accident in that city, but was responding to surgical treatment in satisfactory style, and expected an early discharge from the hospital. Clansman Roderick McLennan was a patient in a city hospital, where it was hoped rest and fresh air would soon put him back on the active list.

Two new members, John Breingan and Thomas K. Fraser, were added to the roll, and five propositions were received.

Chief James R. Donaldson presided at the regular monthly meeting, Tuesday evening, December 6. Four new members were added to the roll and a number of propositions were received and referred to the Investigating Committee.

The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that Thomas Fraser, a native of Aberdeen, who was elected a member of the club at the previous meeting, had died suddenly and was to be buried in the club plot in Mount Olivet Cemetery, the following day. Clansman Fraser was a veteran of the World War, and is believed to have been a sufferer from shell shock.

The annual meeting for the election of officers and committees was held on Tuesday evening, December 13. There was competition only for Board of Trustees and Property Committee. Chief Donaldson and ex-Chief Reid were the successful candidates for the Board, while Chieftain Whiteford accounted for the committee place. It was announced that the annual concert and ball would be held in the grand ballroom of the Commodore Hotel, Friday evening, March 10. Election, as usual, brought out a lot of old-timers who love to gather on that night and go over contests of other years in Horatio and Sullivan streets.

DEATH OF JAMES C. MCEACHEN

James C. McEachen, long active in Scottish and Canadian circles in New York, died at his home, 776 Lincoln place, Brooklyn, Monday, October 24, in his fifty-eighth year. His death came as a distinct shock to his many friends, few of whom knew that he was ill. Born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, he came to New York in the early '80's and took a law course in New York University, graduating with the class of 1884. In November, 1885, he joined the New York Caledonian Club. Three years later he was nominated and elected First Chieftain, filling the office for the year 1889. The years 1890, 1893 and 1894 found him filling the office of Chief with dignity and giving the club all the good that could be extracted from his professional training. Although compelled to stick closely to his legal work in recent years, he never lost his interest in club affairs and was always to be found at the annual games or ball, where he would hunt up his old friends and have a talk over Horatio street and Jones' Woods' days. Only last Labor Day he was at the games in Ulmer Park, looking well, and giving no sign to his brother clansmen of the ailment that was to cut him down in a few weeks. He was also a member of the St. Andrew's Society and the Canadian Society. He is survived by Mrs. McEachen, one son and one daughter, for whom the greatest sympathy is felt.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The annual fall social under the auspices of the ladies was held in the club hall, Monday evening, November 7, Election eve. As it consisted of an apron and necktie party, there was lots of fun matching patterns, and finding partners. The grand march was led by Chief Donaldson and the vice-president of the ladies' society, Mrs. James Innes. The attendance was large, making a profitable evening assured. Dancing was kept up until one a. m. The usual energetic committee worked hard, serving refreshments, adding considerable to the evening's income.

The regular monthly meeting was held in the club parlors Monday evening, November 14. In the absence of Mrs. Caldwell, the Vice-President, Mrs. James Innes, occupied the chair and conducted the affairs in a business-like way. Progress reports on the Election eve dance gave the ladies considerable satisfaction.

Arrangements for the annual New Year party in the club hall were begun. As usual, the evening closed with a game on the club alleys, the winners in their order being Miss Marie Gray, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Inness, Mrs. G. A. Burns and Miss Grace Lauder. Mrs. Caldwell, who was called over-seas by the serious illness of her mother, is expected back early in December. Miss Annie Gordon, an active member of the society, who left New York two days after the annual games on her first transatlantic trip, returned about the middle of November. Part of her very pleasant holiday was spent with her father's parents in Elgin, who a few months ago celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding.

The regular monthly meeting of the ladies was held in the club parlors, Monday evening, December 12, the Vice-President, Mrs. James Innes, presiding. Mrs. Caldwell would have preferred to have been in the chair, but being a passenger on the *Algeria*, which was bucking heavy seas and gales out on the Atlantic, she had no chance. It was learned a few days later that the weather very much disturbed her equilibrium, and everything she had eaten for months. A final report on the Election eve dance showed a balance that gave extreme satisfaction. Arrangements for the annual New Year reception were announced as progressing satisfactorily. A delegation from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Newark Caledonian Club was warmly welcomed. When the monthly bowling game was taken, the visitors showed they knew how to roll by capturing three of the prizes. The Newark winners were Miss Barr, Mrs. Currie and Mrs. Burns. The fortunate New Yorkers were Mrs. G. A. Burns, Miss Ferguson and Miss Annie Gordon. The serving of refreshments, with a chance for a crack over a cup of tea, brought a delightful evening to a close.

Career of General Wotherspoon

The unusual career of Gen. Wm. Wallace Wotherspoon, who recently passed away, is worthy of consideration in the pages of THE CALEDONIAN, especially as he was a descendant of the Scottish family that gave the Rev. John Witherspoon to America to aid in the writing of its history.

William Wotherspoon enlisted in the navy immediately afer his graduation from private schools, and notwithstanding his family was influential he preferred to work his way up from the ranks rather than avail himself of the privilege of this influence. His father, Alexander Wotherspoon, was a surgeon on the staff of General Scott in Mexico and later became identified with the medical museum in Washington.

In the service of the navy, General Wotherspoon rose to the rank of chief mate; and in 1873, he applied for a transfer into the army, after taking and passing an examination as a lieutenant. It is stated that he served as a mate on the *Hartford*, Admiral Farragut's flagship, during the fight in Mobile Bay; but to get a good, clear narrative, or even facts from him was almost impossible, for unlike most of our public men he was both Camera and reporter shy.

In 1873 we find him a second lieutenant in the 12th Infantry, and his early years with the army were spent in California, Nevada, Nebraska and Dakota, during the time when Indian fights were frequent, and it was his ability as adjutant to handle and move troops and supplies that first brought him to the attention of the Government. In 1891, he was selected to take charge of Geronimo's band of Indian police and later served in the Phillipines, both in civil and military capacities. Here he was made a major in the 12th Infantry. In 1902, he was detailed to the General Service and Staff College in charge of the Department of Tactics and located at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and in 1904, became assistant commandant. In July, 1904, he became Lieutenant Colonel of the 14th Infantry, and two months later was detailed to the General Staff. He was graduated from the Army War College in 1905, and was assigned to duties in Cuba; and in 1907 was recalled and made head of the Army War College in Washington, when promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, in October, 1907, he jumped the grade of colonel and the heads of 104 ranking officers, and when General Wood resigned as Chief of Staff, General Wotherspoon, much to the dismay of the entire army officership, was appointed to succeed him.

Much of General Wotherspoon's army experience was as an executive and almost all his work was upon a large scale against continual opposition of those he had offended by his rapid rise in rank. Political opposition was continuous, but his astounding steadfastness and absolute Scottish integrity offset all the political machinery brought to bear against him.

Soon after his election as head of the General Staff he made a public statement as to the requirements of the United States Army, calling for a force of 500,000 mobile army of regular infantry, artillery and other branches, and a supplemental force of at least 300,000 State Militia. A standing army of 200,000 men was inadequate, as the nation would be powerless against an enterprising enemy and our colonial possessions would be quickly lost. Upon the navy rested the responsibility of defending the continental coast, but every branch of the service must at once be brought to an up-to-date state of efficiency. Compared to the recent recommendations of our later date General Staff, we find them echoing almost word for word the recommendations of this then but little known officer whose efficiency was years' ahead of his time.

In 1911, he was detailed to act as observer in the review and mobilization of the German Army, and the report he made upon his return and his recommendations, if published, would show that the first note of alarm was sounded by a man who worked outside of the limelight of the press, unselfishly, willingly and with a loyalty as great as did his forefathers in another branch of the family in 1776.

Without exception, he was a unique character as compared with our modern army officials, as the mere sight of a camera or a reporter almost immediately stirred the fighting spirit of auld Scotland—and many a camera met with disaster and many a journalist received dismissal that was both summary and effective. He believed that no man could work and conscientiously put his mind to his task if continually posing in the limelight, that efficiency was best cultivated by concentration, that the clock's hands were exceeding the speed-limit and should be served with a summons and the offending medium of speed be regulated in some place where those who had nothing to do could keep their eyes on its travel.

A more genial companion or a better dinner partner could not be found, or a happier story-teller, in the official circles of Washington. In consequence, his friendships with our great President, Theodore Roosevelt, with General Leonard Wood, were cemented early in their acquaintanceship. A man of few words in business, a firm believer in anything or anybody showing efficiency, and an interested friend of the National Guard organization.

As head of the State canal systems of New York, he left an enviable reputation, for politics, press, or public opinion could not sway him in what he knew was his duty to the public, nor could any of the forces of finance or graft get the slightest foothold.

The cause of his death was heart-failure, brought on by his inability at the last stages of his career to get into the late World War. And it really does seem a pity that a man of such efficiency could not have had a hand on the reins of the army and assist the

Government earlier to produce the results she obtained only in the latter days.

General Wotherspoon leaves a widow and a son, William Wallace Wotherspoon, who with his cousin, Richard Wainwright, Jr., are serving the Government as lieutenants in the navy, both graduates of Annapolis of the same class.

As Scots we are proud of our records in the service of the United States, especially when our race can produce such men and show just what the word "loyalty" means to a Scotsman.

Newport News and Norfolk

"It's a far cry tae Lochawe," and it's some months since ye heard frae me, telling' ye aboot the ongauns o' Scots or ony ither body doon here. Juist afore a' gang ony faurer, a' hope, yer o' weel i' THE CALEDONIAN Publishing Office in Bible Hoose. D' ye ken the hale Jing Bang o' us had gey sair herts aboot the end o' October, wunnerin' whit had come ower THE CALEDONIAN. We're a' better noo, since we hae gotten it.

I'm gaun tae write a wee bit screed juist tae lat ye ken hoo we hae been behavin during the simmer months.

On the Fourth o' July, a picnic was held at Douglas Smith's (Doug. Smith) farm, and a large number of the Daughters of Scotia, and members of the Clan MacDonald and "bairns" availed themselves of the opportunity to spend the day in the country. There were various games and races during the day, and when the sun was setting on the other side of the James River, and the gloamin' coming fast, everybody got on their "duds" and turned their faces homeward, feeling tired, but the better for the day's outing.

The next affair of any importance was the "Hallowe'en Dance." The Scotch lassies got the better o' the laddies and secured the hall first. Hooever, that didna maitter. The dance was well attended, and the Pipe Band was in attendance, and gied them twa or three skirls o' the pipes, tae the beatin' o' the big drum by Drummer Clark. Jock can beat it, an' if ye dinna watch yer heid when he twirls his sticks in the air, yer heid micht get beaten tae.

On Saturday, 12th November, the Clan MacDonald resumed its dances for the winter season in the new Moose Hall, Washington avenue. There was a good attendance of old patrons, and some new faces were there to join in the dance. The music was furnished by "the good old standbys," Miss Friend, Guy Jackson, George Clark, David McArthur and John Clark. The Pipe Band rendered several selections during the evening, when the dancers were resting their tired limbs before the next dance.

Mrs. Jenny F. Scott has returned after a five months' visit tae Bonnie Scotland, and ither places including Colintraive in the Kyles of Bute. Jenny was there on the 12th of August, but she didna tell me whether she did ony shootin' or no. She was in Edinburgh, but she was not initiated into the secrets of Rotarianism when they were in session. She wanted to get to Ireland, but the Powers That Be would not take any chances on her perhaps having to stop the flight of a bullet, and did not allow her to visit the green hills of Ould Ireland.

On the 10th of November, Newport News was favored with a visit of Scotland's famous comedian and war worker, Sir Harry Lauder. Arriving in the morning in his private car. he was met by a Committee of Rotarians. Then the Clan MacDonald Pipe Band arrived on the scene, and escorted Sir Harry from the C. & O. depot to the Warwick Hotel, where he was entertained at luncheon, On arriving at the hotel, he was introduced to the Rotarians and others. During the time luncheon was being prepared, Sir Harry went among those who were waiting, shaking hands and conversing with them. Looking around, I discovered Sir Harry and a Mr. Addison of this city, leaning against a pillar in deep conversation. I was later informed that they were old school mates, and were discussing their school boy pranks, and the

J. DONALD MacKAY

(*Late of Philadelphia*)

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tricks they played on the crippled dominie, etc.

In the evening, the Academy of Music was packed from floor to ceiling, every seat sold out, and about one hundred and fifty chairs were placed on one side of the stage, and every one occupied. The entire performance was a complete success, Sir Harry occupying about one hour and thirty minutes himself, keeping the entire audience in the best of humor, and drawing forth laughter and applause, and sometimes tears during the impersonations, singing and talks. I have not heard a single adverse criticism of his performance. Many have expressed the wish that he will return next season. He had a big reception in Norfolk where he was the guest of the Rotarians on Friday at a luncheon in the Fairfax Hotel, and after the performance in the evening, the members of the Scottish Society of Norfolk met Sir Harry on the stage, and welcomed him in the name of the Scots, to Norfolk. On Saturday morning at ten o'clock, a parade of troops at the naval base was specially arranged and reviewed by Sir Harry, he being the guest of Z. N. Johnston. Sir Harry was accompanied by Lady Lauder, and both expressed themselves as being delighted with the way they had been received and treated in the South.

"Weelum Graham has 'gotten back frae Scotland, and I asked him through THE CALEDONIAN tae bring a sprig o' heather wie him when he cam' back. I doot he has forgotten it, as I hevna heard frae him since he cam' back. I think it micht be a guid thing for me tae drap him a bit line and speer hoo he enjoyed himsel' and see if he brocht the heather.

Wishing you and all your readers "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year."

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
118 35th Street, Representative.
Newport News, Va.

A Delightful Concert

The inauguration of the Choral Society of the Car Record Department of the New York Central Railroad, under the auspices of the Railroad Branch of the Y. M. C. A., which was held at the headquarters of the latter, 309 Park avenue, on Monday evening, November 28, was a pleasing success. It was organized by J. McCombie Murray, whose well known skill as a choral director was convincingly demonstrated by the results he achieved, in this first attempt to organize the talent that has come under his notice. But the fact that he was able to secure the services of several noted stars to support him, was even more pleasing to the public. The distinguished actress and pantomimist Mme. Pilar-Morin, the greatest living exponent of the silent drama gave a beautiful interpretation of Mme. Rachael, that showed all the emotions a woman is possessed of. She was loudly encored and had to give other representations that were equally brilliant. The MacKenzie family, Murdoch, Alice and Constance, father and daughters, gave illustrations of Scottish song, dancing and dramatic art. While of course we cannot praise Murdoch and Constance too much, it was Alice that provided the surprise of the evening. Pretty, confident and engagingly winsome, she took her audience by storm, for she displayed a combination of lyric and dramatic instinct that will certainly be brought out under the able tutelage of Mme. Pilar-Morin (for she is her pupil), and will be looked forward to with interest by her many friends of the Scottish community.

The work of the Choral Society itself was of a very agreeable character and showed that even under the very short training they had received that they had acquired remarkable precision and accomplishment under Mr. McCombie Murray's careful direction.

Professor Murray was born in 1855, in Aberdeen, Scotland, and has had a distinguished musical career in Philadelphia, Richmond and New York.

"Scots Wha Hae" in Detroit

November has been a merry month with Detroit Scots. Clan Campbell has kept the floor in St. Andrew's Auditorium in good condition with their Highland dancing every Saturday night.

The International Pipe Band had one grand Finnan Haddie supper at the beginning of November. Bruce Cameron proved to be a witty chairman as well as a good piper. Good songs were sung and stories told and pictures shown and some excellent Highland dancing by members of the Board and their ladies.

November 15th the Daughters of Scotland and friends had their Annual Ball that was well attended.

There was a big turnout in St. Andrew's Auditorium, November 27th, it being the Sabbath, by St. Andrew's Society and Clan Campbell when the Rev. Mr. McCrae of the Knox Church preached a very inspiring sermon. We heard a ruddy-faced Scot remark as the pipers passed us going into the hall before the sermon playing "Onward Christian Soldiers"—"Pipe music is certainly a' richt ony time. It inspires us in battle as well as in worshipping our Great Creator, and it is terribly sympathetic as it leads the mourners along the growing restways of the dead."

Wednesday evening, November 30th, St. Andrew's Society celebrated Saint Andrew's nicht by a banquet in the society's parlors. Over two hundred were present. First on the program was the installation of the new officers, past presidents, Robert Gerrie and Thomas Leadbetter, being the masters of the ceremony. Brother Dan McLeod, brawny, energetic and enthusiastic, will surely make a fine president, for he filled the other chairs to perfection. Judge McKinley fills the position of first vice, another popular Scot of Detroit. Most of the old officers like David Rodgers, secretary, and Angus McKay, treasurer, succeeding themselves. It was quite late when we sat down to the banquet

table, a Scottish mistake, for many, owing to the late hours, missed hearing some very entertaining speakers. But the banquet was immense, even to the haggis that reeked a juicy tasty feast.

During the evening our retiring president, Dr. Fowler, was presented by the society with the jewel of office, a beautiful piece of work, past president, Richard Lindsay, City Clerk of Detroit, being a master-voice in presentation speeches, doing the honors, Dr. Fowler, later thanking the society for the beautiful gift that places him in the rank of the "Has-Beens."

Heather frae "Aberdeen Awa" decorated coat collars and breast knots, being sent by Geordie Watson and Miss Stewart of the town of Aberdeen. Some of our best members even come frae Aberdeen, especially two of the speakers of the evening, Messrs. Alex. Watson and William Carnegie, the one speaking of "the siller we have got and to get and how to spend it," that's Sandy; the other Willie "The land we left and what we left it for," "for its good or our good."

Other speakers were Dr. Fowler, President Donald McLeod, William Murdock, while Past President R. S. Rankin, our veteran tenor sang "We're a' John Tamson's Bairns," and Miss Elden, his granddaughter sang beautifully some dear Scotch sangs. Mr. Gilmour favored us with "MacGregor's Gathering" and "Mary of Argyle." Our Bard Jamie Broomfield read the greetings from sister societies, some of them from Australia and South Africa, but there is no far away strange country to the Scot.

The Burns Club having finished the erecting of a Burns' statue in Detroit, are now contemplating the raising of funds for one of Sir Walter Scott, John Cameron being chairman and E. Goodwillie, secretary. We know it will be a success.

There will be the usual dances and entertainments in St. Andrew's hall during Christmas and New Year's holidays, and then comes the big joint concert of Clan Campbell and St. Andrew's in celebration of Burns' birthday around the 25th of January.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

6744 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Cameron Post, G. A. R., New York

The first social event of the Associated Members of Cameron Post, No. 79, G. A. R., which was given on Tuesday, November 29, was a great success, not alone from the social point of view, but also financially. Though the Post had not planned to make money, still it is gratifying to know that there will be a snug balance over all expenses. That the Post will in the future attain to greater things is evident. Everything that was desirable as a place of assembly was provided at the Hotel McAlpin. It was just such a place as one could fittingly invite one's best girl. The virile young fellows of the Post full of blooming manhood, their sturdy athletic forms, arrayed in the picturesque garb of old Gaul, made with their girlish partners a happy moving picture to gaze upon.

There were two pipe and drum bands present, each volunteering their services to help the idea along. These were the Liberty Pipe and Drum Band, which was noticed in a recent issue, and the revived New York Scottish Pipe and Drum Band. It was pleasant to renew acquaintance with our old favorites of this organization, "Jack" Rowe, and Pipers MacHardy, Stewart and others. James Whitten, the Scottish champion dancer, who appeared by royal command before the king at Balmoral in 1920, was there too and gave exhibitions of his art. He will doubtless be seen at other affairs and will certainly be "wanted."

Among those to whom the success of the affair is due, mention must of course be made of Wallace Reid, chairman, who has such a fine swagger when swinging round his partner on the floor; Comrade Whelan was there to see that everyone received attention, and Commander Macadie to see that everybody was happy. He received a telegram from Colonel Scott regretting his inability to be present, but wishing the affair all success. James W. Litton of the First Battalion, Black Watch, 1914-1918, who wore three war medals including that of Mons, was there in sombre, but impressive khaki. Mr. R. O. Pott, from Hawick dropped into the hotel to see how his countrymen could enjoy themselves far frae hame and he remained throughout.

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FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS
501 Broadway New York

Rhode Island Letter

The members of Clan Fraser seem to have exhausted all their enthusiasm for the Order of Scottish Clans by the huge effort they made to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the founding of Pawtucket; for although it was decided to march in the Armistice Day Parade, the actual number of members that attended at the hall for the purpose were so few that Chief John Burt refused to march. The Senior Henchman came to the same opinion. A few of the members, along with one officer, agreed that the decision of the clan at the regular meeting to march in the British Section of the parade should be maintained and so they marched along with the Fraser Royal Highlanders and the Providence Kiltie Band. Many inquiries have since been made by Scotsmen and others unconnected with the clan as to "What has come over Clan Fraser, who could always be depended on to make a good showing in any and every parade?" Various answers have been given. One is that so many of the members of the clan were in line with the Canadians and the American Legion. To that I say that one of the best parades ever the clan had was on the first Armistice Day, when all the boys were still away, so that argument falls to the ground. Then another statement made is that the members were so disgusted with the action of the Royal Clan for increasing the dues that they took this way of showing their spleen. If that is true it is very bad policy for the best remedy to correct the financial difficulty is to increase the number of young clansman and that can best be accomplished by advertising the clan on every occasion. Again, surely it is too soon to forget the true reason for the Armistice Parade. When I recall the first Armistice Parade and the fine sentiment then shown I thought it would never die out, but be maintained as long as the Order of Scottish Clans existed. Alas some persons' memory for benefits received is extremely short and the splendid response by the sixty-nine young clansmen who "joined up" in answer to the country's call should not have been so soon forgotten. One bright spot, however, was the placing of wreaths on the trees planted in Slater Park in memory of the three young clansmen whose golden stars adorn the service flag of the clan, and also on the portrait of Nurse Drummond, of the Pawtucket High School. And yet, while these were done in the name of the clan and the clan received credit for them, they were really paid for out of the Welcome Home Fund, which was mainly subscribed by others than clan members. Past Tanist James Palmer placed the wreaths in the park, and the Rev. T. J. Stewart presented the wreath in the High School and gave an address before the pupils, emphasizing the character of Miss Drummond, who volunteered for service at the country's call, at the same time paying a tribute to the Order of Scottish Clans for the good work carried on by it.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

The Banquet of the Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club was held at the Roma, Saturday, November 12th, when John A. Rennie presided over a company of about eighty. Mr. Barker pronounced the blessing, after which the diners set to, to do justice to the "eats."

In his opening remarks, the Chairman welcomed all in a hearty manner and gave a very interesting review of the Game of "Bools" from its earliest inception on record centuries ago, down to the present day and seemed to be quite well informed in regard to the historical characters that played in the ancient pastime; his narrative told in his quiet quaint manner held the attention of his audience throughout. He also commented on the untiring efforts of the Green Committee to make the green what it really ought to be and was quite sanguine that the work already done this Fall would be productive of good results so that the players would have a better green to play on in 1922.

As donor of the President's Cup for members yearly competition, this and other prizes were handed over to Wm. Crawford, Vice President, who in his spicy and trite remarks presented the prizes won during the year as follows: President's cup, Mr. William More; doubles gold medals, Mr. Victor Ogden and Mr. Wm. Moncur; gold medal, Mr. D. Dewar; silver medal, Mr. W. Archibald; consolation doubles, Mr. J. Broatch and Mr. J. V. Francis.

Malcolm MacNeill's remarks on the game as played by the club from the "City of Churches" elicited quite a little bantering and laughter, and the energetic Secretary had to say a few words in defense of the morale of the New York players' experience on Election Day.

Mr. Francis Dykes in his humorous vein had something to say regarding the attitude of victors and vanquished. Mr. Auld of the Brooklyn Citizen spoke of the social features connected with bowling and curling.

Mr. George Cobban, in his remarks suggested merging bowlers and curlers into one large organization which would help raise the standard of one game in summer and the other in winter. Songs and recitations were given by members as follows: Songs, "Hail Caledonia," Mrs. Ridley, and "The Old Country," Wm. Cuthbertson; Recitation, "A wee Scotch Nicht," Andrew Gillies; Songs, "My Old Shako," T. Lennox; "Carrion Crow," George Reid; "Ain Wee Hoose," Wm.

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Crawford; "Duncan Gray," Tom Wigley; "The Wee Cooper o'Fife," James Whyte; "Bonnie Heather," Mrs. Ridley; "Brown October Ale," Wm. Cuthbertson.

Mrs. T. T. Archibald proved a most able and efficient accompanist to the soloists. Votes of thanks to the Chairman, the committee and the accompanist having been heartily accorded, a most enjoyable evening terminated with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Quincy, Mass.

On Friday, October 28, the Burns Memorial Association held a public entertainment, which took the form of a three act comedy, "Patty Makes Things Hum," followed by a dance. The public patronized well; every seat being sold and the audience was a very appreciative one, applauding the successful efforts of the actors. The play was well staged, and the players put zest into their actions and displayed considerable talent. The leading part of Patty as taken by Miss Hazel Schools and was particularly well handled. Altogether the venture was very successful from an entertainment point and also financially, a considerable sum being netted for the Monument Fund.

At the regular meeting of the association held on Wednesday, November 2, the Rev. Eric I. Lindh delivered an address before the members, "Dante and Burns, a Comparison and Contrast." Mr. Lindh is a deep student of Dante and also well versed in the works of Burns. He drew attention to the great scope in the art of poetry, no one could be the greatest, but in his particular department, and the greatest as these two geniuses were in their several spheres, they could not and did not belong to a country, but to the world. Even your Burns, he said, only happened to be born in your beloved Scotland, just as Dante happened to be born in Florence. Touching on the genius of Dante, he, in impressive manner, pictured the austere profound mysterious thinker, the grand and wondrous imaginations of the gloomy searcher into those other worlds of mystery, doubt and hope (one with nothing in common with the every-day world) the Poet of the Soul.

With the facile power of the experienced lecturer, Mr. Lindh in simple tone and language, touched on the joys and sorrows, mirth and sadness, hilarities and miseries, the little things of life, nothing too small for expression of sympathy by the genius of Burns—the poet of the human heart.

Not only was his lecture entertaining and instructive, but by his genial and companionable manner Mr. Lindh won a place in the heart of the Burns Memorial Association. Readers in Pawtucket will no doubt remember Mr. Lindth as he was located there before coming to Quincy. Pawtucket's loss was Quincy's gain, for Mr. Lindh is very popular with all classes throughout the city.

The Loyal Ladies of Clan MacGregor held a two days' sale of work and fair in the Clan Halls on November 8th and 9th which turned out a very gratifying success. Several hundred dollars will go to augment the treasury as the result of the ladies' energies.

WILLIAM GRAY.

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New York Scottish Society

The happy faculty that the New York Scottish Society has of making their friends feel the touch of "Hame" was made evident again on November 21, when they held their semi-annual Ladies' Night.

President Malcolm MacNeil opened the evening with a few remarks, and stated that as the vice-president had "shook hands" with a severe attack of grippe, he would have to make it his first duty to introduce everybody to themselves, and try to induce them to come up closer to the platform so they could become better acquainted.

Among the first on the program was Miss Latimer, who sang "Allan the Piper." She received a hearty greeting, as also did Mrs. Paterson. Mr. Fortune sang several of Sir Harry Lauder's songs and managed to get a "corporal's squad" to join in the chorus, but the hit of the evening was Past Chiefs John Ritchie and John R. Cunnison of Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, when they gave a new interpretation of Scotland's famous song "Annie Laurie." They made it "excruciatingly" funny by the side remarks as they went through their "turn," and there were many who, not knowing these two, took the "off keys" as being "truly, honests."

Murdo Mackenzie doesn't like to be called a pipe-major, he says it doesn't fit on his shoulders—but we differ. The "wee" Mackenzie as a Scottish dancer is evidently a source of pride to the piper of the New York Scottish Society, and of the spirit of the Highland dance there never was a better interpreter than the Bonnie Lassie that danced that evening. But we missed the other talented member of the clan.

Mrs. Beyea was warmly welcomed by all, and her stories of the Red Cross and of what she saw of our boys in the "Yankee Division" around St. Mihiel and in the Argonne, were enjoyed by everyone.

Dr. Wylie also joined our mystic circle and gave us a little sermon on the subject of Mrs. Beyea's talk that warmed us all up to the work of the Red Cross.

Mme. Haagsma, who interprets "Everywoman," rounded out a very enjoyable program with song and story. Her selection, "She loved him rale weel," brought many smiles and generous applause. Then there was a poem on "Parritch For Ever!" from the *London Morning Post*, called forth by the report that stocks of Scots oatmeal are accumulating, owing to the Scotsman forsaking his "mornin's morn." It called upon the nation to refute the stigma and to tell the world that the Duke of Argyll's "scratching posts" were just as popular as ever. "Aye, mon, its na lee!" "The Hymn of Peace," as sung by Mme. Haagsma, found the audience in the right mood and they joined heartily in the chorus.

"Auld Lang Syne" closed the evening and the guests went home with an appetite for "more."

December 19, the society held a successful smoker, and on the program appeared many of the old friends and voices of the society. It being so near the date of the annual dinner, the vice president was strongly in evidence and tried hard to arouse the appetite for good things, both inwardly and mentally, but there was considerable inattention on the part of some of the members who had heard that in the anteroom there reposed in containers some mutton pies and forbidden snake-bite cure.

Davie Anderson suggested that if he could only see a Scotch plaid snake, he could muster up courage to sing us "Jock MacGraw"; but the only inspiration that was offered was a "besonce," so Davie did his duty minus the excitement. Will Cuthbertson opened the ceremonies, and notwithstanding a sore throat, he did the honors fine. The society can always look to Cuthbertson for something that brings back the touch of the heather in the music of his songs. "The Haggis of Sandy MacPhee" rendered by Andrew Gillies brought smiles and laughter to the circle of the evening, and the picture painted in the words of the poem was fresh in the minds of all, for the nearness of the Burns celebration and its savory dishes made the recitation an appetizer for coming events.

Brother MacCrae went into the genealogy of the MacCraes, and we find like the Macneils the family grows apace. In fact, Malcolm, the president of the society, seeing the laurels of Clan Macneil in danger, had to mention a new section in American geographical topography that was decorated with the MacNeil Tartan.

The new member, Brother Hamilton, proved one of the evening's shining lights by a recitation of the poem of the trenches, "My Buddy Joe," and afterward of an original poem, written for him—as was explained by his side-partner, J. Sampson, when the recitation was over.

Tom Napier was in good voice and gave the circle of "weed burners" "Loch Lomond," and later "Annie Laurie." In the latter song, he was assisted to the proper spirit by the vice president, who had to, as some said, spread a lot of "mawkish sentiment" on the evening by dragging in a lot of his own family history.

Past President William Crawford and Secretary Tom Lennox helped out with the singing in their usual willing way, and then Brother Auld took the floor and tried to explain the effects of Mocha and Java beans on a Scotsman who had contracted the habit, blaming this overindulgence on the recent meeting of the Macneil Association. Personally, we never had a "wee Scotch nicht" with the juice of the forbidden berry as an incentive, but it must have had a lasting effect when Brother Auld drops the prose and takes to the poetry. Not as if we are desirous of sampling a mystery, but for the sake of future excitement we would like to ask the Brewer of Mocha for the Macneil Association, "What's intil't?"

NEW YORK
JAN.-FEB.. 1922

The Caledonian

(Founded by Donald MacDougall, April, 1901)

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

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THE CALEDONIAN

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, APRIL, 1901

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

The Songs of Burns

BY BARNARD GEORGE HOARE

No literary personality has been more exhausted in its subject and enquiry than Scotland's National Bard. As man and poet he has been discussed and his merits extolled by some of the greatest literary minds since his time, and no poet has received such hero worship in or out of Scotland, as the enthusiasts of Burns Clubs render to his memory annually at this time.

Hailing his birth as a star in the firmament of letters of undimming splendor, these votaries mark the event with unfailing constancy. Perhaps they over-estimate the convivial side of the poet by these gatherings, his weakest heritage, and it is this one-sided adoration more than anything else that doubtless provoked that fiery onslaught of the late W. E. Henley, his greatest bibliographer and severest critic, in his famous essay on Burns. Knowing the sources of his inspiration in the ancient songs of Scotland, Henley exclaims "Burns was no marvel." At the same time he confesses that it is as a song smith" that his genius reaches its "finest" expression. Nothing perhaps that is natural or great in Nature is marvellous, except the fact of its existence, and to this extent I do not agree with Henley. In fact, his admiration for the "song smith" disproves the earlier assertion. It is true that Burns had a considerable knowledge of traditional song. The paper containing his "remarks on Scottish song," found after his death among his personal effects, reveals that acquisition, and displays a critical insight into the merits and demerits of national song, such as fitted him to become their alchemist, turning everything he touched to gold, and discarding the baser metal to revel in the "natural touch." If we compare any of the songs he so transposed with his compression, expression and addition, we shall find that his artistry has wrought clay into sculptured form and made beauty (that eternal "marvel" of literary art) spring into being as if by magic of his touch.

When Thomson, in his interest in Scottish song, enlisted the enthusiasm of Burns, he little knew what glory he was conferring upon Scotland, or what a mentor he was to prove to genius of so rare a quality. Burns not only retouched, he composed gem after gem, pouring out his soul in his beloved vocation. To this we owe many of his loveliest lyrics, and this form of composition occupied him down to his death. It is his real legacy to Scotland. The spirit in which he entered into the work is remarkable. When Thomson

offered to remunerate him for whatever songs he supplied, he retorted: "By heavens! they shall be valueless or invaluable." It would seem that he was the keener spirit of the project, taking the work out of his editor's hands. Thomson was equally fastidious, suggesting this sentiment and that alteration, but Burns at length exhibited his mastership and told Thomson that he must allow him (Burns) to know something of his art, and that Thomson had left out of account one of the most essential elements of a song in his suggested improvements, viz.: "simplicity."

The true genius of song writing he found in Nature, in emotional sincerity, in conception of beauty, in life and art, and like the consummate artist he was, he sung with a native simplicity and verbal melody unsurpassed since, and quite foreign to his time. Sappho has left to time only a few fragments to show her much extolled genius. Burns all but rivals these, exquisite as they are. His words are thoughts that play about the heart. He has no spiritual injunction or imagination like Shelly, no meditative insight into external nature in her sublimer movements and phenomena like Wordsworth, but for pictorial exactitude of what touched his feelings, he has a mastery over words and a rhapsody of expression unexcelled in their expressiveness by the former and beyond the lyrical impulse of Wordsworth, although in simple, direct treatment and natural simplicity, both have much in common. Burns is the greater artist. His songs apart, his gift of expression is evident in other directions. As a narrative poet, it is seen in that superlative tale of superstition and witchery, "Tam o' Shanter," while his Hogarthian power to set forth the lowest humanity with fidelity and zest is seen in that extraordinary cantata of his invention, "The Jolly Beggars," a work that so impressed the author of "Waverly" as to cause him to characterize it as his greatest effort. In his "Farmer's New Year's Address to His Auld Mare Maggie," he exhibits a tender regard for the lower animals as the servant of man. The lines "To a Mouse" reveal his universal sympathy with animate nature. Carlyle has eulogized his "Winter Night" as "the voice of mercy itself." Exquisite and human as his homely humor is, he had a boisterous mirth and a dangerous wit when he took to satire. Pity the hypocrite, "Holy Willie," or the charlatan, "Dr. Hornbook," or the privileged dog in "The Twa Dogs," when the fires of Burns's satires played their lightning flashes and lit up the false outlines of insincerity and pretense or sympathized with the downtrodden and despised, and set their virtues over against the vices of their betters.

It is this humanity that has gained Burns his world-wide celebrity, and constitutes the magnet that draws the coteries that celebrate his advent on this planet. He himself began the custom in his song, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," where he describes the circumstance of his birth, its lowly happening, and his ambitious desire to excel among his fellows, with characteristic humor. It is true he allowed his passions to move him to all points of the compass, and that his life presents a warning to all sensualists against the evil of self-indulgence, and that the strands of true and false are equally woven in his texture.

He was too much a creature of moods, felt too much the charm of sensibility, but think of his hard life, and the depressing circumstances of his environment, the time in which he lived with its social manners (faithfully portrayed in his verse), when the palm of good-fellowship was awarded to "wha last beside his chair shall fa';" "he is the king among us three," and crowned the drinking pabulum of the day.

Someone has said that William Burns, the elder, was a better man than his gifted son, and Professor Blackie has in his brochure on Burns put character before genius. Not for the dangerous crevices and fissures in the giant peak do we scan the Alps, but that in spite of these it is the giant. No one is harder on Burns than Burns, and it is this saving virtue that elicits our compassion. To be as great and as natural as he was in such circumstances as his life presents, and not be blameless, was hardly to be expected, humanly speaking. This we may say without condoning his faults (which stand, as I have said, as beacons of warning to all who come that way). He could not say with unfaltering lips what his great predecessor uttered through Macbeth:

(*Continued on Page 479*)

Memories of a Scottish Village

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.

IV

Man's Chief End

In oor hame toon, all good men and others answered, in weekly practice and according to their light, the first question of the Shorter Catechism. It was unanimously agreed that "man's chief end" was "to glorify God"; but there was a great diversity of opinion on the manner of glorifying.

There was the Established Kirk (the Auld Kirk) under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. McCandlish; there was the Free Kirk under the Rev. Dr. Murdoch, with the undertaker, Mr. McClung, as precentor; there was the U. P. Kirk under Mr. McTavish, with "Doh-Me-Soh" Galloway at the tuning fork; there was the Gaelic Kirk of the Rev. Dougal McDougal, from whose lips strange thunders in a strange tongue rolled on a Sunday morning; there was the Roman Catholic Chapel of Father O'Leary in the poor part of oor toon, for which reason, among others, it was looked down upon and askance; and there was the Scottish Episcopal Church (the "English" or "Wee" Kirk), supported by the "gentry," for which, among other reasons, it was looked up to, but also askance.

The toon was neatly sub-divided in religious observance. On Sunday morning the dogs howled at the clamor of the various kirk bells. The Auld Kirk sonorously roared command; the Free roared back a dissenting counter-command; the U. P. bell smote upon the vibrating air, Hughie Dalgleish, who pulled the rope, being careful to get his stroke in precisely between his rivals' utterances; the Catholic bell (cracked) clunked its modest call to the faithful in the poor section, while the chimes of Episcopal St. Margaret's cheerfully tinkled "Onward, Christian Soldiers," falling flat on an unnatural C. The Gaelic had no bell at all, and needed none. Those who spoke no English, but would yet fulfill man's chief end, had no option but to attend.

While the dogs howled at the confusion of bell-tongues, the flocks of the Free, the U. P., and the Established came from all directions, each group moving toward its own shepherd and its own fold. On week-days these families might be neighbors; on Saturday nights, at Sandy Blue's tavern, the heads of these families might be more than neighbors; but on Sunday mornings they passed each other unrecognizingly, or with a tolerant bow. At the approach of the enemy, chins lifted higher, straight Sunday backs stiffened, and the Psalms and Paraphrases were clutched a little more grimly. Perhaps there might be a frozen smile and a frigid "Good morning, Mistress Gourlay," but the lip curled in contempt or pity for the misguided who was other than the Free, or the U. P., or the Established, as the case might be. And on week-days, the salute of Dr. Murdoch or Dr. McCandlish or Mr. McTavish—when one chanced to pass another—was ponderous, deliberate, and measured to a fine degree.

The Gaelic Kirk did not enter into, nor share, nor was held in, any of this bitterness. The Gaelic was a necessary insti-

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tution for non-English-speaking members of all folds, except the Catholic. The Catholic, although regarded with grave suspicion, was also a thing apart. But the *bete noir* of all, except the Catholic, was the Episcopal, or "English Wee Kirk," and the Rev. Benjamin Swazey, its incumbent .

The Episcopal Church in oor toon was one of the first in the Scottish Highlands. It was established through the energy of a comparatively young and newly consecrated Bishop, but only after he had fled in his nightshirt, leaving his breeches and gaiters to adorn his effigy, which was burned on the Barren Rocks by outraged descendants of John Knox and Jennie Geddes.

The "Wee" Kirk was built, however, and to it came the summer "gentry." In the winter it was deserted, the summer congregation having flitted back to the city. The young clergyman, Ben Swazey, read the prayers morning and evening, according to the Church Calendar, played the hymns as his own organist, sang the responses to the Litany as his own choir, and the echoes of his sermons rebounded from empty pews. Then he suddenly acquired a whole family as a nucleus of a permanent congregation.

That acquisition started the War of the Kirks in oor toon. Alexander Campbell, Senior, painter and interior decorator, had been Presbyterian; therefore, also, his wife and his family of nine. About the time the infant Sandy was born, Alexander Senior, out of curiosity, visited the "Wee" Kirk one Sunday morning. He liked it—the beauty of prayers that were new to him, the inspiration of the church organ, so new to the Highlands; and the interior decorations of the chancel and nave appealed to him professionally. Swazey noticed him in the "congregation": he could not help doing so. He called on Mrs. Campbell next day, remarked that the infant Sandy—later The Yowt, of a juvenile corporation known as Bagsie & Co., Unlimited—was a handsome child, "very like its mother," and inquired after its proposed spiritual affiliation.

The Rev. Dr. McCandlish heard of it and also called. When the matter of The Yowt's baptism was raised by Mrs. Campbell, convalescent, the Auld Kirk shepherd having been informed of Alexander Senior's leaning toward interior decorations and spiritual trappings, deplored that the child "should be dissevered from the church of its father." Mrs. Campbell and the minister had the last of their periodical differences, and it happened that the Rev. Mr. Swazey called again while she was still ruffled.

The small circumstance of The Yowt's baptism into the Episcopal Church started the war. The nine Campbells attended the "Wee" Kirk in a body, and regularly thereafter. They had relatives and acquaintances who were induced to "go once" out of curiosity. After the long-drawn prayers of the Auld Kirk, sermons that ran tediously into the "sixthlys" and "in conclusions" and "finallys," the cut-and-dried service, the organ music, the light sermon (10 minutes by the watch—14 manuscript pages) and the interior decorations took hold of the imagination.

The Yowt, at the age of four, was put in a cassock and surplice, and, as the choir, his shrill voice led as "When Morning Gilds the Skies." Other boys—Bagsie & Co. and humble aspirants to membership in that unlimited corporation—followed: and in time there was a goodly congregation, a goodly processional of white-robed cherubs, and The Yowt, among other duties, blew the organ for a salaried pedalist.

Dr. McCandlish, embittered by this success, preached a series of sermons on Sunday mornings on "Why I Am a Presbyterian." Mr. Swazey replied in the evenings with a rival series, "Why I Am a Ritualist." The flock that filled the Auld Kirk in the morning overcrowded the Wee Kirk in the evening, whereupon Dr. Murdoch of the Free held special meetings on Sunday afternoons and advocated disestablishment as a cure for religious intolerance. Mr. McTavish, of the U. P., not to be neutral, ran rival afternoon meetings, his discourses treating of Romanism and "The History of the Jesuits." Father O'Leary of the Catholic Chapel did nothing—that is, he continued in the placid ways his light revealed to him, while the Rev. Dougal McDougal, not having the English and being stone-deaf, thundered from Gaelic pulpit with unconscious humor:

"C'arson a ghabh na cinnich boile?"

Directory of Oor Hame Toon

HIS GRACE, the Duke — HIS HONOUR, the Provost

JAMIE ALLISON, bridegroom	REV. MR. MCTAVISH, of the "U. P."
SANDY BLUE, publican	REV. DOUGAL MCDOUGAL, of the "Gaelic"
DADDY BECKETT, temperance advocate	CAPT. DAVIE MORRISON, of the Salvation Army
JAMIE BLACK, laird	MARY MORRISON
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, interior decorator	MRS. ELLA MCNEISH, married
MAGGIE CAMPBELL	ERCHIE MCNICOL, departed
AULD CALAMITY, town-crier	DAVID MANSON, piermaster
HUGHIE DALGLEISH, bell-ringer	WULLIE MCPHEE, poet
MAGGIE DALGETTY, washerwife	LUCKIE MCCLUCKETT, spinster
GANGY, billposter	JAMES MCGILP, gamekeeper
AULD GALLOWAY, precentor	TAM MCMORRAN, curler
RUTH GIRDLESTONE, a lady	FATHER O'LEARY, priest
SIR HUBERT JERMYN, gentleman, sheriff	JENNIE ORMSBY, bride
DAFT LEEZIE, witch	THOMAS OSWALD, draper
JENNIE LINDSAY, midwife	"ROCK O' AGES" (see Rorie McLachlan)
SANDY MCCLUNG, undertaker	REV. BENJAMIN SWAZEY, of the "Wee Kirk"
DAVID MCSWILLING, plumber	ARCHIBALD STEEK, tailor
BAGSIE MCSWILLING	BALDY STEEK
JAMIE MCNEISH, doctor	SINKY, sexton
JOWDY MORE, backslider	HOLY TAMMAS MCQUADE, blacksmith
ARCHIE MILNE, butcher	MRS. URQUHART, gossip
RORIE MCLACHLAN, mail-carrier	WULLIE, postman
REV. DR. MCCANDLISH, of the "Established"	DADDY WALLACE, dominie
REV. DR. MURDOCH, of the "Free"	HOOKEY WALKER, ailin'

THE YOWT, a boy with a memory

which, being freely translated, is an inquiry after the furious raging of the heathen and the reasons provoking.

Bitterness increased, when, running against Mr. Swazey for the same vacant seat on the Parochial Board, Mr. McTavish of the U. P. was defeated. When Mr. Swazey's remark, that McTavish ate too much Scotch porridge for pole-climbing, reached the U. P. minister's ears, all the Presbyterian rivals buried the hatchet and united against the "Jesuit in disguise."

It became clear from the ensuing Presbyterian discourses that a minister of the Gospel who rode a bicycle was lacking in mental gravity; that the worship of flaming candles and brazen images marked him (Ben Swazey) as a priest of Baal; that the church of which he was incumbent was founded not upon rock, nor upon sand, but upon strong waters (having reference, no doubt, to the rich brewer who, with his family, occupied Mr. Swazey's front pew); that the athletic pace of this "Jesuit in disguise" upon the public street was itself indecorous, but nothing compared with the evil of his influence upon growing youth.

Growing youth liked the athletic, laughing "Big Ben" Swazey. His religion was adapted to the juvenile spirit. The remoteness of the Episcopal "Wee" Kirk, St. Margaret's, on wintry Sundays, was overcome by the erection of St. Cuthbert's Mission in the middle of the toon, not a hundred yards from the Free Kirk Manse. St. Margaret's was closed for the winter. On Sundays, Episcopal services were held in the Mission, only the altar of which had been consecrated by the Bishop. On week-days the altar was shut off by folding doors—called by the enemy "the safety valve," and then St. Cuthbert's Mission was a recreation hall.

The enemy was shocked to hear, on Wednesday nights, the strains of "Monte Carlo," rendered by "Swazey's Penny Whistle Band," shrieking from the window-cracks and keyholes of St. Cuthbert's. "Covenanter" wrote to the local weekly, *The Cowal Ghost*, and the rival midweekly, *The Kilmun Squeak*, copied his letter. Oor toon's Kirk War presently provided mirth for the great Glasgow dailies. But Swazey pursued his hilarious doctrines, and in time even Holy Tammas became resigned to the bright lights of St. Cuthbert's and "Swazey's Friday-Night Quadrilles."

These were the days of the religious renaissance in oor hame toon. In time the war ended in compromise. Only the dogs still howl at the babel of bell-tongues. The Auld Kirk, the Free and the U. P. have each their share in the spiritual subdivision. Perhaps the Gaelic flock diminishes as the language falls into disuse. But the Episcopal Church was presently accepted as a fact accomplished in Scotland. There are no more burnings of Bishop's effigies. No more does an indignant adherent of the Auld Licht rise in his pew in the "English" Kirk and end his curiosity visit by clapping his bonnet on his head and stamping out with a snort of "Rank Popery!"

The Bishop whose effigy and breeks they burned on the Barren Rocks is no longer living; nor is that grand old Bishop of Glasgow, who scorned the confines of the pulpit and absent-mindedly wandered about the kirk while he preached, finding himself once in the graveyard, considering (in conclusion) the lilies, how they grew. But of him there was a beautiful anecdote in oor hame toon.

When "Rock-o'-Ages," the mail-carrier, was seventy-two, Swazey convinced him that he was not too old to be confirmed. The Lord Bishop of Glasgow, himself but two years younger, paused when he came to that white head bowed among so many that were untouched by time. He raised the old applicant's chin with his hand and asked his name and age.

"Rorie McLachlan—seventy-two, sir," said "Rock-o'-Ages."

The Lord Bishop sank upon one knee and said simply:

"Sir, I may not bless my senior. Do me the honor, Rorie McLachlan—seventy-two. Rise, my father, and bless me."

"Rock-o'-Ages, profoundly embarrassed, profoundly moved, somehow got to his feet, stared with slow-gathering tears in his eyes at the bowed head of the great Lord Bishop, and stammered:

"God bless you, sir!"

IV

THE UNHOLY TRIUMVIRATE

They were three—Bagsie, The Yowt, and Baldy; and the greatest of these was Bagsie.

They were born about the same year: Bagsie on the night the great wind blew the bridge and the train into the Tay; Baldy on the merry night of Hogmanay; The Yowt on the odd day of the following leap-year, upon which circumstance the Dominie figured that he would not be fifty until two years after his twelfth birthday, and Daft Leezie, being informed of a mole on the new born Yowt's left foot, prophesied that his life would be a merry dance, with the wide world for a ball-room.

Bagsie was the son of MacSwilling, plumber, bellhanger and gasfitter; Baldy, the hopeful of Hughie Steek, the tailor, and the birth of The Yowt, son and heir of Alexander Campbell, painter, paperhanger and interior decorator, precipitated the Kirk War.

All three wore breeks on Sundays, the kilt on week-days, and—in winter—shoes. At the age of ten it was recorded of them that (1) they had never been actually in the hands of the police and (2) no one knew why.

Twice they had escaped by a mere hand's breadth. In the first instance, Bagsie, discovered in the leafy precincts of Sir Hubert Jermyn's orchard by that gentleman-sheriff's velveted son, had resisted and resented. The Sheriff, allowing that his son profited by the thrashing, let the matter drop. In the second instance, Bagsie & Co., a corporation of unlimited activities, stole a canister of gunpowder from an ironmonger's secret store, and promptly blew up its corporate self. The explosion, which oor toon thought must herald the long-expected invasion by the French, led to an investigation of the unlicensed sale of explosives, and the beginnings of the affair were quite overlooked. Bagsie lost his hair, *pro tem.*, The Yowt, also temporarily, his cherubic beauty as Swazey's choir, and Baldy, losing two front teeth, was unable to whistle for several years.

They attended the public school in oor toon, moving upward through the various grades as an inseparable desk trio. If Bagsie were asked to name the capital of Malta, he would rise, elevate his left eyebrow, study the ceiling, then the map of the Holy Land on the wall, then the desk to which he clung with both hands; and there, behind a slate, slightly propped in its slot, would be an open book, slipped there by Baldy on the left or The Yowt on the right.

"Valetta," Bagsie would murmur, with just the proper shade of uncertainty.

Often this brilliant trio would aid the less scintillant of the bench ahead. Once Parritch-Heid Craig arose to rede the riddle of the things for which the State of Kansas is noted, and answered upon a sibilant hiss from behind:

"Sly clowns and torny-doys, sir!"

"Come oot here!" said the Dominie, reaching for his five-toed taws of toasted leather. The Dominie in oor toon might have sung with that Govan schoolmaster who figures in Wilson's *Tales of the Border*—

> Let doctors think to store the mind.
> By screeds o' rules and saws—
> Commend me to the learning that's
> Weel whupp'd in wi' the taws!

If ever the Unholy Triumvirate prayed for anything, it was for rain. That meant only a half-day at school. The afternoon they could spend, drenched, muddy and happy, investigating orchards or grozet patches, discovering new continents on the Duke's moors, or studying the evolution of puddocks in swamps. If Bagsie's pocket did not conceal a live toad at least once a month, his mother knew he was ailing and dosed him with castor oil. The Yowt once threw his mother into hysterics by bringing home a human skull which Sinky, the sexton, overlooked in refilling a grave. Alexander Senior, *fu'* that night, made matters worse by weeping over the skull and exclaiming, "Alas, puir Dauvit! I kenned him weel!"

If anything unusual happened in oor toon the alibi of the Unholy Triumvirate was closely scanned to begin with. Save when the gunpowder explosion placed their whereabouts beyond question (even to the rural postman three miles away), they were usually found far from the scene of disturbance, The Yowt, for instance, warbling "All ye works of the Lord" at St. Cuthbert's choir practice, Bagsie muttering "the more required the less goes first," over his arithmetic home exercise, and Baldy taking home a pair of turned and pressed breeks to one of his father's patrons.

On a Hallowe'en night the death-watch might tick-tick-tick at Holy Tammas's scullery window, or the kail-runts vanish from Luckie McCluckett's yaird; Daft Leezie the witch-wife, might see a staggering vision and forespell the doom of a healthy neighbor; or the hairy apparition of a dead cat might be lowered down the lum into the fireplace where Jamie the Black, bonnet-laird and miser, sat glowering. Strange things happened in oor toon, but the Unholy Triumvirate was always far, far removed from the scene of them.

They attended the U. P. Band of Hope on Mondays, the Free Kirk Band of Hope on Thursdays, and the rehearsals of "Swazey's Penny Whistle Band" on Wednesdays. Only on Sunday mornings were they parted—these three—and that to endure the agonies of kirk: The Yowt at the "English," Bagsie at the "Auld," and Baldy at the "Free." But on Sunday afternoons, McGilp, the gamekeeper, observed that the Duke's moorhens were considerably disturbed. It was flying from the McGilp that The Yowt left the seat of his first breeks fluttering on a fence, and for once looked his father in the eye—turning not away—when he got home.

"Turn 'round!" thundered the interior decorator. Then, gazing upon the ruin of the new breeks, he reached for the porridge-stick, an implement of many domestic uses.

The bawbee each received on a Saturday from a fond parent was all spent in one shop within one hour. The problem of wherewithal for week-days taxed the ingenuity of the triumvirate. Finance was essential to their major operations, such as the hiring of a boat for exploration of the coast of Africa across the Firth, and the purchase of an air-pistol and slugs against attack by Hottentots and leopards. And always they needed matches. Without matches they could never have burned up fifty acres of the Duke's heather or threatened the toon with the great whin-fire which originated mysteriously on the Gallowhill one afternoon. Without matches they could never have lit the fire on which Bagsie cooked the one-pound canister of "diamond grain."

At first they besought errandship for the grocer, the draper and others, but their integrity as a messenger corporation suffered through Baldy's thoughtlessness. Mr. Oswald, the draper, called Steek into his shop one evening as the triumvirate

was marching as a Band going Hopeward.

"Baldy Steek," said the draper mysteriously, "I want ye to run an errand—verry important. Tak' this parcel to *Carlyle Cottage*. Ye ken whaur it is? Ay? And mind this, noo—*it has tae be delivered the night!*"

"Ay, ay," said Baldy, receiving the parcel and one penny.

The penny being duly invested in corporation stock, the triumvirate proceeded to the U. P. Band of Hope, Baldy carrying the important parcel, which he presently sat upon with youthful thought to comfort while "Strawberry Blossom" McWhing admonished against the evils of strong drink. Their jaws became locked in the vocal rendering of "The Serpent in the Glass," and Daddy Beckett, the superintendent, stopped the chorus and roared:

"Hoo can you lads expeck tae sing wi' yer mooths fu' o' gundy?"

It was later than usual when the Band of Hope adjourned. Baldy was due home at nine. It was now nearer ten. The parcel was to be delivered at Car—Car—Oh, ay!—*Cargill* Cottage. That was away at the other end of oor toon, but it happened that Bagsie lived quite near it. The important parcel, now somewhat creased, soiled and flattened, was turned over to Bagsie McSwilling, who undertook its delivery as a member of the corporation.

Cargill Cottage was occupied by two ancient spinsters of genteel habits, such as retiring early. It was nearly midnight when Bagsie, having fallen into some diversion in the meantime, roused them out of bed and delivered the package to an old maid with crimped hair and a wrapper, and carrying a lighted candle. Bagsie explained that the parcel was from Mr. Oswald, the draper, important, and to be delivered that night.

Then Bagsie went home to face an irate plumber with a potstick. That was all about the parcel until later, when Baldy Steek unfolded a tragic tale to the Unholy Triumvirate. Baldy's father had come home and sternly ordered his son to go and see Mr. Oswald. The draper, with a wild eye, asked the boy what he had done with the parcel. Feeling that a lie would be unsafe, Baldy told how, it being late, etc., he had given it to Bagsie McSwilling for delivery at Cargill Cottage.

"Heaven forgive us!" wailed the draper when the truth and horror of the situation dawned upon him. "D'ye not ken, boy, it was *Carlyle* Cottage I tell't ye! D'ye no ken that auld Hookey Walker was expeckit to dee in the nicht and Mr. McClung order't the shroud sent up aforehand! Oh, Lord forgive us! What a c'lamity! The puir man lyin' deid an' no a suit o' grave-clothes to put on his cauld corp.

"But that's no a', ye young vill'in! The place whaur that ither scamp left the shroud was *Cargill* Cottage, and the doctor's been ca'd in to the auld maids that's in an unco state, gettin' a parcel in the deid o' night, wi' a suit o' corpse-clo'es in it!"

Baldy Steek was uncomfortable on his bench at school for several days after Oswald turned him over to his father, and the tailor pressed his son's breeks with a flat-iron. The story got about and the messenger department of Bagsie & Co. Unlimited, was forever discredited.

But The Yowt devised a new scheme for covering the financial deficit. It was inspired by genius. Baldy's less brilliant suggestion, that with a knife-blade it should be easy to extract pennies from the Foreign Missionaries' box in the Wee Kirk porch, was promptly tabled.

The Yowt, exercising his privilege as a chorister of St. Margaret's, had found a sixpence on the previous Saturday afternoon while helping Sinky the sexton clean up the church.

"I'm thinkin'," said The Yowt to the board of directors of Bagsie & Co. Unlimited, "that there maun be a wheen o' pennies and thrupenny bits an' sixpences dropped in the kirk. An' the folk dinna like to go huntin' for them afore the hale congregation.

"Noo, auld Sinky doesna sweep up till the day afore the next Sunday. If we were to hunt under the seats and kneelin' benches and hassocks on Monday, there'd be rare findin's."

The Yowt himself tested his theory on the following Monday, while Bagsie and Baldy hid outside among the tombstones. In vain they signalled the approach of the Rev. Benjamin Swazey from the rectory. The Yowt was busy on his hands and knees among the pews when Mr. Swazey entered.

"Good gracious, my boy! what are you doing there?" he cried.

"Cleaning up," said The Yowt, recovering his momentarily shaken nerve.

At this evidence of fidelity to the church, Mr. Swazey complimented the lad, and gave him a sixpence by way of encouragement to continued industry.

Later the Unholy Triumvirate counted up one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny as the proceeds of the first gleaning. The Yowt had proven the soundness of his theory. Occasionally thereafter he found a fine gilt-edged prayer book, or a vanity bag, and on one occasion a large smelling-salts bottle halfful of brandy. Such articles he turned over to Mr. Swazey, who quite frequently rewarded his sterling honesty in sterling kind. Many a sixpence was thus added to a fund of which Mr. Swazey had no inkling. He was particularly pleased when The Yowt recovered (from under a front pew) a dainty fan belonging to the brewer-vestryman's wife. The brewer sent the lad five shillings, and that day Bagsie & Co., Unltd. declared an increased dividend.

In winter, when St. Margaret's was closed, the pickings at St. Cuthbert's Mission were not so good, the rich summer visitors being gone. But to offset this the kirk gleaners extended their business. The Yowt kept St. Cuthbert's under his eye, while Bagsie hunted on Monday mornings around the pews of the Auld Kirk, finding an occasional bawbee, and Baldy undertook the Free. Rather than take a fourth partner into the business, they let the U. P. sexton continue to enjoy the little perquisites which the sextons of the other kirks observed were not what they used to be. As for the Gaelic Kirk, it never occurred to the Triumvirate that a bawbee could ever be dropped there.

It was Bagsie who discovered the mine of the Gaelic Kirk. One day at the fag-end of the financial week, when the Unholy Triumvirate's jaws were at rest, and the board of directors sat in gloomy conference on the Barren Rocks, Bagsie suddenly arose and mysteriously went away. Twenty minutes later he returned with a bag of Tough Jeans and solemnly declared a dividend.

"Whaur did ye get it?" asked Baldy, meaning the wherewith.

"Ye'll no tell anybody?"

They crossed their throats with imaginary knife-blades. Then Bagsie revealed a scandalous thing. Behind the Gaelic Kirkyard there was a wall. Beyond that was a clump of bushes hiding a small field. Behind that wall, in those bushes, there was a gold mine—a steady deposit of from three to six empty whiskey-flasks every Sunday. How they got there concerned them not; only the fact that they were there for Monday morning gleaners, and that a whiskey-flask was one penny currency over any bar or licensed grocer's counter in the toon.

It was a source of steady income to Bagsie & Co. for weeks. Then Baldy's father smelled liquor on his son one day, and discovered an empty mutchkin flask in the junior Archibald Steek's pocket. Steek Senior's relief, when he heard the truth of the matter, was so great that he was seized with a convulsion of mirth. Baldy escaped the porridge-stick. When Alexander Senior tried to chasten his Yowt, he made a fizzle of the operation, failing to keep his face straight. Bagsie McSwilling's father repeated the tale as he had heard it from the original discoverers of the mine; and the toon roared hilariously. Only the Rev. Dougal McDougal of the Gaelic Kirk saw no humor in the matter; but then he was stone-deaf, and possibly the tale was garbled in translation.

But that source of income collapsed, for there was a great falling-off in the mine behind the Gaelic Kirk wall. The vein had petered out.

In time, Bagsie & Co. dissolved partnership. During the Great War the newspapers of oor toon spoke of one, David McSwilling, private, dead in the trenches. Another name, Archibald Steek, private, appeared in the roll of honor just a little further down the column. Baldy, it seems, had tried to save his fellow triumvir. They had gone to Canada some years before, but returned with the Canadian kilties to fight for the hame toon. They became separated in the retreat before that first great gas attack. Baldy, fearing for Bagsie, went back. When the Canadians again occupied the trenches, they found them both. . . . .

They say The Yowt went to America. I often wonder what became of him. . . .

NEXT ISSUE: "The Rise and Fall of Jowdy More."

A Sprig of Heather

BY BERNARD D. WARD

Ye touched a tender chord ma freen,
  Ye set Love's spark aflame,
For tho' the seas roll on atween
  Ye brocht me nearer hame.
An' haun jined haun across the deep
  An' he'rts were linked taegether,
While natal pride woke from her sleep
  A' thro' a sprig o' heather.

In Fancy's flicht I saw again
  The bonnie heath clad braes,
Whaur oft I sauntered doon the glen
  An' watched the sun's bricht rays
Like shafts o' gold amang the green,
  In royal blend taegether
On limpid waters' burnished sheen
  Tinted wi' purple heather.

I thank ye for the kindly thocht
  Tae me, a stranger, given;
'T was as an angel fair had brocht
  Her choicest floo'er frae heaven
Tae cheer a lonely exile's he'rt
  Thro' fair or stormy weather,
Sae lay me doon when life departs
  Aneath the bonnie heather.

Lowell, Mass.

John Muir—A Review

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART II

Burning brush seems to have been the first work that young Muir did on the new clearing. But from the moment of arrival he began studying the wild life around him, and breathing in the inspiration to know nature thoroughly which became the passion of his later life; he seems to have been a born naturalist. Of this period he writes much that is interesting, of the beasts, birds, insects and plants with which he came in contact daily. A dissertation of many pages on the mental qualifications of the domestic animals, he sums up thus:

"The humanity we found in them came partly through the expression of their eyes when tired, their tones of voice when hungry and calling for food, their patient plodding and pulling in hot weather, their long-drawn out sighing breath when exhausted and suffering like ourselves, and their enjoyment of rest with the same grateful looks as ours. We recognized their kinship also by their yawning like ourselves when sleepy, and evidently enjoying the same peculiar pleasure at the roots of their jaws; by the way they stretched themselves in the morning after a good rest; by learning languages, for they knew Scotch, Irish, French and Dutch; they knew a smattering of each of these as required in the faithful service they so willingly and wisely rendered from day to day; by their intelligent, alert curiosity manifested in listening to strange sounds; their love of play; the attachments they made; and their mourning, long continued, when a companion was killed."

The frogs, snakes, dragon-flies, bees, butterflies, wasps and beetles all soon became known to him, so that he could handle them without injury to himself. This gave him much enjoyment. He writes page after page about all his beast, bird, snake and insect friends of this per-

iod, much that I would like to quote, but space forbids.

During the second fall after the pioneers had settled on the farm, Mother Muir, with the rest of the family, came from Scotland, at which time the roughly-built shanty that first sheltered them was abandoned, and the new frame house was taken possession of. At once the mother seems to have found her chief duty to be that of shielding her boys from the hard, almost imperious rule of the father. He was a most exacting, pernickety Scotsman, none could be more so, and at twelve the young lad, John, had to do a man's work at the plough, or whatever other farm work was in season; working seventeen hours a day; required to go to bed immediately after the evening meal, so that he might be able to rise from it six or seven hours later to begin the next day's work. The boy was even denied the privilege of reading books other than the Bible, or books on religious subjects.

I am tempted here to make an extended extract from the book, just as I find it written, to show my readers what John Muir had to contend with to acquire his knowledge. He writes:

"I learned arithmetic in Scotland without understanding any of it, though I had the rules by heart; but when I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, I began to grow hungry for real knowledge and persuaded father, who was now willing enough to have me study, provided my work on the farm was kept up, to buy me a higher arithmetic. Beginning at the beginning, in one summer I easily finished it without assistance, in the short intervals between the end of dinner and the afternoon start in the fields, accomplishing more without a teacher, in a few scraps of time, than in years of school before my mind was ready for such work.

"Then in succession I took up algebra, geometry and trigonometry, and made some little progress in each, and reviewed grammar. I was fond of reading, but father brought only a few religious books from Scotland. Fortunately, several of our neighbors had brought a dozen or two of all sorts of books, which I borrowed and read, keeping all of them, except the religious ones, carefully hidden from father's eye. Among them were Scott's novels, which, like all other novels, were strictly forbidden, but devoured with glorious pleasure in secret.

"Father was easily persuaded to buy Josephus' *Wars of the Jews* and D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation,* and I tried hard to get him to buy *Plutarch's Lives,* which, as I told him, everybody, even religious people, praised as a grand good book; but he would have nothing to do with the old pagan, until the graham bread and anti-flesh doctrines came suddenly into our backwoods neighborhood, making a stir something like phrenology and spirit-rappings, which were as mysterious in their attacks as influenza. He then thought it possible that Plutarch might be turned to account on the food question by revealing what those old Greeks and Romans ate to make them strong; and so at last we got our glorious Plutarch.

"Dick's *Christian Philosopher,* which I borrowed from a neighbor, I thought I might venture to read in the open, trusting that the word 'Christian' would be proof against its cautious condemnation. But father balked at the word 'Philosophy,' and quoted from the Bible a verse which spoke of 'philosophy falsely so-called.' I then ventured to speak in defense of the book, arguing that we could not do without at least a little of the most useful kinds of philosophy.

" 'Yes, we can,' he said with enthusiasm, 'the Bible is the only book human beings can possibly require throughout all the journey from earth to heaven.' 'But how,' I contended, 'can we find the way to heaven without the Bible, and how, after we grow old, can we read the Bible without a little helpful science? Just think, father, you cannot read your Bible without spectacles, and millions of others are in the same fix, and spectacles cannot be made without a knowledge of the science of optics.'

" 'Oh!' he replied, perceiving the drift of the argument, 'there will always be plenty of worldly people to make spectacles.' To this I stubbornly replied with a quotation from the Bible with reference to the time coming when 'all shall know the Lord from the least even to the greatest,' and 'then who will make the spectacles?' But he still objected to my reading that book, called me 'a contumacious quibbler, too fond of disputation,' and ordered me to return the book to the

accommodating owner. I managed, however, to read it later."

There is much more recounting similar trouble with his father about the time he wasted in reading. He was absolutely forbidden to read after the evening meal, but must go to bed when all the rest of the family did, immediately after the chores were done. In one of his lectures on the subject to John, Father Muir inadvertently said, "If you will read, get up in the morning as early as you like." John immediately took advantage of this, and every morning thereafter was up at one o'clock, reading, studying and working on inventions, thus gaining five hours each day for his mental improvement.

His mind had developed quite an inventive turn, and in the years between his fifteenth and twenty-first he had made a clock that raised a hand at the rising and at the setting of the sun; a barometer, a combined thermometer, hygrometer, barometer and pyrometer, a thermometer, a self-setting saw-mill, and a student's desk that he later took to the Wisconsin State University at Madison, when finally he went there. For when, the year after he attained his majority, he decided to leave home and start in life for himself, he was advised by one of the neighbors to take some of his inventions to the State fair at Madison. His advisor felt sure that the exhibit would attract attention, and might be the means of his obtaining employment.

Having made up his mind to leave home, he told his father about it and asked him if it should happen that he needed money would he send him some. Very promptly the answer came, "No, you must depend entirely upon yourself." One can hardly believe that a father who pretended to be a good Christian, and to live in the fear of God, could make such a son such an answer, and do him such an injustice. The young man had worked faithfully from his eleventh year till his majority, sixteen and seventeen hours a day, for nothing but his bed and board; it almost seemed that every breath he drew through these long, hard years was that of a slave.

Now he was about to be turned adrift with nothing but the clothes he wore. True, he still had the gold sovereign that his grandfather gave him when he left Scotland; he also had ten dollars that he had received for wheat that he had grown on a little patch of sandy ground that his father did not think worth cultivating. So, with about fifteen dollars in his pocket and two of his clocks in a bundle, he started from home to face the world. Of this incident he writes:

"Strange to say, father carefully taught us to consider ourselves very poor worms of the dust, conceived in sin, etc., and devoutly believed that quenching every spark of pride and self-confidence was a sacred duty, without realizing that in doing so he might be quenching everything else. Praise he considered most venomous, and tried to assure me that when I was fairly out in the wicked world, making my own way, I would soon learn that although I might have thought him a hard taskmaster at times, strangers were far harder. On the contrary, I found no lack of kindness."

His brother, David, was permitted to drive him to the railway station at Pardeeville, a village nine miles south from the Hickory Hill Farm, that though so near, he had never seen before. From the very first, his package of clocks—for he had no paper to wrap them in—attracted attention, and while he waited for the train at Pardeeville, a crowd of the villagers gathered about, looking at them and asking all sorts of questions about them. He had never seen a railroad or a train before. The engine amazed him, and the conductor, who was attracted to the boy with the bundle of clocks, arranged with the engineer to let him ride in the cab with him, permitting him to crawl all over the engine; this pleased him mightily.

Arriving at Madison, he inquired his way to the fair grounds, and with his clocks on his shoulder found his way there. Being an exhibitor, he was permitted to go in without purchasing a ticket, and was given space to exhibit his clocks in the Fine Arts building, where he was informed that on account of the novelty and beauty of his exhibit, he might select any place in the hall, even if it required the removal of any article already on exhibition.

He writes: "They seemed to attract more attention than anything else in the hall. I got lots of praise from the crowd and the newspaper reporters. The local press reports were copied into eastern papers. It was considered wonderful that

a boy on a farm had been able to invent and make such things, and almost every spectator foretold good fortune for me. But I had been so lectured by my father above all things to avoid praise that I was afraid to read those kind newspaper notices, and never clipped out or preserved any of them, just glanced at them and turned away my eyes from beholding vanity.

"They gave me a prize of fifteen dollars and a diploma for wonderful things not down on the list of exhibits."

At the fair he met a man named Wiard, who was exhibiting an ice-boat that he had invented to run on the Mississippi River from Prairie du Chien to St. Paul in the winter months. This man had a small machine shop at Prairie du Chien. He induced young Muir to go with him there to learn the machinist's trade. In a short time, however, he saw that he would gain little advantage there, and so concluded to return to Madison, hoping that in some way he could work his way through the university. I think it well to let him tell his own story as to how he accomplished this.

He writes: "One day as I rambled about the beautiful University grounds, I chanced to meet a student who had seen my exhibit at the fair, and now recognized me. And when I said to him, 'You are fortunate fellows to be allowed to stay in this beautiful place; I wish I could join you.' 'Well, why don't you?' he asked. 'I haven't money enough,' I said. 'Oh, as to money,' he reassuringly explained, 'very little is required. I presume you are able to enter the Freshman class, and you can board yourself, as quite a number of us do, at a cost of about a dollar a week. The baker and milkman come every day; you can live on bread and milk.'

"Well, I thought, maybe I have money enough for at least one beginning term. Anyhow, I couldn't help trying. With fear and trembling, overladen with ignorance, I called on Professor Stirling, the Dean of the Faculty, who was then acting President, presented my case, and told him how far I had got with my studies at home, and that I had not been to school since leaving Scotland at the age of eleven years, excepting one short term of a couple of months at a district school, because I could not be spared from the farm work. After hearing my story, the kind professor welcomed me to the glorious university—next, it seemed to me, to the Kingdom of Heaven. After a few weeks in the preparatory department, I entered the Freshman class. In Latin I found that one of the books in use I had already studied in Scotland; so after an interruption of a dozen years, I began my Latin over again, where I had left off, and, strange to say, most of it came back to me, especially the grammar which I had committed to memory at the Dunbar Grammar School.

During the four years that I was in the University I earned enough during the long summer vacations to carry me through the balance of each year, working very hard, cutting with a cradle four acres of wheat a day and helping to put it in the shock. But having to buy books, and paying, I think, thirty-two dollars a year for instruction, and occasionally buying acids and retorts, glass-tubing, bell-glasses, flasks, etc., I had to cut down expenses for board now and then to half-a-dollar a week.

"One winter I taught school ten miles north of Madison, earning much needed money at the rate of twenty dollars a month, 'boarding round' and keeping up my University work by studying at night. As I was not then well enough off to own a watch, I used one of my Hickory clocks, not only for keeping time, but for starting the school fire in the cold mornings, and regulating class times. I carried the clock on my shoulder to the old log schoolhouse, and set it to work on a little shelf nailed to one of the knotty bulging logs.

"The winter was very cold, and I had to go to the schoolhouse and start the fire about eight o'clock, to warm it before the arrival of the scholars; this was a rather trying job, and one that my clock might easily be made to do. Therefore after supper one evening, I told the head of the family with whom I was boarding that if he would give me a candle I would go back to the schoolhouse and make arrangements for lighting the fire at eight o'clock the next morning, without my having to be present until time to open the school at nine. He said, 'Oh, young man, you have some curious things in the schoolroom, but I don't think you can do that.' I said, 'Oh, yes, it is easy,' and in hardly

more than an hour the simple job was completed.

"I had only to place a teaspoonful of powdered chlorate of potash and sugar on the stove hearth, near a few shavings and kindling wood, and at the required time make the clock, through a simple arrangement, touch the inflammable mixture with a drop of sulphuric acid. Every evening after the school was dismissed, I shoveled out what was left of the fire into the snow, put in a little kindling, filled up the big box stove with heavy wood, placed the lighting arrangement on the hearth, and set the clock to drop the acid at the hour of eight; all this required but a few minutes.

"The first morning after I had made this simple arrangement I invited the old farmer to watch the old schoolhouse from a window that overlooked it, to see if a good smoke did not rise from the stovepipe. Sure enough! on the minute he saw the tall column curling gracefully up through the fresh air, but instead of congratulating me on my success, he solemnly shook his head, and in a hollow, lugubrious voice said, 'Young man, you will be setting fire to the schoolhouse.'

"At the beginning of the long summer vacation, I returned to the Hickory Hill Farm (his father's farm) to earn the means in the harvest fields to continue my University course, walking all the way to save railroad fares, and after cradling four acres of wheat a day, managed during the summer to complete the course in Botany. I also still indulged my love of mechanical inventions; I invented a desk in which the books I had to study were arranged in order at the beginning of each term. I also made a bed which set me on my feet every morning at the hour determined on, and in the dark winter mornings, just as the bed set me on the floor it lighted a lamp. Then, after the minutes allowed for dressing had elapsed, a click was heard and the first book to be studied was pushed up from a rack below the top of the desk, thrown open and allowed to remain so for the number of minutes required. Then the machinery closed the book and allowed it to drop back into its stall; then moved the rack forward and threw up the next in order, and so on."

He goes on to describe other inventions, an apparatus to make visible the growth of plants, also a barometer, and a lot of other scientific apparatus. His room was regarded by the professors as a sort of show place, to which they brought visitors.

He writes: "Although I was four years at the University, I did not take the regular course of studies, but instead picked out what I thought would be most useful to me, particularly chemistry, which opened a new world, and mathematics and physics; a little Greek and Latin, botany and geology. I was far from satisfied with what I had learned; I should have stayed longer. But I wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years, and is not completed yet."

(To be Continued)

The Surname Witherspoon

The Surname Witherspoon

BY GEORGE FRASER BLACK

The surname Witherspoon or Wotherspoon, the origin of which for long was a puzzle to me, turns out to be simply a shortening of "Wardroper's toun." Late in the thirteenth century Roger Wythirspon, clerk, witnessed a grant by James the High Steward of lands in Renfrew (OPS. i. p. 77). In 1331 John de Wardroperisthon and David his brother, sons of the late Andrew de Wardroperisthon, granted a charter in favour of Sir John de Inchemartyn of the lands of Wardroperisthon (SCM. v. 10). John Wyddirspwn was tenant of Dalbeth in 1518 (Rental). Thomas Witherspuyn witnessed a tack by the Abbot of Cupar in 1521 (SCM. v. 294), and Nicholas Wethirspwne was a witness in Glasgow in 1548 (Protocols). Archibald Wetherspune held the vicarage of Karridden in 1546 (LSC. p. 261). Other early forms of the surname are: Uthirspwne (1552), Vatherspoone (1637), Wedderspoone (1620), Wetherspwne (1549), Wetherspone (1614), Wethirspune (1569), Widerspune (1483), Withirspovune (c. 1530), Withirspwne (1575), Woodderspoon (1761), Wyddirspwnn (1485). Another modern form of the name is Wedderspoon.

The Chester War Memorial

Some years ago Mr. Massey Rhind, the prominent New York sculptor, was ordered by his physician to spend his summers in Chester, Nova Scotia, a quaint little seaside resort some fifty miles along the coast from Halifax, and beautifully situated on a picturesque bay artistically furnished with islands of all shapes and sizes, and with such interesting names as Fish, Gooseberry, Little Gooseberry, Ironbound, Quaker, and even the famous Captain Kidd's.

This was at the time the World War was at its height, and Mr. Rhind met a great number of "the boys" of the 58th Highland Corps going off to the front, which, of course, interested him very much. By and by as the years rolled on and the dreadful toll was recorded in this little municipality, where some forty-seven out of 165 were killed, his interest was aroused while listening one evening to the City council holding a meeting with the intention of erecting some sort of a memorial as a tribute to these boys; and as is usual in such cases, the usual cemetery monumental man pounced upon them and had succeeded in convincing these innocent country people that the very much hackneyed obelisk or shaft would make a beautiful decoration for their town; but which eventually would have resulted in a very commercial, uninteresting and expensive venture for the community.

For some days after this meeting Mr. Rhind gave the matter considerable thought, and finally concluded it was a great pity to allow the situation to advance any further in this unfortunate direction, and that here was an opportunity to do something to assist this little town in getting a memorial worthy of the great sacrifice these boys had made, as well as show his own appreciation of the benefits in regaining his health in this ideal climate; so he accordingly proposed to the Council that if during the winter they would haul through the snow on a big sleigh a huge boulder he knew of, lying on the roadside towards Halifax, and would erect it on the little "common" situated on the edge of the seashore, he would, as his donation to the monument, give them the model of an heroic Highlander in the uniform and equipment of the Canadian Highland Corps, provided the committee would arrange garden parties on the proposed site as a means of raising the necessary funds to defray the expense of bronze casting only.

THE CHESTER WAR MEMORIAL
Statue by J. Massey Rhind, New York.

To demonstrate to the community how the completed monument would look and at the same time stimulate the proper enthusiasm to solicit subscriptions, he decided that a small model placed on public view would bring favorable results;

so he communicated with his studio in New York to send him some modeling wax and tools. Upon receipt of these, the courteous village photographer very generously offered the use of his studio, where Mr. Rhind designed a miniature model showing in detail the effect of the completed statue when placed upon the huge boulder.

When this small model was exhibited, at a garden party, the natives as well as summer visitors from Chester and neighboring towns, attended in great numbers to satisfy their curiosity about the proposed monument. The summer visitors responded generously in subscribing the greater part of the amount to pay for the bronze reproduction of this heroic Highlander and a bronze tablet containing the names of the boys who had died in France.

By this means the little village of Chester becomes the proud possessor of one of the finest war memorials in Canada, and accompanying is an illustration of the heroic statue, which has just been completed.

The boulder pedestal is more than nine feet high, surrounded by smaller boulders and crude stone steps, and the monument occupies a commanding position on a rocky headland overlooking the sea, and facing the West.

Mr. Rhind comes from an old artistic Edinburgh family, and is the second son of the late John Rhind, R. S. A. Many of his father's statues decorate that beautiful city, his last and perhaps his greatest achievement being the heroic statue of William Chambers, the publisher. Mr. Rhind's younger brother, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Duncan Rhind, made a brilliant record during the war.

In Memoriam—Robert Burns

(Born 25th January, 1759; Died, 21st July, 1796)

Republished by Request

Ohon! that he suld die sae soon!
A bleezin' sun eclipsed at noon!
Wi' care an' anguish sair worn doun
Till a' was owre;
Yet his lyre soundin' sweet in tune
Hard at death's door.

His life was a brief April day;
Clouds aften hid the cheerin' ray;
But sweet flowers blossomed on his way,
An' sweet birds carolled;
An's memory will be cherished aye
Owre a' the world.

Unnumbered thrangs frae age to age—
Peasant an' noble, patriot, sage—
Wend to his tomb on pilgrimage
As to a shrine.
Dear Burns! Nae name on Fame's broad page
Is lo'ed like thine.

Though puir an' sair forfairn while livin',
Aye fashed wi' care, by trouble driven,
Nae ither poet under Heaven
Has ever won
The love, the praise, the honour given
To Scotland's son.

Ay, peerless poet though he be,
Shakespeare wad be the first to 'gree
That on men's hearts not even he
Sic a haud has ta'en:
The warmest place to Burns they gie
At th' heart's hearthstane.

Auld Scotland has a noble brood
O' sons to mak her fain an' prood;
But Robin is mair fondly looed
Than a' the rest—
Her very ain, flesh, bane an' bluid,
Dearest an' best.

Scotland's immortal king he reigns;
And Greater Scotland's wide domains,
Frae Quebec's heights to Melbourne's plains,
Own Burns's sway;
An' a' wi' Scots bluid in their veins
Their homage pay.

The richtfu' king of minstrelsy,
The champion o' democracy,
Poet-laureate o' the brave an' free,
The lover's god,
The bard o' a' humanity,
Sleeps 'neath yon sod.

How little did his country ken
How great he was 'mang greatest men!
His greatness shows plain an' mair plain
As th' ages roll,
We ne'er shall see his like again:
God rest his soul.

W. C. Benet.

Grimshawes, N. C.

At Last a Worthy Biography

BY JAMES KENNEDY

This notable book* clearly proves that if ever there was a man unfortunate in his early biographers, it is Robert Burns. It seems strange that the most gifted man that Scotland ever produced, the most accomplished lyric poet of all the ages, the most successful reformer in his day and generation, and among the most loved and admired among those who knew him best, should have fallen into incapable, if not evil hands, after his bright spirit had passed into immortality. Almost all of his biographers seemed incapable of differentiating between actual facts and palpable fiction based on contemptible, mouldy, malevolent gossip.

Robert Heron, dissolute scribbler and jail-bird; Dr. Currie, teetotaler—perhaps the only one in Britain of that day—neither of whom had any opportunity of a personal acquaintance with Burns; Allan Cunningham who states that as a youth he was at Burns' funeral on a day of golden sunshine, while all others of more mature years join in claiming that it was a rainy day. Reverend biographers there were also who had the gutters of Dumfries scraped in attempts to add to the mud-slinging, as if there had not been too much ill deserved contumely heaped upon the memory of the poet already. These and others, equally unfitted and poorly equipped, echoed each other, or added to the echoes with that easy indolence common to editors who are too lazy to gather official and irrefutable facts. Even Sir Walter Scott and Lord Jeffrey must need look down from their complacent heights of place and privilege and join condescendingly, though less acrimoniously, in the false cry, like well bred mastiffs joining with the baying pack of meaner hounds in the pursuit of the monarch of the forest.

Voices there were that come to us with a clearer note, like that of Thomas Carlyle and Dr. Wallace, who did not concern themselves with the babble of muckrakers, but had minds that were capable of marking the innate nobleness of the mighty spirit as manifested in his self-revelations, and who instinctively knew that if ever Robert Burns had touched the filthy garment of debauchery in which the social spirit of the age had wrapped itself, the god within him revolted at it, and, washed in the cleansing waters of repentance, he "walked in manhood as in youth, pride of his fellow men."

Not only this but more than this is conclusively borne out in Dr. McNaught's book. Here are reprints of governmental documents proving that Burns the man never left a duty undone, never was a single hour absent from the work with which he was entrusted, never failed to provide in a single instance for those dependent upon him, never owed any man or woman anything that was not paid with an uncommon degree of promptitude, and, while at his death, there were accounts showing that he owed about fifteen pounds, there were also documents showing that about two hundred pounds were owing to him.

Errors of other kinds are corrected, as, for example, we, especially in America, are apt to speak slightingly of the people of Edinburgh for not making some provision for the future of the greatly gifted man who had come among them. We doubt if any poet who ever lived had such a royal reception—substantial as well as social. Apart from the fact that three thousand copies of his book were subscribed for in advance of publication, his appointment to the Chair of Agriculture then established in the University of Edinburgh, was urged by influential friends, but the gentleman who had endowed the chair had the right of making the nomination, and had already chosen the incumbent before it was generally known, whereupon Burns withdrew, and, indeed, he never seemed to indicate any desire to settle in the city, but main-

*THE TRUTH ABOUT BURNS, by D. McNaught, LL. D., editor of *Burns Chronicle*. Published by McLehose, Jackson & Company, publishers to the University of Glasgow, 73 West George street, Glasgow, Scotland. 246 pages, cloth binding, with a reproduction of the Watson-Reid miniature of Burns.

tained his love of a country life, which, after all, seemed conformable to his intense love of nature in her beauty and solitude. This he took care to let his friends know, and the offer of several farms at his own valuation of rental is added proof that his wishes in regard to his future welfare were not overlooked by his friends in Edinburgh. Dr. McNaught shows that the trouble with Burns was that he never had the opportunity of assuming his proper place among his fellow men. Born to command, he seemed condemned to little more than mere mechanical drudgery. His strong sense of duty kept him at it, while the native nobility of his spirit revolted at it. The marvellous gift of song brightened the gathering clouds of his evil fortune, while his gift of eloquence charmed men and women of every class, and led him into social relaxations which he could not resist. As there were none living who he felt were above him, there were none beneath him. His social spirit was a reflex of his belief in the brotherhood of humanity.

The trouble with his early biographers was, as Dr. McNaught shows, they did not look for facts, but heeded idle gossip with all its magnifying malice. The honest, protesting voices of his brother Gilbert, reinforced by that of his brother officials in the government service, were forcibly hushed and unheeded, and while malice and stupidity has done its worst, the ardent lovers of Robert Burns throughout the world will welcome Dr. McNaught's book with a royal welcome. The facts presented are uncontrovertible. It is a work of genuine research, and reveals to us the true story of the life of Robert Burns, the kind-hearted and loving son, the affectionate brother, the tender father, the toiling and tireless farmer, the trustworthy and diligent excise officer, the firm patriot, the intense lover of mankind and womankind, the social companion and loyal friend, the despiser of class privilege, the scorner of hypocrisy, the unswerving believer in a Divine Providence.

With these moral and intellectual attributes were combined an intense love of his native land, the simple manners of her people, her language and history, her trials and triumphs. Of a deep, strong, melancholy manhood, he combined a never-ending wonder at the ever-changing panorama of Nature; and the joy of existence, clouded as it was by evil fortune, found vocal expression, joyous and exuberant as the skylark, and intellectually clear as the utterances of the profoundest thinkers who ever walked the earth. To the supreme gift of the poetic faculty he added an incomparable grace in the flow of numbers that can only come by the exercise of incessant self-imposed culture. What seems to us to be spontaneous and unstudied was a restless task of marvellous mental activity, which superadded to the physical toils and carking cares that were his lot through life, prematurely wore out his strong corporeal frame of flesh and blood as a superheated furnace burns out its sheath of stone and steel.

The Scot in America

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR

(Second Article)

A diverting irony of the day is the immense showing of interest created by the body known as "Knights of Columbus" in its "crusade to purify American history." This organization, the membership of which is exclusively composed of adherents of the Roman Catholic faith and bears an unmistakable Hibernian complexion, is lacking neither in ambition nor in financial resources. Big money prizes have been offered to stimulate the production of new American history. Knowing what is wanted, it may be assumed that the "historians" competing for these prizes will strive to produce works fit for the "Knights" and eke that type of mind which is seduced by the fallacies that the fathers and founders of the republic changed flesh and skin overnight to be re-born a new and different breed of mankind and that a new system of government may be ordered like a new suit of clothes. A pretty side-show to this movement is being enacted in New York where an office-holder, of the cheap, Hebrew type, at the behest of Mayor Hylan, is giving hearings to all and sundry, to the end that our

school histories shall be purged of "English propaganda"—the bogy made famous by that precious patriot, Mr. W. R. Hearst.

And it will be recalled that during the war, at times when the fortunes of the Allies seemed to be ebbing, letters were printed in the newspapers demanding in no uncertain tones the abolition of the English language in America and the substitution therefore of the Teutonic tongue.

Back of all this are the changed and changing conditions in America. The immigration of the past fifty years is changing the blood of the nation. The statistics are staggering. The Irish and German hordes, and, later, the even greater hordes of Italians, Hungarians, Russians (Jews, mainly) are overwhelming the peoples represented in the formative period of America's making. A single illustration will suffice,—in half a century the number of Russians in America sprang from 3,160 to 1,732,462.

Of these later comers to America, it is the Irish who are to-day most displeased with American history as it is written; to-morrow it may be the Germans and in a few years, who knows? It may be the Italians. There will always be purveyors to the vanities of great groups conscious of their numbers and power, and history may be colored more or less to achieve a desired purpose.

Carlyle has said that history is the true foundation of knowledge, by whose light alone can the present or the future be interpreted or guessed at. Obviously, then, the present will assume much of the form of mystery and the future that of a dim and misty prospect unless it is irradiated by some knowledge of the past. This significant character of history accounts for the deliberate and intelligent efforts that are now being made, mainly from Irish-American sources, to corrupt the early history of America.

In view of these considerations it is peculiarly gratifying that *Scotland's Mark in America* should have made a so timely appearance and that its presentation of facts can hardly be overlooked nor brushed aside even by improvised historical researchers engaged in special missions. This volume will stand as testimony to the vital part played by Scots and the descendents of Scots in America's making.

The prodigeous influence in the Colonies of the untrammelled and free-speaking Presbyterians and how the leaders among them had prepared the people for the coming conflict afford material for a great story. In this volume the author was perforce obliged to limit it to a brief, but comprehensive chapter, which was printed in full in the last issue of THE CALEDONIAN.

In the Revolutionary period the Scottish element wielded a decisive influence. The famous assertion of independence by the citizens of Mecklenburg, N. C., in 1775, was signed by thirty-one Scottish Presbyterians, and when the still more famous Declaration was written in Philadelphia, fourteen months later, it bore the names of nine Scots—Edward Rutledge, William Hooper, George Ross, Matthew Thornton, Thomas McKean, George Taylor, James Wilson, Philip Livingston and John Witherspoon. In that gathering of American immortals the figure of old John Witherspoon will ever stand out sharp and clear. The weight of his influence was testified to by the British Statesman, Horace Walpole, who gave him the blame for the whole revolt. "Our cousin America," he said, "has-run off with a Presbyterian parson." Witherspoon displayed little patience with those who urged half-measures. His fiery eloquence galvanized the Congress to action.

Within the scope of this article it would be vain to attempt to give extended mention of names—there are 1,500 of them. The exciting stimulus of the book lies not alone in its mass of well ordered facts, but in its suggestive power, for certainly any one who reads it will become possessed by a desire to read more about the great men whom it enumerates.

One may perceive in *Scotland's Mark In America* the germ of a great work yet to be written. This has been suggested in a leading article which appeared recently in the *Glasgow Herald*, in these words, "The story of Scottish emigration and colonization has yet to be narrated; it has been so much taken for granted that 'the Scot is never so much at home as when he is abroad' that nobody has yet attempted a scientific treatment of the subject."

Meanwhile it is hoped that this volume will have widespread circulation among influential hands. It ought to be in the library of every newspaper editor; its contents should be made known to politicians of all stripes, national, state and municipal; schoolteachers and all who essay to inform and mold public opinion should know it. Here is an opportunity by the outlay of a modest sum of money to effect more for the enhancement of the Scottish name in America than, probably, is otherwise possible.

Vacation Farewell

BY WALTER SCOTT

Vacation is over.

FAREWELL to woods. The trees will soon shed their leaves to cover and prepare Mother Earth for spring, and their branches will don the winter garb of snow. So Nature cares for all.

FAREWELL to cabin that has sheltered us. It will be closed and silent—soon leaf and snow-covered—and the squirrels and birds will seek refuge in its eaves.

FAREWELL to lake, with all its beauty, that will soon put on its smooth roof of glistening ice.

FAREWELL to gun and rod; to fish, deer and other game; to cheerful campfire, and smoke that finds and blinds.

FAREWELL to bacon and all good things that guides prepare to whet the appetite.

Again FAREWELL to cabin, woods and lake until God permits us to return. We leave you each to winter's dress and care.

"British Regiments From the Highlands"—1914

BY RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

British? God, British! The Cromarty strain
Is fierce in my blood and my heart beats fast,
For the terrible sons of the Scottish men
Are armed and crossing the hills again:
These are no British: They own their Past.

* * * *

The Picts and the Romans are well forgot.
But—Baliol, and Wallace, and Robert Bruce?
When North-of-the-Grampians casts its lot
With an ancient foe in a bloody spot,
These names are not lost, though the Scots bear truce.

Whose kings died prisoned, whose lands were fee,
Whose pride was lent to an alien state:
Though they of the kilt and the naked knee
Be one with the Saxon soldiery,
We share with the English not race, but fate.

Let the barrier stand—for gain or loss—
While lads that never again will roam
Go out from Dornoch, from Tain, and Ross,
From Clyne, and Melgdrum, and Applecross
And all sweet places the Gael call home.

* * * *

British? God, British! Nor now, nor then!
The pipes still skirl, and the ranks march on—
O, warriors brave are these kilted men
Who follow their pipers to death, again. . .
The "British" Scots, with their birthright gone.
Lord of our Hill Tribes, eld and just,
Mingle their own with their chieftains' dust.

(Mrs. Harding's fine poem "The Call to a Scot," published in THE CALEDONIAN, October, 1912, has had a most interesting career. Included in a collected volume of her verse, *A Lark Went Singing*, it was widely copied in newspapers and magazines, and translated into the Gaelic by Rev. Donald MacAdam; also translated into French and Russian. It is included in the 1920 edition of Burton Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse*.—ED.)

Our Glasgow Letter

The Archbishop of York (who is a Scotsman) told rather a good story against himself the other day, when speaking in Glasgow. Once in London, he said, a Scotsman called upon him after he had preached in St. Paul's. "I'll no deny," said the visitor, "that St. Paul's is a fine kirk, and for an English preacher yours was a creditable performance, but oh, man, ye're naethin' tae yer faither!" The Archbishop's father, of course, was the late Very Rev. J. Marshall Lang. Probably humour at its best is a story well told against oneself.

On November 7th, Kinnaird Castle, the principal Scottish Seat of the Earl of Southesk, was practically gutted by fire, only the walls of the once lordly mansion being left standing. As it was stored with valuable furniture, pictures and books, it is difficult to estimate, at time of writing, the amount of loss. At the time when the fire occurred, Lady Katherine Bosanquet (daughter of Lord and Lady Southesk) whose husband is at present with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine—and who was the only member of the family in residence at the time, had a very narrow escape, as she was in the building when the roof suddenly collapsed. Mr. Denholm, the factor, however, was rather badly injured about the head. By the time Lord and Lady Southesk arrived on the scene (they were the guests of Sir John Gladstone of Glendye) their beautiful home was in smoking ruins. Fortunately the greater part of the very valuable oil paintings were saved, among them the £10,000 Raeburn portrait of Lady Carnegie, and one of the Marquis of Montrose. It was impossible, however, to save all, and many valuables were lost, which were not covered by insurance. The castle is surrounded by a deer park of 1,300 acres, and the Queen and Princess Mary paid a visit there during their tour in Scotland.

We learn that the Admiralty have been examining the bed of the River Forth to the west of Rosyth Dockyard recently, presumably with a view to seeing whether or not it is suitable for the construction of docks to accommodate the new battle cruisers. But as the building of the battle cruisers now seems on the lap of the gods this may stop further progress at Rosyth. Although Rosyth possesses the largest docks in Britain, they are not large enough to take in the gigantic war vehicles, for the building of which we

had every hope of securing the contracts. The Forth is the only river suitable for a modern dockyard, and this no doubt has a lot to do with the prospecting that has been going on. We now await further developments.

Sir Robert Horne has been elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, in succession to Viscount Cowdray. The voting figures were as follows:

Sir R. Horne (Coalition Unionist)	567
Sir D. Maclean (Liberal)	400
Professor Soddy (Labour)	251

One is inclined to think, despite the continual grumbles of the farming fraternity, that there must be something still to be made, as we notice that just recently the farm of Keilbury, about a mile from Laurencekirk, was sold by public auction for the sum of £7,000. The extent of the farm is 182 acres, of which 172 are arable. The assessed rental, including shootings, is £247.10.0. that works out at 28 years rental, and rather more than £38. per acre.

The engagement of Lady Glenconner to Lord Grey seems peculiarly appropriate, as they seem so admirably suited to one another. Lady Glenconner, a sister of the late George Wyndham, is a woman of brilliant gifts and literary talent. She has just published a book of verse entitled "The White Wallet," in which this choice little verse occurs:

"Death is not rest; there is no sleep,
For tired sorrow there:
The only way to cease to weep,
Is to learn how to bear"

In personal appearance Lady Glenconner is extremely handsome, and she will undoubtedly be an ideal companion for Lord Grey. The news that he will re-enter the political arena is received with enthusiasm, as he is a powerful ally for the Liberal Party, which is at present in course of re-construction, and will greatly benefit by Lord Grey's strong co-operation.

The fate of the Hamilton Mausoleum still hangs in the balance. Provost Keith is taking a great interest in the matter, and we understand the Hamilton Corporation are making overtures with a view to acquiring it for the town, along with a large tract of land. Provost Keith's suggestion is that it might be used as a War Memorial, and we think this is a very good suggestion. It would be a thousand pities if this historic edifice were allowed to pass into strange hands, or otherwise lose its identity.

It will be interesting to many to know that the funds of the Braemar Highland Society now stand at more than £2,200, which shows what a prosperous state it is in; and this in spite of the fact that during the past 70 or 80 years the society has distributed many thousands towards the assistance of aged and infirm people in the district. Of course the famous Annual Highland Gathering is responsible for the major portion of revenue, and we hope this will ever be a feature of the society.

Edinburgh does not usually get much credit for her patriotism (indeed she is regularly being cursed for her lack of it), but we notice, in spite of this, that the Gaelic movement appears to be making more headway there than anywhere else we have heard of. Apparently at the song festival to be held shortly there are to be competitions for the singing of Gaelic songs, and at the Orpheus Choir Concert there will be Gaelic songs rendered. Also an all Gaelic Concert is to be held in the Capital, and to crown it all Edinburgh is to have an additional Gaelic class under the Edinburgh authority. And Lowlanders as well as Highlanders are taking the classes. Perhaps the census returns of the small number of Gaelic speaking people has wakened some of our people up to the needs of the situation. More power to their elbow!

In connection with the British Empire Exhibition to be held in London in 1923, the Prince of Wales has made an appeal to the Lord Mayors, Mayors, and Lord Provosts of the various cities and towns for the Million Guarantee fund, and in response Glasgow easily tops the list with a Guarantee Fund of £60,000, and Edinburgh has decided to guarantee £6,755.

Memorials of the war are naturally an almost every-day occurrence, each town or village or suburb being desirous of raising a tribute to our Gallant Dead. It would therefore be impossible to mention all of these, but one we would like to specially remark on, as one of the most striking we have seen. It has been unveiled at Hawick, and represents a bronze statue of "Youth," which stands on a pedestal, placed against a cenotaph 27 feet high. The bronze statue is the work of Mr. A. V. Leslie Gordon, and the cenotaph was designed by Mr. J. B. Dunn, A. R. S. A., Edinburgh. This memorial can be seen for miles around, and is a thing of power and beauty.

Although Miss Mary Garden, born in Edinburgh forty-four years ago, and director of the Chicago Opera House, is better known in the States and France than in her own home country, it is interesting to learn that she is about to be married to an American Oil King of considerable wealth. It was said not long ago that she had expressed a desire to return to Scotland and enter Parliament, but perhaps her marriage (and to an American) may alter her views and reconsile her to remaining in the States, although we know she still retains her native love of Scotland.

This year's record apple crop has been gathered in the Laigh of Moray, Morayshire, where, of course, fruit is cultivated for the market. An apple plucked the other day weighed 2½ ounces.

GRACE D. WILSON.
64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

A Night of Scottish Song

Prologue to a Scottish Concert

BY JAMES D. LAW

"A Night of Scottish Song!"
At mention of the phrase
What visions rise before our eyes
Of home and early days!

Once more we see the heath-clad hills
Tower grandly to the skies,
And, massed like cloods, the Autumn woods
Display their myriad dyes!
We see the burnie wind alang
Its journey to the sea,
And hear it sing its auld-time sang
O' mingled grief and glee!
Again the merle, wi' silver throat,
Rings gloamin' o'er the lawn,
The lav'rocks pipe their golden note
Exultant to the dawn!
Anew for us the daisies bloom,
And all their charms unfold,
Afresh we scent the whins and broom
That deck the dells with gold!
The bosky glens and shady dens,
Where nods the wild bluebell,
The quarry knowes and fairy howes—
What tales of love they tell!
What blinks of sweet and sonsie maids,
Red cheeks and sparklin' een;
Of sporran'd kilts and tartan plaids,
And gallants on the green!

Bless Scotia's glorious mother-tongue,
Revered at home, abroad;
Its tales are told, its songs are sung,
Where'er man's foot hath trod!
In tropic climes, 'mang Arctic snaws,
It sheds its fragrance roun';
Yea, ilka breath o' wind that blaws
Is balmy wi' its soun'!
What Caledonian can withstan'
The glamourie o' its lays?
What Clansman, worthy of his clan,
Who would not swell its praise?
While running waters seaward roll,
Its melodies divine
Shall fire the blood and stir the soul
As in the *auld lang syne!*

Philadelphia Letter

The subscribers to THE CALEDONIAN have been somewhat exercised of late wondering what had happened to their favorite magazine; it is hoped that before long we can count on the date, that we'll see it lying beside our plate, when getting home for lunch. It is a clean, edifying and highly interesting medium of Scottish news and anecdote, and should be in every household that reveres the land o' the heather; and judging by the great throng that invaded the Moose Hall on Friday evening, February 10th, their middle name is "Legion."

The Caledonian Club held its 63rd Annual Concert and Ball that night, and although the auditorium has a seating capacity for 2,000 persons, every seat was occupied. At the stated hour precisely, the curtain rose, displaying to view a beautiful Scottish scene, the Caledonian Pipe and Drum Band in tartan and feather, starting off with a selection of Highland airs that brought applause sufficient to make the rafters dirl. At the conclusion, Chief Morton stepped forth and in a neat, appropriate, though brief, address, extended a hearty and cordial welcome to friends and esteemed patrons. The audience then arose and with patriotic fervor lustily sang "The Star Spangled Banner," after which the concert commenced with Miss Jeanie Fletcher singing "Angus MacDonald," with pathos and good taste; rising to the climax as only a true artist can essay amid rapturous applause, she brought down the house with a rendition of "Wi' a Hundred Pipers."

Mr. Anderson Nicol, a most pleasing, silver-toned tenor, sang "Draw the Sword, Scotland," and although the song is peculiarly adapted for a tenor robusto, Mr. Nicol did the song justice, and received volumes of

well-merited applause, to which he responded with "Annie's Tryst," a beautiful, colorful morsel but seldom heard. Miss Lulu Root, a very pleasing contralto, gave a fine presentation of "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Toon," and to unstinted encores returned and jauntily sang "Charlie is My Darling."

Mr. Phil Barker should have every reason to feel flattered with the reception he received in slow Philadelphia. He fairly captured the audience with his fine, tuneful voice, and real humorous interpretation of Scotch character, male and female; never a vulgar or insinuating joke, every phrase clean as a "whustle," genuine fun and bubbling-over humor. His "Mary MacIntyre," "That's the Sort of Breakfast for a Scotch Working Man," "A Nice Clean House" and "Come On, MacDuff" were interpreted up to the Queen's taste, no impersonating of Harry Lauder, but worthy of being Sir Harry's understudy.

Mr. Nicol sang "The Crooked Bawbee" with Miss Fletcher, and with Miss Root sang the irrepressible duet of "Huntingtower"; both duets were well rendered, and evoked much applause. The Caledonian Troupe of Highland dancers gave an excellent demonstration of a threesome reel and sword dance. The Misses Cosgrove and Niblock in sailor rig, danced a hornpipe, and Miss Helen Young gracefully tripped the "Sean Trews." Other songs sung in the second part of the program were "Cam' Ye by Athole," by Miss Fletcher, "Jock o' Hazeldean," by Miss Root, and "O' a' th' Airts th' Win' can Blaw," by Mr. Nicol, and it goes without saying that each of the artists had to appear again and again to insistent recalls. None of these artists ever appeared in Philadelphia before, and it is the expressed desire of many who heard them that they shall have the pleasure at some future period of hearing them again.

Professor de Rome accompanied on the piano in his well known efficient manner. The program was concluded by the entire staff of talent approaching the foot-lights and singing "Auld Lang Syne," the audience rising and merrily joining in wi' ready chorus, and grasping hands with crossed arms. The Committee of Arrangements have merited the approbation of all admirers of the Scottish ballad and versatile Scottish entertainment for their discreet selection of talent for the Annual Concert.

When the floor was cleared for dancing, a grand march was formed under the able management of Clansman Robert J. Muir, with Ex-Chief Adam Simpson and Clansman Gould "the big Drum-major," as assistants. The meandering figures and beautiful combinations described by the promenading couples was very pretty to view from the balcony. Then the waltz, contradance, one-step, quadrille, Highland schottische and Circassion circle followed each other in rapid succession to the delight of both dancers and "wall flowers," not to speak of the happy expression of the aulder bodies, no sae fit to shake the "fit," but who could enjoy seeing the young people jog their memories o' by-gone days, an' penny reels. But about two o'clock the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" by the orchestra suggested "the oor approaches Tam maun ride," so a raid was made upon the wardrobe, and quickly followed the orders for taxicabs, and all were soon hamewards bound, overjoyed and exhuberant over the weel-spent nicht. Scotland for ever. Wha's like us! Deil a ane.

ST. MUNGO.

Highland Guard, New York Caledonian Club

The annual meeting of the Guard was held Monday evening, January 16th. Captain Reid called the meeting to order and after reminding the members of the notice he gave last August that he would not accept a re-election, installed Chief Caldwell as honorary commander and returned to the ranks as a private. Under the business-like chairmanship of Chief Caldwell, elections were rushed through as follows: Captain, William G. Reid; First Lieutenant, Fred Magee; Second Lieutenant, Allan MacGregor; First Sergeant, Archibald Gray; Color Sergeants, Peter F. Gray and Peter Groves. As Commissionary Sergeant, Alex Wilson was still alive and in good health, there was no election for that office. Captain Reid put up an awful kick, but the members refused to listen to his protests and reminding him that the ladies were waiting downstairs for the Guardsmen to join in their New Year entertainment, adjourned without further ceremony. A number agreed, however, that if he ever talked seriously again of retiring some medical gentleman would be called to find out what had given way.

New York Caledonian Club

The initial meeting for 1922 was held on Tuesday evening, January 9th. Chief Donaldson had the pleasure of introducing a good sized class of new members, after which he announced that his term of office had come to a close and gracefully thanked the members for the support that they had given him during 1919 and 1920. The storm of applause at the finish of his remarks indicated how highly the club appreciated his work. Calling Ex-Chief Reid to the chair to install the new officers was his last official act. That former club head put through the installation in a style for which he is famous. He stated he had extra pleasure in presenting Chief Caldwell and First Chieftain Vance as they were Glasgow men. He was wrong there as Chief Caldwell could not be king of Scotland if the rules governing eligibility to that office called for a native born. The other officers installed were: Second Chieftain, Donald A. Shepherd; Third Chieftain, Robert M. Bernard; Fourth Chieftain, Hugh Clow; Fifth Chieftain, John Davidson, and Club Piper, Angus M. Fraser.

The first quarterly meeting for the year was held on Tuesday evening, February 7th, Chief Alex Caldwell presiding. By a pre-

vious agreement, the officers were attired the Garb of Auld Gaul with the added attraction of Ex-Chief likewise. In view of the enthusiasm of the worthy Ex-Chief over the decision to wear the kilt and his hearty support of the officers, Chief Caldwell called on him to initiate the new members. Probably no group of new members ever received a warmer welcome or had such an opportunity to listen to the good sixty-five years' work of the New York Caledonian Club. Ex-Chief Donaldson reported that arrangements for the concert and sixty-fifth annual ball at the Commodore Hotel, Friday, March 10th, were rapidly approaching completion.

The annual masque ball was held in the club hall, Tuesday evening, February 21st. A jolly time was had by all present. Prize-winners were: Ladies, Miss Jean Murray for the best costume, while Mrs. John Stark as an organ grinder, easily won for the most comical; Miss Cecile F. Burns carried home the juvenile prize for most original, and Isaac Balman first for the men. The judges were for the ladies, Mrs. Robert Foulis and Mrs. James R. Donaldson. For the men, James R. Donaldson, Donald A. Shepherd and James Kemp.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN

Mrs. Caldwell returned to New York late in December and immediately took up the work of president of the ladies' society. She let it be known, however, that the next time she crossed the ocean it would be when the ship would not find the Atlantic so lumpy.

The usual New Year jollification for the club members was held early in January and a jollier crowd never gathered in the club house. The early part of the evening was spent on the alleys bowling for valuable prizes, the winners being Mrs. George Durie and Clansman James Elder. Miss Flora J. Burns after a mighty effort, captured the ladies' booby prize and Clansman Thomas Laird was awarded the men's booby prize, when he had clearly demonstrated by a particularly fine inexpert rolling of the ball that he was the worst for the night. A supper served by the ladies—and which as several of the clansmen said had some of the old time Burns suppers beat a mile—received full and thankful attention. Chief Caldwell sat at the head of the table and was supported by Ex-Chief Reid, who made a speech.

The regular monthly meeting of the ladies was held in the club parlors, Monday evening, February 20th. Election of officers for 1922 resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Alex Caldwell; vice president, Mrs. Flora J. Burns; treasurer, Mrs. MacDonald; secretary, Mrs. Gilbert A. Burns. Sick and Visiting Committee, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Stark and Mrs. Innes. It was decided to have a spring entertainment and dance as usual. The night's winners on the bowling alleys were Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Durie, Miss Ferguson and Miss Dugan. Owing to changes in the letting arrangements for the building, the ladies will meet on the third Monday of the month in the future instead of the first.

A Scottish Artist

A number of social affairs in the present season have been lifted quite out of the ordinary and made memorable by the appearance of Miss Agnes Bartholomew, who is now visiting America. It was at one of the Convention gatherings of the Order of Scottish Clans last August that she was first heard and since then she has appeared upon a number of occasions. At each of these affairs the story is the same—she takes the audience captive. Old-timers experience swelling of the heart; memories stored with recollections of many a Scottish gathering, they confess inability to find a fair standard for comparison by which to appraise the merit of her work. In passing we may remark that this circumstance is hardly to be wondered at when it is realized that Scotland, home of Presbyterianism, never has been an encouraging mother to those of her daughters endowed with histrionic talent. As a natural sequence such artists have been few and, for the most part, have failed to achieve notable success.

Let it be said then that here is an artist, unmistakeable; as supreme in her work as Harry Lauder is in his. Miss Bartholomew is not a stranger here nor has she been unnoted. Upon her last visit, when she appeared as Leezie Inglis in "A Scrape o' the Pen" that veteran critic, Alan Dale, hailed her as "an artist of purest ray serene" and this judgment was typical of the tributes which her acting in this part evoked from the critics of the great metropolitan newspapers. Meanwhile, it would appear, her course has been one of progressive development, so that now the quality of her portrayals is better than ever.

The great possibilities of Shakespeare ever have appealed to the genuine artist, but it is an event when we find one to cast new and lustrous glory on Robert Burns—and who before heard of a woman who had such power? Miss Bartholomew is entitled to this unique distinction. Remarkable as it may appear she makes Burns more classic, even more convincing, bringing his message more nearly than ever to the hearts and understandings of her audiences. The secret is that she knows her Burns with such a completeness of sympathy and understanding that her recitals of his immortal poems seem natural and spontaneous. Her's is "the art that conceals the art"; at once finished and restrained; high art, indeed.

Upon her present visit Miss Bartholomew has been heard in "Tam o' Shanter," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "A Man's a Man for a' That," "Rabby Doo at the Burns Supper," and many sketches, grave and gay, by Scottish, English and American authors. One can hardly witness her rendering of "Tam o' Shanter" without wonder and admiration. Her immersion in the spirit of the thing, supported by elocutionary and dramatic gifts of the highest order, combine to make her performance a veritable triumph. In the general effect—a high quality of pictureful

description carried on with an amazing abandon that sweeps everything before it—one almost forgets her remarkable gift of doric rich and undefiled, such as would have delighted the ear of the immortal bard himself. Now from the revelry and wild night of "Tam o' Shanter" to the beauty and sentiment of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" is a far cry and a demand upon versatility, but Miss Bartholomew is nothing if not versatile. She brings to us anew, vividly, convincingly, grippingly, the familiar picture of the quiet household in its humble grandeur. The presentation rings true and smells sweet. The lines of "A Man's a Man for a' That" are delivered with remarkable dignity and unstrained force affording an interpretation that enhances the significance of this classic.

There is a man in Scotland who is writing some fine things these days,—James Laing Waugh, the author of "Betty Grier." He has written a sketch that seems to have been made to order for Miss Bartholomew. "Rabby Doo" is a native of Thornhill—that most model and orderly of all Scottish villages—a humble man, getting along in years, when comes that red-letter day in his uneventful life on which he is invited to the Burns Supper at the Buccleugh Arms Hotel. It would be idle and presumptious to attempt a sketch of the story. It is a compound of wit, humor and sentiment and, above all, a striking tribute to the great bard and his influence in the lives of his countrymen. In the characterization of Rabby Doo, Miss Bartholomew is probably at her best. Moving from the humorous to the sublime she has her hearers in laughter and tears. "Rabby Doo at the Burns Supper" is a masterpiece that will remain long in the memory.

One of the most impressive features about the many-sided talent of our Scottish artist is her intimate knowledge of dialects. The pleasing accents of her tongue comprehend not only our native Doric in all its variations and—intonations, but also the Cockney and Irish dialects. Her recital of a Cockney's description of the Shakespearean play, "The Merchant of Venice," is faithful to life and sets her audiences in an uproar, and in her Irish selections she is equally at home.

Considering the rare talents of Miss Bartholomew one can hardly refrain from speculating upon her dramatic possibilities. Possessed of "that infinite capacity for taking pains" which has been called genius; a voice, clear, colorful and carrying; an enunciation that leaves nothing to be desired; a prepossessing, characterful personality, here is an artist let us say, easily capable of doing credit to the best that her distinguished countryman, Sir James M. Barrie, ever wrote. She has a keen perception for character, a fine taste for acting, an innate capacity for realizing all of those quaint touches that mark the Barriesque mood.

Meanwhile, mightily welcome, she graces our social affairs and with a sure and dominating art exemplifies the indestructibility of Scottish individuality and sentiment.—W.T.

Sir Harry Entertains

Sir Harry Lauder tendered a complimentary supper to Colonel Walter Scott and a few friends in the French Room of the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, at 11:30, Friday evening, January 27. The menu cards and place cards were Scottish and the table beautifully and appropriately decorated.

Among those present, in addition to Sir Harry and Lady Lauder, and the guests of the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bacon, Raymond Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. William Morris, Harrison Broonbank, Wallace Munro, Thomas Vallance and James Cowan.

After the "Friars' Song," Sir Harry in toasting the health of Colonel Scott referred very feelingly to the assistance he had been given by the Colonel during his campaign for the Harry Lauder Fund, and of Colonel Scott's great interest in everything that was Scottish, and how he was known from one end of the land to the other, and not only here, but abroad.

Colonel Scott, in responding, gave all credit for the fund to Sir Harry Lauder, and told many personal anecdotes of his acquaintance with his host as regards benevolences, etc., and what Sir Harry was doing to bring about the brotherhood of man. He also spoke of the wonderful work of humanity that William Morris and his family are doing for the afflicted at Saranac, and particularly dwelt on the generosity of the theatrical profession in general when called upon by any calamity that occurred.

Short talks were given by Messrs. Bacon, Hitchcock and Morris. It was the "wee sma' hours" of the morning before the World's Doxology was sung, and those who were there will never forget the heart to heart feeling that was present.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

On account of delay in printing THE CALEDONIAN, the January and February numbers are combined in this issue; and all subscriptions, as renewed, will be dated one month ahead.

The Burns Society of the City of New York

The 52nd annual banquet of the Burns Society of the City of New York, commemorating the 163rd anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, was held at Delmonico's, Wednesday evening, January 25, 1922.

A large number of members and guests assembled in the ante-rooms before the dinner. Few old faces were missing. Many expressions of regret were heard, however, that both James Kennedy and William MacBean, who regularly grace these occasions, were unable to be present on account of slight illnesses, and that the genial and efficient secretary, Harry A. Kenney, was kept away owing to recent bereavements in his family.

These anniversary celebrations of the Burns Society are looked forward to as the highest and best expression of admiration of the genius of "Scotland's Bard." The society has been fortunate each year in securing as speakers men of marked ability in interpreting the life and work of Burns and in applying his message to the problems of present day life; while the social and fraternal atmosphere of its annual gatherings are worthy of the spirit that sang the brotherhood of humanity and exalted the supremacy of the aristocracy of character and intellect. All carried away from this latest and best gathering memories to treasure for days to come.

The president, Dr. George David Stewart, of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, presided, and seated with him at the speakers' table were Rev. Hugh Thomson Kerr, D. D., of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hon. A. L. Brown, of Galashiels, Scotland; Dr. John J. MacPhee, Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd, John Foord, and a nephew of Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, Prof. George MacLeod, now of Union Theological Seminary.

Following the invocation, the president read a message of regret from Colonel Walter Scott, who was called out of town; and the excellent dinner was interspersed with the choicest of Burns' songs, and bagpipe selections by Pipe-Major James Cooper, New York Scottish Highlanders.

The customary toasts to "The President," followed by a verse of "The Star Spangled Banner," and "The King," by a verse of "God Save the King," were drunk standing.

Dr. Stewart's opening address will be long remembered for its sympathy and inspiration. Gifted with a magnificent voice and an outstanding personality, he held the hearts of all in his hands and played upon them at will, as in simple, direct language and eloquence burning with emotion he told the influence of Burns and Scottish character as reflected by his forebears upon his own boyhood in Nova Scotia. He also shone as a presiding officer, punctuating the evening with many flashes of his own pawky wit and teeming good-nature, and inspiring to their best all who participated by his stirring enthusiasm.

Rev. Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr, who spoke to the toast, "The Immortal Memory," came all the way from Pittsburgh, but not as a stranger, for in 1918 he favored the society with a memorable address on "America in the War." If Dr. Kerr was happy at that time in depicting the common ideals of Britain and America in the great struggle then raging, he was even more happy in interpreting the gospel of Robert Burns to the needs of to-day. He payed high compliment to Dr. Stewart, saying that certainly he had missed his calling, and that if he ever journeyed beyond the Alleghenies he certainly wanted him to preach the great sermon, just uttered, from the pulpit of his church.

It would scarcely seem a Burns dinner without John Foord—always "there," always ready, and always with a message fresh and interesting. He spoke to the subject "Scotland," eloquently paying tribute to the Scottish influence in American character and history.

The society was fortunate in again having as its guest A. L. Brown, of Galashiels, Scotland, who was in New York in connection with the delegation of Scottish woolen men visiting in this country. Mr. Brown responded gracefully, in delightful Doric, recalling the previous hospitality of the society, and commenting feelingly that so far away from home he was privileged to be a part of one of the world's most notable gatherings in honor of Scotland's peasant poet.

The president called upon Professor George MacLeod, who volunteered, in lieu of a speech, to sing a little song that he had often sung in France for the entertainment of the soldiers. He was urgently encored, but modestly declined to go further than his first effort.

The songs of Burns were sung during the evening by George A. Fleming—our old favorite, who only mellows with the years; Charles E. Galagher, who brought the audience to a stand with his magnificent rendering of "Scots Wha Hae"; Everett Clark; and Harvey Hindermyer, comprising the Orpheus Quartette, who gave several selections in addition to the solos.

Among those present, in addition to the speakers, were: James MacGregor Smith, Dr. Charles M. Burdick, Robert Frater Munro, W. J. McMillan, Henry Moir, J. Massey Rhind, Edmund W. Greacen, Herbert B. Keen, F. Newlin Price, Pieter J. Van Veen, Alexander R. Peacock, Alexander P. Gray, Jr., Inspector John D. Coughlin, Hugh Aiken, C. E. Postlethwaite, Dr. John B. Rae, Dr. William W. Irving, Thomas J. Blain, Allan R. Hunter, James H. B. MacKenzie, D. Arnott, D. MacArthur, James Hay, Frederick C. Budden, Charles C. Stoddard, Hugh B. Hamilton, Dr. Mark L. Fleming, Dr. Vincent Sumner Hayward, Charles Samson, Dr. George Barrie, Dr. William E. Studdiford, Dr. George O'Hanlon, Dr. Edward A. King,

William F. MacRae, Charles E. Reed, Hon. W. E. Tuttle, Jr., James MacMaster, R. D. Garden, Charles B. Beckwith, Charles E. Finlay, Robert C. Auld, Hon. Charles P. McClelland, John G. Lerch, Harry M. Farrell, George Jeffers, James Jeffers, T. G. L. McConnell, Harry S. Young, Edwin Hull, David Houston, Spencer S. Marsh, Arthur J. Simpson, W. P. Bowman, Dr. Thomas A. Smith, Ewen McIntyre, Alexander Cooper, Louis B. Rolston, Dr. Luther Burns MacKenzie, Rolland B. Peacock, Grant A. Peacock, J. Larocque Anderson, James H. Neilson, Capt. J. C. Alexander, Clarence N. Peacock, Ewen Duff, Edward Klein, Louis R. Dressler, J. Edward Carter, F. S. Douglas, T. B. Bryson, W. W. Ricker, James Forgie, W. H. Coverdale, C. J. Sullivan, S. W. Trawick, D. R. Long, E. N. Chilson and F. S. Wheeler.

Troy, N. Y.

The Troy Burns Club is one of the largest and most active in the country and includes in its membership most of the loyal Scots of the Mohawk and upper Hudons valleys. Its regular meetings and gatherings in celebration of special events are marked with such good-fellowship as to attract ever-increasing numbers. "There is a warmth and hameliness aboot a Troy Burns Club gathering that grows on ye, an' ye find that the mair ye gang the mair ye want tae gang"; besides, "what Scot widna travel miles tae hear the auld sangs sung and the pibroch's skirl?"

The Burns night celebration, in Y. M. C. A. hall, brought out a record crowd and the program was of unusual excellence. President James H. Potts presided and made the address of welcome. The soloists were William Gray and William Gillespie, of Schenectady, and Mrs. William H. MacLoughlin, Professor John B. Shirley and Herbert W. Small, of Troy, who feelingly rendered the old favorites. The pipe program was by the Schenectady Pipe Band, Pipe Major R. H. Dickson and the dancing by the Dickson Troupe of Highland Dancers—Helen Black, Sadie Dickson, Margaret MacNaughton, and Jeanie Scott. The accompanists, Miss Esther A. MacLoughlin and Arthur H. Link, pianist Troy Burns Club. A social evening followed the regular concert program.

The entertainment was in charge of a special committee composed of the following: John C. Ross, general chairman; George Bowman, Andrew W. Loudon, Adam Ross, 2d, John Campbell, Alexander C. Dewar, H. W. Small, Charles Merchant, William H. MacLoughlin, John Potts, David Stevenson, David White, John L. MacFadyen, James MacPherson, Willard Simpson, William A. Bird, Nathaniel J. Walker, Mungo L. MacRea, James Duncan, Hugh Ferguson, James Grant, William Livingston, Thomas A. Mabin, Eugene S. Osborne, Robert Shirley, Thomas Bowman, Duncan C. Kaye, Henry A. Young, Robert C. Husband, George McG. Reid, James Nicoll, George Downie, William H. Kirkpatrick, James Maclaren, James S. Macfarlane.

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The officers of the club are: President, James H. Potts; vice president, Thomas Soutar; treasurer, Edward P. Lawton; secretary, James Hatrick Baxter; chaplain, Rev. A. J. Higgins, D. D. Executive Committee: William Ross, John C. Ross, James Bowman, Hugh Cooper, Andrew Kidd, Robert W. Paxton, Thomas T. Kennedy, E. I. Hodgkins, Robert Morris, James Britcher, Robert W. Taylor. Finance Committee: William Ross, Edward P. Lawton, Andrew W. Loudon, Henry Colvin, Joseph McKay, Angus Gillespie, William F. Polk, John G. Clute, Harvey S. McLeod, James A. Beattie, John E. MacLean, Major Robert Cockburn.

Sunday evening, February 5th, many members of the club, attended a special Scottish service in Silliman Memorial Presbyterian Church, Cohoes, N. Y., where the pastor, Rev. George A. Armstrong preached a stirring sermon on "Auld Scotia's Grandeur."

A. Barton Hepburn, banker and financier, who died in New York city, January 25, 1922, from injuries and shock, after being struck by an auto-bus in Fifth avenue, was a descendant of Peter Hepburn, a native of Abbeymilne, Scotland, who settled in Stratford, Conn., late in the eighteen century. He was born in Colton, N. Y., July 24, 1846.

Mr. Hepburn was not only a liberal philanthropist and one of the best known financial figures in the United States, but also an ardent sportsman and big game hunter and identified with many social and other interests. He had hunted in many parts of the United States and Canada, and for four months in British East Africa, and possessed many fine trophies. He was very proud of his Scottish ancestry, and lent his personal and financial support to many Scottish organizations.

Mrs. James Smith, mother of Mrs. M. S. Bain of the Scotch Tea Room, New York, passed away November 20. It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Smith celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding on November 2. Mrs. Smith was born in Uddingston, Scotland, in 1838, and resided in Irvine for about thirty years before coming to New York sixteen years ago.

Albany, N. Y.

Robert Burns, humanist, poet, democrat, was the theme of five speakers at the celebration of the 163d anniversary of the birth of "The Plowman Poet," and the 69th of the Burns Club of the City of Albany. The function was held in the Albany club.

The dining hall was decorated with flags and bunting under the direction of Robert M. Chalmers. There was much singing from a special song book containing several of Burns's best known pieces.

The spirit of Burns's Scotland was evident throughout the dinner and the hour of speechmaking. Speakers included George H. Thatcher, president of the club; the Rev. J. V. Moldenhawer, Dr. Robert W. Hill, Mayor George R. Lunn, of Schenectady; Dr. Williard M. Douglas. Samuel Shaw read and Scottish ballads were sung by Joseph Calhoun.

After the opening hymn, "America," tribute was paid to the memory of four members—Henry S. Walsh, Harlan P. French, Bela J. Ward and Judge George Addington, who died last year.

Messages of respect were forwarded to the Troy Burns Club and the Glens Falls Burns Club.

Mr. Thatcher opened with a brief discussion of the "Theology of Burns," declaring the life of the poet left an influence on the world which could not but be for good, through his own motto, "Thy Own Reproach Alone Do Fear."

Dr. Moldenhawer touched upon the motives of the actions and life, generally, of Burns. He spoke of the influence the tales of Bruce and Wallace had on the plowman poet, and the desire that was created in his heart to do something for his country. He told of the old Scotch "kirk," of its stiffness and faculty for discipline, still not afraid to admit being wrong, which the speaker said was needed badly to-day. He said the French revolution had a decided effect on Burns' life, when he himself was aspiring to do great things. Burns was characterized by Dr. Moldenhawer as "the great freeman. Much concerned about men, he hated hypocrisy and was a lover of human nature."

Dr. Robert W. Hill followed with a discussion of Burns' early life and a sketch of the connection of names. His topic was "The Excise Man," saying, "even Moses was an excise man." He spoke of thinking of a leader when thinking of the name Moses; of a young hero when David was mentioned; of a Savior when Christ was mentioned, and of a man in whose veins flowed patriotism, which could no more be stopped than the heart may be stopped from beating and life still go on, when Burns is mentioned.

Mayor Lunn spoke on "Some Late Thoughts of Burns." His talk branched into present day conditions. He lauded the genius of Burns, and expressed satisfaction that the world in Burns' day appreciated his genius. He spoke of the world needing a leader to-day, perhaps a man of Burns' type, who could inspire the world, when the world is in such a state as bordering on near "mobocracy."

Dr. John M. Clarke in the course of his remarks paid tribute to Sir James Bryce, one of the two honorary members of the club, who died lately. The other honorary was Andrew Carnegie. Dr. Clarke said that Lord Bryce took more than a perfunctory interest in Burns and the Albany Burns club. It was Lord Bryce who reminded the Albany Burns Club in a telegram one night at a dinner that more people were doing honor to Burns in the English speaking world than to any of his contemporaries.

The success of the dinner was due to the work of the officers and a special committee made up of Thomas H. Clemishire, Willard M. Douglas, and Robert M. Chalmers. One of the pleasant incidents of the evening was the display by Dr. John M. Clarke of the pewter gill measure often used by Robert Burns in his work as an excise man.

Arran-Black-River Literary Society

This is a national organization for the promotion of literary achievement and historical research among the Celtic-Scots in America. It was organized in May, 1919, by a group of descendants of Arran-Black-River emigrants, and on June 4, 1919, was chartered under the laws of the State of North Carolina. It is composed of: 1. Members of old Arran families; 2. Descendants of Arran-Black-River emigrants; 3. Members of old Black River families; 4. Husbands or wives of the above name classes; 5. Scots who are sufficiently interested in the society to subscribe to its purpose and take part in the furtherance of its objects; 6. Persons whom the society wishes to honor. The membership of the Arran Society at present 307, is drawn from 22 States, as well as from Scotland.

The meetings of the society are held annually at Black River Chapel, Ivanhoe, N. C.—the old church around which cluster traditions and ancestral associations of the emigrants who came from the Isle of Arran in the year 1770 and 1774. The meetings are held in September, when practical—before the opening of schools—in order to accommodate the junior members. The average attendance has been about 350. These annual meetings afford an opportunity for the homecoming of loyal clansmen; for reminiscences and renewals of friendship; for conversation and acquaintance; for delightful fellowship; for the reading of papers by specialists in their respective fields; and for discussion of literary and historical matters in which members have a common interest.

There is no entrance fee. The annual membership is one dollar for men; fifty cents for women and children. There is also a sustaining membrship of five dollars and a life membership of twenty-five dollars. Inquiries respecting the Arran Society, its work, prizes, meetings, committees, etc., should be addressed to Elizabeth Janet Black, Sec. Arran Society, Glen Cloy, Ivanhoe, N. C.

Dumfries Burns' Club, Dumfries, Scotland—Tribute to Colonel Walter Scott

(Extract From Dumfries and Galloway Courier and Herald, Saturday, January 28, 1922)

The annual dinner of the Dumfries Burns Club in celebration of the anniversary of the birth of the Poet was held in the Royal Restaurant on Wednesday night, January 25. The attendance on this occasion was somewhat smaller than last year, due to a great extent to the prevalence of influenza, but it was nevertheless very large and representative, and the function in point of enthusiasm and hearty good cheer was a conspicuous success. One notable absentee from the company on this occasion, due to indisposition, and whose absence was generally regretted, was Mr. R. A. Grierson, a past president of the Club, than whom there is no more enthusiastic or eloquent lover of Burns in the South. On this occasion "The Immortal Memory" was proposed by Dr. Joseph Hunter, president of the Club, in an address on Burns the Man which impressed all by its warmth and sincerity of feeling as well as by its informed and discriminating judgment, and the eloquence of its delivery. The hearty rounds of applause accorded the speaker at the close was a well-merited tribute for an oration that will live in the annals of the Club as an achievement admirably sustaining the best traditions of such occasions in the past. In the course of the evening the Club was made the recipient of a valuable gift from Dr. William R. Dalzell, Birkenhead, at one time house surgeon in the Dumfries and Galloway Royal infirmary, in the shape of a Boxburgh Burns, which belongs to the very first issue of the Edinburgh edition, and ranks next to the Kilmarnock edition. The company were also privileged to examine a very interesting relic in connection with the Poet, in the form of a tinder box given by Burns to James Gracie, banker in Dumfries, and now in the possession of Dr. O. Carlyle, lately of Gretna, and now of Dumfries. An addition to the toast-list was made on this occasion when the health of Colonel Walter Scott of New York was pledged on the motion of the Secretary. This was felt to be a very fitting tribute to one who is not only a life member but a generous friend of the Club on all occasions, and whose latest gift, that of a yearly floral wreath to be laid on the Poet's tomb from admirers overseas, was placed in the Mausoleum that day for the first time.

TRIBUTE TO COLONEL WALTER SCOTT

Mr. John McBurnie proposed the toast of "Colonel Walter Scott." In doing so he said—The toast I have now the honour of submitting to you is one unique in the annals of our Club in that it proposes to recognize one of our own members in his individual and personal capacity, and not for some act done or position held by him as an official of the Club. But the circumstances are such that I think we are fully justified in making this departure from established precedent. (Applause). I quite believe that so far as many members of the Club are concerned, the name of Colonel Walter Scott is about all they know of that gentleman. But in that great land of the English-speaking race, of which he is one of the most able and most honoured citizens, his name, work, and worth are known and respected throughout its widest bounds. (Applause). At a function such as this I am not going to attempt to give even a short biographical sketch of the subject of our toast. To do so would be impossible in the time at any disposal, but just one or two facts may be permitted.

If Colonel Scott cannot be claimed as a son of Dumfries, we are at least entitled to claim him as a grandson of our old burgh, his father having been the brother of the late Mr. John Luke Scott, one of the respected Provosts of the town. (Applause). His father was one of the delegates who visited Dumfries at the time of the centenary celebrations here in 1896, coming as the representative of the Royal Order of Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada, as well as being representative of several individual Clans. And here we may perhaps find some clue to the great interest now taken by the younger Scott in our National Bard and all his works, when we remember the training he would receive from such a father. (Hear, hear).

Colonel Scott is a busy man, being the directing and controlling head of one of the largest businesses in New York, and the continual wonder of every one who knows him is how he finds time for one half of his activities. His success in business has fortunately enabled him to gratify his philanthropic tastes. Instead of amassing money and shutting up his coffers to keep it there, he opens wide his generous heart and distributes largesse to all and every object that comes under his discriminating review. (Applause). Educational establishments, charitable institutions, homes for the relief of distress of mind, body, or estate, all claim his financial aid, and while this is willingly given, he is not content with such cursory interest in these concerns, but personally assists in guiding their affairs, and conserving their interests, placing readily at their disposal his infinite knowledge of men and affairs. And whatever he takes in hand, half measures are of no use to Colonel Scott. His driving power and forceful personality impress all who come in contact with him, and give them to understand it is a "live wire" with which they are in contact. The scope of his interests is world wide, and in diversity their name is legion. Whether he is presenting a library for the instruction and entertainment of the inmates of a State prison, or presiding over the fortunes of a home for crippled children, he is equally at home and equally happy. Indeed the more down-trodden the object of his regard the happier he seems

to be in affording relief. (Applause). Being a man of large affairs and having travelled far and wide, his outlook on every walk of life is sane and healthy. The patron of colleges of learning, he is equally the patron of the sports of the humblest. But the sport must be clean, as anything not savouring of upright dealing has to give him a wide berth. (Applause).

Though his love for Scotland and everything Scottish amounts almost to an obsession, this in no way hinders but rather helps him to fulfil his destiny as one of the patriotic citizens of the United States, for which as the land of his life's work he entertains an equally fond regard. (Hear, hear). This explains why he is Colonel of the New York Scottish regiment, why he is either the originator or the chief contributor and moving spirit in the erection of statues to our national bard in the chief cities of the States, and why during the recent terrible upheaval in Europe he was the consistent friend of this country. During that crisis Colonel Scott's superhuman efforts in the work of recruiting, and in every movement aiming at the defeat of the common foe, proved too much for even his iron constitution, with the result that for the time his health broke down, but I am glad to say he is now again his usual energetic self. (Applause). And it is also this great love for our native land which brings him into direct touch with us here to-night, though he has never been out of touch with us since he became a life member of this club thirteen years ago. Never a Christmas, a January anniversary, or other special occasion in our history but brings his cheery greeting. (Applause).

If you lift any American paper you can scarcely fail to find some record of Colonel Scott's good work, or some report of honour conferred upon him for either one worthy deed or another. To-night we desire to do him honour more particularly for the generous gifts he has bestowed on this Club. My first direct communication with the Colonel was when we had a project in hand which has not yet matured. In response to a circular sent out to a few prominent lovers of Burns he promptly responded with a contribution. (Applause). Then when I came to investigate what had become of the many valuable tributes received from distinguished literati at the time of the centenary celebrations in 1896 and found that these could only be restored to the Club for a payment of a certain sum, I put the situation before Colonel Scott. His response was a cabled message "Purchase the MSS. Am remitting the money." (Applause). That is the type of man whose name I am putting before you to-night. Then his magnificent gift of a thousand dollars announced while we were sitting here a year ago came spontaneously from himself. That, I think, doubles its value. We have this afternoon put on the poet's tomb the first of the tributes which that gift is to secure, being deposited there annually for all time, coming out of the generosity of this prince of good fellows. (Applause).

Apparently the subject of our toast has been quite recently celebrating his sixtieth birthday, as I find in an American newspaper which I have received this morning from a friend out there an account of several functions, and in one account I find a letter from an old business friend who could not be present, which so well sums up the character of the man that I might quote it in concluding this short tribute to his worth:

"It is kind of you to give me opportunity to be with you and others of my partners at the birthday luncheon given my beloved Walter Scott. Can it be possible that the boy whom I first knew in Boston is now celebrating his sixtieth birthday? You will all refer to Walter Scott as being sixty years young, yet I do not know of another man who has put more into sixty years or who has gotten more out of sixty years than he who sits at your board to-day. Every waking moment of his life has been an active one. He has always been doing and accomplishing, and his life has been devoted to good works. His enthusiasm has been contagious. His beautiful friendship not only embraces those whom he knows and loves, but it is broad enough to include the stranger at his gate. With listening ears he always hears a sorrowing cry. Congratulations, then, to Walter upon threescore years of doing, sharing, giving, cheering, with my prayerful wish for a strong finish at the end of the next score." (Applause).

These are the words of a man who has known him from boyhood, and they make me think he must be the type of man Tennyson had in mind when he penned the lines:

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

(Applause).

I ask you then to rise and in time-honored fashion to respond to the toast which I have submitted—one of ourselves—Colonel Walter Scott, and to our better acquaintance with that gallant gentleman. (Applause).

The toast was cordially pledged and accorded musical honours.

The Chairman said in the absence of Colonel Walter Scott he wished to thank Mr. M'Burnie for the cordial way he had proposed his health, and the company for their great response. If they had not known through Mr. M'Burnie that Colonel Scott had Dumfries blood in his veins they would have known from his description that that was a fact. Colonel Walter Scott was a true-hearted gentleman. (Applause).

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

Detroit Scots

Verses written for the Unveiling of the Burns Statue in Detroit, Mich., July 23rd, 1921.

Awake, awake, O laggard Muse,
Inspire our humble lay;
We fain would weave a worthy rhyme,
In honor of this day.
Our ship has safely reached its port
And favored was its trip,
For precious to us was our freight
Upon this gallant ship.

Great City of the busy Straits,
Pride of the Inland seas,
Whose glorious flag forever waves
A welcome in the breeze,
Welcome with us this good ship's freight,
Accept from us—we pray—
This statue of a man whose song
Is yours and ours to-day.

Your history's rich with Scottish names,
The gifted and the strong,
And he whose figure stands in bronze
Hath linked us all with song.
We thank you for this beauteous spot,
So verdant, green and fair,
Where passing pilgrims oft may muse
With him, the Bard of Ayr.

No laureate Bard was he of Kings—
Most of their works decay—
But Burns still sings thru hearts of men,
In thrilling notes to-day.
They're just as fresh as when he sang
By Afton Waters clear—
His tender poems still bring forth
The sympathetic tear.

His faults—we see not past our own—
We pick but fragrant bloom;
The gladd'ning bay wreath that he wore
Gives aye a rich perfume.
The gems we glean from out his works
Reveal the genius pen,
His words of prophecy still light
The upward march of men.

Auld Scotland owes a wondrous debt
To him her ploughman Bard;
And Scotchmen wheresoe'er they roam
With love should him regard,
For if he ne'er had sung and pled
With all his fond desires,
Unknown Auld Scotia's peasants' worth
Uncrowned our Cotter Sires.

Statues of granite or of bronze
Needless for him, we know,
But tributes surely given with love
Give worth a richer glow.
Heaven bless our efforts here to-day,
Be this a hallowed spot,
A Mecca luring to the West
The lovers of this Scot.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD,
Laureate of The Detroit Burns Club.

St. Andrew's Society and Clan Campbell, No. 206, O. S. C., of Detroit, in Arcadia Hall, January 19th, celebrated together the birthday of Scotland's Immortal Bard, with a concert and ball that was very largely attended and the talent was certainly of the very best. Such artists as Harold Jarvis of Detroit and Miss Margaret Lyons Moodie of New York on the one program was enough to bring out the sleepiest Scot in the Middle West.

The concert was started with Scottish selections by the far-famed International Pipe Band led by Bruce Cameron. New York Scots remember his uncle, William Cameron of New York. Well, he is just another such enthusiastic Scot and no doubt the huge hall is still echoing from the drone and skirl o' the pipes as well as the lusty cheers from the audience.

Next on the program was Piper John Ross' quartet of Highland dancers, four young ladies that appeared several times on the platform to the delight of all, two of them being daughters of our new president of St. Andrew's Society, Mr. Donald MacLeod; and then came song after song by Harold Jarvis, Miss Margaret Lyons Moodie, Tom Cormie and our comic Phil Barker. Harold Jarvis sang in splendid voice throughout the evening "Scots Wha Hae," "Sweet Afton," "MacGregor's Gathering," "Mary o' Argyle" and others. Miss Moodie is a soprano of rare strength and excellence, every word in the large Arcadia that seats over 5,000 being heard distinctly even to the seats back far in the gallery. Her voice is one of the richest and by its pleasing Scottish accent so full of feeling that many were carried back to the Hame o' their childhood. Some of her numbers were "Auld Scotch Sangs," "Hundred Pipers," "A' the Airts," "Blue Bonnets over the Border," and a duet with Harold Jarvis, "When ye gang awa Jamie." Tom Cormie, "Clan Campbell's Ain," sang in fine form such songs as "The Star O' Robbie Burns," "Gae Bring to Me," and others. Our comic Mr. Phil Barker had the audience roaring with glee in his own original characters, "The Landlady," "Red Maclean, the Dentist," and "The Breeks Ma Faither Used to Wear."

All of the artists received hearty encores. Mrs. Irene Whitaker Stephenson was the accompanist. Piper John Ross for Highland Dances and Mr. R. S. Rankin and David Stewart stage managers. A ball followed until the wee sma' oors.

DETROIT BURNS CLUB

Detroit Burns Club held their Annual Burns Dinner at Hotel Tuller, January 25th. President John Cameron giving the opening address. Wreaths had been placed around the monument during the day by representatives of St. Andrew's, Clan Campbell, the Burns Club, and from Colonel Walter Scott of New York. Speakers from Ann Arbor eulogized the memory of Scotia's Bard while all took a hand in singing his praises. Our improved Irishman, Dr. J. B. Kennedy, acted as toastmaster and a good one. We learn that the fund for the proposed statue to perpetuate the memory of Sir Walter Scott is growing wonderfully. The committee who are all well known Scots in Detroit are meet-

ing with much success. Burns led us to the hearts of a people, ennobling the toiler of his country, enriching the world with Love's greatest lyrics, linking East and West with mankind's greatest song, "A Man's a Man for a' That." Scott, the wonderful, opened to the world a country, his beloved Scotia, flowing with Romance. The unconquered hills and glens of the Highlands ruled by Clans whose only king was their chief, or his ain-romantic borderland with its rivers and dales and forests where Douglas or Armstrong with many a spear and bow loved better to raid Merry England than follow the tartans of a Royal Stewart. You cannot honor Burns without honoring Scott.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.
6744 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

At the annual meeting of the Detroit Burns Club, the following officers were elected for the year, 1922: President, John Cameron; vice-president, John Smith; recording secretary, Neil R. Sutton; financial secretary, W. A. V. Edward; treasurer, Thomas G. White; trustees, William Ross, John F. McKinlay, Edward Goodwillie. In view of the widely-expressed wish that the club should undertake the erection of a statue of Sir Walter Scott, poet and novelist, as a companion statue to that of Robert Burns recently erected in Cass Park, it was unanimously decided that this should be one of the objects of the Club. A Sir Walter Scott statue committee has been formed with Mr. John Cameron as Chairman, and Mr. William Livingstone, President of the Dime Savings Bank, will act as honorary treasurer of the new fund. Mr. E. Goodwillie, retiring president of the Club, has already received two checks for the fund, one for $250.00 from Colonel Walter Scott of New York, and one for $100.00 from Mrs. Schoonmaker also of New York. Mrs. Schoonmaker's grandmother was a personal friend of the great novelist.

Rhode Island Letter

Following last year's precedent, Clan Fraser, of Pawtucket celebrated Burns' anniversary by a performance of "Tam O'Shanter," by the Scottish Musical Comedy of Boston, given in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and a dance in the Hutchison Hall; both events going on at the same time, the tastes of both classes were catered for. Needless to say both affairs were very successful financially and also in regard to character of production.

Mr. Daniels' productions are so well known that the tickets had to be restricted to the capacity of the hall, every seat being numbered. The cast consisted of Leverett B. Merrill as Geordie Thamson, the landlord; John E. Daniels, as Souter Johnnie, the cobbler; Robert Burns, the ploughman poet, by Victor Gilbert; Tam O'Shanter, a farmer, by Daniel Ross; Jock Smith, a piper in Highland costume, by George Smith; and Jeannie and Teenie, the piper's daughters, by the Irvine Sisters. Alice P. Gilbert was an efficient pianist. Among the songs sung during the evening were "My Name is Geordie Tamson," "Mary of Argyle," "Bide Ye Yet," "Ye Banks and Braes," "Hurrah for the Highlands," "Wi' a Hundred Pipers," "Will Ye No Come Back Again," "Corn Rigs," "Bonnie, Bonnie Mary," "Willie Brew'd a Peck O'Maut" and "Auld Lang Syne." Of course there were many others in response to a demand for encores, to which the artists willingly complied. The dancing of the Irving Sisters also was highly appreciated. The stage was for the time being converted into a good representation of an ancient Scottish inn by Clansman James Doctor, who was supplied with a colored picture of the actual room in the inn sent from Scotland.

In addition to the above, but on a separate evening, Burns' anniversary was celebrated in the hall of the Presbyterian Church, Central Falls, R. I., by a lecture and concert. The lecture was given by the Rev. A. D. Martin, and was entitled, "The Luck of Robert Burns." Now as one who has listened to very many eulogies on Burns, I have never heard one that depicted the Scottish Bard as having any luck until I heard this one. Certainly Mr. Martin proved his case from several points and in future when I hear Burns lamented as being unfortunate I will feel inclined to correct the error. Not only did the lecturer show a most intimate knowledge of the life and correspondence of Burns, but he had with him a number of splendid photographs of Burns' relatives and copies of his letters. The concert program comprised a duet (violin and piano) by Misses E. G. Dunn and E. Muirhead; "Afton Water," and "Where the Hills of Ben Lomond," by Miss May White; "The Crookit Bawbee," and "Huntingtower," by Miss Catherine Jeffrey and David Eaton; Miss Jeffrey also sang "My Ain Wee Hoose," and Mr. Eaton, "Hurrah for the Highlands." Miss Jen Naismith was very successful in her recitation of "Relief of "Luchnow," and "Bairnies Cuddle Doon." Miss Elizabeth Jeffrey accompanied the singers.

Royal Deputy Frank Hutcheon of Providence installed the officers of Clan Fraser at the beginning of the year and in doing so gained the appreciation of the very large crowd of clansmen and Daughters of the Heather who were specially invited. The new chief is James Palmer who has been an active member for years and has filled the tanist chair previously. The first duty performed by the chief was the presentation to Past Chief John Burt of a gold emblem who in acknowledging the gift made the startling announcement that the amusement committee of the past year had raised a sum of no less than one thousand dollars towards the funds of the clan. I wonder how many clans can boast of a committee like that.

JOHN BALDWIN.
28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

New York Scottish Society

A memorable banquet of the New York Scottish Society was held at Hotel Brevoort, New York, Friday evening, January 20th, 1922. Every number on the program was a genuine Burns number and reached the hearts of the 112 members and guests that gathered around the festal board.

Perhaps one might say that the presence of an Ex-Service Men's Jazz Band, led by John Gorman, may have been a little out of place, but the way these volunteers kept the spirits of all alive and the way their music was received by the younger guests did not make it out of place in the evening's entertainment. It was marked by many that it was a shame to let such beautiful syncopation go to waste, and a longing was expressed that a clear space at the end of the dining hall would have done much for the younger guests to make them happy. There was touches of Scottish melody to offset the jazz; but where is there an orchestra, unless born to the melodies of Scotland, that can render the songs of the heather so truthfully as to pass the supercritical ears of the Scot.

District Attorney Dana Wallace of Queens, who was listed for the speech on the American Scot, was absent due to sickness, as was also Rev. Dr. David Wylie; but just as the chairman of the committee was thinking of making a quick exit, the door opened and Col. Walter Scott and Duncan MacInes came in to fill the vacant chairs.

Everything that happened was blamed on a mysterious person by the name of "George," and this individual seemed to be popular in the extreme at many of the tables, but a little too prominent.

The evening was opened by the New York Scottish Society's quartette, who sang "There was a Lad," and the opening address by President Malcolm MacNeill, which followed, was replete with interesting facts on the military service of Scotland's Poet, proving without doubt that the man we love was never a slacker to his duty when called to do yeoman service.

Secretary Tom Lennox next gave a couple of Burns songs, and was followed by Miss Alice Mackenzie, who sang by request, for the speaker of the evening, Hon. William Pinckney Hamilton, "Whustle." Miss Mackenzie was in good voice and met with repeated applause. Then Andrew Gillies gave his famous "Address to the Haggis" and "For A' That."

Mr. Hamilton's speech (following this article) is worthy of being printed intact, so that your readers may enjoy mentally that which reached the guests verbally, the lesson from Burns, because of its absolute lack of rhetorical frills and embellishments and its true knowledge of poetry that sinks deeply into the hearts of those of Scottish blood and ancestry. His witty introduction, replete with kindly humor and quaint fun is followed by a display of knowledge of a man who carries with him daily in business life the teachings of a well-thumbed and marked copy of Burns.

Colonel Walter Scott, in his remarks, following the speaker, said that Mr. Hamilton's knowledge was that of one who knew his Burns and loved every word of the printed poems bound by the covers of the book. It partook of the self-same kindly nature and the poems lived again as they came from the life. Again the unknown "George" was blamed for the coming of Duncan and himself; but he was more than glad that "George did it" (asserted by Duncan).

Mrs. J. B. Ridley's "Star of Robert Burns" was an appropriate closing of the central feature of the evening, and Murdo Mackenzie and Catherine Mackenzie in Highland Dances made a suitable diversion between the speakers—and when the wee lassie pinned the heather on the lapels of the guests at the speakers' table the entire room burst into applause, especially when the inevitable "George" bussed the lassie.

Amongst other incidents of the evening was "the voice" of an old Scots Fiddle that has been in the family of the Vice-President of the Society for over 100 years—the playing was by Sergeant Saputo of the 107th Infantry, N. Y. C. The sweet, mellow tones of this cheaply constructed instrument were as resonant as those of an expensive violin, and it is to be hoped that someday it can be made to sing under the skilful touch of a Scottish musician, for the tones brought out by the sergeant, though lacking somewhat in the Scottish touch, had a beauty that made one ask for more.

The Toastmaster, using the formula of Mayor Hylan of the City of New York, introduced Duncan MacInnes by stating that the Society wanted him to "Ask Duncan to say something," and Duncan did. Again the inevitable "George" got the blessings, and it was discovered later that "George" had been getting prominent by mixing in with the Clan Convention in Brooklyn, in August of last year, and further, they never forgave him.

John Cochrane sang "Scots Wha Hae," and then the evening's entertainment was brought to a close, because of the lateness of the hour, by all singing "Auld Lang Syne."

No desire to administer a touch of dissatisfaction on the management of the evening's program by the aforementioned "George" for the omission of a "treat" he had and did not use, among his guests, in the person of a little lady who comes from Canada and is in extreme demand for her ability to sing the glorious songs of Auld Scotia. Miss Kathleen Gorrie, of Toronto, and her mother were guests of the Vice-President of the dinner, and even though he assures us that the first Ladies Night will find this treat awaiting the members, "I hae ma doots." But as we are all getting in the habit of saying, "Let George do it," our vice is registering in the same song; but if he does, we want to have an advance notice,

and so will many of our Scottish circle who read THE CALEDONIAN.

Among the guests of the evening and members were Alexander Walker and Mrs. Walker, Surrogate Daniel Noble and wife, Ex-President William Crawford, Miss E. Hirt, John Crochrane and wife, Mrs. and Miss Gorrie, Miss A. E. MacGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh of Staten Island, George T. Ryan, vice president of Board of Education, David G. Morrison, Andrew Gillies and Mrs. Gillies, T. B. Ridley and Mrs. Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. James Travis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Tautzen, Mr. Fife, Mr. and Mrs. Haagsma, Robert Auld, William Henry, Past President Francis Dykes and family, Mrs. Lehman, John Rae and Mrs. Rae, Alexander Frazer and Mrs. Frazer, John Rennie and wife, Mrs. T. Archibald, C. Sampson, Corwin Black, William Hamilton, Secretary T. M. Lennox, Past President Robert Dickson and family, William Taylor.

Mr. Hamilton's speech follows in full:

"Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen of the New York Scottish Society: The older I grow and the longer I live and meet amiable toastmasters, the more forcibly am I impressed that Ananias and Sapphira must have left large and numerous progeny them surviving. Yet it is very good of your toastmaster to present me so attractively, if not entirely truthfully, and of you to receive me so cordially.

"I have had the pleasure of addressing your New York Scottish Society on one other occasion. It is apparent that you have survived that impassioned outburst of native eloquence and seemingly indulge a somewhat morbid craving for another address of the same highly intellectual and moral character, and, while I marvel at your rugged strength, still none the less I note your marked and discriminating taste in the selection of your speakers.

"Indeed, when I received your kind invitation, I was astonished—I felt very much as Noah Webster's wife felt on a certain memorable occasion. Noah Webster who wrote the dictionary. I say this because ere I finish my own somewhat elaborated remarks, I fear that some of you may feel I wrote it. I did not; I swallowed it; he wrote it.

"Well, on this occasion Mrs. Webster accidentally observing Noah absent mindedly hugging and kissing the new cook, quite naturally remarked: 'Why, Noah, I'm surprised,' 'No, no, my dear,' replied Noah, a whimsical smile illuminating his finely chiseled features, and in the limped depths of his soulful and expressive, if somewhat astigmatic eyes, a look of quizical affection: 'No, you're wrong again; I'm surprised; you're astonished.'

"And though astonished, still the reason for my presence here to-night, as you Presbyterians, no doubt, realize will be found in a certain passage in the scriptures, the 87th chapter and 67th verse of Deuteronomy, concerning that ever memorable conversation which was held between Jonah and the whale, wherein the whale winked its eye and playfully flicked its tail, and Jonah arose to remark, 'Now this thing would never have happened—never have happened, if you kept your (George) mouth shut.'

"I'm glad to be here beneath this emblem of freedom, democracy and opportunity, this emblem of a land flowing in milk and honey—and wood alcohol. I'm glad to be *here* in this Manor House on the farm of good Burgher-Brevoort, in this peaceful and bucolic hamlet where doubtless tuneful shepherds pursue dimpled and bewitching shepherdesses o'er hill and dale, through leafy bower and meadow green, and where, unquestionably, the spiders weave their webs from the trolley poles to the adjacent trees while the cars are in motion,—in this peaceful and beautiful Arcady of Greenwich Village. I am glad to be here with you, and, with you, to do honor to the natal day of Scotia's best beloved son.

"And so, though filled with all the flutterings and palpitations of a sweet girl graduate, in the consciousness that I am to respond to a toast, to which there should be brought all the wondrous magic, the melodious eloquence of a master, I feel none the less a certain confidence, that I shall find words to voice to you that which rises in my heart, and this poor tribute I bring, in all sincerity and love, to lay upon the shrine we have erected here to-night.

"One hundred and sixty-three years ago, in poverty and obscurity, an honest man was born. And when he died a multitude accompanied his body to the grave, step by step. A mournful and impressive sight. Men of all ranks, persuasions, opinions mingled there as brethren, stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, and in their hearts the echo of the song of him whose cold clay they accompanied.

"Search Scotland o'er, there's no a but-an-ben has not its Bible and next it, on the self same shelf, has not its Burns. And he, the singer, lived but a short life spent in toil and penury,—sometimes in wantoness,—and died in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected. The honorable excise commissioners, the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, the old and the new light clergy, Holy Willies and Daddy Aulds, all are mingled with the dust, but the spirit of Burns lives on and on imperishable.

"And why? It is not so much what he wrote as what he was. After all, his songs were Burns yet not all of Burns. Imperfect fragments limning forth a soul. A soul wrapped in this same mortal clay. Amiable indeed his weaknesses. Women? Yes, but

> 'Dame Nature swears the lovely dears,
> Her noblest works she classes O,
> Her prentice hand she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses O.'

"Drink?

> 'Fortune if you'll but gie me still
> Hale breeks, a scone and whiskey gill,
> An rowth o' rhyme to rant at will,
> 'Tak a' th rest.'

"The weaknesses and frailties of poor erring humanity bringing him so near to us, and the great, generous, adoring soul within him, bringing us nearer to God,—His Father and ours. Why? He was sincere,—and unaffected. He sang his heart,—and his heart was true. He sings with melody yet it is not the form,—often, as Tennyson says, 'With the perfection of a berry; in light, the radiance of a dew-drop'; it is not the sly rustic humor,—these might bring fame,—but it is the deeper, nobler, vibrant Cathedral note in the very directness and depth of the sentiment. Love of all mankind. Love our highest word and the synonym of God.

"Carlyle, Wordsworth have ears attuned. Carlyle who says of him,—'True simplicity of strength, with its lightning fire, with its soft dewy pity like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant God.' And where is there a sweeter, purer, truer, more inspiring, more soul-elevating picture than 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' Tears spring unbidden to the eyes, as we read, 'Tears as sweet as the sun showers of April.'

'November chill blaus lood wi' angry sough
The short-ning winter-day is near a close,
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose,
The toil worn cotter frae his labor goes.'

"Weary and bent with toil, over the moor he goes toward 'Hame, Sweet Hame'. His lonely cot appears in view beneath the shelter of an aged tree and the expectant wee toddlin things wi' flichtering noise, come lovingly to meet him. His wee bit ingle's blinking bonnily. His hearth'stane's clean. His thrifty wife has e'en a smile of welcome. The elder bairns come dropping in, and Jenny 'in youthfu bloom, love sparkling in her e'ee,' comes home and anon Jennie's beau.

"All is a family's blessed happiness.

"Oh happy love, where love like this is found."

"And then

"The cheerfu supper done wi serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide,
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
The big Ha Bible ance his father's pride
His bonnet reverently is laid aside.'

"And surely, surely God is worshipped there. Wonderful? Yes. Homely and simple. Real and aiding.

"My father, William Pinckney Hamilton, now gone into the great beyond, always had family prayers at home. I have his Bible and I have his copy of Burns given him by his mother, well thumbed,—a cover gone, with passages marked here and there. How often have I heard him voice them.

'John Anderson ma Jo John,
We clam the hill thegither
And mony a canty day John
We had wi ane anither,
Now we maun totter down John
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the feet,
John Anderson, ma Jo.

"And 'Man was made to mourn,' and 'For a' that and a' that, a mon's a mon for a' that,' and 'Auld Lang Syne.' How often quizically has he said to me, 'Will, tho'll get thy fairin,' and as quizically quoted to my dear, and entirely indulgent mother,

'Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife.'

"And that old volume is waiting there for William P. Hamilton third, an American of Scotch ancestry, to grow just a wee bit older.

"What a man of infinite variety he was. A son of Nature loving the sunshine and the dew,—the plover's whistle,—the falling leaf,—the solitary curlew,—the budding birch,—the hoar visage of winter,—why, flowered green fields and mountain breezes are in his songs.

'Flow gently sweet Afton, among thy green braes.'

'My heart's in the Hielands,
My heart's no here,
My heart's in the Hielands,
A chasin' the deer.'

'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon'
'The Winter Night,'—'The Twa Brigs,—'

"The daisy falls not unheeded by the pleugh. Poor Mailie dies not in vain. There's a place in that heart for 'the wee cooerin timorous beastie' and a lesson to be learned therefrom that 'The best laid plans o' mice and man gang aft aglee.'

"The Farmer's Address to his auld mare Maggie—the ourie cattle and the silly sheep. Why, in the man is all the trembling gentleness of a good woman. Tears are close upon dazzling smiles. And oh, the still, rapt grief of 'Mary in Heaven.' What clear visioned satire in the Twa Herds,—The Holy Fair and Holy Willie's Prayer. And oh, his glorious mirth and sunshine and frolic. How the smiles come as we hearken to the Twa Dogs 'upon a bonnie day in June.' And what regret, 'When up they get and shuk their lugs, rejoiced they were no men but dogs.' And how we do enjoy the sport o' Hollowe'en and Tam, Tam O'Shanter, good Tam; I've wandered up and down life's highways and byways, I've gone the world around, and many men I've met and but few, Tam, were worth a tinker's damn, but thou, oh valourous Tam, and thy wonderous ride shall abide wi me forever.

'When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebers, neebers meet.'

'And the warmth and the comfort o' the ingle side
of the gossipy nappy Ayr,
Auld Ayr,
Wham ne'er a toon surpasses for honest men and
bonnie lasses.'

"An' Kate's advice,

'Ah gentle dames it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,—
How many lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises

'The reamin swots and Souter Johnny,
The storm without, the minutes flying.
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills o' life victorious"

"And the ride on the gray mare Meg,—and the wild eerie dance o' the warlocks and witches at Kirk Alloway, and poor Meg's tail when Nannie clutched it, and the moral too.

'When ere to drink ye are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind."

"Tam, Tam, gie me thy hand, good Tam, Glorious Reprobate, I love thee weel!

"The muses of Scotland have never been silent, though the ancient minstrelsy of the land was but preserved in fragments when Burns appeared. It was reserved to him to interpret the heart, and mind and soul of the Scottish peasant, in all its moods, and thus his verse is exquisitely and intensely Scottish, and so the poetry of Burns strengthened and revived the Nationalism of his countrymen. And so, too, as long as the warm blood courses through their veins, shall Scotia's sons e'er thrill to that stern hymn,

'Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled.'

"Oh, that Burns lived to-day! That that impassioned satire might have blazed forth in fitting answer to the cursed Hymn of Hate; that that gentleness, that soft, dewy pity might have encompassed and immortalized those glorious Ladies from Hell who lie there stark in death in sunny France, or on Flander's Fields where Poppies Blow.

"And so to-night in this land of democracy, —your land,—you—who like me—have been born here,—and yours—you who have made it so by adoption, in this free land o'er which floats these glorious stars and stripes:

'Your flag and my flag,
And oh how much it holds,
Your land and my land,
Secure within its folds,
And your heart and my heart,
Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
The red and blue and white,
The one flag, the great flag,
The flag for me and you,
Glorified, all else beside,
The red and white and blue'

It is good to think upon the rugged strength of character, the sterling qualities of our stalwart sires of Scottish blood, that have made possible this democracy for you and for me. And it is good to pay loving tribute to an inspired son of the plain people—to Robert Burns whose spirit was the spirit of true democracy, and a treasure ever green in memory. For a' that and a' that it's comin yet for a' that, when man to man the world o'er shall brithers be for a' that."

Cincinnati, Ohio

At the annual meeting of The Caledonian Society of Cincinnati, January 9th, M. Christie was elected president; George W. Galbraith, vice president; George K. Elliott, treasurer; David H. McNeil, secretary; J. R. Johnston, councillor. The president appointed the following standing committees for 1922: Membership—James J. Muir, chairman; D. D. McDougall, Robert A. Black, C. A. McNish, H. W. Harrington. Entertainment—James Harper, chairman; John E. Richardson, Walter McLeod, J. R. Stewart, John A. Emslie.

The society's chaplain, Rev. W. T. Paterson, pastor of the Norwood Presbyterian Church, preached an interesting sermon on "The Religious Significance of Robert Burns," Sunday evening, January 22d. The society accepted his invitation to be present.

The society celebrated the memory of Bobbie Burns with an evening of Scotch songs and stories, January 27th. The meeting was open to the members and their friends, including the ladies. W. C. M.

Jolly Beggars, Canton, Ohio

On Saturday night, 28th January, the Jolly Beggars Robert Burns Club of Canton, Ohio, celebrated the 163rd anniversary of the birth of Scotland's poet with a banquet and entertainment at Bender's. Mr. J. H. Robertson, attorney and ex-mayor of Canton, acted as toastmaster in his usual able manner. After half en oor's crack, renewing old and making a few new acquaintances, the company of fully sixty gentlemen, headed by Pipe-major Dinwoodie, of Akron, marched to the banquet hall, where ample justice was done to one of Bender's best, which included dainties frae a' the airts the win' can blaw, not forgetting Bubbly Jock, Scots short bread, oat cakes, scones, an' Haggis, "chieftain o' the pudding-race."

Then the company, upstanding, sang two verses of "My Country 'tis of Thee"; and after a short address on Burns by the toastmaster, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Joseph M. Markley recited verses composed by himself the afternoon of the banquet as a "Tribute to Robert Burns," which was heartily received. (Mr. Markley's poem follows this article).

Mr. William G. Miller, of Canton, made the address of the evening in memory of the poet. Those who were privileged to hear Mr. Miller's splendid address of two years ago were anticipating a treat, and they were in no way disappointed. Mr. Miller is an enthusiastic admirer of Burns and always has a new and interesting message to bring to his hearers. His address was enthusiastically received and heartily applauded.

Miss Adelaide Chase danced the Highland Fling in her usual artistic manner accompanied by Piper Dinwoodie, who in full Highland costume also gave several selections during the evening on the pipes. Mr. Donald A. Miller, who was in good voice, sang some of Scotia's sweetest songs, accompanied at the piano by Miss Janet Miller.

Able tributes to the poet were paid by Judges Day and Krichbaum, and James H. Herron ("Jamie"), of Orange, N. J.; besides giving an address on Burns, entertained the company as a humorist, in Braid Scots, and was enthusiastically received. The menu card was artistically arranged and printed by John Macgregor and was a pleasing souvenir of the occasion. The evening was brought to a close by the company joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The following members and guests were present: S. G. Duckworth, W. H. Little, William McCartney, J. B. Allardice, Norval B. Stewart, James Dinwoodie, William Brown, Janet Miller, Adelaide Chase, R. G. Chase, Alexander Russell, Kenneth Miller,

George Frew, of Bowdil; Hugh Wilson, of Massillon; S. S. Craig, James F. Reid, John McGregor, William MacKenzie, Robert H. Day, of Massillon; Dr. T. C. McQuate, H. V. Knowles, T. H. Currie, D. R. Puncheon, C. E. Carnes, J. W. Barr, E. J. Landor, W. A. Landor, W. T. Kirk, A. H. Seymour, Bruce Correll, Gordon Bell, W. Lightbody, R. S. Bell, J. D. Dunbar, E. S. DeFord, J. L. Herron, W. G. Miller, J. H. Robertson, J. M. Markley, W. E. Fife, Judge Charles Krichbaum, Fred McGlashan, J. W. McGlashan, J. Sutherland, J. Sutherland, Jr., Jacob Piper, J. F. Dougherty, Monroe Miller, Myron Miller, John Cullen, J. B. Cullen, William Dallas, Joseph Blake, John Blake and Donald Miller.

Tribute to Robert Burns

BY JOSEPH M. MARKLEY, CANTON, OHIO

I'm glad to be a Scot to-night,
And be with friends so true;
With those who strive to do the right,
And help their brothers too.

And for the land across the sea,
The place from whence we came,
We pray that we may ever be
Full worthy of its name.

For not a people's o'er the sea,
Or people anywhere,
Have more just reason proud to be,
Than those of Scotland fair.

It was the home of Robert Burns,
An honest man and brave;
Whose sayings in his poems spurn
The hypocrite or knave.

Poor Robert Burns of humble birth,
Whose name will never die,
Brought poems down from God to earth,
That men be guided by.

He was a friend to all the poor,
Of man or beast or flower,
And wrote to smooth life's pathway o'er;
Feared not, nor cared for power.

He scorned the proud aristocrat,
Preached brotherhood of man,
Said "A Man's a Man for a' That,"
Regardless of his clan.

He never sought for gold or gain,
But friendship love and truth;
On earth he did not long remain,
Like Jesus left in youth.

Though poor he was, and poor he left,
The world far richer be;
And in the Rock of Ages, cleft,
His soul with God is free.

On the occasion of his recent appearance at Springfield, Ill., Sir Harry Lauder visited the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, and placed a wreath with a card attached bearing the following inscription:

"Let America ever glory in the birth and life, and sacrifice of Abraham Lincoln. I love the result of his labours and revere his memory."

—*Harry Lauder.*

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San Diego, California

The Scottish fraternity of this community duly celebrated, under the auspices of the San Diego Scottish Social Club, the 163rd birthday anniversary of our beloved national poet. The affair was held in the auditorium of the U. S. Grant Hotel, the largest in the city, more than six hundred being present. The address on Burns was given by John McKay, president of the Scottish Social Club, in a very eloquent and convincing manner, and which was heartily applauded.

A very interesting program of readings, songs, recitations consistent with the occasion was contributed by some of our best local Scotch talent. Donald Cameron rendered excellent music on the bagpipes. Others who contributed to the success of the celebration were Mrs. Jean Snow, Oscar Griffith, Mrs. J. B. Nichols, Mrs. J. B. Tetaert, Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Clara McIntosh, Edward Whitehill. Mrs. Clara Erbe was accompanist. Dr. J. M. Wilson and brother, Dr. J. T. Wilson, the Misses Ella and Millie Wilson, Misses C. Eily and Juliet Eily contributed greatly to the evening's enjoyment. The former by their humorous character sketches, and the latter by their Scottish dancing in full Highland costume. After this program was rendered, dancing was engaged in to music by a seven piece orchestra. J. B. Tetaert was chairman of the entertainment committee, assisted by Alex Crichton, vice president. W. T. L.

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Springfield, Mass.

Scottish clansmen and their friends filled Shriners' Hall, Melha Temple, Springfield, Mass., Friday evening, January 27, when the Kiltie Band, Marie DeKyzer, of New York and local soloists and entertainers gave a rousing concert in observance of the 163rd anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, immortal Scottish bard, under the direction of the Burns Benefit Club and Clan Murray. The Kiltie Band called the clans together by a 20-minute street parade prior to eight o'clock, and the entertainment numbers were followed by dancing. Proceeds will go to the Burns Benefit Club for the aid of the sick and unemployed. This was the 28th such observance in Springfield.

Chairman Adam Urquhart made a brief address in opening the program.

Marie DeKyzer, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, of New York, and one of the country's leading sopranos, was the headliner of the program.

Mr. Richard Campbell is Springfield's foremost bass soloist. His numbers were particularly fine. Both were repeatedly encored.

Miss Ruth Burt was pianist, and James' Orchestra furnished music for dancing. The Kiltie Band, under the direction of Drum-major Thomas Patterson and Pipe Sergeant William Potter, put the audience in good cheer, with two opening selections.

The program was: Kiltie Band; song, "Robin Adair," Marie DeKyzer; song, "Hurrah for the Highlands," Richard Campbell; dances in Highland costume, Mrs. Ruth Young; character comedians of the Harry Lauder pattern, Peter Low and William Drummond; song, "Angus McDonald," Richard Campbell; Highland Fling, Mrs. Young; song, "Scottish Blue Bells," Marie DeKyzer; comedy sketch, Low and Drummond; and "Auld Lang Syne," audience.

The committee in charge was: Adam Urquhart, chairman; Andrew Isbistos, secretary; James Shields, treasurer; Alexander Smith, James Crawford, William Florence, William Higgins, James Stuart, James Fetes and James Morton.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH FEDERATION DINNER

The American and British Federation held its second annual dinner and entertainment Saturday evening, February 11th, at the Masonic Hall. The affair was an unqualified success in every way. The dinner which was served from 5 to 7 p. m., was entirely home-made and had all the delicacy and appetizing qualities which only home-cooked dinners can have.

Nearly four hundred partook, many of the guests coming from out of town, and the Springfield Federation and all joined in well deserved praise to the willing hearts and skilfull hands which had worked hard and faithfully to prepare it. It was the basis of the evening's success.

The principal speaker of the evening was Colonel P. A. Guthrie, now practicing law in Boston, who organized and commanded the "MacLean Kilties." It was to help Colonel Guthrie in recruiting and equipping these troops that the American-British Federation was first formed in Boston.

Among those who added much to the success of the entertainment were Miss Viola Du Brau and Andrew Purvis, who sang delightfully, and Master James Davidson and Miss Morgan and another young lady who gave Irish and Scotch dances in a manner that brought forth great and well deserved applause. Rev. E. B. Robinson also spoke.

The American and British Federation of Holyoke is conducting a contest under the direction of its president, Mr. Mason, for the purpose of adding to its membership. The movement originated at the recent dinner and entertainment held in the Masonic Temple, as a means of taking advantage of the many inquiries as to the objects of the Federation. It is hoped to interest and secure as members Americans and all Britishers who have at least the desire of furthering good will between the two great English speaking peoples. The rivalry between the two membership teams is keen on account of their enthusiasm regarding the Federation, and partly on account of the fact that the winning team will enjoy at the expense of the losing team, a supper such as the Federation knows well how to serve.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Six hundred persons, among whom were represented the clans of MacDuff, MacRae, MacKenzie, MacKinnon, MacTavish, Campbell, Cameron, Stewart and many others, "foregathered" in Lattner's auditorium Friday evening, January 27, to honor the one hundred and sixty-third anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, poet of Scotland and the world.

Those who were endowed by nature with the "braid Scottish tongue," accentuated the "burr," and those who were "not so favored," as Father R. J. Campbell, chairman of the evening, said, joined in the festivities of the evening, glad of the opportunity offered by the Cedar Rapids Scottish Society, whose custom it has been for years to hold "open house" on this occasion.

Father Campbell was delightful in his capacity of chairman. He told of his recent visit to the land of Burns, and of the rethatching of the humble home. He defended Burns' seeming irreligiousness, for God to Robbie Burns was not the hard personage depicted by the churches of that day, and his voice was not directed against religion, but at a burlesque of religion.

The program was opened with a bagpipe selection by George Thomson in bonnet and kilt.

The feature of the evening was Sam Galbraith and his daughter, Nellie, of Chicago, who entertained with Scottish songs, stories and dances.

His charming little daughter claimed her share of applause with the rendition of a

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—James Anthony Froude.

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number of difficult dances, which included "The Highland Fling," "Sean Trews," "Sailors' Hornpipe" and "Rope Dance." Miss Galbraith has danced since she was a tiny tot, and has been awarded many medals. Mrs. F. M. Beltz proved a splendid accompanist for the entire program.

Miss Helen Dunlop gave pleasure with solo numbers, "The Cottage Where Burns Was Born" and "Loch Lomand." So insistent was the audience that she responded with "A' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw."

Mrs. J. Hibnes of Norway, read a humorous selection, "Five Feet Nine."

Then followed the grand march which was joined in by everybody, even the bairns, after which a dancing program, Scottish and American was featured. The dancing continued until the "wee sma' hours," concluding with "Guid Nicht and Joy Be Wi' Ye A'."

The officers of the society are James Dunlop, president; Rev. R. J. Campbell, vice president; George J. Thomson, treasurer and James Stark, secretary.

Miss Amelia Day Campbell, of New York city, recently presented to the Herkimer County Historical Society two valuable documents: A communication from Jelles Fonda to Philip Van Rensselaer, dated April 24, 1773, reading: "I cannot think of paying you anything what you charged in your account. I was to have the Rum at New York price and pay you the freight for the same—for which I was to deliver you grane which I am still willing to do. Pray write me if you will have grane and what price and it will be sent you, first opportunity. In so doing I remain your humble Serv't.

"JELLES FONDA."

Fonda was a famous Colonel in the Revolutionary War, commanded the expedition of 1779 against the Indians, and was founder of Fonda, N. Y.

Here is the other document: "Military Agents' Office, Albany 11th, Oct., 1802.

"Sir: You letter with the enclosed package for Mr. Robert Munro, factor at Detroit, this amount received and forwarded the same this morning by the mail for Niagara district to Lt. George Armisten, A. M. Agent, with the necessary directions. I am sir,

"Respectfully, your ob't. Serv't.

"PETER GANSEVOORT JUN.

"GEN WILLIAM IRWIN."

Gansevoort was an American general in the Revolution, famed as defender of Fort Stanwix in the Mohawk Valley, where the Stars and Stripes were unfurled for the first time. He served under Montgomery at Quebec, defeated Barry St. Leger at Fort Stanwix; took part in the campaign on Iuuo, and distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Accompanying this gift was a fine portrait of General Gansevoort.

Principal Sir George Adam Smith, Aberdeen University, has received from Mr. William M. MacBean, New York, fourteen large boxes containing the Jacobite collection of books presented to the University Library, the deed of gift being made out in favor of the principal, and dated 21st August, 1918, the delay having been due to the difficulties of transport. Mr. MacBean is a native of Nairn who has been resident in America for the greater part of his life, and who has devoted considerable attention to historical research, having in 1903-4 printed his "Contribution Towards a Jacobite Iconography." Some years ago the University Library started a special collection of works on Highland history and topography, and Mr. MacBean's gift will form a much-prized addition to it.—*Banffshire Journal.*

Boston, Mass.

More than 10,000 persons attended the 68th annual celebration of the Boston Caledonian Club, January 27, in Mechanic's Building, in observance of the 163rd anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns.

Governor Cox, of Massachusetts, who was the honor guest, made an informal speech. After extending his congratulations to the club, he proudly called attention to his Scottish descent and said that he was more than pleased there were so many Scottish people in Boston. He praised the noble history of the Scots and said the virtues of thrift, industry and character that the Scots exemplify so strikingly are, in addition to being one of the cornerstones on which the Commonwealth is reared, of great necessity in the perilous times through which the Nation is passing. He said he hoped the sterling influence of the Scots would become more and more prominent in the life of the city, State and Nation.

The opening number on the concert program was the "Gathering of the Clans," a most striking picture of the Scotland of old, in which 150 lads and lassies, dressed in kilts, tartans and bonnets, took part.

Chief John Speirs presided and delivered an address on "Robert Burns, the singer of Scotland." Frank S. Abercrombie, president of the building association of the club, spoke briefly about the new clubhouse at the corner of Berkeley and Appleton streets.

Miss Mary Campbell McLeod, of Chicago, contralto, sang several old Scottish songs and was given enthusiastic applause. Miss Inez Stewart, Canadian, soprano, Cameron Steele and Theodore Martin, were the other singers.

The reception committee was headed by First Chieftain David Lee, with Ex-Chiefs Abercrombie, Thomas Grieve and James Urquhart, Ex-Chieftain Peter Millar, Fourth Chieftain Alexander Robertson and Clansman Malcolm Ross. Clansman W. D. Porter acted as floor director, assisted by Clansmen G. Wallace and G. B. Smith. Dancing started at 10:30 p. m., the grand march being escorted by Catherine Adamson as "America," Gladys Graham as "Scotland," Charlotte MacCabe as "Great Britain," and Jessie MacLachlan as "Canada."

International Scots Home Rule League

A LETTER FROM JUDGE ROBERTSON.

3 Frederick Street,
Edinburgh, February, 1922.

Dear Sir:

The International Scots Home Rule League which suspended its work owing to the war, has resumed its advocacy of Scottish control over Scottish affairs. This perfectly reasonable proposal is now generally accepted as desirable in the national interest. It is not a question of separation or alienation from the rest of the United Kingdom, because Scotland would continue to be represented in the Imperial Parliament, and take her full share in the affairs of the Empire. All that is asked, is a legislature in Scotland to deal with purely Scottish affairs.

It is well known that owing to the congestion at Westminster due to the magnitude of Imperial business and the complexity of foreign affairs, there are not sufficient opportunities in the House of Commons for concentration on measures relating to Scotland. This is not altogether the fault of the party which may happen to be in power, but of the legislative system which centralizes too much on one Parliament. The remedy lies in setting up a legislature, which will deal with such matters as land, housing, rating, transport, education, and social and industrial questions in accordance with the mind of Scotland. It would also involve the transfer from London of the headquarters of our administrative departments, so that our local authorities and public bodies would cease being dominated by officials in Whitehall.

It may interest you to know that the league did a considerable amount of important work prior to the war. On its representations resolutions approving of a Scottish legislature were passed by the Corporations of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee and other municipalities. In the department of literature it published leaflets, pamphlets and papers which form a permanent record of its work. The Scottish societies in many of the large cities in Canada and the United States, were visited and interested in what has become a great patriotic movement. Its supporters have also advocated Scottish Self Government in the Convention of Royal Burghs, which has unanimously approved of the principle.

The League has never been associated with Extremists or Separatists. It believes that its one object will best be secured by constitutional methods. It is not identified with party politics although it has many supporters both inside and outside the Government. The meetings and literature which are necessary to give publicity to its work will involve considerable outlay, and any contribution which you may make to its funds will be appreciated.

Yours faithfully,

F. J. ROBERTSON,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

The daily New York press made much of the recent brief visit to the city of Mr. Francis W. Grant, "laird" of Inverness, and his piper, William MacDonald, late of the Scots Guards. Mr. Grant, who is a fine type of Scot, came in on the *Cedric*, January 20, and sailed away on the same ship, January 25. We wish they might have stayed longer. Their brief visit was an education to the reporters, at any rate, and their manful (and, we should also add, ladylike) struggle with the "braid" will certainly drive them to a closer study of the grand, old dialect before such another opportunity offers.

Pittston, Pa.

The Pittston Caledonian Club held its annual banquet and concert in memory of Robert Burns on the 26th January, at the Armory. A large delegation from the Scranton club attended. We engaged the Ross Concert Troupe from Boston to perform. It was with misgivings we did so, as so many of the mines were closed down; but the Scotch people rallied around us and gave us a bumper house. I have heard many so-called Scottish singers perform, but the Ross Troupe are head and shoulders above any. The pathos of their singing was sublime and brought tears to many an eye as the auld songs from Scotia were rendered. I cannot single out any of the artists as they were par excellence. It was quite a financial success, and we are going to repeat it again as soon as our new building is dedicated.

WILLIAM HARPER, Chief.

William Rennie

William Rennie, a well known member of many New York Scottish organizations, died at his home in the Bronx, New York city, December 15, 1921. Mr. Rennie was a man of many delightful social qualities, a thorough Scot, in his fine character and high literary attainments embodying the best traditions of the hameland. He was an authority on Scottish subjects, ancient and modern, old Celtic lore, old ballads, place names, etc.; a poet and historian, and through his many lectures to both Scottish and other audiences had carried the knowledge and appreciation of the land of the heather to thousands. He had been a popular lecturer in the New York Board of Education courses since 1912, speaking on Scottish history, scenery, romance, song and story, Burns, Scott, John Knox and Shakespeare, and was in constant demand in every section of the city regardless of its prevailing nationality.

Mr. Rennie was born in Cumbernauld, Scotland, May 14, 1846. In 1874, he came to America for the Port Washington Iron and Coal Company, of Port Washington, Ohio. In 1893, he moved to Staten Island, New York, as suprintendent of the John H. Starin Transportation Company, and in 1905, joined George H. Smith & Hicks, of the Home Insurance Company, as Marine Inspector, where he was employed until his death.

Viscount Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States, the noted historian, political writer and statesman, died suddenly at Sidmouth, England, January 22, 1922. He was active and energetic to the last, his latest writings bearing all the marks of youthful optimism and enthusiasm. His contribution to the better understanding among English-speaking peoples is beyond estimate.

James Bryce was born in Belfast, Ireland, May 10, 1838. His father was a Scotsman, Dr. James Bryce, a Presbyterian minister, and his mother an Ulsterwoman, a native of County Antrim.

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Burns Club of London Honors Walter Scott

The Burns Club of London has also extended special honors to Colonel Scott. The following letter from the Hon. Secretary and excerpt from the minutes of the club are self explanatory:

"Dear Sir:

"I have the great honor and pleasure to inform you that my Council has unanimously elected you an honorary and life member of this club.

"I enclose herewith an excerpt from the minutes of the meeting at which the election was made and trust to hear that you are disposed to accept this membership which is the highest in the constitution of the club.

"I am and remain,

"Always yours sincerely,

"(Signed) J. A. BROWN,

"Honorary Secretary.

"Colonel Walter Scott,

"New York, U. S. A."

* * * * *

Excerpt from the minutes of a meeting of Council of the Burns Club of London (No. 1 on the Federation Roll) held at the offices of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleet street, London, E. C., on Monday, November 28th, 1921.

"The President, Sir William Noble, in the Chair:

"Inter Alia.

"It was unanimously and cordially resolved to elect Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, U. S. A., an Honorary and Life Member of the Club.

Mr. John Douglas, F. S. A. (Scot) in moving the resolution said that 'No man had done more, if any had done as much, in the interests of Scotland in general and the cause for which Burns stood in particular throughout the great Continent of America. It was therefore fitting that this club occupying, as it did, the highest position on the Roll of Federated Clubs, should desire to place on its roll of members the name of Colonel Scott, whose ungrudging and devoted labors would for ever find a warm place in the affections of all true lovers of Burns.'

"The resolution was supported by similar tributes from Messrs. P. N. McFarlane, vice president; James Thomson, F. S. A. (Scot), past president; William Will, past president and others."

* * * * *

Colonel Scott has cabled his acceptance and deep appreciation in his usual graceful manner.

SCOTS HOME RULE

The International Scots Home Rule League

is carrying on a vigorous campaign in Scotland for a National Parliament to deal with Scottish affairs, including Land Reform, and urgently appeals to all patriotic Scots abroad to contribute to its funds. It is also holding a Scottish Bazaar. Gifts of goods or money should be sent now to the Hon. Treasurer.

JUDGE F. J. ROBERTSON, J. P.
3 Frederick Street Edinburgh

Sioux City, Iowa

The Scottish Society and Heather Club joined in commemorating the anniversary of the birth of Scotland's Bard at the Alpine Hall, Sioux City. The excellent program of Highland dances, song, poetry and music was enjoyed and applauded by an audience of several hundred.

Members were welcomed by John Brand, president of the society, who, in a eulogy of Robert Burns, said they had assembled to do homage to one whose poems have reached to the far ends of the earth, and whose lyrics, through their tenderness, simplicity and beauty of thought, have touched every human heart.

Patrolman John McLeod was the piper of the evening and led the assemblage to the tune of the bagpipes, in the grand march, preceding the general dancing of the audience.

The heroine of the program in the individual performances was little Miss Agnes Perry, who gave an interpretation of the Highland fling in costume. A sword dance was performed by Miss Mabel Mathison and the Highland fling was executed by Mrs. Grace Griffen. Others who assisted in the program were C. E. Jones, Miss Jean McFarlane, Miss Lydia MacMaster, Mrs. K. B. White, B. J. Bergeson, Mrs. G. F. Whitehead, Garfield Howell and Miss Stewart.

New York Scottish Celtic Society

At the recent annual meeting of the New York Scottish Celtic Society, the following officers were unanimously re-elected and installed for the coming year: President, Benjamin M. Morgan; first vice president, Hugh Gilchrist; second vice president, Alexander Fraser; treasurer, Donald Bain; financial secretary, Hector MacKay; corresponding secretary, William Gunn; recording secretary, William MacLennan; bard, Peter MacKay; piper, Alexander Fraser.

John R. Scofield, vice president and treasurer of Butler Brothers, who passed away January 29, at his residence, 3541 Jackson boulevard, Chicago, was born in Webster, Mass., June 3, 1854, and went to Chicago in 1879 at the time the Chicago house of Butler Brothers was opened. Starting as entry clerk, he became manager of the office and at the time of the incorporation of the company in 1887, was made a director. In 1902 he was elected treasurer, and in 1918 a vice president. Mr. Schofield continued in active service up to the time of his

illness. He is survived by a widow and three daughters, Mrs. John T. Parsons, Mrs. Martin J. Quigley, and Mrs. Joseph A. Bates. Funeral services were held Tuesday, January 31.

The pallbearers were all from the Directory of Butler Brothers as follows: Edward B. Butler, Frank S. Cunningham, Walter Scott, J. H. Schoonmaker, Louis C. Burr, Marvin B. Pool, Edward Sheehy, George P. Hunt.

The Songs of Burns

(*Continued from page 438*)

"I dare do all that does become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

But no man can set up a standard for himself, and as poet he must ring true to the laws of the soul. This is the butt of Henley's criticism. So it is out of the depths of his misery that he speaks, and we must listen. Hark to his bard's epitaph:

Is there a whim-inspired fool
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and through the starting tear
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
Is wisdom's root.

His two epistles to Davie, "a brither poet," contain Horatian wisdom and genial common sense, written off-hand, with apparent ease. They picture the secret of a happy heart, a mind sufficient for itself, and in itself confronted with the pride of life. Would he had always followed its light.

Its no in titles nor in rank
Its no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
Its no in making muckle mair,
Its no in books, its no in lear,
To make us truly blest.
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

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Elsewhere he sings—

To make a happy fireside bright
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
O' human life.

But the real Burns, the Burns of the hall-stamp of his own minting, the exquisite, the precious, the rare, bursts out in the lyric rapture of his songs. Has love ever found truer or nobler expression than in his imitation of "the manner of the old ballads," as Hazlett defined it, than it is expressed in "Mary Morrison"—

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast o' a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison.

or the tender appeal to the irresponsive lover—

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Similarly, the artless strains of "Behind yon hills where Lugar flows" and "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," or "Afton Water" have that delightful expression of natural feeling well nigh perfect and beautiful. "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast" has but three verses, each of them a gem. "How delightful again are the opening lines of "The Lea Rig":

When o'er the hills the eastern star
Shows busking time is near, my Jo."

And its companion picture of the morning star in "To Mary in Heaven," when the morning planet, possibly Venus, appears before sun and passes out in his rising rays:

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

The beauty of the planet's appearance, so reminiscent of past splendor and hope, in the soul's blank, all so fully and poignantly expressed. This is a common power of contrast in expression with Burns, as witness the lines to "A Mountain Daisy" and other songs. But there are more poignant lines even than those on "Highland Mary" in that exquisite pastoral lyric, "Ye Banks and Braes," and "Streams around the Castle o' Montgomery"—

Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
The heart that lo'ed me dearly,
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

A manly heart beat there with the tenderness of a woman.

"Ae fond kiss and then we sever," called forth by the not very worthy flirtation with Mrs. MacLehose of Edinburgh, the Clarinda of the letters, has four of the most pathetic lines in erotic literature—

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Another exquisite composition of this class is "My love is like a red, red rose." Love constitutes the theme of the majority of his songs, but pastoral poetry like "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," "Ye banks and braes" and homely lilts like "John Anderson, my Joe," where life speaks loudly yet sweetly of sorrow and joy, are within his range. "A man's a man for a' that" and "Scots wha hae" bespeak his independence and national fervor, though "Kenmore's on and awa', Willie," the Galloway Jacobite ballad, is a finer war ode, sentiment apart, than the last named. All that Burns was in himself, his early life struggles, his patriotism and independence, his love of liberty, his sympathy with the poor and oppressed, his response to the ideas of the French Revolution—are expressed in his poetry. Pessimistic at times he is with life, but there is nothing mean or meretricious here; there is, above all, a manly soul amid all the struggling, a warm, susceptible heart to every fine sentiment of human affection, and it is because of these expressed in felicitous and generous song that his memory is so fondly cherished. It is, after all, the fine gold that attracts. In spite of the quartz, it is worth the search. It meets the true heart at every turn. Burns has a lyre that when he twangs it with the sentiment of song, it rises to the highest notes of melody and transforms the world.—*The Northern Chronicle.*

NEW YORK
MARCH, 1922

The Caledonian

(Founded by Donald MacDougall, April, 1901)

The American Scottish Magazine

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THE CALEDONIAN

THE AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, APRIL, 1901

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.

A Highland Sunset: Echoes From the Great War, August, 1914

BY DONALD MACBAIN

The day was far spent, the evening had come, and the beautiful sunset was there, with such a glow, such a richness of coloring, with its seas of emerald green, its deep blue, vermillions, yellows and crimsons—the glorious colors which make up a sunset which lives and lives on throughout our lives.

When deep sorrow comes into our hearts it is there, and we lift our hearts from Nature to Nature's God, for we feel that He does all things well. When joy comes it is there also, making that joy more restful and complete. Then when love comes it is there, making that love more heavenly, and as the sunset still glows, making all things beautiful.

A Highland sunset, how radiantly bright!
See where the twilight is wedding the night.
Prelude of joys that shall gladden our sight
After life's sunset and after life's night.

Yes, the day was far spent, the evening was there, with such a glow, with such a splendor, that no earthly eyes can view without the deepest emotion and contrition of heart wedding us to a higher and nobler conception of life, and as we look at the humble Highland clachans we know, we feel, that a great sorrow has entered the valley, a sorrow so deep, so foreboding that no words can ever portray or give the faintest impression of that dreadful visitation coming among a loving and devoted people.

Oh! that peaceful countryside, bathed and brightened with the beams of gold and silver from the sinking sun, gradually sinking toward the tops of the snow-capped mountains, their cliffs lighted up in jewelled tints.

Need I say what the full essence of that sorrow was? There was a great hush over the valley where the yellow corn was ripening into harvest, and the skylark singing its joyful lays above the light summer clouds. Many clachans of the Highlanders were dotted here and there, and the mountain peaks, cleaving the sky, sent the various reflections deep down on the lake embosomed 'mong the hills, like the love and sacrifice of a noble life.

What an impressive picture, yet so full of sadness, with the gentle wailing of the woodlands and the cooing of the wild pigeons, the evening songs of the thrush and blackbird, and the gentle murmurings of the streams, and as I looked and listened there came to me with the light summer breeze waving the brackens and the heather bells, the stories of the great Celtic people and the days of the Clans and of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The lights and deep shadows of a wonderful race—lambs in the home, but lions in the field.

"Oh loved warriors of the minstrel land
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave,
Your rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features and a mien so grave.
But ne'er in battle-field throb hearts so brave
As those which beat beneath the tartan plaid,
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
Then level for the charge your arms are laid.
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid?"

Suddenly, to complete this evening picture, there came the weird sound of the coronach or lament for the dead. Such a plaintive air! Why this great Highland lament sounding from the war-pipes? There was no death in the valley on this fatal day, but as the piper played there came to me great visions of battle fields where of old the brave Highlander of Scotland fought, bled and died on many a storied field.

So entered this peaceful valley the alarm of war. Europe ablaze with the curse that would destroy this world's most beautiful fabrics. Nothing then, of priceless value, can now stand before this great and hateful monster. No love, no sacrifice, no power on earth can say "Peace, be still."

It enters then into this peaceful valley where the children play, and where the happy shepherd tends his flocks, where the little ivy-clad church lay beside the burial ground of those who passed away from the daily life of this valley's loves and sorrows, where the worshippers of God met and prayed for peace on earth and good-will to men, and where the minister's words would ring out in Gaelic, the language so soft, so sweet to the Celts—"Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God," and "Thou shalt show me the path of life" for "In Thy presence is fullness of joy and at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

Oh! blessed valley. Oh! blessed people. The glens and valleys of the Clanranald, even when that hideous sorrow breaks among you like a tidal wave, even then your hearts rise in resignation to that God who says—"Blessed are the dead"—and when your loved ones are taken away from you by the greed and avarice, sins, ambitions and lusts of nations, the valley will still live and breathe the peace that passeth knowledge that no mortal can destroy.

So enters with all the terrors of Hades, with all the treachery of human skill and cunning, with all its crimes, with all its turmoils, with all its thirst and hunger, starvation of millions, the mighty torrent of hate, heroism, self-sacrifice. Children lost to their parents, parents lost to their children. Husbands and wives severed forever. All! All! the sorrows, crimes, murders, so full of treachery, inhuman passions let loose in the air, on the earth, on the sea and under the sea. A Hell on earth—

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

So swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

What is our life then? It is as a shadow. It is as the flowers of this peaceful Highland valley, and this great, mighty sunset, filling the earth and the Heavens with such glory, spiritual in its far reaching influence on the human mind, or like the flowers that grow in beauty among the ferns and around the rough boulders, then fade away.

What have we done with our life? Its great opportunities, which so often come and depart, to raise the fallen and cheer the faint, and to fill other lives with joy by our sympathy and our love, and to make our very transient journey here a great blessing and a preparation for the greater life beyond the grave. Where then is Brotherhood?—a weapon to destroy the monster war.

But as we gaze on the dying sunset, for nothing in this world can last, and hear the sweetness and joyfulness of the little children who are now filling the lanes and fields with life—enters like a drunken man—the embodiment of selfishness and hate. So full of everything loathsome and cruel, the blighting wave of war. The most savage, the most cruel this world has ever seen.

Fathers and mothers clasped their little ones and their stalwart sons in their arms. Brothers and sisters gazed with tenderness into each others' eyes. Sweethearts, who lived in land of visions and of sweetness, were staggered with awe and a great dread of a now living calamity.

The great sunset, the great sorrows, the great loves of this day became nearer and dearer—a fitting crown of beauty and of sorrow to the partings that would so soon wring the soul in its intensity. So strange that when a great sorrow strikes deeply into the human heart there comes then a nearness to God, and the Highlanders of this peaceful valley lived near to God as the sunset beamed and glowed.

There were many Highlanders and their families gathering into the little kirk, beside the graves of the peaceful dead, and as this host filled the kirk and even the burial ground to overflowing from far and near, and as the Highland minister lifted up his voice in prayer, there was a great hush, as each and all bowed their heads in prayer. Many were in tears for they well understood this was the last meeting, and as the pastor's voice rose in the soft pleadings of the Gael, that the God of battles would protect these loved ones in that fair valley, and that the splendid youth of that immense congregation, composed of the flower of Scottish chivalry, would now go forward to the call of arms and fight, bleed and die for king and country.

After the service a young Highland officer rose, and in a soft voice yet full of hidden strength and power, he pointed the way and the road to battle and to the service on behalf of humanity. Then the young voice rose again, now like the murmurings of distant thunder, and like the near approach of that terrible storm which burst over devoted Europe, he commanded the pipers to strike up the great war pibrochs, "Donald Dhu," and "The March of the Cameron Men," and as he commanded, he cried aloud—"Highlanders, follow me."

They marched from the valley that day as the beautiful sunset was casting its last gleams of glory, and lighting up the great valley and striking the various tartans of the clansmen into a glory never forgotten. We felt then that the Highlanders of Scot-

(*Continued on page 528*)

Memories of a Scottish Village

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.

VI

THE RISE AND FALL OF JOWDY MOORE

It was a great day when an outpost of General Booth's army was established in oor hame toon. The entry of Christian soldiers, marching as to war, challenging Satan and his hosts to engage in a conflict of fire and blood, did not, somehow, disturb our dour-lipped elders as had the coming of Mr. Swazey and his candlesticks. Perhaps the new idea of religious revival was novel enough to be staggering. The descendants of Covenanters who even yet oppose musical accompaniment in the worship of God, were shocked out of even their gravity by sounds of revelry on brasses, doggerel hymns to music hall tunes, and the battering of drums.

The guid people of oor toon were, perhaps, not alone in their amazement, for these were the early days of Booth's great and successful experiment. The methods employed to save drunkards and other sinners were, like the ventriloquist undertaker's, balanced on the fine edge between pathos and bathos. The fact survives, nevertheless, that the undertaker, with his eloquent corpses and sheep's heads, and the Salvation Army, with its flame and fury, blood and brimstone, did much good. Where persuasion to morality failed, the bludgeon of threatened hell-fire succeeded.

But at first the faithful souls who sang, pleaded, testified and smote drums and tambourines under the Jubilee Lamp in oor toon suffered like martyrs. They were "no a' there," as Holy Tammas remarked, significantly touching his brow. For once Gangy the billposter agreed with him. This phenomenon of divine grace descending like a flash of lightning and hitting a man between lifting his dram and never swallowing it was "fair incoamprehenseeble." That something had happened to such as claimed conversion was not to be denied, and that they were the happier for it; but, as McClung said, "Hookey Walker was the happiest man in the world that time he was taken tae the Daft Hoose, him thinkin' he was a leevin' example o' perpetch'al motion."

The original half-dozen Salvationists—a major, two captains, a cornet, a drum-major and a pretty lassie with a melodramatic-heroine voice—never lacked an audience, composed largely of lads, such as Bagsie & Co., attracted by the drum, and the elder youth of oor toon who came to scoff. Sometimes a shining light of the U. P. or the Free might be observed in the shadows of a close; but curiosity is a pardonable human weakness.

While the Salvation Army band sounded the loud timbrel, unexpected disturbances occurred. Turnips, firecrackers and projectiles from the juvenile peashooter showered upon the heads of the devoted and enduring workers. It was a shame; but then the heathen did not understand what McCandlish termed "this parody on releegious obsairvance"; and to the glory of the martyrs be it said that

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they suffered not in vain. In the end they were accepted, and accepted many.

The first to "come forri't" was Davie Morrison, and it took oor toon's breath awa.' Davie was a lad of twenty and a "deevil" for his years. He had been in the reformatory without being reformed; he had run away to sea twice and returned each time impenitent and wiser in the ways of wickedness. He had enlisted once in the navy and once in the army, in each case being bought out by a patient and long-suffering father.

Davie was at the bottom of nearly every practical joke played on the faithful half-dozen. On the very night of his sudden change of heart he had bribed Bagsie & Co., Unltd. to organize a counter-band of penny whistles and tin cans. The appearance of this disreputable orchestra, which marched right into and through the circle below the Jubilee Lamp, set the onlookers in a roar of amusement. The Salvationists had to suspend business for a few minutes, and it was then the curious thing occured.

Davie Morrison, who had been standing on the fringe of the crowd with an expansive grin on his face, suddenly began to stare. The Salvation major was woefully shaking his head. The drumstick was hanging despondently in the drum-major's right hand. The cornet and the captain stood with bowed heads, patient martyrs awaiting the pleasure of the Philistines. The Salvation lassie held her tambourine tightly pressed against a heaving bosom, and her eyes, slightly uplifted, rained tears of despair upon her white cheeks.

Davie Morrison's stare was fixed upon the lassie. All at once the climax came. Davie rushed out from the circle of Philistines and produced discord in the penny whistle band by knocking The Yowt's head and Bagsie's together.

"Stop it!" cried Davie. "Gang awa' hame, ye young rascals!"

Then, amid a silence of astonishment, Davie turned and looked straight into the eyes of the Salvation lassie, taking off his hat with a clumsy but none the less manly penitence.

"I thank you, kind sir," she said.

"Ye're welcome," said Davie. And then it was, maybe, the mysterious lightning struck him. He spun around and faced the heathen, who were agape with wonder. His eyes shone; his voice rang out with a kind of inspired thrill; and he gripped his hat with both hands in front of him.

"Lis'en a minnit!" he cried. "Ye a' ken fine it was me put the boys up to that game. I want to say I'm sorry for it! It was not a fair thing to do, and I, for one, will never do it again. What's more—I'll not let any other body play any game on the Salvation Army from this night on!"

There came a buzz of amusement, whereat Davie waxed warm.

"If ye still want a divairsion," he shouted, "let's hae a guid one noo and be done wi't! Any one o' ye that wants it; let him step right up an' show me his fists. Any *twa* o' ye!"

No one had the courage for this sort of diversion with—Davie Morrison. The hero laughed, clapped his bonnet on his head, and announced that the interrupted hymn would now be sung again.

"And here," said he, turning to the drum-major, "give us a haud o' that drum!"

So Davie Morrison joined the Salvation Army. What happened to him is for psychologists to determine. Night after night he was of the inner circle beneath the Jubilee Lamp, facing the outer circle of the Philistines. At the end of the first week he "testified." He said he had been a wicked lad all his days. He said the "light" had come and revealed that wickedness to him; and now he was happy all the day. Scoffers in the rear of the crowd challenged him with reminiscences of the past. Davie only grinned and offered to answer the heckler if he would stand out in the light of the Jubilee Lamp. Failing a taker, he would brand the Devil a coward, all brag and no backbone. The Salvation Army lassie looked raptures, shook her tambourine, and murmured, "Amen, Brother David!"

Two weeks later, Davie Morrison appeared in a Salvation Army uniform. A month later, with the rank of local captain, he was married to the lassie. And Captain and Mrs. Davie Morrison did a lot of good in oor toon.

Other local malefactors followed Davie's example, although a wife like Mary Morrison was not to be had every day, even by joining the Salvation Army. Many actually turned over a new leaf and lived in the love of God thereafter; others

suffered a kind of passing spiritual hysteria and backslid sooner or later. Of the latter was Jowdy More.

Judah More, as he was christened, or just merely named, was a tinker. Whether his ancestors were gypsies, there is no telling. Like many of his kind—the wandering, tent-dwelling tinsmiths of Scotland—he came out of the Highlands with a strong Gaelic accent, a strong Gaelic breath, and a readiness to fight anybody about anything—preferably a constable for no reason at all.

Judah, or Jowdy, More acquired a wife and an amazing tribe of children. In his sixties he looked like some patriarch sadly in need of a wash. His hair and beard were matted where they should have been flowing, yellow where they should have been white. He had big, open features, scarred with battle, and the most lovable blue eyes when they were not fired with Celtic rage or Celtic whiskey. In his latter years he gave up wandering with his tribe-like family, pitched his tent on the shores of oor toon and spent a month in gaol at the outset for almost murdering a constable who instructed him to "move on."

When he got out of limbo he moved his tent further along the beach, just outside the toon limits. But that improved matters little, for he had a habit of beating the Jowdy tribe, individually and collectively, every Saturday night after a visit to Sandy Blue's tavern. The clamor thereof disturbed our elders often in the sma' hours of Sunday morning. But Jowdy defied the law to oust him, and as his wife, despite her blacks and blues, was loyal to her tribal chieftain, the law could only hope to arrest Jowdy, fu', within the toon limits; which they did occasionally, although the constabulary casualty list was sometimes appalling.

Jowdy was a disturbing element in the Salvation Army meetings on Saturday nights. He liked to roll into the circle, very drunk and disreputable, resembling some ancient patriarch run *amok*, and offer to "testify" of such personal wickedness as not even a Salvation Army meeting ever heard on a great night of the spirit. Usually the constabulary descended upon the Giant Jowdy, and it was the Salvation Army—to its great honor be it said—which saved the tinker many a time from another period in gaol.

Jowdy—his kind—was the army's material. They saved him from the law and let him speak. Jowdy, mollified, unused to such forbearance, would burst into tears. His sobs were like the coughing of an exhaust, and his voice bellowed like a bull's in challenge when he told what he knew of the Pit of Corruption and his own captaincy in the regions of the infernal.

"Ah'm not convertit!" he would roar. "Nur Ah don't mean to be. The Lorrd wouldna have the likes o' me!"

"He will, Brother Jowdy!" the army would chorus. "All you need is faith, Brother Jowdy!"

"Ah'm a wicked deevil!" Jowdy would proclaim defiantly, ready with his fists if any offered to deny it. "Ah'm steepit in sin. An' Ah'm *proud o' it!*"

And his concluding roar almost always was:

"An' noo, ye black-faced tups (male sheep), Ah'm goin' back tae ma tent doon the shore, an' for the glory o' the Lorrd Ah'm goin' tae lather the tripe oot o' the whole Jowdy tribe!"

Departing, the patriarch fulfilled his own saying; and the night would be filled with weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, explosive sounds that came from the tent-dwellers on the beach. Once a rural constable waited until Jowdy had fallen into a sleep of exhaustion and whiskey, and entering the tent, offered to avenge Mrs. Jowdy and the bruised tribe by wheeling the patriarch in a barrow to the lockup. The constable returned bearing clawmarks of an infuriated chieftainess, but without the great Jowdy.

She was a loyal wife, even following her lord when the lightning illumined his darkness one night, just as grace had flashed upon Davie Morrison. Jowdy appeared under the Jubilee Lamp that night—sober! He was pale and nervous, and at first he was very quiet in his speech.

He took off his hat and solemnly announced that he was done with the devil and all his works. He had had a fearful vision in his sleep. Dr. Jamie McNeish, who knew the private history of every man in oor toon, always declared that Jowdy More had an attack of *delirium tremens* that night. But this was the vision Jowdy

described while the Salvation Army listened with awe.

He had fallen into a besotted, swinish sleep (Jowdy spared no adjectives), and dreamed that he was seized by devils and transported down into Hell. There he met Satan, who at once proposed a game his Satanic majesty called "Toad-in-a-Hole." The Devil said that he and a Mr. Pritchard (a notorious murderer) were short one toad and hoped Jowdy wouldn't mind being It. Jowdy, himself a good fellow, consented.

They went to the Cinder Track, which was a circular affair strewn with red hot tacks, with two parallel lines of holes just large enough to accommodate a man standing up to his armpits. The bottoms of these holes were flooded with molten lava.

The rules of the game were these: The Devil and Mr. Pritchard played against each other. Armed with a huge, sharp toasting-fork, each drove his "toad" from hole to hole around the circular track, the winner being whoever got his "toad" to the last hole first. Jowdy was "toad" for the Devil, and Pritchard's "toad," Jowdy said, was a celebrated local drunkard, Erchie McNicol, who had not long before left oor toon for the shades.

Jowdy told his tale, by way of testimony, with his eyes starting from his head, his hair and patriarchal whiskers bristling with fright, and great beads of perspiration rolling down his grimy face and neck. He dilated with horrid detail upon the procedure of the infernal game; how the Devil prodded him from one hole to another, trying to make him go faster than Pritchard's "toad"; how he was no sooner in one hole and felt the molten lava take the flesh off his footsoles than he was glad to spring out; and as often as he felt the red hot tacks of the glowing Cinder Track under his scorched feet, he was forced to jump into the next lava hole.

"Oh, it was the fearsome game, that!" cried Jowdy. "Ah didna need tae be proddit wi' the toastin'-fork; Ah didna *wait* tae be proddit; but the Devil proddit me juist the same. Ah cam' in first, because puir Erchie McNichol had been playin' toad for weeks an' was fair dune up. The Deevil pattit me on the back an' said Ah'd be champyin toad o' a' Hell, wi' a wee bit mair practice. But oh, ma freen's, Ah'm no proud o' winnin' that race. Ah dinna want tae be champyin! Ah'm for the Lorrd from this nicht on!"

Sure enough, he was—or seemed to be. The army gave him a suit of clothes and a bath. He combed out his long white hair; and now indeed was he the patriarch, and of venerable aspect. No more did he beat Mrs. Jowdy and the tribe. Thanks, no doubt, to the army, they abandoned the tent and occupied a little cottage. Mrs. Jowdy and the sons and daughters who were old enough were "converted"—at the patriarch's command; and in time Jowdy himself was made a captain and got a uniform. That uniform was indirectly the cause of a lapse into sin.

But in that interval Mrs. Jowdy and her sons and daughters did not seem to thrive as the patriarch did in the new life. The sons never testified, never sang; the daughters collected pennies from the Philistines and did their army duties in a listless disinterested sort of way. Mrs. Jowdy whacked the tambourine under the eye of her lord and, with no more black eyes or bruised features, she appeared a right handsome "Helen McGregor" of a woman. But a close observer could see that she was not happy. Captain Judah was no longer the great Jowdy More of tribal days.

Then came the captain's uniform and the fall from grace.

Jowdy, resplendent in red and blue and brass for the first time, was to be the star of the gala meeting that night. It had been announced that Captain Judah More would testify, that on this great occasion he would again relate of his warning "experience" in Hell. A great crowd was expected to hear the deathless epic once more.

Jowdy, proud of his splendor, left home before the rest of the Jowdys. He wished to parade the main street in his outward panoply of inward reform. He wished that all men might see him. And all men did!

The meeting was set for eight o'clock, at the Jubilee Lamp. At that hour there was a large circle of Pharisees, publicans and sinners to hear Jowdy. Mrs. Jowdy and all the generations of Jowdy were there, but the patriarch had not yet appeared. The band struck up. Ten after eight Jowdy was still absent. At eight-twenty, Captain, now Major Davie Morri-

son concluded a fervid address, and, as Jowdy was still missing, proposed that a collection be taken up, while all joined in singing of the "Ninety-and-Nine" and the one which was lost.

At eight-twenty-five, Jowdy being still absent, the major, a little anxious, announced that, as the collection amounted to precisely six and ninepence-halfpenny, they would sing the chorus over again and see if the even seven shillings could not be reached. Secretly he hoped that Jowdy would turn up in the meantime.

The repeated chorus brought the collection so far over the mark—to nine and tenpence—that the major said they might as well make it ten shillings—and he cast a worried eye over the heads of the heathen.

They may have got ten shillings or more. Fact of the matter was lost in the ensuing confusion, for during the repetition of the "Ninety-and-Nine" the one which was lost appeared.

The appearance was in the nature of apparition. Jowdy's eyes were wild; his face was flushed; his beard was streaked and stained darkly around the moustaches; his uniform cap was slewed over a belligerent left eyebrow; the rest of the captain was awry and plastered, and Jowdy More swayed unsteadily on his heels.

A groan went up from the army, and a confused buzz of malicious joy from the Pharisees, publicans and sinners. The heroine voice of Mrs. Davie Morrison was heard in accents of melodramatic reproach:

"Brother Jowdy! O-o-o-oh, Brother Jowdy!"

"Hall'luia!" said Jowdy, in an effort to cover his fall from grace.

What had happened all oor toon knew next day. Jowdy, high minded and with proud looks, had met his old friend, the Devil, in the flesh of Gangy the billposter. Gangy listened to Jowdy's boasting of righteousness as long as he could stand it. They were outside of Sandy Blue's tavern at the time, and Gangy, fixing Captain Judah More with his eye, said:

"Will ye hae a dram, Jowdy?"

"I will *nut*!" said Jowdy.

"But," said Satan in the guise of the billposter, "has righteousness takken awa' yer likin' for the stuff, Jowdy?"

"Na, na," said Jowdy, perceiving a splendid theme for discourse. "Mony's the nicht the taste comes in ma mooth that bad I wake up in a sweat an' wrastle wi' the Deevil. But I conquer him, Gangy! I conquer him! The Deevil has nae mair hold on me!"

"Ay, ay," said Gangy, thoughtfully. "Yet if ye're able tae master yer auld de'il, Jowdy, I'm thinkin' ye shouldna be fear't tae tak' a bit dram."

"I—will—*nut*!" repeated Jowdy.

"Ye're fear't!" said Gangy. "Ye're juist fear't! Ye're no ower certain o't."

"Fear't! Me fear't?" thundered Jowdy, his wrath stirred by the prick of truth. "Ah fear neither man nor deevil. The Lorrd is on ma side—and tae prove it—"

"Ay?" said Gangy, as Jowdy wavered.

"I'll tak' a dram wi' ye!" said the Salvation Army captain in sudden resolve. "An,' further, tae show ye the kind o' man I'm become—*I'll pay for it*!"

They marched into Sandy Blue's tavern. The barmaid stared at sight of her former weekly swallow-all in the salvation uniform, and she seemed presently amused about something.

"Twa wee haufs" (half jorums of whiskey), said Jowdy, dinging down a sixpence. He swallowed his at one gulp; then, smacking his lips and wiping his patriarchal beard, he began an address of defiance to the Devil, a discourse which grew warmer every moment. He wound up by banging the bar with his great fist and roaring:

"Me afear't o' the Deevil! Ah could play him his ain game o' toad-in-the-hole an' beat him by hauf the coorse! *Me* afear't! Ye could fill me fu' o' the Deevil's ain whusky an' still Ah'd haud my ain wi' him. Tae prove it—here, lassie—*twa mair wee haufs!*"

It was the wreckage from the duel with the Devil that appeared before the waiting army. Everybody was struck with dismay, except perhaps the Pharisees—and the tribe of Jowdy. Had one been closer, one might have seen a ray of hope dawn in Mrs. Jowdy's eyes. Next minute she and the generations of Jowdy melted mysteriously away, leaving the patriarch in the act of removing his uniform cap, which he hurled at his feet.

Perhaps something of reproach in Mrs. Morrison's eyes, the general omen of the looks cast upon him by the army and the

buzz of malicious joy from the Pharisees —perhaps it dawned upon him that he was fu', that the Devil had indeed laid him by the heels. He burst into tears of despair, not unmingled with defiance, and began to roar his "testimony" at the top of his foghorn voice. He had met the Devil, personally, at Blue's tavern, in the flesh of Gangy the billposter. The Devil tempted him thrice, and the third time he fell.

"Ah'm not worthy!" he bellowed, tearing off his uniform coat and hurling it after the cap. "Ah'm Jowdy More, the Deevil's ain bonny lad! 'Twas a mistake frae the beginnin'. Ah'm not worthy to wear this blessed raiment!" He was now peeling off the red jersey over his shoulders and head.

"Jowdy! Oh, Brother Jowdy!" cried the army. "Stay, Jowdy! We'll all join hands and help you wrestle with Satan."

"Wrastle be d—d!" came a muffled voice from within the jersey with which Jowdy struggled. "I dinna want to. Me and the Deevil's auld chums. Besides"—the jersey came off with a suddenness that precipitated Jowdy backward into the drum.

"Besides," he roared, getting up and laying on to his suspenders. "Ah'm not worthy to wear a *stitch* o' they clo'es!"

The lady soldier buried her face in the bosom of Major Davie Morrison, while masculine hands restrained Jowdy, who would be satisfied with nothing but a suit of sackcloth and ashes. They found him an old coat and begged him to go home.

"I wull!" cried Jowdy, something joyous coming to his mind out of the dear and not dead past. "I wull! An' when Ah get there, *Ah'll wallop the hale Jowdy tribe!*"

So reads the rise and fall of Jowdy More. They tried to get him back. It was only a lapse from grace, they told him. In fact, he had merely suffered for his convictions. For any man that could brave the Devil in his own den of iniquity there was no such thing as defeat. But the patriarch answered them, saying:

"Ye dinna ken the Deevil as Ah ken him. Ah yinst played toad-in-the-hole wi' yon man, an' ye canna beat him at his ain game!"

Despite the army's efforts at reclamation, Jowdy drifted back to his old ways. He set fire to the cottage one night in one of his sprees and next day pitched the old tent again. Thereafter he had further trouble with the police. In the end, Sir Hubert Jermyn, the sheriff, taking a hand, the patriarch and his tribe departed on the old tinker trail.

They passed from oor toon one summer morning, Jowdy, a stained, disreputable patriarch, leading an old horse laden with shining tin pots and pans, and followed by the generations of Jowdy bearing the tent and household utensils, Mrs. Jowdy bringing up the rear with a black eye and a light of positive happiness in her face.

NEXT ISSUE—"The Heroism of Baldy Steek"

The Bagpipes

When the wind is on the heather,
  Whistling wind that whips and thrills,
And the voice of many waters
  Wanes and waxes in the hills,
In Braeriarch's mighty corrie
  Hanging high o'er Pools of Dee,
Sounds the elemental music:
  "Come, my children, follow me!"

Long ago some cunning clansman
  Caught the secret of the Bens,
Shut it up within a sheepskin,
  Bore it from the hidden glens,
And to-day in sordid cities
  Something stirs in you and me,
When the pipes cry down the causeway:
  "Come, my children, follow me!"

Hear them in the streets of London
  Drawing men in growing ranks,
Men who never saw a corrie
  Or a mountain's smoking flanks.
But their heart-beats tell them truly:
  "Follow if ye would be free!"
Straight they answer to the summons:
  "Come, my children, follow me!"

—D. H. L., in the *Glasgow Herald.*

John Muir—A Review

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART III

(For The Caledonian)

At the completion of his four years' course at Madison, Muir made a series of botanizing excursions around the Great Lakes, in Wisconsin, Canada, Illinois and Indiana. These expeditions he seems to have made to discipline himself to endure hardships. This is disclosed by his note-books, which show that he often went hungry, and slept in the open, in the woods, or on the open prairie, with no covering except the clothes he wore, and often with no food but bread that he procured at the cabins of settlers. He makes this note at one place: "With one of these big backwoods loaves I was able to wander many a long mile, free as the winds, in the glorious forests and bogs, gathering plants and feeding on God's abounding, inexhaustible, spiritual beauty-bread."

He drifted to Indianapolis, finding work there in a printing office, but all the time the wander-lust more and more filled his mind. He dreamed of the tropics, and longed to go to South America. Finally, in March, 1867, he decided to make a start southward.

Evidently fearing that he might never return, or perhaps from a sense of filial duty, he decided to go and visit his family and friends on the Wisconsin farm before turning his face southward. He walked and botanized as he went along, enjoying very much every step of the way, and every hour of his visit with his family and old friends, among whom he had grown to manhood.

This incident, among many of which he writes, I think worth repeating: He writes: "The neighbors wished me well, advised me to be careful of my health. I stopped over night at the home of an old Scotch lady who had long been my friend, and who was now particularly in good wishes and advice. I told her that as I was sauntering along the road just as the sun was going down, I heard a speckled-breast sparrow singing, 'The day is done, The day is done!' 'Ah, weel, John, my dear laddie,,' she replied, 'your day will ne'er be done. There is no end to the kind o' studies ye like sae weel; but there's an end tae mortals' strength o' body and mind, to all that mortals can accomplish. You are sure to go on and on, but I want you to remember the fate of Hugh Miller.' She was one of the finest examples I ever knew of a generous, great-hearted Scotch woman."

By the end of August he was back in Indianapolis, having tramped all the way, botanizing as he went along. Of the desire in his mind to go south, he writes: "For many a year I have been impelled towards the Lord's tropic gardens of the south; many influences have tended to blunt or bury this constant longing, but it has outlived and overpowered them all." And so, September 1st, 1867, he started; all that he possessed in the world were the suit he wore, and the bag he carried on his back, that contained a change of underclothes, a copy of the New Testament, a copy of Burns' poems, Milton's *Paradise Lost,* a brush, a comb, soap and towel; he also had a map, a compass and his plant press.

He hoped to reach the Gulf; that was a thousand miles away, and that when he reached it, there he would somewhere find a ship that would take him to South America, where he would try to find his way to the headwaters of the Amazon, and float down that great river on a raft to the sea. These were the plans he dreamed of carrying out.

During the first week of his journey, he tramped at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, doing one hundred and seventy-five miles in seven days. He wrote in his *Journal*: "My feet were sore, but oh! I'm paid for all my toil a thousand times over. I am in the woods on a hill-top against a moss-clad log. I wish you could see my last night's bedroom. The sun has been among the tree tops for over an hour;

the dew is nearly all taken back, and the shade in these hill basins is creeping away into the unbroken strongholds of the grand old forests. I have enjoyed the trees and scenery of Kentucky exceedingly. How shall I ever tell of the miles and miles of beauty that have been flowing into me in such great measure!"

Toward the end of this first week he passed through the cave region. When about ten miles from the Mammoth Cave, at the village of Horse Cave, he inquired his way of one of the villagers, who told him that he had never been to it; that he didn't think it worth while going ten miles to see, as it was only a hole in the ground. Muir remarks: "He was one of the useful, practical men—too wise to waste time with weeds, caves, fossils or anything else that he could not eat." Further he writes: "Arrived at the Mammoth Cave; I was surprisd to find it in so complete naturalness. A large hotel with fine walks and gardens is near it, but fortunately, the cave has been unimproved, and were it not for the narrow trail that leads down the glen to its door, one would not know that it had been visited. There are house-rooms and halls whose entrances give but slight hint of their grandeur, and so also this magnificent hall in the mineral kingdom of Kentucky has a door comparatively small and unpromising, so that one might pass within a few yards of it without noticing it. A strong cool breeze issues constantly from it, creating a northern climate for the ferns that adorn its rocky front.

"I never before saw Nature's grandeur in so abrupt contrast with paltry artificial gardens. The fashionable hotel grounds are in exact parlor taste, with many a beautiful plant cultivated to deformity, and arranged in strict geometrical beds, the whole pretty affair a laborious failure side by side with Divine beauty."

This is all I am able to find descriptive of his visit to the cave.

In ten days he had reached the Cumberland Mountains. He had fared pretty well on his walk through Kentucky, generally managing to get food and rest at a farmhouse every night, though often welcomed with suspicion and much questioning. Shortly after he began his ascent of the mountains, he was overtaken by a young horseman who attempted to rob him, getting possession of his bag, in which he found so little of value he gave it back to him. His *Journal* at this time is full of interesting incidents and many stories about the people he met and the adventures that each day brought to him.

Finally he reached Savannah, Georgia, where he makes this entry: "Reached Savannah, but find no word from home, and the money I ordered sent by express from Portage (Wisconsin) by my brother has not yet arrived; feel dreadfully lonesome and poor; went to the meanest looking lodging house that I could find, on account of its cheapness." Then for days he waited for his remittance, going to the post office every day. He could not afford to stay at this meanest looking house in town, for he had only a dollar left, and could not tell when he would get any more, nor could he find work so that he might earn money.

In his botanizing excursions with which he filled his days, he discovered—but I will let him tell it in his own words: "October 9, after going again to the post office and wandering about the streets, I found a road which led me to Bonaventure grave-yard. If that burial place across the sea of Galilee, mentioned in Scripture, was half as beautiful as Bonaventure, I do not wonder that a man should dwell among the tombs. It is only three or four miles from Savannah, and is reached by a smooth white shell road." He then takes about ten pages of the *Journal* to describe the beauties of this place; then he writes: "I chose a hidden spot in a dense thicket of sparkleberry bushes, near the right bank of the Savannah River, where the bald eagles and a multitude of singing birds roosted. It was so well hidden that I had carefully to fix its compass-bearing in my mind from a mark I made on the side of the main avenue that I might be able to find it at bedtime.

"I used four of the bushes as corner-posts for my little hut, which was about five feet long by about three or four feet in width, and tied little branches across from forks of the bushes to support a roof of rushes, and spread a thick mattress of long moss over the floor for a bed. My whole establishment was on so small a scale that I could have taken up, not only my bed, but my whole house, and walked;

there I lay that night, eating a few crackers.

"After five days of this grave-yard life, I saw that even with living on three or four cents a day, my last twenty-five cents would soon be spent, and after trying again and again unsuccessfully to find employment, I began to think that I must strike further out into the country, but still within reach of the town, until I came to some green corn or rice field that had not yet been harvested, trusting that I could live indefinitely on toasted corn or rice.

"By this time I was becoming so faint that in making the journey to and from town I was alarmed to find myself growing staggery and giddy, the ground ahead seemed to be rising up in front of me, and the little streams in the ditches on the sides of the road seemed to be flowing uphill. Then I realized that I was becoming dangerously hungry and became more than ever anxious to receive the money package."

On the morning of the sixth day it came, and after much trouble he succeeded in persuading the postmaster that he was John Muir, and obtained possession of it. Very soon he found an eating place where he had a good meal, and he writes: "Thus my 'marching through Georgia' terminated handsomely in a jubilee of bread." He then writes several pages in which he tells what he thought of the Georgians, considering them the post polite and cordial of any people in any of the States that he had passed through.

The next day he was on board the steamer *Sylvan Shore* that was to carry him past a great stretch of swampy impenetrable jungle that he feared to attempt on foot. On October 15 he landed at Fernandina, in Florida, and was much disappointed, as he had dreamed of Florida as a land of flowers, but could find nothing but sandy swamps. He bought a loaf of bread, asked no questions, but made for the gloomy looking groves that bordered the rickety town.

He found only salt marshes that seemed to belong more to the sea than to the land. The passengers had been discharged from the steamer without having been served with breakfast, and as soon as he could find a dry spot that was large enough to permit his sitting down, he did so, and ate his breakfast of dry bread. He writes: "Everything in earth and sky had an impression of strangeness; not a mark of friendly recognition, not a breath, not a spirit whisper of sympathy came from anything about me, and of course I was lonely. I lay on my elbow, eating my bread, gazing and listening to the profound strangeness."

In the next thirty-five pages of his *Journal* he tells of his journey across the peninsula that took him eight days, during which he passed through many trying and adventurous experiences that few people but himself could have endured or survived. His journey, however, was not all trial and disappointment, being marked by many, to him, bright and joyful spots, for he found many plants and animals that were new to him, and that he always took time to study.

At last he reached the shore of the Gulf of Mexico; fortunately he came out of the wilderness at a place where there was a little store that he describes as doing a large business in quinine and alligator and rattlesnake skins. There he learned that there were several sawmills in operation near by, and that in about two weeks a schooner would sail for Texas, loaded with lumber.

He found his way to the mill, that was about four miles further along the coast, where he found Mr. Hodgson, its owner, to whom he told his story, and was very kindly received and promised a passage on the schooner. He engaged to work at the mill, and soon had made Mr. Hodgson and his whole family his very good friends. As it happened, the large pulley on the engine shaft that drove the mill was being fitted with a new rim, and no one was there who could turn it off; Mr. Hodgson asked Muir if he could do it, and he did the job in excellent shape, the result being that he was taken into the Hodgson home and made one of the family.

But, alas! on the fourth day after his arrival, he was stricken with fever, and was found lying unconscious on a pile of sawdust near the mill. Regaining consciousness after many days, he found himself in the Hodgson home, where for three months he was nursed with unfailing kindness. He writes: "My malarial fever became typhoid. I had night-sweats and my legs became like posts, of the temper

and consistency of clay, on account of dropsy, so on until January, a weary time." In fifteen pages of his *Journal* he tells of his convalescence, and how delightfully the days passed among the strange plants, flowers and birds. At last, near the end of January, a lumber schooner, *The Island Belle,* sailed for Cuba, and for twenty-five dollars he became a passenger.

Mr. Muir always recalled with gratitude these Florida friends who so carefully nursed him through his long and serious illness. In 1898 when he was on a tour of forest inspection in Florida for the government, he hunted them up, but found only Mrs. Hodgson, her son and daughter. Of their meeting he writes: "Mrs. Hodgson was in her garden; I recognized her and asked her if she knew me. 'No, I don't,' she said; 'tell me your name.' 'Muir,' I replied, 'John Muir.' 'My California John Muir,' she almost screamed; I said, 'Yes, John Muir, and you know I promised to return and visit you in about twenty-five years, and though I am six or seven years late, I have done the best I could."

They spent about four hours together, talking of his sickness of thirty-one years ago. On this trip he also was in Savannah, and visited the spot in the bushes where, he writes, "I spent a hungry, weary yet happy week camping in Bonaventura graveyard thirty-one years ago."

In his *Journal* he writes a very vivid description of a storm that the little ship encountered on the voyage to Cuba, where they arrived on Sunday, January the 12th, 1868. He stayed a month there, but was unable to realize his dream of walking over the entire island, botanizing. He was still very weak, and never got further than about twelve miles from shore. He wrote a long description of Havana, and of all the strange plants, flowers and shells that he found in his daily explorations, including the fine Botanical Gardens that Havana at that time maintained.

He still had in mind his plan of going to South America, landing at any port for which he could find a ship, and finding his way as best he could to the headwaters of the Amazon, and floating down that great river on a raft to the sea. This was surely a great project, but in his poor condition of health a very foolish one. Fortunately, he could not find a ship bound for a South American port. Suddenly the thought came to him that change to a cooler climate would do him good, and seeing in a New York paper that came into his possession a table of cheap fares to California,, he at once made up his mind to go there.

Finding a schooner about to sail for New York, he procured a passage on her. While on the voyage, he wrote in his *Journal* the following reflections on his 1,000 mile walk which I think are worthy of being quoted:

"Two thousand years ago our Saviour told Nicodemus that he did not know where the winds came from, nor where they were going. And now, in this golden age, though we Gentiles know the birthplace of many a wind and also whither it is going, yet we know about as little of winds in general as those Palestinian Jews, and our ignorance, despite the powers of science, can never be much less profound than it is at present. . . . The subject brings to mind a few recollections of the winds I heard on my late journey. In my walk from Indiana to the Gulf, earth and sky, plants and people, and all things changeable were constantly changing. Even in Kentucky, nature and art have many a characteristic shibboleth. The people differ in language and in customs. Their architecture is generally different from that of their immediate neighbors on the north, not only in the planters' mansions, but in the barns and granaries and the cabins of the poor. But thousands of familiar flower faces looked from every hill and valley. I noted no difference in the sky, and the winds spoke the same things; I did not feel myself in a strange land.

"In Tennessee my eyes rested on the first mountain scenery I ever beheld. I was rising higher than ever before; strange trees were beginning to appear; Alpine flowers and shrubs were meeting me at every step. But these Cumberland Mountains were timbered with oak, and were not unlike Wisconsin hills piled upon each other, and the strange plants were like those that were not strange. The sky was changed only a little, and the winds not by a single delectable note. Therefore, neither was Tennessee a strange land.

"But soon came changes thick and fast.

After passing the mountainous corner of North Carolina and a little way into Georgia, I beheld from one of the last ridge-summits of the Alleghenies that vast, smooth, sandy slope that reaches from the mountains to the sea. It is wooded with dark branchy pines, which were all strangers to me. Here the grasses, which are an earth covering in the North, grow wide apart in tall clumps and tufts, like saplings. My known flower companions were leaving me now, not one by one, as in Kentucky and Tennessee, but in whole tribes and genera, and companies of shining strangers came trooping upon me in countless ranks. The sky, too, was changed, and I could detect strange sounds in the winds. Now I began to feel myself 'a stranger in a strange land.'

"But in Florida came the greatest change of all, for here grows the palmetto, and here blow the winds so strangely toned by them. These palms and these winds severed the last strands of the cord that bound me with home. Now I was a stranger indeed.

"I was delighted, astonished, confounded, and gazed in wonderment blank and overwhelming, as if I had fallen upon another star. But of all this long, complex series of changes, one of the greatest and the last of all, was the change I found in the tone and language of the winds. They no longer came with the old home music gathered from open prairies and waving fields of oak, but they passed over many a strange string. The leaves of the magnolia, smooth like polished steel, the immense inverted forests of tillandsia banks, and the princely crown of palms—upon these the winds made strange music, and at the coming-on of night had overwhelming power to present the distance from friends and home, and the completeness of my isolation from all things familiar."

I have quoted thus freely that my readers may catch the minuteness with which Muir made his observations and his fine, sensitive feeling. He enjoyed the voyage from Havana to New York, that took about twelve days; his account of it fills about nine pages of his printed *Journal.* Arriving there, he found that in ten days a ship would sail for Aspinwall. The captain of the schooner on which he came from Cuba, knowing that his purse was very light, allowed him to sleep on board his ship, so that the strain on his purse was much lightened while he stayed in New York. He secured a passage in the steerage to San Francisco for forty dollars, which he cheerfully paid. He greatly enjoyed the trip across the Panama peninsula, although he describes his fellow-passengers as a barbarous mob, the worst lot of men he had yet encountered. About April 1st he reached San Francisco.

(To be Continued)

Morn in Camp

BY WALTER SCOTT

"Awake, awake," say the waves, as they break on the rocks of the shore, and in their rebound sing again, "Awake, awake." The swaying branches of the trees murmur the musical refrain, as the winds, carrying the awakening message to all that live and breathe, sweep on and on over land and water.

The message is taken up by the blue jay, who mocks the echo, and by the friendly moose bird. The chickadee makes heard his call and the woodpecker taps his answer. The ground-swallow hops and sings his good morning, and the blue heron adds his loud grating voice, together with the owl who hoots his parting to night. The loom says in his deafening cry, "Morn is here, and catch me if you can." The barking of the fox also announces morn's approach, and the tiny squirrel chatters the same message, "Morn is here."

The crackling of the guide's campfire and the steam from the old coffee pot repeat the message, and then all the inhabitants of the air and the beings that walk the earth join in the "glory hallelujah" awakening chorus, "Awake, awake, morn is here."

Jamie and Young Ean More

BY CAPTAIN JOHN M'INTOSH

(From the Rochester Evening Express, 1876, in which it was originally published)

Through the kindness of Mr. John Thomson, New York, we are able to reproduce these stirring verses by the late Captain John M'Intosh from an original copy that has lain in lavender for some forty odd years. These verses created something of a sensation, at the time, and were widely copied by the press of Western New York.

"Captain MacIntosh was a rare character," writes Mr. Thomson. "He had served in the British Army and was a captain, on the Union side, in our Civil War. His literary ability was excellent; he was an accomplished elocutionist; gave readings, particularly at Burns anniversary affairs; and was an artist, in crayon, of merit. He was one of the most polite gentlemen and gentle natures I ever knew, much like our late David Munro; but, like John Paul Jones, he also, upon occasion, was mighty quick to resent any nonsense. Among his many accomplishments he was a superb swordsman—he'd had several 'affairs'—and used to teachthe gentle art. I was one of his ardent students for a time."

SONG

Fu' brawly marched young Ean More
Wi' twa and twenty Highland men;
We never saw a sight before
Sae grand in a' Ben Laugh's glen.
Young Ean More
Marched on before,
The pipers followed after him.

They started when the gowden light
Had flushed wi' red the purple gloom;
We saw them when the sunrise bright
Had flashed on ribboned drone and plume.
The chanters clear
Set us asteer,
And oot we followed after them.

The red deer halted on the rock
To see young Ean More gang by;
Upon the muir the heather cock
Looked at them wi' a welcome eye.
Each piper's drone!—
Ochone! Ochone!
The echoes blythly followed them.

Woe tak' the day young Ean More
Cam ow'er the hills, wi' pipers twain,
And clansman followers a score,
A noisy, proud, conceited train,
To test our Jamie's Lowland thews,
Ill fa' the loon that brought the news,
That fired the chieftain's blood to meet him,
And with such proud disdain to greet him.

Young Ean was a pretty laird—
Lord of half a mile of heather,
A rich inheritance he shared
Wi' twa-three cows and mony a wether.

I trow, a well fa'arded lad was he;
Uprose in height just six fet three,
And straight as any mountain pine—
Well knit and eke proportioned fine;
No faulty point where'er you'd tak' him
And just as prood as pride could mak' him.

To see his head upstretching, wow!
You'd think upon a game-cock crawin';
His bonnet sat upon his pow
Sae far ajee you'd think it fa'in'.

Bright rose the sun o'er moor and fell,
As, pouring forth from strath and dell,
Came lads and rosy lassies.
They came from up and doon the glens;
And noo and then cam' odds and en's
Stravaging through the passes.
Not since Prince Charlie's graceless loons
Came back frae harryin' lowland toons,
Had echoes o' Ben Nevis
Replied to sic a wild uproar:—
Hurrahin' for young Ean More,
Right sairly did they deave us.

They came in haste, no sight to lose,
They came in kilts, they came in trews;
Some barefit, some with brogans;
Some came in shelties, some in boats;
And everywhere the bagpipe's notes
Fu' brawly skirled the slogans.

Right courteously young Ean More
Was treated as the Major's guest;
The pipers herded wi' the score
Outside the fortress, 'mong the rest.

That every one might see the sport,
The rampart space which, from the fort,
Looked out upon the town,
Had been selected by the corps
Where Jamie or young Ean More
In struggle should go down.

The gate was closed against the mass,
With orders that no one should pass,
Whate'er the men befell;
And some had sent the caution round;
A dozen cannon might be found,
Rammed home with shot and shell.

The bunting of the fort outflung,
In graceful banner-foldings hung
High o'er the rampart wall;
By each approaching levy seen
Still closing on the space between
The gate and flagstaff tall.

Their routing and shouting
Was one continued pour;
A roaring, imploring
To see young Ean More.

The soldiers on the ramparts stood;
Nor word nor sign betray their mood
All silently they stand;
In front were seen relaxing knees,
In martial pose of "Stand at ease,"
Hand folded over hand.

And now the chosen hour has come,
When, heralded by roll of drum,
The champions appear;
Hark! from the mob beyond the gate,
With usquebaugh and pride elate,
Rise fiercely cheer on cheer.

Now, pray for him, ye clannish score,
For never had young Ean More
Such cause his shanks to stir.
On him now let your aura fall
Your clanship magnetism all;
And, pipers, blaw wi' birr.

Wi' shriekin' and squeakin',
Mak' a' the echoes ring;
High pealin' and squealin',
Ilk ithers to oot-ding.

Five minutes was the time allowed
Their skill at ilka game to test;
The champion left it to the crowd
To say which o' the twa was best.

At single stick at first they try
Each other's vaunted skill.
Clip, click and crack, their weapons fly
With bitter, fearful will.
The lairdie, filled wi' prood disdain,
And Highland consequence,
Brought down his blows like driven rain,
As if he spurned defence:
To think a lowborn lowland caird
Could hope to beat a Highland laird,
Was, to the leader of the score,
The very pomp of insolence;
And just to punish this offense
Had come young Ean More.

"Go back," cried Jamie, "now, unharmed,"—
And Ean More stood there disarmed.
"Seek not the combat to resume,
Or, by yon sun, the grave's your doom."

Dazed for a moment, Ean stood;
Then wildly leapt, in frantic mood,
With arms outstretched, his foe to crush;
But Jamie, with a plunging rush,
Broke through his hands and tightly wound
His sinewy arms his foeman round;
Then gave young Ean sic a squeeze
That took a' vigor frae his knees;
Syne, gently laid him down at ease
Upon the shaven sward.
The Highland lairdie asked nae mair;
And wi' his in'ards feelin' sair,
He staggered past the guard.

The twa and twenty Highland men,
Their faces lookin' sorely glum,
Went through the passes up the glen,
Wi' ribboned drone and chanter dumb.
And Ean More,
That marched before,
Noo meekly followed after them.

Not since the Stuart's phantom light
When out on bleak Culloden moor,
Did sore defeat in paltry fight
Make lairds and gillies feel sae soor.

The Call of Spring

In these days of sunshine and sweet springlike winds a tramp out-of-doors gladdens us. The further we go into the country the more beautiful it is. Everywhere Nature is making her appeal of loveliness. Everywhere is the glory of the new season. The still bare highways are ever an attraction, the singing of birds a source of delight. "Sad is the day," says Lander, "when you hear a blackbird in the garden and do not throb with joy." Yet sadder still must be the day when we fail to appreciate the witchery and charm of our own countryside.

The passing of years has lent a charm to the surrounding district, and to-day the splendor of the dawns and sunsets is seen upon a region of radiant loveliness. Hills, moors, rivers, and streams lie as vassals at our feet. The grass waves in the wind with its underworld of many colors. Here and there the sunlight shining through a latticework of branches reveals the crumbling ruins of some old-world place, made picturesque with clinging ivy, while the several scattered flowerlets enrich the shadows of the steadfast and historic oaks.

The more we look into the world we tread the more fully do we comprehend. We breathe a diviner air. And our thoughts mingle with the sea-like murmur of the winds amid the tree-tops, like a veritable swan song for the gladness of creation. Be-

ing out-of-doors gives one the very joy of nature, attaining to the beautiful and the picturesque.

Never do I go into the country without thinking of that great Scottish naturalist, Thomas Edward. I seem to follow him on his escapades, getting to know the best nesting-places, the woods, plantations, and hedges; the streams, burns, lochs, and milldams. Like him I love to lie down on some grassy knoll in summer time, under the canopy of heaven, listening for the sound of Nature. Or again in early morning, when the lark is carolling his early hymn, watch the day break from the top of some hill or bold headland and behold the sun rise up and bathe the world in light. Even when the sky darkens, and overhanging clouds cast sombre shadows on the landscape, I think of his experience in the kirkyard of old-time Boyndie.

A keen lover of Nature, Edward was out in all kinds of weather. He roamed all over the country—

> " . . . Away and away,
> With Nature, the dear old nurse,
> Who sang to him day, night, and day
> The song of the universe."

His haunts by Daddie Brown's burnie and the rock shore of our east coast are treasured memories. And irrespective of the fiery streams of lightning and the furious lashing of angry waves on the rugged headlands of Scotland, he was ever to be found amid the habitat of creature life, the very spirit of the open-air.

A feature of country life is poetry. The sensitive genius of the poet unites with Nature, and he is gladdened and enchanted. His heart beats high with fervid enthusiasm. He glows with the love of outdoor things. Did not Burns check his plough on the bleak side of an Ayrshire hill? In the mid-path of the furrow he saw the "wee modest crimson-tipped flow'r" which gave to the world his immortal poem. It was a personal wound to the Scottish bard to injure anything of Nature's own training, for like the daisy he was of pure native growth.

So was Sir Walter Scott. Inspired with the love of country and an undying passion to be out-of-doors, he traversed mountain and heath with all the buoyancy of youth and throbbing pulse of poetry. Milton gave of his best to Nature. His descriptive lyrics, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso," consist in a great measure in the picturing of landscape. Dappled at the same time with the sunshine of a poet's fancy, we have pleasing instances of rural life. How exquisite is every image, the glowing violet, the musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine, and all—

> "Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream."

Again, well is it for us that Byron's early years were cast amidst the beauty and solitude of Nature. The very wilds called irresistibly to his heart, and he abandoned himself to the influences of mountain, river and stream. How pleasing the lines on "Solitude"—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes
> By the deep sea with music in its roar.
> I love not man the less, but nature more;"

are caught and interwoven with the rapture and glamour of enthusiasm, while the delicious sweetness of their charm have a peculiar fascination over the minds of those who rejoice in the outdoor life.

—K., in *Inverness Courier.*

TOWN TYPES

ABERDEEN

Drawing by Tom Aberdeen in *Scots Pictorial*

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Scottish Clerical Wit and Humor

A REVIEW

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY

PART III

(For The Caledonian)

Once while Dr. Jerdan was spending his vacation at a Scottish seaside resort, sickness at the U. P. Manse prevented the minister from taking part at the church services on Sunday, and Dr. Jerdan and a superannuated minister, who was staying in the town obliged by filling in. Dr. Jerdan preached in the forenoon on the beautiful passage in Deuteronomy, xxxii, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest," etc.; the other minister chose as his text, "We all do fade as a leaf."

Dr. Jerdan related at the close of the afternoon service, as he and I were leaving the church together, the old man put his arm into mine, looked into my face with a smile and said in his familiar colloquial manner, "We were baith rale feegurative the day."

Talking with the minister of the church later in the day he mentioned that some time previously he had himself begun to write a sermon on the text Dr. Jerdan had chosen about the "eagle," but had not seen his way quite through the subject, and the unfinished manuscript was lying somewhere in his study.

The anniversary services of the church were to be held on the succeeding Sunday, and Dr. Logan Aikman (who had recently been elected to Glasgow School Board by a large majority) was to be the star speaker. The two preachers of the preceding Sunday were invited to the manse on Saturday night to meet Dr. Aikman, and as soon as he saw Dr. Jerdan he shook his head and said with affected displeasure, "You have done me a great injury." It turned out that Dr. Aikman had a favorite sermon which he had used on such occasions, and in talking to the minister of the church he found out that it was from the same text, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest," and when going over the points with the minister, he found Dr. Jerdan had used most of them, and it would be impossible for him to use this special sermon on the succeeding Sunday.

On the Monday morning, meeting with the other assisting minister on the esplanade, he took Dr. Jerdan by the arm and said: "It has been an awfu' job, that eagle; first you cam' and flew yours; then Logan Aikman cam' and couldna' get fleein' his, and as for Coventry (the minister of the church), puir man, he couldna pit saut on its tail!"

The Rev. Alexander Thomson of Haddington called one day at the poorhouse, to visit an elderly female member of his congregation. The woman was not in bed, indeed, was well enough in health, but as some people are on all occasions fond of doing, she asked the minister before he left to give her "twa words o' a prayer." So she stood and Mr. Thomson stood. He had closed his eyes and clasped his hands, and was about to begin, when suddenly she gave him a sharp slap on the fingers, saying as she did so, "Noo, mak' it a stiff ane." Needless to say, for a few minutes afterward it was difficult for Mr. Thomson to compose his thoughts on the proper subject.

Many stories have been told of another U. P. minister who was always affable and kindly, but inclined when he was in public to be pompous in manner, and on every occasion to magnify his office. One winter evening he returned to the manse from a meeting of Presbytery in a somewhat unchristian frame of mind. He was ruffled and agitated, he said, because of the treatment he had received from two or three of his clerical brethren. His wife did all she could to soothe his feelings, although at first with but little good effect. Eventualy she got him to go to bed, put a bottle of hot water at his feet, and then brought him a stiff tumbler of toddy as a medicinal drink, of which he did not decline to partake. Half an hour afterward, she went quietly into his room

*Scottish Clerical Stories by Charles Jerdan, LL. B., D. D. Published by Oliphants Ltd., Edinburgh and London.

and asked him how he was feeling now. "Oh, my dear," he answered, "just delicious; I dinna care a doit for the Presbytery ony mair; I dinna mind the hale rickma-tick o' them, or onything they say."

It was not the same minister, but another, who in Edinburgh on a hot afternoon, in the beginning of June, soon after the closing of the forenoon sederunt of the General Assembly, was found by a well known Doctor of Divinity, gazing about him inquiringly. "My good friend," said the reverend Doctor, "I presume you are looking for your *tram*." "Yes," was the reply, "I feel that after such a long day in the Assembly, I will be *the better o' a wee drop*."

On another occasion, at the breaking up of some social festivity, in a remote Highland district, on an occasion in which some of the guests belonged to the United Free Church and others to the "legal" Wee Frees, one of the latter when he came out to the fresh air, betrayed signs of having partaken a little too freely, and required to be supported on his homeward journey by brethren who are now in the same communion with the United Presbyterians. He somewhat grudgingly accepted the assistance given him, and was heard murmuring to himself, "I do not like to be helped along the road by men who are *not sound in the faith*."

One week-day in the early eighties, Dr. Jerdan conducted Sacramental Fast Day services for the Rev. James Howat of High Street Church, Arbroath. He was struck with the freshness and beauty of Mr. Howat's pulpit gown, in which he was robing himself, and said to him, "This is a grand gown; it looks as if it had not been worn before." He replied: "The congregation gave it to me only three weeks ago." Then, after a moment or two, staring me full in the face, he added these words, "Man, you should have seen the old one; it was in tatters and most disreputable looking. Man, I could have preached the Parable of the Prodigal Son *in character*."

Of the Rev. John Paterson Struthers, who held the pastorate of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Greenock, and during most of that time was a fellow-townsman, Dr. Jerdan writes: "What a charm of austere beauty there was in his character! What childlike simplicity and humility! What loftiness of soul! What a fund of humor he had, and what a faculty of picturesque speech! What a genial humanity dwelt in him! What an overmastering sense of duty always constrained him! He commended to all who knew him both the four cardinal heathen virtues, and the three supreme Christian graces, and he practised all the seven himself. He was a man of high genius; but more and infinitely better, he was also noble and Christ-like."

Naturally, Dr. Jerdan has many anecdotes to relate regarding Dr. Struthers, all of them worth quoting, but I have space for only one. Addressing a meeting on thrift, he concluded: "We have all read lists of the hundred greatest books. I am not going to venture on a list this afternoon, but I think there has been a strange omission in some of them. I take it for granted that every boy and girl in Greenock has a Bible. Putting that on one side, there are two or three books that every boy should have—the *Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe,* the *Scots Worthies,* the *Shorter Catechism* (with the multiplication table on the back and the grace before meat), and the fifth book should be a *Provident Savings Bank-Book*. I think that if the Catechism and the Bank-book were bound together, it would tend considerably to the security of both. I am not saying which is the predominant factor, but I think the boy with these five books has laid the foundation of a very good life."

Two anecdotes regarding Principal John Caird of Glasgow University, one of the leading theologians of the last century, are worth repeating. When he was parish minister of Errol, on the Tay, in Perthshire, the church was large, but the number of worshippers small, and Caird suggested to the beadle that it would be an improvement if a curtain could be put up right across the middle of the church, and all the worshippers seated in front of it. The church officer, however, did not approve of the suggestion. He shook his head, opened his mouth, and said very gravely, "Oh, but sir, if ye were to gang awa', and we were to get a popular minister, he micht fill the kirk."

When Dr. Caird had been for two or three years in Park Church, Glasgow, his health began to suffer from the strain of

the work. This was not to be wondered at, for he elaborated his discourses greatly in the preparation, and expended a large amount of nervous energy in his delivery. So he went down to Renfrew one afternoon, called on his friend, Dr. Gillan of Inchinnan, and took him into his confidence. He told him he thought he would be compelled to resign his charge at Glasgow, as he was finding it much too laborious. "Hoots, man," replied Dr. Gillan, who was very hearty and facetious, as well as somewhat rough and ready, "Ye maun dae nae such thing; I'll tell ye what ye should do. Ye gie them roast beef far ower often; gie them hough on ordinary days (it's guid enough for them), and keep the roast beef for occasions." Dr. Caird took his friend's shrewd advice, but in a short time (1862) he was appointed to the Chair of Divinity, and in consequence left the pulpit.

Dr. Jerdan devotes several chapters to John Brown of Haddington, and his two ministerial sons, and also his more famous grandson, John Brown, M. D., author of *Rab and His Friends.*

John Brown was the young herd-boy we have all read about so often, who contrived to study, with his master's assistance, while tending sheep on the hills, not only Latin but also Greek and Hebrew. He earnestly desired to obtain a copy of the Greek New Testament, and having saved enough money to buy one, set out one night, when he was sixteen years of age, and walked the entire distance, upwards of twenty miles, from Abernethy to St. Andrews, where he arrived next morning, footsore and weary. Having found a bookseller's shop, he surprised the owner by asking for a Greek New Testament. The man stared at him in astonishment, for Brown was clad in ragged homespun garments, and his feet were bare. "What would *you* do wi' that book? You'll no can read it?" he said. "I'll try to read it," was the reply. One of the University professors who was present began questioning the boy, and getting the book ,he put it on the counter, and said, "Boy, if you can read that book, you shall have it for nothing." The boy took it up, read a few verses from the Fourth Gospel, to the wonderment of his hearers, thanked the donor, and marched out in triumph with his gift. In after years he became a preaching pedlar, a soldier, minister of the gospel, author and Professor of Divinity. His mostly widely known works are his *Dictionary of the Bible* and his *Self-Interpreting Bible.*

One anecdote concerning his two sons, John and Ebenezer, seems to have been inserted almost literally by William Black in his novel, *A Daughter of Heth,* the scene of which is placed in Saltcoats. It is years since I read or saw the book, but as I remember, one of the young brothers in the story was inclined to clyping, or tattle-telling, and the elder, who was known as the "Whaup," was afraid that some exploit of his would reach his father's ears, so with the assistance of another boy, he got hold of his young brother, and holding him head first over a burn demanded that he say "damn." Upon his refusal, they kept lowering him into the water, and after ducking his head deeper and deeper, the youngster finally spluttered out the expletive demanded; then they allowed him to get back on the bank. "Now, Jamie," says the elder, "if you mention a word to faither about me, I'll tell him that Jock and I baith heard you doon by the burnside, sweering like a trooper."

As related by Dr. Jerdan, and this incident must have happened nearly a hundred years before William Black wrote his story, Ebenezer, the younger brother, was a particularly lively boy, and indulged in many a youthful prank and frolic. One day he caught hold of John, his staid elder brother, held him over a low bridge on the river Tyne at Haddington, with his head not far above the water, and demanded that he should say "deevil," on pain of being dropped into the stream. John sturdily declined to say that particular "sweer," but was permitted by Ebenezer to compound, and be released by ejaculating "doggent," a familiar minced oath of the time."

"Ebenezer Brown, who during his boyhood was so light-hearted, and played so many pranks, settled down to be a thoughtful, shy and reserved man, and came gradually to be recognized as one of the greatest pulpit orators of his day. His pulpit gifts won the admiration of Lord Brougham and Lord Jeffrey, who declared him to be the greatest natural orator they had ever heard.

There is a Hindoo motto, "To know all is to forgive all," and also the two lines from a Christian hymn,

—"We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away"—

but it took a glass of whiskey, stolen, at that, administered at the right time, to make Ebenezer Brown, with all his pulpit gifts, know his fellow men better. One wild winter afternoon, amid drifting snow, he would not be dissuaded by his daughter from keeping an engagement at North Queensferry, about two miles from his manse. He set out on his pony, but its feet by and by became *balled* with snow, and at last, after floundering about, it upset both its master and itself into a ditch at the roadside. The feeble, helpless old man might have perished there, had not some carters bringing up a load of whiskey from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe and come to the rescue. They set him on his feet, brushed off the snow, and showed true sympathy for him in his plight, asking, "Puir old man, what brocht ye here on sic a day?" Having broached a cask, they brought him a horn of whiskey. Bowing to them, he said, "Sirs, let us give thanks," and asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, in such a devout, thankful way that the rough men were melted to tears. They then cleaned the pony's feet, liftd him on its back, and one of them accompanied him to his home.

At the close of the next meeting of the Presbytery, Mr. Brown rose and said: "Moderator, I have something personal to myself to say. I have often made the remark that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but"—then he told his brethren the story of the carters; "but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God; I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter."

"Few names in Scottish literature are more honored than that of Dean Stanley, and it seems incredible now that Dr. William Johnston, for many years the U. P. minister of Limekilns, near Dunfermline, could give the following reply to a question asked by Lady Augusta Bruce, sister of the eighth Earl of Elgin, who was then Governor-General of India, the lady who afterwards became the wife of the Dean. Brownhall, the seat of the Elgin family, is quite near the village of Limekilns, and the family were so friendly with Dr. Johnston that they gave him the privilege of a private key, by using which he could at any time enjoy a quiet walk within the policies.

"Lady Augusta, while Brownhall was still her home, spoke to Dr. Johnston one day about Dean Stanley and asked what he thought of him, and the Doctor's frank reply was that in private life he was a most excellent man, personally popular, and one who wielded great influence, but that he regarded him in his public relations as a dangerous person—a Broad Churchman, Erastian in ecclesiastical politics, latitudinarian in belief, unorthodox regarding the doctrine of the Atonement, and so on.

"Not many weeks elapsed when the Doctor learned that Lady Augusta had become engaged to be married to Dean Stanley, and in a few days more, while walking through the policies, he came face to face with the lovers. Lady Augusta in the kindliest way possible, introduced the Presbyterian minister to the Dean, and added: 'You will remember, Dr. Johnston, that you and I were speaking about Dean Stanley one day recently; I am glad that you now have the opportunity of making his acquaintance; and I think I shall leave you both to have a good talk with each other.' So saying, she withdrew and disappeared among the trees."

Perhaps it will tend to an understanding of some of the biting sarcastic poems of Robert Burns on the Auld Licht ministers and the power of the Church Courts in his day when we read the following: A young man belonging to the Burgher congregation was newly married to a member of the Parish Church of the town. The knot had been tied, of course, by the bride's minister, and she naturally induced her husband to "Kirk" her on the next Sunday at her own place of worship. This constituted on the bridegroom's part what the early seceders looked upon as the flagrant offense of "occasional hearing," and accordingly he was cited to appear before the Linktown Kirk-session. He obeyed the summons, but the Moderator, who desired to act leniently (?) said: "Weel, Thomas, I suppose ye ken what ye have been sent for; ye've no intention of doing the like again, have ye?" Thomas

answered, "I hope I will never have any occasion, sir." "Weel, weel," rejoined the minister, "Gang awa' hame and settle the matter wi' your wife, and I'll settle it wi' the session."

THE MINISTER'S MAN OR BEADLE

Naturally, in a volume entitled *Scottish Clerical Stories,* some of the most humorous tales are connected with the doings and sayings of the minister's man, or beadle o' the Kirk, as he was more frequently named.

John Campbell, of Wellpark Church, Greenock, one Sabbath morning, after the service had begun, came around to the vestibule in front of the church, to stand for a minute or two beside the office-bearers before they took away the offertory. The minister had given out to be sung the opening verses of Psalm xlvi, and through the closed interior doors came the grave, sweet melody of the praise.

The men at the plate listened in silence; then John whispered to the others: "That's no true, they're singin' a lee." "How's that, John?" "D'ye hear what they're singing'?"—

"Therefore although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid."

Noo, if I was to open that door and cry into the Kirk, 'Fire! Fire!' ye wud see whether they wud be feared or no."

This reminds me of the minister who gave out the hymn beginning—

"Were the whole wealth of Indies mine,
It were a gift too small!—

telling the congregation to sing it as if they meant it, and when they started in with great gusto and concluded after having sung it at the pitch of their voices, he said: "You have done well; now we will take up a collection, and we shall see how much you meant it."

Sandy Downie was for many years "minister's man" in Erskine Church, Falkirk. He was extremely shrewd, and few who encountered him came off best. He was digging a grave one day when a medical man who was somewhat notable for loose living, passed through the graveyard and stopped to have a crack with Sandy. After talking for a little on theological subjects, the doctor said, "I'm sure, Sandy, a sensible man like you doesn't believe in the nonsense of Original Sin." Sandy leaned for a few minutes on his spade, and looking up at the medico, replied with a significant look, "Doctor, Doctor! ye needna fash yer thoomb about oreeginal sin; actual transgressions'll dae for you."

One day a stranger who was supplying the pulpit was becoming ravelled in his discourse. An old woman, who could not follow him, whispered to the beadle, beside whom she happened to be sitting, "What's his grund?" "Wumman," replied he, turning round, "he has nae grund; he's soomin'."

The parish church beadle of Linlithgow, when Dr. Donald Macleod was the minister, also held the office of grave-digger, and one day showed him the resting places of his predecessors in the pulpit. "There's where Dr. Bell lies," he said, "and there's where Dr. Dobbie lies; and there's where you will lie, if you are spared." When Dr. Macleod was transferred and was taking his departure, the beadle said regretfully, "Well, sir, ye are the first minister that was ever lifted oot o' Linlithgow, except to the grave."

I have now quoted sufficiently from this volume to prove to my readers that this book of Dr. Jerdan's is the best collection of Scottish anecdotes that has been published in recent years.

(The End)

The Man Who Just Belongs

The men who "just belong" sit back
And think how much they aid
To keep the club upon the track
Because their dues are paid.
Well, that's a virtue, I admit—
A mighty virtue, too—
But if you want to make a hit,
There's something else to do.

To pay your part is first of all,
But not the first and last;
A dozen other duties call
When that is done and past.
To pay your money cheerfully
Is not of man the test.
A man may pay and still may be
Delinquent in the rest.

Don't be the man who just "belongs,"
Who just gets on and rides,
Who joins the fellows in their songs,
And nothing else besides.
For men must work as well as play,
Must give as well as take—
You have to work as well as pay,
My boy, a club to make.

The Birthplace of Saint Patrick

BY S. M. ANDREW

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick at midnight, he first saw the day.
While others declare twas the ninth he was born
And 'twas all a mistake, between midnight and morn.
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock
And some blamed the baby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in owld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth some would die
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye.
At last, both factions so positive grew
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said "No one could have two birthdays, but a twin."

Says he "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight and for nine,
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight and nine and seventeen is the mark
So let that be his birthday," "Amen," said the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twin, sure our history will show
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know."
Then they all got blind drunk—which completed their bliss,
And we all keep up the practice from that day to this.

According to the above lines of Samuel Lover, some doubt seems to exist as to the natal day of Ireland's patron saint, and even to-day any Irishman is loath to believe that Saint Patrick possibly first saw the light of day in Bonnie Scotland. The tradition that lowland Scotland was the place of birth is far from being authenticated, the data of his early life being obscure and uncertain, due to the absence of any unanimity of the writers contemporary of his time.

Having lived in the neighborhood of Saint Patrick's supposed birthplace in Scotland for many years, the writer is perhaps a victim of environment in claiming Saint Patrick as a Scot.

Tradition says that in one of the forays of the Scots or Picts against the Roman invaders, in the early part of the fifth century, a young man named Succat or Patrick was carried off and sold into slavery on the opposite shores of the Firth of Clyde, somewhere in County Antrim. The place of abduction was south of the walls of Severus, which extended from the Solway to the eastern part of Northumberland. Patrick remained in slavery for six years, tending cattle on the Slemish mountains, until such time as he learned of a means of escape. It is claimed that he was of noble birth, being the son of the deacon Calpurnias and the grandson of Pontius, a priest. His father acted as decurio or magistrate in the province of Valentia, an area situate between the walls of Antoninius, stretching across from Clyde to Forth and the wall of Severus in the south. Nemthur is given as the place of birth, then an encampment at the extreme end of the wall of Antoninius, and the little village of Kilpatrick to this day claims the site of that encampment and incidentally the birthplace of Saint Patrick.

When Julius Agricola invaded lowland Scotland, in the year A. D. 81, many of his legions camped on the grounds near Kilpatrick. He reared a fort on the Chapel hill and started the task of constructing an earthen wall from the Clyde to the Forth, to be completed in a later century by Antoninius. That the fort was an important one leaves little doubt, as many relics proving same were unearthed centuries later.

The name Kilpatrick is formed of the Gaelic Cil (church) and the patronymic of the saint—thus, Kilpatrick, the church of Patrick. A low tide rock called Saint Patrick's stone is associated with the name of the saint, the local legend being that the future apostle of Ireland when fishing off the stone one day, was captured by the marauders. Differences of opinion will always exist as to the origin of Saint Patrick, but in Kilpatrick at least it

would be the height of folly to claim any other location as the birthplace.

Old Kilpatrick was created a burgh of barony in 1679, having the privilege of making burgesses. As a burgh, it boasted of a jail, a two-storied structure, with iron-barred windows that stood until about thirty years ago, when it was demolished to make room for some dwelling houses. Owing to the lack of crime and misdemeanors of the good burghers, the services of the jailor became unneccessary after a time, and the building fell into decay.

The parish church (shown in picture) was built in 1811 on the site of an older edifice, said to be the oldest parish church in Scotland. When this kirk was pulled down to make room for the present church, the sculptured figure of a recumbent knight was excavated, and many were of the opinion that it had some connection with the saint. Experts, however, set all doubts at rest in being of the belief that the figure belonged to the fourteenth century.

Saint Patrick died in his 120th year, and was buried at Down, beside the hallowed remains of Saint Bridget.

OLD KILPATRICK CHURCH

From the time of the Roman invader to the present day is a far cry. Many of the passengers on the electric cars that leave the bustle and din of the great city of Glasgow on a Saturday afternoon for Dumbarton and the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond, for a whiff of the purer air, little dream of the hallowed ground that they traverse, redolent of memories of Saint Patrick, Wallace and Bruce.

Denver, Colorado.

Our Glasgow Letter

The Earl of Minto has lost an appeal to the House of Lords, and at the same time laid himself open to rebuke, which he might easily have avoided had he given the case more serious consideration. The Court's decision, it appears, affects practically all the land in Scotland. The question at issue was whether the Earl of Minto, who is owner of certain lands in the Parish of Minto, Roxburghshire, and who was liable to pay the stipend to the minister of the parish out of the teind or tithe, could be compelled to pay to the minister, in name of the stipend, a sum in excess of the total value of the teind in consequence of the recent abnormal rise in the price of grain. The Courts in Scotland decided in favour of the Minister, and the Earl took the case to the House of Lords, who, as stated, dismissed his appeal with costs. Lord Dunedin said the point was decided in 1798, and to ask the House at this time of day to upset, not only that case, but a long course of decisions and practice, was a proposition of unparalleled audacity.

On December 13th, the largest herring catches experienced for many years, were caught in Loch Fyne and Kilbrennan Sound. Some of the hauls were so large that one net filled three boats, and all the available boats participated. Over 2,000 baskets of glittering herrings were landed at Campbeltown, and 1,000 were shipped by the steamer *Kinloch*, 800 remaining unsold. Owing to this the price dropped from 7/- to 2/6 per basket, so there would be cheap feeding for many families that day.

December has witnessed an extraordinary revival of the coal export trade, which is very cheering, as our country depends so largely on her exports. A leading firm of coal exporters in Scotland states that the rush of orders is unprecedented and very welcome. Apparently the orders received within the last four weeks are greater than any contracted for since the beginning of the coal crisis in April. At the present time there are about twenty-four boats lying at Methil Docks, 9 or 10 at Burntisland, and a number at Leith, all waiting to load coal. Their destinations are mostly the Baltic, French and Italian Ports. During the coal crisis the Americans captured the Baltic trade, but apparently quality has scored in the long run as against price, although of course there is now a substantial reduction in our coal. As long as our prices remain

reasonable, opinion has it that we have permanently regained the export trade, and it is up to us to keep it. We are still, however, far behind our exports of 1913, some 60 million tons, but it is hoped with the anticipated revival of home shipbuilding and engineering trades, that we may retrieve our previous trade in the near future.

It has been aired as a grievance many a time and oft that the London Scot has to come or send to Scotland when he wants to turn out in his national garb—the kilt—or wants any accessories in connection with the outfit. We are therefore pleased to notice, from an attractive invitation card, decorated with a sprig of white heather, that a well known Glasgow firm of Highland outfitters, are opening a branch in Oxford street, London. The invitation intimates that there will be "refreshments and pipe music," which we should imagine will attract as many, if not more, Englishmen than Scotsmen, as the skirl of the pipes seems to have a fascination—horrible if you like—for the Englishman. We never hear one say he likes the glorious music of the bagpipes, but they all listen to it just the same.

Perhaps we are inclined, at times, to be overhard on the landowner, especially in these days of enormous income tax and land burdens. Anyhow, the case of Sir John Ellerman, owner of Slains Castle and Longhaven, seems to point to a case where sympathy is not misplaced. When a valuation court was sitting in Aberdeenshire, in the autumn, Sir John wrote protesting against the burden of rates in connection with Slains Castle and Longhaven. A member of the court aired his wit by remarking that he wished he had the means to pay his rates with, which remark seemed to cause much mirth, and the matter of Sir John's protest was dropped, under the impression, no doubt, that Sir John would pay the rates without a murmur. However, the news that the estates are now in the market for sale, will no doubt be somewhat of a surprise to the Land Valuation Court.

Our first lady engineer has just completed her apprenticeship at a Dundee engineering works, and is now ambitious of going to sea as a marine engineer. Her name is Miss Victoria Drummond, and she is a daughter of Captain Malcolm and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond of Megginch Castle, Perthshire, and a granddaughter of the first Baron Amherst of Hackney. Miss Drummond celebrated the finish of her apprenticeship in the usual way by "standing treat" to her fellow workers, and this took the form of a night's entertainment at a Dundee Theatre, seats being reserved on two consecutive nights to accommodate her "pals." Surely this is a spirit worth emulating, and we wish Miss Drummond all the success and luck she so well deserves. It says all the more for her, as she might have chosen the path of ease and luxury, but preferred the fuller life of work, and all the joy and variety it brings in its train. She has at least shown a strength of character that will be her strongest asset in the career she has mapped out for herself.

Another Scottish lady, who has distinguished herself in a different direction, is Mrs. Dollan, the wife of Bailie Dollan, one of our Labour representatives in Glasgow Town Council. She has just succeeded as a candidate for the Glasgow Town Council—Springburn Ward—in the interests of Labour, with a majority of 705 votes, against two male aspirants. As a result of Mrs. Dollan's success, a husband and wife are now, for the first time in Scotland, members of the same Municipal Assembly, and no matter how much we may differ from them in opinion, we must admit they are a strong combination, and likely to do much good work in the community, if they combine restraint and moderation with their undoubted abilities and capabilities.

We are very glad to notice the stand taken by the Scottish Clans Association (London) in connection with their Hogmanay Ball. New Year's Day taking place, as it did, on Sunday, created an awkward situation, as those desirous of bringing in the New Year, must either, in deference to our Sabbath observance, stop the revelry at twelve midnight, or "carry on" and take no notice of the Sabbath. The Scottish Clans Association, however, decided to stop the ball at midnight, and bring in the New Year in a decorous manner.

The proud story of a self made man is that of John Marchbank, of Glasgow, who has just been made President of the National Union of Railwaymen, for 1922. He is the first Scotsman to occupy the position. His career reads like a romance, and should be an impetus to many with more advantages and opportunities. He is now 38 years of age, and was born at Lambfoot, Dumfries, the son of a humble shepherd, who brought up a family of five sons on £30. per annum, and the free use of a moorland cottage. However, son John left school at a very early age, and worked as a shepherd till he was 14, when he turned cattleman and dairyman. At 18 he became a Caledonian Railway porter at Beattock; afterwards tried the life of a policeman, but returned to railway work, and became a shunter at a Glasgow railway station. In 1906, he joined the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and has gone right through the minor office till he has now reached the top.

We, in Scotland, are often accused of lack of patriotism, and we think the gibe is oftimes well deserved, but it is interesting to note that as far as our reading goes—from the point of view of the Libraries—our taste seems to be for the home product. In answer to a question as to what was the most popular book in Scotland during 1921, *The Daily Record* got together, and published the following facts, in connection with the principal towns in Scotland.

Glasgow shows a catholic and serious taste in such books as Lord Haldane's "Reign of Relativity"; Mrs. Asquith's "Autobiography," and John Buchan's "History of the War."

Edinburgh refutes the saying that "a Prophet has no honour in his own country" by having as first favourite various of Robert Louis Stevenson's works—"Weir of Hermiston" and among the junior borrowers the immortal "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." Sir Walter Scott comes second in popularity, and John Buchan runs him very close.

Dundee seems to like the romantic tales of Jeffrey Farnol—a never failing tonic—and in general literature Lord Frederic Hamilton's "Here, There and Everywhere" claimed first place.

Paisley, again, sticks by the home product, like Edinburgh, there being a ceaseless demand for Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography, and next to her, the books of exploration and adventure by Captain Angus Buchanan, M.C., who is the son of a retired Paisley bank agent.

To study the nature of the output of the libraries is a very good way of discovering the minds of the people, in these days when we are inclined to be pessimistic as to the general trend of things.

There always seems to be someone or other asking the qestion as to why Arthur's seat, Edinburgh, was thus named, and as we notice an explanation, we give it as an interesting bit of information to those who do not already know—

The old hill giant of Edinburgh was named after Arthur, a popular hero of romance, as the giant of Eildon Hills was called after Wallace, and the giant of Ben Ledi after the Biblical Samson. There are other Arthur hills in Argyllshire and Morayshire. This matter was dealt with in the British Association Anthropological Section in Edinburgh recently, and the view here stated was approved.

The engagement of Lady Scott, the widow of the great Scottish explorer, to Mr. Hylton Young, D.S.O., has just been announced, and has come as a great surprise. Commander Young did some splendid work during the war, and lost an arm in the never-to-be-forgotten assault on Zeebrugge, where he greatly distinguished himself. Apart from war service Commander Young has been M.P. for Norwich since 1915, and is financial secretary to the treasury. He was called to the Bar in 1904, was assistant editor of the *Economist* in 1909, and was for some years the financial editor of the London *Morning Post*.

The sad story of Captain Scott's tragic end will be recalled by most. How, on the return journey from the South Pole, he and his companions perished in a blizzard, in January, 1912, although their actual fate was not known until February of 1913. How Lady Scott, who had expected to meet and come home with her husband, had to return from Australia alone, although in her grief she had a nation's sympathy. She had left to her, however, the legacy of a little son, Peter, who has as godfather, Sir J. M. Barrie, and Lady Scott has devoted these years to the bringing up of her boy, and to the pursuit of her hobby of sculpture, for which she has a natural gift.

While on the subject of Lady Scott, we must pay our tribute to the English explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who has so recently crossed the Great Divide, with his mission unfulfilled. It is a deep disappointment and grief to all to know that the plucky little *Quest* has lost her commander, and our sympathy goes out to the whole expedition, who must all be feeling his loss keenly. He was the strong man of the expedition, undoubtedly, but he has a worthy successor in Commander Wild, second in command, who proposes to carry on. Commander Wild sailed with Captain Scott on his expeditions, and we wish him every success in his venture.

We cannot let the month of January pass without reference to the 25th and the Immortal Memory. Each year the worship of our National Bard, Robert Burns, seems to increase, and this year every Burns Club worthy of the name had its celebration of this 163rd Anniversary of the poet's birth. We will not take space to report the many and various meetings, but would just mention one that took place in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Paisley, under the auspices of the Women's Guild of Empire, where a new note was struck by a lady proposing the "Immortal Memory." A portion of her speech is worth repeating. She said: "While they could not but deplore that, with his great gifts, Burns should have sometimes walked in the mire, let them remember that it was the price of fame that he who achieved it should pass through the stern fires of criticism with their refining flame. From this distance, 120 years or more now, surely they could see clearly that the flame had done its work, and that the dross in the life of Scotland's Immortal Bard was all burnt up, leaving the pure gold of his genius unsullied in its true and lasting worth."

Wreaths were laid on Burns Monument everywhere, and the 25th seemed more than ever to be remembered.

Scottish women are becoming more interested in Burns' celebrations, and next anniversary may see some surprises in this direction. This year the Co-operative Guild of Women of Aberdeen had a great night of their own with the Bard, and this only needs a beginning—and why not?

The effects of abnormal taxation on our landowners may be gauged by the fact that within the last week or two, supposedly rich landowners have decided to close palatial establishments. One is the Marquis of Linlithgow, who says that owing to the burden of taxation he has no alternative but to close his establishment at Hopetoun. He regrets what he describes as this inevitable step, which he realizes will mean many changes,

and some hardship to those who have given him loyal service in the past. The circular embodying the above remarks has caused a painful sensation all over the South Queensferry district, as the Marquis was very well liked, and it is but a short time since the Earl of Wemyss gave up his connection with Godford House.

The other surprise is the announcement that Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok, Glasgow, has decided to close Pollok House, Pollokshaws, his principal residence, and reside in the city itself. It is of course well known that the Laird of Pollok, among other Scottish Landowners, has been hard hit since the war, and it is said the heavy Imperial and local assessments have practically monopolized the entire revenue derived from the estates. We understand the Estate Grounds, one of the beauty spots of Glasgow, will remain open to the public as heretofore.

On December 14th the Tramways Committee of Edinburgh Town Council decided by 9 votes to 7 to proceed without delay with overhead electrification of the Tramway System. It was further decided that there should be only one system of Tramways in Edinburgh—namely the overhead electric system—and that, accordingly, the tramways in Princes street should be converted to that system, and that application should be made to the Ministry of Transport for sanction to erect centre poles in Princes Street. It is expected that the proposals will meet with some opposition from some of the influential ratepayers, who are opposed to the conversion of the system at the present time, when interest on borrowed money is so high. It is also expected that the recommendation to erect centre poles in Princes Street will meet with further opposition, as these will undoubtedly spoil the appearance of one of the most picturesque thoroughfares in the Kingdom. Still, if it comes to a tug-of-war between picturesqueness and utility, we rather think the latter should win, as the pre-historic tramway system of Edinburgh has been a source of amused comment for many years. Let us hope the matter will be amicably settled, as Edinburgh seems to be waking up to her possibilities as a city in other directions, and so long as it is not overdone, there is room for improvement.

The Scottish Board of Health have now approved of the Campbeltown Housing Scheme, and the erection of twenty houses will now be proceeded with. The tenders accepted total £5,799. The Public Works Loan Board have granted the corporation a loan of £20,000 the local Housing Bonds issue having yielded a comparatively poor return.

Great consternation has been experienced at Rosyth, by the recent note posted up announcing the dismissal of thousands of workers from the Naval Base, and we fear we have not yet heard the end of it. Apparently numbers of men came from the South to Rosyth on the promise of permanent employment, and now they will find themselves stranded and out of work. We do not deny the urgency of Government economy, but we do think a modicum of consideration might be brought to bear when such drastic steps are about to be taken; and considering the principal English Naval Base is still to continue working, a division of labour might have been arranged, whereby neither would suffer so acutely. The Glasgow *Bulletin* says:

"There appears to be only one hope for Rosyth. It would receive a new lease of life if the Mid-Scotland Canal Scheme became a reality. The magnificent dockyard accommodation could then be utilized to an extent it is not likely to be when the British fleets are reduced. Is Scotland not rich enough to construct the canal? If it can be demonstrated that it will be a paying proposition the capital should be forthcoming.

GRACE D. WILSON.
64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

"Remember March, The Ides of March, Remember"

March 20th, 1922.

Mr. P. J. Campbell,
The most constant, consistent contributor to the
Fund of Friendship's Foundation.

Old Pal, Time's Wheel, all old men note, keeps steadily revolving,
And finds you swelling Murphy's vote, thus Allston's problems solving,
But I know you'll vote for Hubert who extends his birthday blessing,
And wink at mental vagaries when he goes reminiscing.

Just fifty years gone o'er my head since first I saw Cape Cod,
Where, as the early Pilgrims did, I offered thanks to God
For bringing me in safety to that land which makes the claim:
"All men's born free and equal" whose Creator was the same.
There was "Welcome" on the doormat then, the stranger at our gates

Met helping hands where'er he went in these United States.
Each immigrant an asset was, of value to the Nation,
Especially those from Scotland, trained to assimiliation.
Trained to the creed of freeman, "Liberty governed by Laws."
Faithful in his allegiance with every breath he draws.
Now looking back o'er the travelled track, the change in fifty years
Of material brought to the melting pot, gives rise to doubts and fears
For what the future holds in store for the most enlightened plan
Of "Government by the Governed" that was ever vouchsafed to man.
And I sometimes think that Americans in their zeal for man's advance,
Were prodigal in squandering their priceless inheritance.
In off'ring citizen's status to foreign beat or bandit,
Ignorant of "Mayflower Compact" and couldn't understand it.
Who have simply come to plunder, draw attention to our error,
Giving freedom to the felons who would wage a reign of terror.
When caught, a few are sent to jail, but we're so darned humane
That many more are coddled in asylums we maintain.
Then the thugs uncaught take courage and new victims daily seek,
Whose spines, when covered by a gun, grow lamentably weak,
Here's where we err again, for when the coward cur is caught,
He should be denied a trial, let him be stood up and shot.
Sometimes I think on seeing friends in funeral raiment draped
That by dying, bankers, brokers, and bandits they've escaped.
Not Laws protecting arm, but Death alone can bring relief
From those who rob within the Law, and common hold-up thief.
Wake up, ye dormant citizens, to the crying—opportunity,
For vigilance committees to clean house in each community,
When we decorate the landscape stringing thugs on every tree,
Then we can sing "America," "Land of the brave and free."
To continue reminiscing, it can easily be shown
The comforts we enjoy today in 70's were unknown.
Steam heated homes, electric lights, electric heated cars,
And lovers wind a graphophone instead of string guitars,
The auto, airplane, motor-cyc have piled the joy of living,
Tho' utilized to rob us, yet to millions pleasure giving.
But for all-round convenience the most necessary thing
Which inventive genius gave us, the telephone is King.
The needs of home and business have got so wrapped about it
That the up-to-date in either can't get along without it.
And don't forget, old Pal, this one illuminating thought
This King of all inventions was created by a Scot.
In this half century, you and I have met a lot of snides,
But in the march of progress we have taken giant strides.
American thirst for knowledge no other land can equal,
In machines for labor-saving, far ahead, and what's the sequel
Though we trouble in production what we did in days of yore,
Yet strange to say, with cost reduced, the public's paying more.
Coal in the palmy days gone by was coal, at $5.00 a ton—
I've paid $18.00 for coal, and slate and dirt they called "mine-run,"
Well named, the slate refused to burn, nor would I hesitate
To take an oath that nearly half of mine run through the grate.
Mechanic's tools and cutlery, the household pot or kettle
Are twice the price they used to be, and poorer grade of metal.
Rump roast I've bought for fifteen cents, now costs me forty-five,
To offset that I eat less meat and wonder why I thrive.
The good old days of straight cow's milk would now be dearly prized,
Five cents a quart, its now fifteen, so darned much pasteurized.
To meet the pure food laws and jobs for Government agents find
The consumer pays for screenings, and inspectors who are blind.
And so it goes, where'er we turn to meet the family's need,
We're met with goods inferior, or the retailer's greed.
Yes, many a time we go without the things we used to want
Because the "stuff" is not so good or price exhorbitant.
Oh Thou who planted each desire to pay our way or steal,
Turn on the light of reason, men to themselves reveal.
The Golden Rule establish in the hearts and minds of all
Where none of proven honesty are crowded to want's wall.
When plutocrats all die of shame, and every man lives thrifty,
Then you and I won't want to die, but want another fifty.

Somerville, Mass. HUGH W. BARNES.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

THE SCOT ABROAD

How He Blooms in America

BY "THE LOOKER-ON"

(*Glasgow Evening Mail*, March 13, 1922)

A good many years ago a man from Chicago visited Glasgow, and bought a complete Highland costume. He was the American representative of Lipton—American-born, with a name which suggested no association with Scotland, but being a sound business man, he was, in Chicago, a member of the Elks, Buffaloes, the Odd Fellows, the Free Masons, the Ku-Klux-Klan, the Cemented Bricks, and the Chicago Caledonian Society. Apparently the possession of a full Highland costume was essential to membership of the C. C. S., and Mr. Devint (as we may call him) desired a Highland costume of the most recondite and expensive character.

"The Devints," he told me, "don't claim any brand of plaid I know of, but I want something real good and not too gaudy."

I took him to an outfitter, who had little difficulty in convincing him that Royal Stewart was a brand of tartan or plaid which in restraint of hue and in historical importance was admirably suited for wearing in Chicago on St. Andrew's Night. Mr. Devint returned to the United States the proud possessor of a Gaelic trousseau which included belts, weapons, buckles, brooches of the most expensive character and a constellation of cairngorms positively blinding.

* * * *

SHORTBREAD

The latest number to arrive here of that quite impressive looking Scoto-American magazine, THE CALEDONIAN, makes it clear that many thousands of American Scots periodically wear such panoply as Mr. Devint bought in Glasgow. It takes sixteen pages to chronicle the dinners, dances, bazaars, clan gatherings, and concerts of Scottish societies in every part of the United States. That innocuous pleasure of the patriotic remnant in Scotland—the formation of Clan societies—would appear to have far more devotees in the United States than here; if one may guess from the fact that the Clan Stuart Society of Casper, Wyoming, is number 248, and the Clan Gordon Society of Omaha, Nebraska, is number 63.

"Kiltie bands" are everywhere; Highland outfitters who have "Highland costumes for hire, individual or by the dozen, for parades and Scottish functions," advertise; Peter Henderson's bagpipes seem one of the great imports of the country, and from New York to Los Angeles, bakers proclaim:

We Import
Land of Burns
Shortbread
and
Caledonia Oat Cakes
from
Ayr and Glasgow, Scotland.
Add 10 cents for postage west of the
Mississippi and south of Virginia.

One gathers that when Harry Lauder is in America he makes a triumphal procession from sea to sea through a phalanx of his exiled compatriots waving "toorie" bonnets.

* * * *

The motto of THE CALEDONIAN magazine is:

"Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!"

It can be declaimed, chanted, whistled, sung as a solo or in four-part harmony, played on the fiddle or the pipes, and is, in the proper quarters, calculated to elicit as profound an emotion as "Rule Britannia."

* * * *

THE PLACE TO GO TO

THE CALEDONIAN, "an illustrated Family Magazine," was founded in 1901, its objects being "To Disseminate the Truth, Raise the Literary Standard of the Home, and Inspire 'Young America' with True Scottish Patriotism."

Reading its delightful pages, one feels that America is the place to go to; we take our patriotism much too languidly here. Yet a curious thing about all those American-Scottish societies is that they do not appear to have half so great an interest in Scotland of to-day as they have in themselves. The cry for Scottish Home Rule, so insistently heard from Edinburgh at present, seems not yet to have reached across the Atlantic, and there is an atmosphere about all the proceedings,

sibly they are wholly imaginary figures in the convention of Barrie. The author says of Dunoon that "around the town was the laird's wall, and beyond it, the domain of the sacred pheasant, the sealed rabbit, the scratching posts, and the Duke—God bless him!

"The Duke would have no railways in his playground at any time. The noise might disturb his grace and his grouse. And being a God-fearing man who snored in his pew every Sunday, he would allow no steamboat to touch at oor toon on the Lord's Day. Wherefore, the irreverent Glasgow 'keelies' who came 'doon the watter' on the Sawbath called it 'the holy city,' broke down the pier gates, and as Davie Manson, the piermaster, said, in deploring the sacrilegious occurence to Mr. M'Tavish, of the U. P.:—"They wadna even pay their penny dues because it was the holy Sawbath!' "

* * * *

Strictly speaking, the Duke referred to has no land nearer to Dunoon than that on which his family mausoleum is situated at Kilmun, and no more authority over the coming or going of trains and steamboats at Dunoon than Mr. Chalmers himself has. But a Duke of the old feudal type is probably insisted on by readers in America.

For the Scot in America, magazines do not suffice: an important historical literature is now being provided for him—"Scots and Scots' Descendants in America," a "Short History of Scotland and American Year-Book Directory of Scottish and British Societies in the U. S.," with a list of 1,250 Scottish societies, "Scotland's Work and Worth," in two volumes, by Professor Charles W. Thomson, M. A., F. E. I., and "Scotland's Mark on America," "a magnificent tribute to the Scottish race," by Dr. George Fraser Black.

A great folk our exiled countrymen! When I go to America with Sir Harry Lauder, I shall go first of all to the Scotch Tea Room opposite the Ritz-Carlton, New York, for "Scotch Scones, Shortbread, Mutton Pies in any quantities," and hope to see the Daughters of Scotia Societies there.

Empire Day Festival, 1922

The folks of British extraction in Boston are planning an Empire Day Festival on May 24th this year on an unprecedented scale under the able leadership of President James Hunter, who so successfully conducted the festival of 1921. A committee has been working since January making the necessary arrangements amongst the forty-one bodies represented by delegates. On the committee are the British Charitable, The Scottish Charitable, The Canadian Club Ladies' Auxiliary, The Overseas Club, The Highland Dress Association, numerous lodges of the Sons and Daughters of St. George, Scottish Clans, British Naval and Military Veterans, and Vimy Camp Canadian Veterans.

A very strong committee has been at work upon the actual features of the pageant, under the direct supervision of Mr. Hugh Cairns, the sculptor, whose experience in pageant work has been considerable and is well known to the Boston public by the many successful pageants he has staged in the past. Mrs. W. J. Baker, of Brookline heads the Pageant Committee. The committee have this year engaged the New Boston Arena for the festival and the large floor space of the Arena should be ideal for the proper and effective staging of the pageant as planned. Over one hundred children are being already trained to take part in the pageant by Helene F. Holmes, professor of dancing, and that feature of the pageant is already taking wonderful shape. A bevy of young ladies and gentlemen are to dance a Court Minuet in the costume of the period of 1800, and their training is well advanced. A special Irish dancing feature is being arranged for, and to celebrate the peace the new Irish Free State Flag will be flown.

To follow the pageant an unusual feature is being arranged in the shape of a dancing carnival, after the style of the carnival held annually at Nice. A flower and confetti battle between spectators in the boxes and the dancers, whom the committee invites to appear in fancy costumes. Streamers and ribbon favors with paper hats and sashes will add to the gaiety of the scene. It is expected that Governor Cox, and His Honor Mayor Curley will grace the festival by their presence during the evening. The well known Ives Band has been engaged to furnish the music for the pageant and carnival. Mr. William Budd, The Tudor, Beacon street, Boston, is secretary for the festival, and Mr. Edgar Bly, of the Wildey Savings Bank, Boylston street, treasurer.

WE IMPORT
LAND OF BURNS SHORT BREAD
and
CALEDONIA OAT CAKES
from
Ayr and Glasgow, Scotland
Short Bread, per tin.....$1.00
Oat Cakes, per tin..... .56
Add 10 cents for Postage West of the Mississippi and South of Virginia.
HOWE BAKERIES, INC.
1376 Third Ave. New York City

Twelve-year-old Robert Cooper, boss boy skirler of his county, Stirling, where famous battles have been fought between Scots and English, came down the gangplank from the Cunard-Anchor liner *Cameronia*, piping a welcome to spring, says the *New York Herald*. The joyous skirler was surrounded on the pier by lovers of Scotland and the bagpipes, and he entertained them until his father and mother were ready to go to Detroit, where they will visit relatives.

Philadelphia Letter

Lang looked for, come at last! "It's a lang lane that's got nae turn." It was ever in our thoughts what could have happened to THE CALEDONIAN; and as March was stepping down and out to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning, constraining folks to remark that the proverbially blustery month was going out like a lion, the rolling thunder suggesting the growl of the King o' beasts, the postman handed in THE CALEDONIAN for January and February merged. Most welcome it was, and interesting to a degree; may the printer rush along the March issue, and catch up for loss of time and prestige. The auld hielanman's saying that it is better to be on hand to meet an appointment fifteen minutes too soon, than to be five minutes late, applies to magazines, and I have observed that some publishers are alive to that principle.

The different Scottish organizations of the Quaker City have had a busy time since last we wrote an account of our doings; installations, concerts, balls and banquets keeping the active members on the hop.

Oor auld cronie Alexander White and his ain guid wife celebrated their golden wedding on March 7th. The worthy couple enjoy exceedingly good health, "an wear it weel" in spite o' their advancing years. Friends and well-wishers to the number of fifty invaded their home, showering congratulations upon them and partaking of their kindly hospitality. A delegation from Caledonia Lodge No. 700, I. O. O. F. was present, one from The Scots Thistle Society, and another from the Caledonian Club, of all of which bodies Aleck is a conspicuous member and officer. A real happy night was spent, and the principals were delighted to realize that they had so many generous friends, mainly Scots at that.

Lieutenant Joseph Simpson Ferguson Post, No. 333, American Legion, had a big night at the 3rd Regiment Armory upon the anniversary of mobilization for active service to participate in the World War. The Regiment's Chaplain delivered a most interesting lecture illustrated by moving picture scenes behind the German lines. Prior to this there was a review of the regimental Color Guard and Band. Distinguished service medals were presented to the young widow of a captain who fell in the Argonne Forest, and to two officers who survived to receive the well-earned honor. A bust of young Ferguson was presented to the Post and a replica to his parents by Sig. J. Nicoletto, a sculptor who did his bit with the A. E. F. unit of the Medical Corps on the Italian front, also a handsome silk American flag by the widow of ex-Mayor William Burns Smith, a second cousin to Lieutenant Ferguson. The ladies of the Post Auxilliary served refreshments, and the regimental band discoursed music.

The Third Annual Concert and Dance of the Past Chiefs, O. S. C. and Past Chief Daughters, D. O. S., took place at Lulu Temple, March 10th. The concert was very enjoyable and Mrs. Margaret Lyons Moodie, of Brooklyn, has every reason to feel that she, when in Philadelphia, is among friends and admirers. Her Scottish repertoire, and rendition of the ballads frae owre the sea, is delightful, and well merits the good opinion formed at previous appearances in our staid old "burg," the home of, like the auld toon o' Ayr, "honest men an' bonnie lassies." We should like to have recorded a better attendance, but there have been so many concerts lately, mony nae doot hae got to draw in "their horns" betimes.

April 7th, a banquet was held at Mosebachs to celebrate the 64th aniversary of the Caledonian Club. The hall was beautifully decorated; at the table, forming a horseshoe, over seventy sat down, many of the ladies being members of the Auxiliary. The menu was resplendant enough to tempt the appetite of the most exacting epicure. Toasts were drunk "a la Volstead," but no one was heard to say that it was any improvement on the ancient "barley-corn" served up in a silver tassie, in fact it seemed a very apologetic manner of introducing toasts, lacking the "pep" and inspiration.

When a bountiful repast was disposed of, the tables were cleared for action; not for toddy, aiblins elbow room. The Chief in his happiest mood, welcomed the guests, and expatiated upon the club's career, from its inception; stating that during the past ten years many of the casualities suffered by the club were being retrieved. The membership and finances were now most flattering; he also extended much credit to the Ladies' Auxilliary for the valued aid rendered by them year in, year out. Toasts followed for the remainder of the evening interspersed with songs, community singing alternating with solos, etc. H. B. M. Consul General H Montgomery Sinclair responded for "Scotland." Thomas Park, at one time conspicuous in O. S. C., upheld the principles of U. S. democracy, without revelling in American resources, and national wealth, which so frequently became irksome as doled out by some after-dinner speakers. "Our Ladies' Auxilliary" was responded to by the president, Mrs. A. J. M. Murdoch, who received encomiums for the capable and intelligent manner in which she voiced the sentiments of the ladies and assured the chief and members of the ladies' desire and determination to aid in placing the club on the highest pinnacle of success. "Sister Societies" was responded to by representatives of the Scots Thistle Society, Order of Scottish Clans and Daughters of Scotia. Ex-Chieftain James Pollock, in his usual accommodating and efficient manner accompanied the singing on the piano.

Clan MacGregor, O. S. C., of Frankford, held their Annual Concert and Ball the same night at Clayton's Academy, Philadelphia. It is to be deplored that some wise head did not give some advice gratis, for we saw a number of Clansmen at the banquet who assuredly would have patronized that worthy

suburban clan had the date been different. Why may not the Past Chiefs' Association get busy to help avoid such "snags" in the future?

John Burleigh, an ex-Chief of the Caledonian Club and Clan Cameron No. 64, who was left a widower some years ago, and more recently lost an eye while undergoing an operation for cataract, with the vision of the other optic almost gone, has no family and has been feeling most lonely. John was very prominent in Scottish Societies up to a decade ago. Now he has entered the Masonic Home and Hospital at Elizabethtown, Pa., where doubtless he will pass the remainder of his days, as he is now in his 77th year.

Another worthy and much respected old Scot has "passed on" in his 83rd year. John Lindsay, a Glasgow Laddie, in the early days of Clan Cameron, No. 64, was with his son, the doctor, received into membership. The son was elected clan physician, and ably served in that capacity until his death from tuberculosis twenty years ago; the old gentleman's wife died five years ago. He was a bank accountant, and was placed on the pension list several years ago. The doctor's widow and children are the sole survivors.

ST. MUNGO.

New York Port Society Gives Scottish Night

On Thursday night, April 6, the 105th Annual Concert of the New York Port Society was held at the society's building on the water front. This society was organized in 1818, and is the oldest one of its kind in New York. It is non-sectarian and its object is to promote the gospel and good cheer among seamen of the port of New York. No collections are taken, and no tickets are issued for these concerts.

The 105th concert was made a Scottish night, and was a very enjoyable occasion. Pipe music was furnished by Angus Fraser and Murdoch MacKenzie, and a fine address on "Bonnie Scotland" was delivered by Royal Treasurer Duncan MacInnes. There was singing by the popular Miss Alice MacKenzie, daintily attired in Highland costume, and by Frederick Taggart.

Consul-General Armstrong was to have been present, but was detained on account of illness, as was Dr. John Finley, their places being taken by two well-known Scottish divines, Dr. John McNeil of the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church and Dr. Robert Watson of the Scotch Church.

Exhibitions of Highland dancing were given by Mary Todd, and Constance and Donald MacKenzie.

Eleanor McGee, four years of age, delighted everybody with her daintiness and fine dancing. This little tot has a wonderful personality, and if spared will be a great success.

Miss Gertrude Ruth presided at the piano. Mrs. Charles R. Scarborough was chairman.

Nearly all the Scottish Societies were represented. Mr. Henry Moir of the Saint Andrew's Society, Royal Tanist Walter Scott, and many others were present.

Detroit Scots Entertain

St. Andrew's Society of Detroit has been taking a dip into the movies; have been showing on the screen such fine work as "The Little Minister" and "Sentimental Tommy" in their Auditorium.

Clan Campbell last month gave Detroiters a treat by presenting "Rob Roy." Tom Cormie was the famous outlaw and Miss MacLeod, Helen MacGregor. All of the actors were members of Clan Campbell and certainly their work was splendid. It was presented for three nights in the Elks' Temple before good-sized audiences.

On the evening of March 31st under the auspices of Clan Campbell and Detroit Burns Club a lecture on Scotia's world-loved bard with over a hundred views of the Burns' country was given by Professor Hughes of Toronto, brother of the late Sam Hughes of World War fame. Mr. Hughes talked for nearly two hours to an inspired audience. Few have dug deeper into the life of our beloved bard and never have we listened to a stronger or more eloquent exponent than Mr. Hughes who has now with a well-known publishing house a work of Burns that no doubt will have a large army of readers. The views that were thrown on the curtain were all taken by Mr. Hughes while on a visit to Scotland last year, and he certainly had picked the choicest and most beautiful spots that could be found in Ayrshire or Dumfriesshire.

Mr. Hughes had been entertained during the day by Mr. John Cameron, president of the Burns Club; Mr. Cody, Superintendent of Schools; Edward Goodwillie, author of "Memorials of Burns"; and Judge John F. McKinley, all well-known Scots of Detroit.

THE NORTH OF THE GRAMPIANS CLUB

Near the end of February when sleet and snow kept many a body within doors, over forty hardy men of the North with their wives from Windsor, Canada and from Detroit, all members of the North of the Grampians, with four pipers and a few fiddlers, and all of them singers, made a call upon their president and his family at 6744 Vinewood avenue. Of course, Jamie, his wife and daughters were prepared for them and gave them a hearty welcome. There were more songs and music than speaking and we had some splendid talent. Funny, isn't it, we have the best talent frae Aberdeen Awa. After they had elected a new president, Andy Moir, of Windsor, and Alex. Watson had read the records of a year and Jamie Inverarity had coonted oot the siller what was left from a year's squandering, we listened to some fine Scottish readings by Mrs. Murray of Windsor, some violin selections by little Lily Cassie, daughter of Professor Cassie, of Detroit, an Aberdonian; bagpipe selections by Bruce Cameron and Donald Graham; some Highland dancing by Sarah Jean Grant, daughter of our poet, Peter Grant, who gave an original reading entitled "A Beneficial Accident"; Scotch songs by Mr. Robert Laid-

law; some good laughs and stories from Edward Goodwillie, W. V. Edwards, John Cameron, Jamie Ogg, the two Moirs from Windsor, Mr. Gray and others. After refreshments served by Mrs. Broomfield and daughters they pulled Jamie to his feet and setting him up against the sideboard motioned to Mr. Inverarity who eloquently touching on Jamie's merits and demerits—Mr. Inverarity having known him for nearly thirty years—presented Jamie and his wife with a clock from the club that goes 400 days without winding. The bagpipes drowned out what Jamie was going to say in return—a blessing on the bagpipes.

Mr. George Watson sent a box of heather from Aberdeen to Mr. Alex. Watson, secretary of the club, so every breast was adorned wi' Scotia's week bit purple flooer. We long for many such gatherings.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.
6744 *Vinewood Avenue,*
Detroit, Michigan.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

"How fine it is for the sons and daughters of Scotia residing in Cheyenne that they are, year after year invited by that delightful Scotch lady, Mrs. Andrew Gilcrist to unite with her in commemorating the annual return of the birthday of Robert Burns," says the *Wyoming State Tribune.* "It is looked forward to as a wonderful occasion. There is no formality to the program. Its arrangement is entirely impromptu and is characterized by that same spontaneity that has made the poetry of the beloved bard so dear to the hearts of thousands of people in all lands and climes."

On the recent anniversary, Mrs. Gilcrist was hostess to a large concourse of friends whom she had invited to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Scotland's poet.

It was the concensus of opinion that the Burns party of 1922 was the biggest and best ever presided over by Mrs. Gilcrist, who for more than twenty years has made the birthday of Robert Burns the day for this charming social function. It has become a Cheyenne institution and looked forward to with keen pleasure.

The spacious Gilcrist home on Capitol and Twenty-third street was gay with Scottish tartans and ribbons, quantities of roses and carnations and sprays of heather from Bonnie Scotland. The hours of the affair were from two to six o'clock. A most delightful program honoring the Scottish poet, was followed with refreshments which included viands such as scones, shortbread and currant loaf all dear to the heart of the Scottish people. Following Mrs. Gilchrist's "words of welcome," Scots sangs were sung by Miss H. Patterson, Mrs. James Mackay, Mrs. Fred D. Boice, Mrs. W. H. Gill, Mrs. Middlemas, and Mr. John S. Hunter.

Interspersed through the musical program were delightful addresses by J. C. McManus, Justice Charles N. Potter, Honorable William E. Chaplin, Rev. J. S. Stubblefield, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. John Blackman, pastor of the First Congregational Church, and the Honorable William B. Ross. The Scottish bard was extolled, and many words of praise were given to Mrs. Gilcrist for furnishing an opportunity to the people of the city to do honor to his memory.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne by the huge company brought the affair to a conclusion following toasts to the president of the United States, to King George, and to the hostess.

Mesdames Mark Cox, Fred Boice, Jay Showalter, Thomas Hunter, Samuel Corson, Mrs. W. S. Buck and Miss Dorothy Buck, assisted throughout the afternoon in caring for the guests. Noted among the guests were many ranch friends of Mrs. A. Gilcrist, among them Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Underwood, Mrs. Ed. Francis, Arthur Francis, Mrs. Thomas McGee and Mrs. Zella Ketcham.

New York Scottish Celtic Society

The New York Scottish Celtic Society (organized 1891), at its meeting of March 24, put a mark in its calendar, for the special item on the program, as the president, Ben. M. Morgan announced, was "to be the presentation of a subject naturally of the greatest interest to them all—a talk on 'The Highways of the Celts,' by one who perhaps was better qualified to speak on the subject than anyone in New York, Mr. Robert C. Auld, who has practically devoted a life-time to the study of the subject, the results of which he has consented to present this evening." No one could deal with a subject of such ramifications in the short time allotted to it that evening, so that only the high points could possibly be touched upon.

Mr. Auld spoke considerably past the time limit, holding his audience, which was thoroughly interested. He spoke without notes, and showed such mastery of the subject as could only come from deep and close study. He first told "What the Celts were Not" and then getting into the main highway traced the course of the race to whom that unfortunate designation has been applied from their starting place in Europe—at the other extreme entirely from that where the name first appeared. The speaker brought out so many points absolutly new and startling that we may print later a digest of Mr. Auld's address.

Mr. James Kennedy followed Mr. Auld, with a few remarks, and then, after refreshments had been served by the ladies, the program of piping, singing and dancing followed. It was a most enjoyable meeting. The society was organized for "the purpose of promoting and perpetuating a deeper reverence for our native land, and the land of our forefathers, its language and its literature, and, at the same time, cultivating a closer and more intimate social intercourse among its members. "It is in a flourishing condition, no fewer than sixteen new members being welcomed at the meeting with other nominations coming in weekly.

A Wee Bit of Heather

BY FRANK M. COMRIE

Oh! the pain's in my heart
And tears fill my eyes,
As o'er the wide ocean
My hame-sick heart flies
To my auld Scottish hame,
Where the hearts still are true,
In the glen far awa'
Where the white heather grew.

A wee bit of heather
From over the sea—
A spray of white heather
From Scotland to me,
Brings a message of love
From the friend far awa',
And o'er the dear heather
My tears gently fa'.

Imported Scotch Short Bread and Oat Cakes

What these "Wee bakes frae the Land o' Cakes" together with a goodly amount of enterprise and industry have done in this country is told us by the Howe Bakeries, an old Scotch-Irish firm located at 1376 Third avenue, New York, with six branches in the city. The firm was founded in 1870 by Samuel Howe, who still lives at the age of ninety, and who prior to the organization of the cracker trusts was the largest cracker baker in New York.

Employing bakers mostly from Glasgow and Belfast, Mr. Howe experimented for many years in baking oat cakes and short bread. Short bread was a fair success, but not so with oat cakes. It was impossible to secure the proper oat meal manufactured in the United States. Climate, rainfall, and a longer season combine to make Scotch oat meal a far better flavored and tasty product, and the difficulties of importing oat meal, especially during the war, were too great, and the project was abandoned. Mr. Howe continued to import these delicious products at Christmas-time, but this too was cut off by the war.

However, one of the younger members of the firm returning from France in 1918, stopped over in Glasgow and taking notice of the superior quality of the short bread baked there and knowing that the oat cakes could not be duplicated in the United States, set about to import Land of Burns Scotch Short Bread and Caledonia Oat Cakes into the United States on a business-like basis. Advertising among the Scottish people in New York, the business grew at once until fortnightly shipments were arranged and the freshness of the products guaranteed.

In turn it was found that so many New York Scotsmen were mailing tins of Short Bread and Oat Cakes to friends in the United States outside of New York, that a Mail Order Department was formed and the products advertised among the Scottish people of the entire country. As a result, last month more than a thousand tins were mailed, not only bringing a profit to the Howe Bakeries, but a real treat to those who know the pleasure there is in eating of these delightful "bakes frae the Land o' Cakes." They have advised the editor of the success of their advertising in THE CALEDONIAN, and in turn the editor takes pleasure in testifying that both the Caledonian Oat Cakes and Land of Burns Scotch Short Bread are delightfully delicious and a real treat, since he has in mind the difficulty in guarding the contents of one of the handsomely decorated tins from the willing hands of those who drift into the office of THE CALEDONIAN.

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F. B. KILPATRICK

366 Madison Ave., New York City

New York Scottish Highlanders Pipe and Drum Band, Annual Concert and Ball

On Friday evening, April 7, the New York Highlanders' Pipe and Drum Band held its annual concert at the Palm Garden in New York. A large audience was in attendance.

The exercises opened with a Scotch reel by members of the band, and there was singing by Sam Roberts, who is growing in popularity. John and Mabel Dove delighted with their up-to-date songs and dances, and Miss Jean Anderson, 3rd, sang many well known Scotch ballads. The Jean Gordon players amused with their little skit, "Love in the Highlands."

One of the real treats of the evening was the music by the Pipe Band, led by Pipe Major James Hoey. It would seem as though the audience could not get enough.

At twelve o'clock what so many of those present were waiting for took place, namely, the grand march. There were twenty dances during the night, and at least as many encores. Just before the dancing began, the Pipe Band, led by Drum Major Rowe, paraded through the hall, playing several airs, serenading their colonel, Walter Scott, who was present accompanied by Mr. Duncan MacInnes.

Nearly every Scottish organization in New York and vicinity was represented by officers and members.

What Is There In It For Me?

BY AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL

What is there in it for me? This is the query of our hustling, extravagant and ambitious age. It is asked by each individual from the smallest office boy to the great and powerful railroad magnate—the person seeking employment, the manufacturer selling his wares, the financier putting through a large and important deal, and so on, throughout the busy ranks.

Nor is the question always asked from a dollars and cents standpoint. The questioner, if he be an employee, may claim he has his employers' interests at heart; and so he may have, for he knows that *their* success implies or forecasts his own.

Ambition covers, too, a large field of desires. One may aspire to the chair of the head of the firm; another may be seeking merely a better competence to support those dependent upon him; while a third is craving wealth for the sake of the power wealth gives. Still another may be trying to discover an outlet for his wonderful faculties of invention or production.

It is splendid to watch the ambition, confidence and faith of our boys of to-day as they progress from the bottom of the ladder on up to positions of trust, until, perhaps, even the partnership goal is reached.

More and more are firms coming to realize that it is to their advantage that their young people be trained from the beginning to become valuable assets in the business—for the future of practically every business in time comes to depend upon young blood, young energies and young brains, and as they mature the possibilities of their attainments are almost unlimited. It is to a concern's advantage to see that its faithful, ambitious people are rewarded adequately for their capabilities and fidelity.

Genuine sympathy and co-operation help to cement the foundation and the structure of "business," for the combination of labor and thought, uniting all as one man, gives an enormous constructive power.

Employees must feel satisfied if they are doing good work and giving service, that they are being properly paid. If it is a one-sided affair, with practically everything on "the firm's" side of the ledger, some morning its heads will awaken to the fact that a valuable man or woman has handed in a resignation. It is all very well to say that there is always some one to take another's place; but no firm can afford to be a training school for help for other business houses.

In one year's time a certain well-known wholesale house lost a large number of capable employees through dissatisfaction. This was a loss more serious than loss of profits, for the crippled condition resulting from such a general exit *cannot* be quickly or easily overcome.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," and should be paid in accordance with the results he is able to show. Many firms and employers are charitable to the point of munificence in their philanthropies, but figure with a sharp pencil when it comes to paying salaries. I believe every person prefers to do good honest *work* for a fair and reasonable competence, rather than eat the bread of *dependence*, for *independence* makes one self-respecting.

If the shadow of debt lurks in the background, ready to grapple with one at the first turn of the corner, because one's salary will not provide life's bare necessities, the effect is bound to show in his work. But if a man can hold up his head in independence and, like the Village Blacksmith, look every man in the eye because he owes not any of them, his employers have a better employee, the country has a better citizen, and the home a better husband, father and son.

Ida Grove, Iowa

One of the largest and most enthusiastic Burns celebrations in many years was held at Ida Grove, Iowa, January 25th. Delegations were present from all parts of Iowa and Nebraska.

Robert Burns was born a Scot, he died a world citizen. He belongs to all the ages. He was a friend of the common man, a pioneer of democracy and human brotherhood. Robert Burns sang of democracy, of the rights and glory of the man in the ranks, of the sovereignty of the individual.

The gathering was held in Armory Hall, under the direction of J. H. Cruickshank, of Sioux City, Iowa. Contests for dancers and a well rendered program kept the large audience busy with applause.

Donald G. Cruickshank danced the sword dance in full Highland costume. John MacTaggart, of Omaha, Harry Lauder imitator, was one of the big hits of the evening. His interpretation of the words and music was perfect. He was called back time and again. J. B. Grant, of Sioux City, champion sailors' hornpipe dancer, gave a wonderful exhibition. Miss Gladys Wade and Mrs. John MacTaggart sang the auld Scots sangs. Mrs. E. Petty and Howard Grant danced in costume, and J. H. Cruickshank gave all the Highland dances in great style.

County Attorney Charles S. Macomber, of Ida Grove, was master of ceremonies. John Brandin's, the leading Scottish orchestra of Iowa, was there until the "wee sma' oors." Ida Grove's business men and all the boosters from the surrounding towns were more than pleased with the greatest Scottish program ever put on in Ida Grove. Much praise is due Mr. Cruickshank who so faithfully prepared and conducted the program.

The Rev. James Moffatt, professor of church history in the University of Glasgow, and widely known as author of religious books, has just finished a series of lectures at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. He was a guest at dinner given at the Yale Club, New York, by the Committee on the Interchange of Speakers and Preachers Between Great Britain and America.

The Home Called Heart

BY WALTER SCOTT

In this marvelous heart structure not made with hands is built the home of life, comprising mechanism that is divine; and in this Home of Homes dwell the well-known families of Love, of Faith, of Trust, of Kindness, of Fairness, of Sunshine, of Song, of Patriotism, and of Worship. None of these families is sufficient unto itself—none can really live without the co-operation of its neighbors. And so, combined, we have a Community Home called Heart.

The Passing of a Beloved Scot

John Williamson, one of Chicago's most prominent and best-liked Scotsmen, passed away March 20th at his home, 2305 Commonwealth avenue, after a lingering illness. In January, 1920, Mr. Williamson resigned as vice-president and chief engineer of the People's Gas Light & Coke Company, after a service extending over 34 years. Close attention to business had undermined his health, and his physicians advised a complete rest. He seemed to regain his old-time robusticity for a while, and his host of friends were delighted to note improvement in his condition. This, however, was only temporary, and in recent months Mr. Williamson rapidly lost ground.

The funeral services drew a throng of mourners which included Col. Walter Scott and Duncan MacInnes of New York, both old friends. The casket was covered with floral tributes, conspicuous among which was a cluster of blossoms from his devoted friends, aged residents of the Scottish Old People's Home at Riverside. The burial at Rosehill was private.

John Williamson was born in Dundee, Scotland, 68 years ago. He came to the United States as a young man of 25, locating first in Brooklyn, New York, where he followed his trade of gas maker with the Fulton Municipal Gas Company. He had married a bonnie lass of Blairgowrie, Perthshire, and brought with him to America three healthy children, in addition to his young wife. In 1866 Mr. Williamson came to Chicago and joined the staff of the People's Gas Light & Coke Co., which he served with distinction ever since.

Beginning at the bottom he rose to a chief executive post in the biggest corporation of its kind in the country. He evinced remarkable mechanical ability from the start, was always a hard worker, made friends quickly with his associates, and by tact, conscientiousness, fair dealing and thorough craftsmanship became indispensable to his employers who advanced him speedily to positions of trust and high responsibility.

In 1909 Mr. Williamson was elected president of the Illinois St. Andrews Society. Before this he had become the leader in a movement to build a worthy home for needy Scots in their old age. He now took charge of the fund raising campaign with redoubled effort, and was tireless and indefatigable in its prosecution. In 1910 he laid the cornerstone of the beautiful structure at Riverside where a handsome site had been donated by Dr. John A. McGill. It was completed the same year and dedicated and filled with a happy group of residents.

In 1917 a disastrous fire gutted the Home, and John Williamson, one of the first on the spot at the conflagaration, began again the laborious task of re-building, and opened a new fund with a generous donation. It should be noted that Mr. Williamson was among the most liberal subscribers to this splendid benevolence from its inception.

Mr. Williamson passed many a pleasant hour at Riverside and he was beloved by all the old folks. Mrs. Williamson and their children were frequent callers and gift-bringers. None of the numerous mourners this week were more deeply grieved to hear of his demise than these venerable countrymen and women who were made contented and happy by his bounty.

Mr. Williamson was three times president of Illinois St. Andrew Society. His last year of service was 1911, and in November of that year he presided over the

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Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Margaret Munro Williamson, and five children: Miss Margaret M. Williamson, Mrs. George H. Mussleman, John A. Williamson, Clarence W. Williamson, and Mrs. Frank Baackes, Jr.

The pallbearers were the following old friends: Samuel Insull, Col. Walter Scott (New York), Dr. Frank Billings, E. J. E. Ward, John H. Eustace, and Rudolph Schenck.

In Honor of Agnes Bartholomew

Upon the eve of her departure from the United States friends and admirers of Agnes Bartholomew tendered her a dinner at the Hotel Lafayette, New York. Colonel Walter Scott presided. The room was tastefully decorated with American and Scottish flags and beautiful roses adorned the tables.

During the evening Piper Murdoch MacKenzie was heard from occasionally and a number of distinguished vocal artists contributed to a delightful program.

Colonel Scott in his kindly and wholehearted fashion voiced eloquent appreciation of the guests of the evening. She had travelled far and wide, from the towers of Manhattan to the distant Golden Gate, and through the great stretches of Canada, and wherever she had appeared her audiences had been transported and uplifted. Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer of the Order of Scottish Clans, followed with an interesting and witty talk in which he especially complimented Miss Bartholomew upon her faithful rendering of the doric. Past chief James R. Donaldson of the New York Caledonian Club, Past Chief John MacCall, of Clan MacDonald and William Taylor, also spoke in high terms of praise and appreciation of the splendid art of Miss Bartholomew. Colonel Scott then presented Miss Bartholomew with a fine silver vase and a set of silken flags comprising the Scottish Standard, the Saint Andrew's Cross, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The response of Miss Bartholomew was marked by restraint and feeling.

During the evening the reading of the following cable message evoked much enthusiasm:

"Agnes Bartholomew's Glasgow friends send her New York friends heartiest greetings and cordial thanks for their kindly interest, warm hospitality, continued enthusiasm and earnest efforts on her behalf. We too appreciate her genius. Happiest of evenings to all. (Signed) Lord Provost Thomas Paxton, Sir John Lindsay, Sir John Reid, Sir John Samuel, Lady Paxton, Lady Lindsay, Lady Reid, Elliott and Mary Mason and about a hundred other distinguished Glasgowegians."

The following response was dispatched:

"To Lord Provost of Glasgow and others. Greetings from American cousins and admirers of Agnes Bartholomew. We say amen to your sentiments regarding the artist and woman and our song is 'Will she no come back again.' A number of friends. Scott, chairman."

The singing of "Will ye no come back again," and "Auld Lang Syne", ended the program of a delightful evening.

Scots in the World War

The New York *Evening Telegram* publishes the following letter, with its answer, both of which are interesting in view of the large amount of loose talk going around regarding Britains part in the war:

Editor of *The Evening Telegram*:

Had a friendly discussion with a Scotch friend of mine in which she claimed that more Scotchmen fought under the English flag in the late war than Irishmen—in proportion to the population of both places.

I claimed that Ireland had more or as many of her boys in the late war fighting England's cause as any of the English colonies—this also according to population.

If not asking too much, I would like to see published in the *Telegram* how Ireland's sons of fighting age compared with Scotland and other English colonies.

JAMES KERRIGAN.

Orange, N. J., March 23, 1922.

Whitaker's Almanac for 1922 gives the following figures:

"The total number of men recruited in the three kingdoms from August 4, 1914, to November 11, 1918, was 4,970,902. The contributions of the various countries and the percentage of enlistments to population were as follows:

	No. Recruited	% of Total Pop.	% of Male Pop.
England....	4,006,158	11.57	24.02
Scotland....	557,618	11.50	23.71
Wales.....	272,924	10.96	21.52
Ireland.....	134,202	3.07	6.14

"The number of men granted exemption was 2,741,988, of whom 2,169,707 were classed in reserve occupations."

In the closing days of any year, one is always inclined to get retrospective and prospective, and we are no exception to the rule. Few of us have a feeling of pleasure in reviewing the past twelve months from any point of view, as it has been a period of uncertainty, industrial unrest, political upheaval, and great discontent. Therefore, it is with a feeling something akin to relief that we bid the old year adieu, and look forward with brighter hopes to 1922. There is an undoubted feeling of optimism in the air, that augurs well for the opening of a new year. The beginning of a New Year seems to us Scottish people at least like a new start. and no matter how cheerless the months behind may have been, we feel and hope, that the months ahead are full of promise, which we hope will end in fulfillment in due course. Let me wish my readers "A Guid New Year" and in spirit stretch hands across the sea in friendly greeting.

About Rev. Dr. John McNeill, and His Noonday Preaching at the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia

(*To a Scottish Correspondent*)

February, 1922.

My Dear Friend:

Long ago I remember reading a remark by the late Dwight L. Moody to the effect that John McNeill was the greatest preacher then living. As I considered Moody himself the best I had heard up to that time, I have been on the outlook for McNeill ever since. My opportunity came at the special Presbyterian services held in Philadelphia for the past two weeks, and I was fortunate enough to get to all his meetings except two.

Waiving any criticism of his "Message" (which would perhaps displease him at the outset), I will say that he satisfied me entirely as to his sincerity, and from his point of view he made an excellent showing and a fine impression. Even conceding this he might take to be an impertinence on my part, but he must know that many of his countrymen, like myself, have not continued in the faith of their fathers and for what (in their own opinion at least) are good and sufficient reasons. With all his eloquence, Dr. McNeill did not "convert" me, but I certainly enjoyed every discourse he made, and am proud to think that one of my own nationality made such a fine showing in his chosen field.

Dr. McNeill I should judge to be about seventy, but in the very prime of life. He is a Scot all over, and for his many kind references to Aberdeen and Aberdonians I forgive him for having been born on Clydeside. I surmise he was of good stock, his parents being able to give him a good education topped off with a full university and seminary training and also a substantial course in the University of Hard Knocks. He was a "placed" minister in Scotland, and evidently in London; following with special evangelistic work for many years. Now after being an army chaplain in the World War he is settled in a New York Presbyterian Church—in itself a high tribute to his outstanding ability, as congregations draw the line pretty tight after sixty. In one of his talks he said he was blamed for extending the ministerial "dead-line" ten years, and he thought he could add ten more years to that. To me it seems a safe prophecy so far as it would depend on his physical, mental and spiritual forces. Whatever he was in the past, I should say his *power* to-day is not the least abated or diminished—for he certainly scored 100% on every occasion.

Dr. McNeill is a poet, an orator and an actor (in the dramatic sense) all rolled into one. He is strong in mimicry, in sarcasm, ridicule, invective. Like Spurgeon he believes in putting "windows" into his sermon structures, and his anecdotes are always appropriate. He does not hesitate to use both wit and humor, so that although his services were all formally religious and entirely reverent, his "congregations" could not withhold their spontaneous laughter and applause. Many times too he touched the chords of pathos. At no time did he rant or get frothy or maudlin as so many preachers do. He impressed me as being at all times master of the situation, speaking and ex-pounding with an easy confidence that in turn won the confidence of his hearers from the very beginning.

His treatment of the texts he selected was unhackneyed and human more than pedantic. At the same time the scholar was ever present although never obstrusively. He was liberal in quotation, and as I did not see him use a single note his memory was in fine trim. He is strong in poetry, and I thought if we were to see the shades of those whom he honored by reciting their own thoughts in their own words we would have seen on his platform (leaving out "The Bards of the Bible") Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Cowper, Browning, Macaulay, Tennyson, and several of the minor Scottish poets. He quoted from Lady Nairne's "Rowan Tree" with great effect. Only that same morning I had read an item to my wife which stated that a monument had been erected to the memory of Jessie MacLachlan, the Scottish *prima donna*, and it showed a quotation from her favorite song, "The Rowan Tree," while a Rowan tree was also planted by her grave. My wife remarked that it was her own favorite song also, and a few hours later before

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that vast audience, John McNeill proclaimed it *his* favorite Scottish lyric too, and recited it with exquisite feeling and effect. He often gave a Scotch twist to his talk and in every instance improved it by so doing. It was fine to hear him explaining the "sooch" that went through Capernaum where the English translation says it was "noised" through the village that Jesus was doing such wonderful things. One of his sermons (of half an hour's duration) he devoted to The Twenty-third psalm—"The Lord's My Shepherd." He made a good point in speaking of the somewhat rugged Scottish version of "the Psalms of David in metre," by telling us to remember that they were the work of an Englishman. Many Scots had tried to supplant old Rous, or Tate and Brady, including King James VI. and I., Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Drummond of Hawthornden, etc., but to no avail. Dr. McNeill could, however, have quoted some genuine poetry in the Scottish Paraphrases written by natives of Scotland—but that of course was not his business at the time. Another curious coincidence to me was this: I had been reading John M. Robertson's "Historic Christ" where he discusses the notion that "we must not view the Bible as any other book," and in his opinion there is no reason to exempt it from such a consideration. Dr. McNeill takes the other side. He is pretty much like Dr. W. R. Nicoll, who will not argue or discuss the matter with any one who denies the supernatural and miraculous. This of course is an easy way of closing the debate; but after all for them it may be the better way. McNeill says, "Why discuss—the whole thing is settled—long ago—and to doubt or question, or argue, or assume, or presume—is only intellectual snobbery." That is going a little farther than even the Catholics, who now make the admission that if claims are "contrary to reason" they cannot now be accepted as "miraculous." But what could be expected of Dr. McNeill? He had to make the best of his side and he did. He admitted on many things he was quite "broadminded" and it was not necessary, as his whole talk showed it. It would be easy enough to point out inconsistencies and absurdities and even contradictions in his expositions, but this is neither the time nor place to do so, and I have no wish to minimize in any way his wonderful oratorical ability. I could "sit under him" every Sunday and not think the time wasted, and I am sure he must be a charming man to have for a friend.

L. A. W.

Albany, N. Y.

LORD BRYCE'S LETTER

Officers of the Burns Club received, February 3, a letter written by Lord James Bryce. The letter, addressed to the president of the club, is dated January 16, and was written six days before the death of Lord Bryce and nine days before the dinner held by the local club on the night of January 25. It is believed to be among the last written by the dead statesman. It reads as follows:

"3 Buckingham Gate,
"London, Jan. 16, 1922.

"My Dear Sir:

"As the birthday of our national poet, Robert Burns, is approaching, I desire as a brother Scot to send to you and the Burns Club of Albany, my hearty good wishes for its continued prosperity. May his name and the love of old Scotland always glow in the hearts of all Scotsmen and descendants of Scotsmen in whatever clime they dwell!

"Believe me with fraternal greetings,

"Sincerely yours,
"James Bryce.

"I rejoice to think that good will between Britons and Americans was never stranger than it is to-day. Great poets are a common possession of our race."

WALTER SCOTT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Dr. John M. Clarke has been elected president of Sir Walter Scott Memorial Association of Albany. The purpose of the association is to raise funds for a monument to the memory of the famous Scotch writer. Other officers are: Vice presidents, Robert W. Hill and Dr. David Hutchison; treasurer, John Boyd Thacher; secretary, David M. Kinnear; honorary vice presidents, Mayor William S. Hackett and Colonel Walter Scott, of New York; directors, William A. Glenn, Charles H. Imrie; William S. Mitchell, James McCredie, David Hutchison, William Johnstone, Robert W. Hill, George H. Thacher, J. S. A. Mercer and John Decks.

Harry Lauder Dime Banks

The Caledonian,
Dear Editor:

If agreeable, will you please publish this letter, which is to say that there are still in the hands of societies, clubs, clans and individuals a large number of Harry Lauder Dime Banks which have never been returned, and to ask—no matter how few dimes are in the banks—if the holders will please mail them at once to the undersigned, 495 Broadway, New York city, as we wish to close the Harry Lauder Account in the very near future.

Yours very truly,
Walter Scott.

Mr. Rhind Better

Friends of J. Massey Rhind, the noted New York sculptor, will be pleased to learn that he is recovering rapidly from the serious operation he was forced to undergo late in March. He has left the hospital, and while it will be sometime before he is able to resume his work, the prospects for a speedy restoration to health are most favorable.

"No people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as the Scots have done. No people have a greater right to be proud of their blood."—James Anthony Froude.

Scotland's Mark on America

By GEORGE FRASER BLACK, Ph. D.
With a Foreword by JOHN FOORD

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New York Scottish Society

On Monday, February 20th, the Society held a most successful smoker. Amongst the guests were many from the Caledonian Club and Saint Andrew's and they all seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

We certainly compliment the Society for its features and the way these Hame gatherings bring out the talent. The President remarked it is surprising so many enter into the evening's entertainments with this generous spirit.

The Society Piper, Murdo McKenzie, opened the evening by a skirl on the pipes and then the well known and favorite tenor William Cuthbertson sang.

Past Chief James Kennedy with a new poem up his sleeve next appeared. As a bard James holds a record amongst the Scottish people of America and the swing of his lines as well as the wit of his verse makes him always a favorite.

John MacAinsh next took the floor with the Heirloom of the Vice President's family, the old Scotch fiddle that came across with James Wotherspoon from Glasgow in 1815, and he made it talk again in the melodies of Auld Scotia. It is evident that the "Wee Fiddle" in the past had had some pretty rough treatment but the tone was still there, sweet as of old, with its whisperings of the Heather and its recollection awoke by the bow of "Our John."

John Cochran next took the floor and it is needless to say he was in fine voice, his song of "The Boys of the old Brigade" was an instant hit and he had to repeat on the chorus so that all could join in. Harry Hirt then gave some selections on the piano.

Piper John MacLeod of the New Zealand Caledonian Club was a guest and opened the second part of the evening's entertainment with a selection on the pipes.

Our new member, W. Hamilton recited "Jock MacGraw's wee penny whustle" and brought down the house with his selection from Savage's poems of the trenches. Then John Wilson a friend of Brother MacAinch gave us a tune or two on one of his own famous violins. Jimmy Brown, of Auld Lang Syne, favored us with the voice that years ago used to cheer us in "Annie Laurie." Secretary Lennox says he'll be "blessed" (or words to this effect) if he ever tries to tune up after smoking those cigars again. Tom had a tickle down in his vocal chords that just at the critical moment stepped on a wrong note and Tom broke. We don't want to console Tom, but doggonit even the best of non-skid tires will now and then lose traction; but no harm done, besides, being amongst oor ain, there wasn't a traffic cop handy.

Mr. James Mac Leod, a veteran of the Boxer War and of the World War, said that while he did not believe in going back in ancient history too far, he would like to resurrect something, and we had a treat. "The Face on the Barroom Floor"—any man who can put the kick in this, without the surrounding scenery and incentive, has got our Scotch bonnet off.

President Malcolm in his happy way, set the pace of the evening and interspersed his remarks by some fine readings from an old book of poetry. One of his selections, "The Old Red White and Blue," met with instant response, and one of the guests who served in the old 79th Highlanders in '61 rose and thanked him for the touch of sentiment expressed in the poem as well as thanking the Society for a very enjoyable evening.

As is usual we formed the "Auld Lang Syne circle" and led by Brother MacAinsh

on the fiddle, we clasped hands and another enjoyable evening was registered in the history of the Society.

Why were you not there? Why haven't we your name on the list of our friends? As a reader of THE CALEDONIAN you ought to join us if you enjoy a wee Scotch necht. Get in touch with TOM LENNOX,
Broadway, Elmhurst, L. I. Secretary.

New York Scottish Society

LADIES' NIGHT

The best way to open up a story of the event of Monday night, March 20th is to head the column with a weather report.

Somebody controlling the prohibition movement carefully kicked over a bucket of the stuff the Blue Laws now serve to us and many of those who were setting out for the festivities declared that they would call it a night and stay home.

Wonder why it is, when the invitations say 8:15 the first of the guests will stroll in at 8:30 and look around surprised that we are not serving refreshments instead of just opening the program.

One of the funniest of our evening entertainments is the leisure individual in fine feathers who, suddenly seized with a fit of animation, gets the chairman of the committee in a corner to tell him of the awful blunders he is making and explain that irrespective of conditions the entertainment should proceed at once because he (generally a late arrival) is there, etc.

First came the opening address by President MacNeil, who explained the informality of our little evenings of song and story and welcomed the guests. Following a selection on the bagpipes by Piper Murdo MacKenzie, the talented daughter of our worthy piper, Miss Alice MacKenzie, accompanied by Miss Hirt on the piano, stirred the souls of all with "Allan the Piper." There is no question as to the impression "Lady Alice" created, especially amongst some of the guests who were talented musicians. Lady Alice, we the ordinary untalented of the musical world desire to hand you a mental bouquet (for being Scotch, the regular kind is too blessed expensive) while our ears were not attuned to the spaghetti and ripe-a-da-tomato dialect of your third song we sure enjoyed the melody and flexibility of the magnificent voice that nature gave you and feel that your teacher has found amongst the many pupils one who is going to make her mark in the world of music.

William Cuthbertson was the next on the programme and the tenor of the N. Y. Scottish Society was at his best, even if he was recovering from a cold. Brother John MacAinsh and Miss Hirt then went on a voyage of discovery through a book of Scotch songs and the violin and piano played steadily melodies of Auld Scotia while the audience enjoyed the music.

Miss Lucken, a guest, sang "Coming Through the Rye" and then Hamilton was called upon to recite.

Did you ever try to recite a poem from the trenches by Savage and listen in to the "Savage of Jazz" of a band in the adjoining room? Billum Hamilton tackled the job gamely and started out without even a Saint Bernard dog and his keg of forbidden waters to travel the route. Dear old Bill is game as the gamest, he lit the match to see his pals best skit and blim, the Jazz got him. He took dear old Jock MacGraw and his penny whistle into the fecht in no man's land fighting against the syncopation that was whooping up next door in the Saint George's Society and his memory got filled with the haunting strains of the Blewie Blues, tripping feet, bonnie lassies—doggon-it who can find a tin whistle and blaw it when they haven't reached the age limit of Monsieur Terpsechore and not skid. Bill, there wasn't one of them in that room that could get even to the firing line much less the fighting line and not discover their mentality was A. W. O. L.

Wonder why some families are fu the noo with talent and others so rusted up with Aqua they squeak. When it comes to talent we would again like to place the name MacKenzie on the Honor Rolls. Murdo, the wee ane and the medals all fit the scenery of efficiency, and those nimble feet and the carriage of the Lassie twinkled with the careful painstaking teaching of years. Personally if the giftie was ours we should be proud, but being hamstrung and spavined it's beyond the ken of the Chick to trot a mile and not interfere. We all would love to see the wee ane talk with her feet to the twa braw claymores in the ancient sword dance of Scotia. We know she can do it and not touch a hilt or blade.

Dr. Sheeppard recited Darius Green and his flying machine. Abe Wilson played some on his violin. Tom Lister and John MacAinsh with Miss Hirt accompanying formed a trio and rendered a Scotch song together. Sandy Tasker, Mrs. Tasker and the old timers of the Scottish Society rendered a Scottish cowboy's lament with forty-eleven verses and one chorus. Tom Lennox sang, and then led by Will Cuthbertson we joined hands in our good night song so as to register complete on the annals of the New York Scottish Society another successful Ladies Night.

THE CHICK.

To Mr. Walter Scott, Royal Tanist, Order of Scottish Clans

From the officers and members of Clan Campbell, No. 206, Detroit, Michigan, in grateful acknowledgement of a present of three flags, January, 1922.

Dear Brother Scott, we got your letter—
I'll say we never read a better.
Forbye your kind congratulations
You've sent us flags o' twa great nations.
The one we hold in mem'ry dear
The other we so much revere.
But noo I'm in an awfu' fix

For oor Clan, Campbell two-o-six
Has ordered me tae write a letter
And say we're still your humble debtor;
That once again this Campbell Clan
Is richer, through your gen'rous plan.
But words, ev'n those sought anxiously
Real gratitude do not convey,
And so in sending thanks this time
The futile things we tried in rhyme.

For a long time we've praised your name
It's one that speaks Auld Scotland's fame
Right worthily you always bear it,
And we are glad each time we hear it.
For your great generosity
And everlasting charity
Are weel kenned in a' kinds o' places
By folks o' mony different races
This Order we all hold so dear
Will never have a cause for fear
As long as men like you will guide it
The storm and stress, we'll surely bide it.
And so for a' the things you've done
May every joy beneath the sun,
Wi' health and happiness, attend you—
That's the worst wish we can send you.

And may the Clansmen a' be shot
If they forget you Walter Scott.

Burns Day in Detroit

The Detroit Burns Club has issued an interesting and valuable souvenir of the unveiling of the Detroit statue to Scotland's immortal poet, July 23, 1921, in the form of a well printed and neatly bound book which contains, in addition to a full account of the ceremonies, a history of the movement for securing the memorial.

The erection of the statue in the City of the Straits had been the main object of the Burns Club of Detroit, founded in 1912, the active president of which has been Edward Goodwillie, and it worked steadily until its object was achieved. The ceremonies were of the most enthusiastic sort, and the populace turned out to witness the unveiling, performed by Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, in numbers never before seen at anything of the kind in the city, which was given over for the day to the celebration of the event.

The statue selected for reproduction was that of the Lawson statue in Ayr, a replica of which was contracted for, and it was duly received. The statue in Detroit is of heroic size and stands on a pedestal of New Hampshire granite, and it is appropriately inscribed. The site is in Cass Park, a beautiful spot right in the heart of the city. There was a parade leading to the statue, ceremonies there and a dinner afterwards. At all of these there was a wonderful exuberance of expression of gratification in the event being celebrated. Vice-President Coolidge wrote Colonel Scott his regret at being unable to be present, but contributing his meed of praise, read by Colonel Scott, who then did the unveiling. The dedicatory address was then given by Dr. William A. Neilson, president of Smith College,

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Northampton, Mass. The mayor then accepted the statue on behalf of the city. At the dinner, the principal incident was the presentation to Colonel Scott of a bronze miniature of the statue in acknowledgment of his being the most generous contributor to the statue fund. The colonel then gave a fine address on Burns, which was of a high order of eloquence. Dr. Neilson again spoke and other incidents helped to emphasize the great importance of the event being celebrated. Colonel Scott's and Dr. Neilson's addresses appeared in full in subsequent issues of THE CALEDONIAN and called forth well deserved praise.

Flora Macdonald College

Hon. Josephus Daniels, ex-Secretary of the Navy and editor of *The News and Observer*, will make the commencement address at Flora Macdonald College on Wednesday, May the 31st.

Rev. R. Murphy Williams, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Greensboro, and a trustee of the college, will preach the baccalaureate sermon. The official program for the twenty-sixth annual commencement is announced as follows:

SUNDAY, May 28th, 11:00 a. m., baccalaureate sermon, college auditorium, Rev. R. Murphy Williams, Greensboro; 6:30 p. m., vesper services, Woodland Theatre, college campus, Dr. C. G. Vardell; 8:00 p. m., sermon before the Y. W. C. A., Presbyterian Church, Rev. R. M. Williams.

MONDAY, May 29th, 5:00 p. m., Senior Class Day exercises; 8 p. m., concert by the conservatory of music, college auditorium.

TUESDAY, May 30th, at 1:00 a. m., meeting of the board of trustees and advisory board; 11:00 a. m., business meeting of the general alumnae association; 4:00 p. m., reception and exhibits of departments of fine and household arts; 8:00 p. m., Senior Class Play.

WEDNESDAY, May 31st, Graduation exercises, college auditorium. Address by Hon. Josephus Daniels.

SCOTS HOME RULE

The International Scots Home Rule League

is carrying on a vigorous campaign in Scotland for a National Parliament to deal with Scottish affairs, including Land Reform, and urgently appeals to all patriotic Scots abroad to contribute to its funds. It is also holding a Scottish Bazaar. Gifts of goods or money should be sent now to the Hon. Treasurer.

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Third Annual Meeting of the Arran Society

The third annual meeting of the Arran-Black-River Literary and Historical Society was held in Black River Chapel, Ivanhoe, N. C., Tuesday, October 11, 1921. Bright October skies, a well arranged program, the presence of distinguished speakers and guests, the home-coming of loved and loyal clansmen, the joyous fellowship which characterizes the annual gathering of the clans, a pervading sense of reverence and gratitude for the heritage of the past, a vision of greater development in the future, and a buoyant community of spirit-necessary for literary and historical expression—combined to make the third annual meeting the most notable session held and a happy and successful event.

The place of meeting—Black River Chapel—is appropriate. The Black River community has an established fame for hospitality. Black River Chapel has been the center and rallying point for that portion of Eastern North Carolina washed by the waters of Black River since 1760 to the present time; and around the old Kirk is the glamor of tradition and ancestral association of the Arranmen who came, with their Kirk Session Certificates, in 1770, 1771 and 1774.

It was the happy privilege of the Committee on Local Arrangements, the Reception Committee, and the Registration Committee, to whom the society is greatly indebted for their efficient service, to welcome the representatives of the fine old families who settled in the Cape Fear, Black River, South River, Moore's Creek, and Colvin's Creek section. They came in large numbers, Scotswomen and Scotsmen, lads and lassies,—descendants of the pioneers who came to this section from 1739 to 1774, descendants of later arrivals, together with Fellow-Scots, and their friends from adjoining counties. The tartans of the clans, a pastel portrait of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," a photograph of Lady Flora MacDonald, maps, books, and views of Arran, loaned by the Arran Society of Glasgow, records and pictures of the Arranmen who settled in Megantic County, Quebec, Canada, in 1829, loaned by Dugald MacK. MacKillop, Lynn, Mass., author of *Annals of Megantic County*, relics brought from Scotland by the Arranites-exhibited under the auspices of the Historical Museum Committee—made a setting in keeping with the occasion.

In a spirit of appreciation the society recognized the honor of having three of its seven vice-presidents in attendance—Angus Wilton MacLean, Washington, D. C.; Thomas J. Murphy, Greensboro; A. MacL. Graham, Clinton. Messages of regret were read from the absent vice-presidents: Rev. William Black, Charlotte; Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia; Patrick Murphy Pearsall, New Bern, and Judge J. D. Murphy, Asheville.

The retiring president, Dr. J. G. Murphy, of Wilmington, whose family name, by the

way, in the Gaelic is Mhurrich, and known to-day in Arran as Murchie, called the society to order. "America" was sung and the pastor, Rev. H. F. Beaty, opened the meeting with prayer. The Arran Society hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," was then sung by the audience, Mrs. W. E. Murphy, chairman of the Music Committee, accompanist at the piano.

J. W. S. Robinson, of Ivanhoe, a representative descendant of William Robinson, who emigrated in 1771, welcomed the society in behalf of the old church and the Black River clansmen. Thomas J. Murphy, of Greensboro, in response, paid grateful tribute to the hardy, industrious, and spiritually-minded forbears who felled the woods, builded homes, reared their kirk and school house beneath the hospitable Carolina pines; and to their descendants who faithfully transmitted their gainings from the past. He stressed the importance of the literary and historical activities of the society, bringing to his hearers a vivid picture of the unworked fields; the significance of preserving the records of a liberty-loving people; and the joy of stimulating a home-loving people into greater literary expression.

A. MacL. Graham, in a brief speech, presented our distinguished clansmen, Angus Wilton MacLean, director of the War Finance Corporation, Washington, D. C., as: "One of those God-blessed Macs who needs no introduction to a North Carolina audience." Mr. MacLean's able and thoughtful address: "Robert Burns and His North Carolina Prototype, John Charles MacNeil," delivered with impressive simplicity, captivated an audience thoroughly appreciative of the speaker and his theme.

Colonel Fred A. Olds, Collector for Hall of History, Raleigh, in an inspiring address on: "Scotch Influence in North Carolina, Past and Present, and the Importance of Properly Preserving the Relics," reviewed the noble part the Scot has played in the making of North Carolina history. He emphasized the debt we owe to a great and picturesque folk; and urged the Arran Society members to collect and properly preserve the relics and documents illustrative of the social, religious and intellectual life of the Carolina Scot.

The musical program of the morning was rendered by W. T. Murphy, W. J. Hobbs, and Prof. Frederick Spencer. The morning session closed with a solo, "Bonnie Doon," by W. T. Murphy, church and concert singer of Wilmington.

The picnic dinner served on the long table beneath the moss-draped oaks gave opportunity for conversation and acquaintance,—and for the home-loving Carolinian it was an ideal hour in a spot made sacred by hallowed memories.

The society re-assembled at three o'clock. The annual prizes, offered by the Folk-Lore Committee, the Poetry Committee, and the Young Folks Committee, were awarded by

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Angus Wilton MacLean, to eleven contestants.

L. A. Bethune, Clinton, read an interesting and comprehensive paper on: "Some Characteristics of the Scotch." Mr. Bethune is well-versed in Scottish lore and legend and therefore speaks with authority concerning his "Brither Scots," and their leading characteristics—love of self-government, love of religion, and love of education.

After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the society adjourned to meet sometime during the fall of 1922, at Black River Chapel, Ivanhoe, North Carolina.

Springfield, Mass.

An interesting collection of letters from British statesmen and publicists has been presented to the City Library by Alexander N. Smith of 155 Bay street. The letters were written during and after the war, and deal with the subject of closer relations between the English-speaking nations. The collection includes, among others, letters from Viscount Bryce, who recently died; the Duke of Argyll; the Earl of Derby; the Earl of Roseberry, former Prime Minister; the Mayor of Scarborough; Lady Astor, M. P.; Lord Balfour; the Earl of Galloway, hereditary chief of Clan Stewart; the present Duke of Wellington; the Duke of Atholl, who is Lord Chamberlain and had charge of the Princess Mary's wedding; and a letter from the private secretary of Gen. Haig. The letters are signed by the authors, and in many cases are entirely in the author's handwriting.

CLAN MURRAY

Officers were nominated and elected by the auxiliary to Clan Murray in its meeting March 28 and will be installed by the deputy, Mrs. Elizabeth Reilly of Brockton, in the meeting April 10. The officers are: President, Mrs. Agnes Cullen; vice-president, Mrs. Jessie Downie; chaplain, Mrs. Ruth Young; recording secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Meffen; financial secretary, Mrs. Ina Potts; treasurer, Miss Agnes Hamilton; conductor, Mrs. Catherine Spitzel; assistant conductor, Mrs. Marion Warnock; guard, Mrs. Annie Tyre; sentinel, Miss Isabella Douglas; pianist, Miss Grace McKee; flag bearers, Mrs. Minnie Brand and Miss Isabella Leslie; delegate to State convention, Mrs. Mary Hamilton and Miss Elizabeth Burt.

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Clan Bruce, Ladies' Auxiliary, installed their new officers Wednesday April 5 in Odd Fellows Hall, Grove street. Invitations were sent to all brothers and neighboring clansmen. Grand Deputy Sister Wilson and suite of Springfield installed the officers: President, Agnes McGregor; vice-president, Jennie Shippee; past president, Bella Winton; chaplain, Jennie Dickson; recording secretary, Christina Martin; financial secretary, Mina Butchard; treasurer, Ina McKnight; conductor, Catherine Winton; assistant conductor, Jessie Rae; guard, Edith Martin; sentinel, Helen Kincaid; flag bearers, Annie Rogers and Mabel Gallet; trustees, Jeanie Galloway, Jennie Dickson and Jessie Butchard.

A Highland Sunset

(*Continued on page 486*)

land would prove to the world that out from a loving, devoted, God-fearing people comes a race fearless in battle.

Well has Lord Byron written in his Field of Waterloo—when amidst the terror caused by the approach of Napoleon and his French army to Brussels, he gave to the world the march of the Highlanders on Waterloo to meet, with the rest of the allied army, the enemy:

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier e'er the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips,—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard,—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipes, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the the unreturning brave—alas!
E'er evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

And as the devoted band of Highlanders marched away through the glen to join the many other devoted hosts in repelling that grim monster war from their beloved country, and as they gazed, perhaps for the last time, on those mountain peaks in the glorious tints of the fading sunset, their hearts grew in strength and heroism to meet the hate, the treachery and the coming slaughter of thousands in that terrible struggle for national liberty, for the very life of their nation, for king and country.

So the valley of their childhood and the homes of their gentle and brave manhood were now left behind in gloom and darkness. But in that valley a noble heroism was shown in the wives, mothers and sweethearts of a brave band who went forth to war. The calm heroism of womanhood was to pray, to watch and to wait for their loved ones, who might nevermore return into the gates of light, into a Highland home-coming, and into the blaze and the beauty and the splendor of

A Highland Sunset

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